

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL

Of Romance, General Literature, Science and Art.



NEW SERIES.—VOL. IV.—PART 3.

SEPTEMBER, 1856.

18½ CENTS.

MARGARET: OR, THE DISCARDED QUEEN. A TALE OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

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CHAPTER I.—THE MERCHANT-VESSEL.

THE incidents of our story belong to the latter period of the reign of David II., King of Scotland. This reign, which lasted thirty years, constituted perhaps one of the most disastrous epochs in Scottish history. An almost incessant series of hostilities prevailed with England; and twice were the invading armies of Edward III. poured like an overwhelming torrent upon all the southern counties of Caledonia. In the

year 1346 King David crossed the frontier with his army, to attack the English force which lay encamped near Durham. Then was fought the tremendous battle of Nevill's Cross, in which the Scots were defeated and King David was made prisoner, together with some of his bravest peers and most distinguished knights. Amongst these chieftains was Sir William Douglas, better known in the Scottish history of that period as the fierce Knight of Liddesdale.

King David and most of these high personages were subsequently detained in England for a period of eleven years.

During this lengthened absence and captivity of their monarch, the Scotch were governed by a Regent, the Lord High Steward. At last King Edward proposed to liberate the unfortunate

David on payment of a ransom of £100,000—an enormous sum in those days, and equivalent to about 2,000,000 of our present currency. Scotland had for long years experienced the impoverishing effects of desolating wars; and the intelligence of so large a ransom being demanded, was received with consternation by the masses of the people. The great feudal barons divided into two parties,—one espousing the cause of the captive King, and advocating the payment of the ransom, the other with equal earnestness insisting upon the continuation of the Regency until better terms could be obtained from England for the release of David. The Scottish Parliament decided in favor of the views adopted by the Royal party in opposition to those set forth by the Regent's party; and



"Scarcely had he reined in the animal in front of the hostelry, when he was seized upon by the emissaries of the Earl of Douglas—while Margaret sprang forth from the threshold."

after some negotiation with the English Government, Scotland agreed to pay the ransom by instalments, running over a series of ten years. King David was accordingly released from captivity in London; and he returned to his own country. But some of the barons and knights who had shared his evil fortunes after the battle of Nevill's Cross, were detained in London as hostages for the payment of the ransom by the Scottish Parliament; and amongst these was the Knight of Liddesdale.

The liberation of King David filled with dismay many of the great Scottish nobles who had voted against the payment of the ransom and had advocated an indefinite prolongation of the Regency. King David was not naturally vindictive; but still it was impossible to calculate to what extent misfortune, captivity, and suffering for the long period of eleven years might have embittered his temper, and might prompt him to persecute those who by objecting to the payment of the ransom, had virtually voted for his prolonged exile at the English metropolis. The Regent himself had little or nothing to fear on this score; for he was an upright and just man—and so far from having countenanced his self-constituted partisans, he had done all that lay in his power to disarm their opposition, and to induce them to vote in favor of the King's immediate restoration. Besides, the Lord High Steward was a near relative of David; and he was likewise so generally popular that it would not have been safe for the restored Sovereign to render him the object of persecution, even if he were so inclined. But though the Regent, for all these reasons, felt himself completely safe, it was very different with the nobles who had sought to make his great name a rallying-cry in their opposition to the Royal party. Immediately, therefore, on the decision of the parliament being pronounced, and the return of the King becoming imminent, these nobles fled from their homes—some into England, some to Ireland, and some to France. This happened in the year 1357.

Amongst the great barons who thus quitted their native country through terror of the king's probable vengeance, was the Earl of Caithness. He was a Lowland or Saxon peer, possessing large estates in the counties south of Edinburgh; and his ancestral home was the famous Roslin Castle. He was a widower at the time of his flight: he possessed an only child, a daughter; but he had adopted, or at least reared from their infancy a boy and girl, the two orphan children of a deceased friend. The Earl of Caithness fled with this little family, and with a few faithful retainers, to France, where he was well received by the Royal Court at Paris: for France was at war with England, and the Scotch being looked upon as the natural enemies of the Southrons, were always held in high esteem by the French nation. For nearly seven years did the Earl of Caithness reside in Paris,—during which period his daughter and the two orphans experienced all the advantages of that instruction which the superior civilization of the French even in those days was enabled to afford. But after a little while the Earl of Caithness was enabled, by the interest of powerful friends in Scotland, and by the kindly intervention of the French King, to make his peace with David II.; and it was with joyful feelings that he prepared to return to his native land.

War still continued between England and France; and as the North Sea was covered with English cruisers, it was unsafe for the Earl to attempt to cross to the Scottish shore in a French ship. He accordingly determined upon proceeding to Holland and embarking at Rotterdam. Thither the nobleman, with his family and dependants, travelled by easy stages; and it was in the commencement of the month of May, of the year 1364, that the embarkation took place at the Dutch port. A merchant-vessel of large size, and affording all requisite accommodations, was about to sail for Leith; and it was in this ship that the passage was taken. But just as the anchor was about to be weighed, a boat was seen approaching from the shore; and the captain gave the order for his ship to remain at its moorings until the boat came alongside. It was pulled by two stout rowers; and it conveyed two passengers. One was a tall man of martial dress and distinguished appearance, and who looked in every sense the stern stalwart warrior well acquainted with battle-fields. He wore a military travelling-suit; and on the breast of his tight-fitting tunic was embroidered a large red cross, indi-

cative of the Order of Knighthood to which he belonged. His age was in reality about forty, though he looked some few years older, as his hair was slightly grizzled from its natural darkness, but evidently more from the hardships of the camp than from the influence of the hand of time; because his keen piercing dark eyes had lost none of their youthful fires—and when he spoke, the white, strongly set, and perfect rows of teeth gleamed beneath his moustache. His companion—or rather we should say his squire, or page—was about ten years younger, considerably shorter in stature, but still had a bold martial appearance. In the bottom of the boat were two large mail-trunks, or packing-cases, containing the armor and other effects belonging to the Knight and his attendant.

The boat came alongside the merchant-ship; and one of the rowers, on being hailed by the captain, requested a passage to Leith on behalf of the Knight and his squire. The captain looked embarrassed for a few moments; and then frankly answered that much as it would please him to comply with this demand, it was impossible, for that the entire cabin-accommodations had been engaged by the Earl of Caithness and his party.

"Little reck I for cabin accommodation," said the Knight, whose voice was strong and sonorous, but very far from disagreeable, and whose manner had a mingled sternness and courtesy; "for those who have often reposed upon the battle-field, can slumber as well upon the hard deck of a ship as upon a couch of down. Besides, if I mistake not, the wind is fair and the passage will be short."

The Earl of Caithness, well versed in heraldic symbols and chivalrous distinctions, had already recognized upon the breast of this Knight the cross of the Teutonic Order, at that period the most celebrated in Europe. His lordship therefore hastened forward, and leaning over the bulwark, he said to the warrior, "Sir Knight, it is true that the entire cabin accommodations of this vessel have been engaged by me; and I am all the more gratified at the circumstance, inasmuch as it enables me to proffer a share of those advantages to one who by the emblem he bears is entitled to every hospitality throughout Christendom."

"My lord," responded the Teutonic Knight, "I thank you for your courtesy, which I readily accept;"—and then perceiving two beautiful young ladies, accompanied by an exceedingly handsome young man, leaning over the bulwark, the warrior lifted his plumed cap to the fair ones with a noble air of politeness.

In a few moments the Knight and his attendant stood upon the deck of the ship; the mail-trunks were hauled up from the boat; and there was nothing now to delay or impede the weighing of the anchor.

The Earl and the Knight surveyed one another for a moment with the air of men who seek to gather from the looks something of the character and the disposition, so that they may measure the terms on which their mutual demeanor is to be established under circumstances of an accidental acquaintance. The knight beheld before him an aristocratic personage, about fifty years of age, with grey hair, somewhat inclined to corpulency, and richly apparelled in a travelling costume. Such was the Earl of Caithness. Some brief description has already been given of the Teutonic Knight: but we may add that the Earl on thus beholding him close, was struck by his commanding person—his tall stature, rising above six feet—and his majestic military bearing. His form denoted a giant's strength; but his limbs, though robust, were finely knit and set to the most perfect manly symmetry; so that there was nothing awkward nor ungainly in his appearance—but, on the contrary, a certain grace and elegance which showed that if the warrior were well accustomed to the hardships of camps and the perils of battle-fields, he was likewise acquainted with the halls where beauty shone and where the refined amenities of life prevailed.

"I have already the honor of being acquainted with your lordship's style and title," said the Knight: "permit me therefore to announce myself as Sir Casimir D'Este, a humble yet faithful member of the high and holy Teutonic Order."

The Earl bowed in courteous acknowledgment of this overture towards a better acquaintance; and he said, "You will now permit me in my turn, Sir Casimir, to present you to those who, together with myself, will be rejoiced to

display all possible attention to a Knight of that distinguished Order."

Thus speaking, the Earl of Caithness conducted the warrior towards the spot where the two beautiful damsels and the handsome youth were standing.

"This, Sir Casimir," said the Earl, indicating his daughter, a sweet fair-haired young creature of seventeen, and whose beauty was of the most interesting and exquisite description—"this is my beloved and only child, the Lady Albertina Roslin."

Sir Casimir courteously lifted his plumed cap; while the lovely Albertina gracefully inclined her head to the majestic warrior.

"This," resumed the Earl of Caithness, indicating the other young lady—a superbly handsome, fine-grown, dark-haired damsel of about eighteen, "is one who, though bearing no kinship to my race, is nevertheless as dear to me as if she were my own child. You may know her, Sir Knight, as Margaret Fitz-Allan. And this is her brother," continued the Earl, placing his hand affectionately upon the tall, handsome, dark-haired young man's shoulder: "and I have every reason to be proud of having reared him from the period of his orphaned infancy. Though but twenty years of age, he won, in tournament at the French Court, the golden spurs of knighthood. Permit me to announce him as Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan."

The Teutonic Knight had lifted his plumed cap to the handsome Margaret; but he now, with true military frankness, extended his hand to her brother Fleming—at the same time observing, "You are full young to have buckled on the golden spurs; but there is something in your looks which conveys the assurance that you will ever prove worthy of the proud distinction you have so nobly gained."

So handsome a compliment, emanating from such a source, failed not to bring a glow of modest gratification to the remarkably handsome countenance of Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan. The Earl of Caithness gazed upon the youth with as much pride as if he had been his own son; while Margaret Fitz-Allan bent upon Sir Casimir a look of fervid gratitude for the generous opinion he had formed and expressed of her beloved brother. At the same time a carnation hue mantled upon the damask cheeks of the lovely and interesting Albertina; but with that quick feminine instinct which, artless though she were, made her at once aware that it was a tell-tale blush, she quickly averted her charming face—yet not before the keen eye of the Teutonic Knight had caught the effect thus produced upon the fair maiden by the compliment he had paid to the youthful Fleming Fitz-Allan.

"If your object in visiting Scotland, Sir Knight," said the Earl of Caithness, "be one of pleasure and recreation, and to make yourself acquainted with the manners, habits, and customs of my fellow-countrymen, it will delight me to render you my guest at Roslin Castle."

"My best thanks are your lordship's due for this proffer of hospitality," responded Sir Casimir D'Este; "and assuredly, ere I leave Scotland, I will pay my respects to your lordship at Roslin Castle. But in the first instance my business takes me to Melrose Abbey; and afterwards I shall seek an audience of the King, to whom I am charged with a confidential message from His Highness Prince De Salza, the Grand Master of the Order to which I belong."

"Melrose Abbey is at no great distance from Roslin Castle," said the Earl of Caithness; "and the castle itself is but seven miles south of Edinburgh. You will not therefore, Sir Knight, have much travelling when once you set foot upon the Scottish soil. And forasmuch as neither you, Sir Knight, nor your dependant brought your steeds with you," continued the Earl, "you will permit me, on landing at Leith, to send an express to Roslin Castle, to procure such chargers as may be in all respects fitting for your use?"

Sir Casimir made suitable acknowledgments for this fresh proof of considerate friendship on the part of the Scottish nobleman; but he said no more in reference to the object of his visit to the Caledonian soil.

"The Order to which you belong, Sir Knight," remarked the Earl, by way of continuing the conversation, "has of late years marvellously increased in numbers, power, and influence. Of all the religio-military Orders of Knighthood which took their rise from the Crusades, yours is now the most potent."

"The territory over which our sway extends

constitutes a veritable empire," responded Sir Casimir, his somewhat pale countenance becoming slightly flushed with a glow of pride. "We can bring into the field an army of 250,000 fighting men; we possess sixty large cities and towns, 20,000 villages, and fifty fortified castles."

"And the capital of the states belonging to your most noble Order," said the Earl of Caithness inquiringly, "is still Marienburg in Prussia?"

"Even so," rejoined the Knight. "It is there that Prince De Salza has his headquarters and holds his court. Nearly the whole of Prussia is in the hands of our Order; and thus," he added proudly, "those who were originally poor wandering Knights, fighting for their bread at the same time that they fought for the Cross—then as mercenaries lending the services of their swords to any potentate who required such warlike auxiliaries—have become the lords of vast territories and are ruled by a Sovereign Prince."

"The valor of your Grand Master, his Highness Prince de Salza," observed the Scotch nobleman, "is world-renowned—and on that point there is only one opinion. But if the subject be not disagreeable, and as I am speaking merely for the sake of obtaining information, I would add that in respect to your Sovereign's policy and character there are conflicting notions abroad in Western Europe."

"And what may these notions be, my lord?" asked the Teutonic Knight.

"Since you encourage me, Sir Casimir," replied the Earl, "I will speak with frankness. Some say that Prince de Salza is ambitious—fond of splendor and luxury—and that he seeks to emulate the pomp and ostentation maintained by the established hereditary monarchies of Europe; while, on the other hand, it is declared that the Prince bends only to the force of circumstances, and that he would fain bring back the habits and manners of the Order to their pristine simplicity."

Sir Casimir reflected for a few moments; and then he said, "So far as an humble member of the Order such as I am, may be permitted to judge of the character and policy of his Prince, I should say that the truth lies between the two opinions which your lordship has enunciated. No doubt Prince de Salza is ambitious in all matters which tend to the aggrandizement of the Order of which he is the elected head; and such ambition, as the world goes, can only be gratified at the expense and to the prejudice of neighboring rulers and states. His Highness maintains a sufficient degree of pomp to suit his position as a Sovereign ruler, and to enable him to give due effect to the hospitalities of his palatial castle at Marienburg. But on the other hand, he discourages all the luxuries which are calculated to sow the seeds of decay in a powerful fraternity; while he rigorously punishes the smaller vices as if they were heinous crimes. I have now drawn your lordship an impartial picture of the Prince to whom my allegiance is sworn;—may I in return crave some little description of your own monarch, King David?"

"Willingly, to the utmost of my power," answered the Earl of Caithness. "But I must set out by informing you, Sir Casimir, that I have not seen King David for a period of eighteen years. Eleven years was he a prisoner in London; and for the last seven years I myself have been absent from my native country. When I beheld his Majesty eighteen years ago, he was then a young man of about two-and-twenty. He possessed a handsome person, graceful manners, and fascinating powers of conversation. His bravery has never been impeached;—in this respect he is worthy of his father, the illustrious Robert Bruce;—but of his discretion I cannot speak in the same high terms. He is skilled in martial exercises, and wields a powerful lance in the tournament; but he has not the high qualities befitting a leader in the battle-fray. Indeed his imprudence led to the destruction of the gallant Scottish army at Nevill's Cross—that fatal date from which a series of dire disasters was entailed upon poor Caledonia! He is now in his fortieth year; and report bespeaks him a noble-looking man, endowed with all earthly graces, but having profited little by the bitter experiences of the past. He is selfish, and somewhat vindictive: he is addicted to pleasure, and sets no bounds to his extravagances. I do not speak thus harshly because I myself have suffered at his hands; but in all honest sincerity do I draw this picture of Scotland's King."

Sir Casimir D'Este listened with the deepest

attention; and he reflected profoundly when the Earl had finished speaking.

"Your late King Robert Bruce," at length said the Knight, "was one of the greatest heroes that ever wielded weapon or achieved a nation's independence. He was a true patriot. May I ask, my lord, whether King David inherits any portion of his father's chiefest virtue—that patriotism to which I have just alluded?"

The Earl of Caithness spoke seriously, and even solemnly, as he answered, "When, eighteen years ago, King David led his army into England and met the host of Queen Philippa at Nevill's Cross, there cannot be a doubt that he was inspired by the most magnanimous feelings—a patriotic love for his country, and a strong hatred for the Southrons. But eleven years of captivity sadly changed him, warped all his better sentiments, and rendered him selfish and egotistical; so that he would rather rule in Scotland as the vassal of England, than risk or resign the sceptre which he cannot hold with an independent hand."

After some more little conversation in this strain the Earl and the Knight temporarily separated,—the former to descend into the cabins to see how his new acquaintance could be best accommodated; while Sir Casimir himself turned to address Fleming and the young ladies. He was interested by the exquisite delicate beauty of Albertina, whose golden hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion were typical of the feminine beauty of her native land; but he was struck by the more splendid charms of the handsome Margaret, whose raven hair, large dark eyes, and somewhat brunette complexion, contrasted strongly with Albertina's style of loveliness. The latter young lady's shape was of sylphid symmetry; while that of Margaret was modelled in more voluptuous proportions. Both were tall; but grace and elegance belonged chiefly to the lady Albertina's figure—while dignity was the principal characteristic of Margaret. Indeed, the latter looked more like the great feudal baron's daughter than the retiring, bashful, and timid Albertina.

We should observe that the Teutonic Knight had first of all spoken to the ship's captain in the Dutch language; but all the other conversation which we have restored took place in the French tongue. Presently, however, to the surprise of the two young ladies and Fleming Fitz-Allan, the Knight addressed them in very good English, though he spoke it with a strong German accent.

"You are astonished," he said, with a slight smile; "but we members of the Teutonic Order are bound for a variety of reasons to study all the principal languages of Europe. Or rather I should say that those reasons have merged into a traditional custom, arising from the fact that before we finally settled ourselves in Prussia, we wandered from state to state, serving under the standard of different Kings—establishing our headquarters at any city which pleased us, or which suited our purposes. Therefore, while the Teutonic Knights led this errant life from country to country, it was absolutely necessary they should know many languages; and the custom is still preserved amongst us. Besides, we have warriors from all nations enlisting themselves under our banner; and thus it becomes comparatively easy for us to pick up various languages from amongst the members of our own Order."

The Earl of Caithness now returned to the deck; and shortly afterwards one of his domestics announced that the evening repast was served up in the principal cabin; for it was by this time verging towards six o'clock in the evening. The ship had been under weigh nearly three hours; the mouth of the Meuse, on which river Rotterdam is situated, was reached, and the keel began to plow the waves of the German Ocean. The Knight descended with the Earl's party to the cabin, where an elegant repast was served up; and the warrior, by his courtly manners, his varied conversation, and his general demeanor, proved a most agreeable acquisition to the group with whom he found himself seated.

CHAPTER II.—THE JOURNEY.

THROUGHOUT the night, and for a great portion of the ensuing day, the weather continued calm, and the wind was favorable; but towards the evening dark clouds began to show themselves about the setting sun, and the Captain's experienced eye discerned all the indications of an approaching storm. The two young ladies, as well as their female attendants, were for some

time kept in ignorance of that danger the advance of which was speedily perceived by the rest of the party; but not long after the sun had gone down, the wind freshened to a degree which made the ship toss and heave upon the rising waves, so that the females began to suspect that the termination of the voyage might not be quite so favorable as the commencement.

Towards the middle of the night the wind had increased into a perfect tempest; the deeply laden merchant-vessel plunged, rolled, and labored amidst the billows—every timber creaked—and the terrific rattling of the cordage mingled with the other portentous sounds of the storm. The Lady Albertina, half dead with terror, was surrounded by her damsels, and sustained in the arms of her friend Margaret Fitz-Allan—who now showed that blended with the dignity of her bearing was a great natural strength of mind. The Earl of Caithness, Sir Casimir D'Este, and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan remained upon the deck, to render their succor in whatsoever emergency might arise. The ship however did its duty well; the captain was experienced—the sailors were steady, collected, and courageous; and thus all that human skill could achieve to avert a catastrophe, was well and promptly done. Towards morning the storm abated somewhat; but as the weather still continued extremely threatening, the captain resolved to run for Newcastle, at the mouth of the Tyne. This was putting into a port far short of the destination originally aimed at; but the Earl was glad for the sake of the ladies and their female dependants that the land might be thus quickly reached and the perils of the sea escaped from. Finally, the Dutch ship entered the Tyne, and the passengers were all conveyed ashore; for the Teutonic Knight chose to accompany the Earl's party, rather than remain on board to be conveyed to Leith when fair weather should return.

Having rested for that day and the following night at Newcastle, our party of travellers obtained horses to take them on their journey. The ladies and their female dependants were accommodated with convenient palfrey-saddles; the Earl still wore a travelling-suit; but the Teutonic Knight and young Fitz-Allan donned their armor. The male dependants were likewise well armed; for travelling in those times was by no means so secure as it is at the present day. The party set out; and in the evening they reached the Cheviot Hills, which constitute the natural boundary between England and Scotland. They passed the night at a monastery, where they experienced a hospitable reception; and on the following day the journey was resumed. The Earl of Caithness experienced a glow of joy at again being enabled to set foot upon his native land; while Lady Albertina, Margaret, and Fleming were even perhaps still more delighted at the prospect of soon beholding the proud towers of Roslin rising before them, and of again wandering through the spacious domain which they had quitted as children seven years back, and of which they had ever since thought with mingled regret and hopefulness.

The Scotland of the period of which we are writing, was very different from the Scotland of the present day. There were at that time no desolate moors producing naught but attractions for aristocratic sportsmen; but all the tracts which are now bleak wastes were then covered with grand and vast forests. Then, too, the deer with which those forests abounded, furnished a nobler game for the sportsman than the grouse of the moorlands at the present day. The castles of the mighty barons and the monasteries belonging to the rich members of the Church, stood in the midst of those fine old forests which were indented by the neighboring pasture-lands as an ocean is by its shores. And instead of, as at the present day, beholding the habitations of the peasantry few and far between, all the verges of the forest and all the meadows were thickly dotted with little cottages; for though the laborers, the shepherds, and the herdsmen were all vassals, and many of them bondsmen or actual slaves, yet was their welfare most scrupulously cared for by the proud barons and the great abbots who were the lords of the soil. Every cottaged stood in its own little piece of garden-ground, where vegetables were copiously cultivated, and flowers tenderly reared. Instead of dreaming of clearings and evictions, the lords of the soil vied with each other in their endeavors to have their domains as thickly populated as possible, by the encouragement of well-assorted marriages amongst

their peasantry, and by offering advantages to new settlers, especially from amidst the roving population of the Highlands. It is true that these countless cottages which dotted the landscapes were rudely constructed of turf, mud walls, and wattle-work; true likewise that the few articles of furniture which they contained were of the coarsest and clumsiest description: but still they were comfortable to the fullest extent in which comfort could be known amongst the poorer orders in that age:—and what is still more they were the homes of families who could thus speak of them with the certainty that they would not be ejected thence.

All the pasture-lands were covered with flocks and herds; and the whole prospect was so smiling and fair that the poet would not then have in a wholesale way depicted Caledonia as "stern and wild." At convenient intervals there were mills belonging to the feudal lords of the soil, and to which the peasants took their corn to be ground at a moderate fee, which was paid in the grist itself. Here and there above the verdant canopies of the forests the summits of the hunting towers were discernible—those edifices which served alike as beacons and places of refuge for the hunters who might be lost in the mazes of these vast woodlands. There were likewise brew-houses scattered here and there for the use of the peasantry, who in return for the service thus rendered them, periodically gave so many days of their own labor to brew fat ale for the behoof of the dwellers in the castles and the monasteries. Though but a few years prior to the date of which we are writing, all these fair scenes had been ravaged by the invading armies of England,—yet a comparatively brief interval of peace had sufficed to restore them to the smiling condition in which they were now found by the Earl of Caithness and his fellow travellers.

Of these not the least interested in all he beheld, was Sir Casimir D'Este; and he proved a most attentive listener while the Earl of Caithness described to him whose domains they were through which they successively passed.

"Behold," said the Earl, when towards the close of the day he pointed to a vast tract of woodland on the left hand, "behold the grand Ettrick Forest! There are trees within those deep embowering solitudes which are the growth of ages, appearing not to belong unto time but to eternity itself. That forest was wont to form part of the domain of the celebrated Sir William Douglas, better known as the Knight of Liddesdale."

"I have heard of him," said Sir Casimir; "he was at one time the pride of Scottish chivalry."

The Earl of Caithness heaved so profound a sigh that the Teutonic Knight gazed on him with mingled surprise and curiosity.

"Alas! Sir Casimir," said the Earl, "must not the true heart deplore the bright blade which becomes tarnished—or the proud warrior's plume which is trailed in the mire, and by the hand too of him who was wont to wear it?"

"From your lordship's figurative illustrations," said Sir Casimir, "I gather that the Knight of Liddesdale has disgraced himself?"

"A few words will explain the sad tale," rejoined the Earl, "as it was the other day written to me by a noble friend in Edinburgh, while I was still in Paris. Sir William Douglas of Liddesdale was taken prisoner, together with the King, at the battle of Nevill's Cross eighteen years ago. Seven years back the King was liberated: but the Knight of Liddesdale was detained in London as a hostage for the payment of the ransom-money. While at the English Court, Sir William Douglas was completely won over to the interests of King Edward; and through his intervention a plot was set afoot for appointing the English Duke of Clarence heir to the Scottish throne whensoever King David's demise may take place.

"By St. Jude!" exclaimed the Teutonic Knight, with a fervor which showed how strongly, although a foreigner, he felt interested in the topic; "was such treachery dreamt of? Why, it would have indeed been handing old Scotland over to the English yoke!"

"It is nevertheless true," replied the Earl of Caithness, "that such foul perfidy was harbored; and with mingled shame and sorrow must I add that our King lent a willing ear to the treason. The Knight of Liddesdale was the intermediary of the negotiations carried on to this effect between Edward of England and David of Scotland. The matter, when deemed ripe and ma-

ture, was duly submitted to the Scottish Parliament—"

"And the Parliament?" demanded Sir Casimir eagerly.

"Rejected it with scorn," answered the Earl. "The Holy Virgin be thanked," he exclaimed in a fervid tone, "there are more true hearts than false ones in Scottish breasts!—and these isolated illustrations of perfidy are the exceptions which prove the general rule of Scottish patriotism."

"And has not the King suffered on this account in the estimation of his people?" inquired the Teutonic Knight.

"Doubtless he has suffered," rejoined the Earl of Caithness; "but when he perceived the temper and tone of the Parliament, he pretended that there was some mistake in the manner in which his royal message had been delivered; and thus did he seek to gloss over the fault he had committed. The Scotch people are loyal towards their King,—sometimes too loyal when their own interests are considered; and at all events they are most generously forgiving in respect to the faults of one in whose veins rolls the blood of their great liberator, the lost and lamented Bruce."

"And what of the Knight of Liddesdale?" asked Sir Casimir.

"He has received the reward of his treacherous intents," replied the Earl, "though the treachery itself was not consummated. He has been liberated from captivity in London, notwithstanding that three yearly instalments of King David's ransom remain yet to be paid; and it is said that the false knight has been laden with riches by King Edward. Perhaps he may have already returned to Scotland: or if not, he will doubtless soon be here, peradventure to renew his intrigues and machinations in some fresh sense favorable to English interests."

"The false catfiff!" ejaculated the youthful Fitz-Allan, who had been listening with all the interest of indignation to this tale, though he was previously acquainted with it: "right glad should I be to cross weapons with that same Sir William Douglas, a mighty warrior though he be!"

Sir Casimir D'Este bent upon the enthusiastic youth that smiling look of admiration with which the hardy and experienced warrior is wont to regard the military novice who gives proof of courage and daring: for there was nothing of inflated boastfulness in young Fitz-Allan's ejaculation—it was evidently the spontaneous effluence of feeling from an indignant and magnanimous spirit.

It was about sunset when our party reached a hostelry on the outskirts of the Ettrick Forest, and some few miles distant from Melrose Abbey. It bore the sign of the Unicorn, and was famous in that district for affording good cheer and comfortable quarters to hunters, travellers, drovers, and wayfarers of all descriptions. The Teutonic Knight had already inquired whether the Earl of Caithness would not push on with his party as far as Melrose, and there claim the hospitality of the Holy Cistercian Fathers who occupied that grand monastic establishment?—but the Earl had answered that he was decided to halt at the Unicorn, inasmuch as some years ago, before he quitted Scotland, there had been a little misunderstanding between himself and Father Benedictus, the Lord Abbot of Melrose. Sir Casimir had in a few words expressed his sorrow that such should have been the case; and the party accordingly stopped at the hostelry which we have named.

At that same moment a couple of men, having the appearance of the dependants belonging to some personage of distinction, were leading away three horses from the front door to the stables; but they paused for a few moments to observe the numerous party which had just arrived. The landlord—a stout, burly, good-humored, red-faced man, who might be taken as a living evidence of the excellence of his own good cheer—hastened forth to welcome the new-comers; and on learning that the chief of the party was the Earl of Caithness, Lord of Roslin, he expressed the most unfeigned delight. He gave the assurance that ample accommodation could be provided, and that the larder was well stored with venison, lamb, chickens, and other good things. Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan hastened to assist the fair-haired Albertina to alight from her steed: while Sir Casimir D'Este performed a similar courtesy towards the superb, dark-haired Margaret. The attendants of the party took charge of the steeds; while the Earl, the ladies, the elder

knight, and the younger one, were conducted by the landlord to the apartment where the promised meal was to be presently served up.

"You have other guests in the house besides ourselves," said the Earl of Caithness, alluding to the three steeds which he had seen in the charge of the two dependants in front of the hostelry.

"Besides your lordship's party," responded the landlord, "I have but one guest—that is to say, without alluding to his menials, whom your lordship saw at the door."

"And this guest—who may he be?" inquired the Earl, fancying that he beheld something peculiar in the expression of the innkeeper's countenance.

"I scarcely know, considering all the reports which have at times reached my ears," answered the landlord, in a subdued tone and with a mysterious air, "how the name of that other guest of mine ought to be mentioned—whether with honor as in former times, or whether with sorrow and shame. But after all, it is not for me, a humble individual, to pass an opinion upon the characters of great personages—especially one to whom I myself am bounden—"

"To whom are you alluding?" inquired the Earl.

"To Sir William Douglas, the Knight of Liddesdale," replied the landlord.

"Ah!" ejaculated Fleming Fitz-Allan, laying his hand upon his sword, while at the same time the color flushed upon his handsome countenance; "that false knight beneath this roof."

"Peace, Fleming, peace!" interjected the Earl, sternly. "It is not for you to take up whatsoever quarrel the Scottish nation at large may have with the Knight of Liddesdale."

"No—nor to entangle yourself in a dispute beneath my roof!" cried the landlord, who was a man of independent spirit, and was resolved that he would remain master of his own establishment.

The fair Albertina had already thrown a quick deprecating look upon Fleming Fitz-Allan; and Margaret, hastening towards him, exclaimed, "My dearest brother, listen to the words of our generous friend and guardian the Earl, I entreat you!"

"My young friend," said the Teutonic Knight, now also throwing in a word, "must restrain his feelings, inasmuch as circumstances are opposed to an ebullition of them in a public establishment which ought to be looked upon as neutral ground in respect to rancors and animosities."

Fleming Fitz-Allan glanced around him with a frank expression of countenance, exclaiming, "Fear nothing from my indiscretion—and pardon me if for a moment my demeanor should have threatened to become that of a wrangler and disturber."

"The young gentleman has well spoken," said the landlord; "and I am satisfied with the assurance that his words have just conveyed. It is strange," he continued, "that Sir William Douglas should have returned into the neighborhood at this precise moment; for his kinsman—"

"Ah! you mean the Earl of Douglas?" ejaculated Lord Caithness. "What of him?"

"The Earl of Douglas," continued the landlord, "has been for the last three weeks hunting in Ettrick Forest, and is now tarrying at Closeburn Tower, which is at no very great distance hence, as your lordship knows."

On what terms are the Earl of Douglas and his cousin the Knight of Liddesdale?" inquired Lord Caithness.

"That is a question which it is impossible to answer," responded the landlord, "seeing that the Knight of Liddesdale has been absent for eighteen whole years. Ah, my Lord! I can assure you he is much altered. I remember full well when the gallant army of King David passed this way on its march into England to meet an overthrow at the fatal battle of Nevill's Cross, I saw Sir William Douglas at the head of the troops of Teviotdale and Liddesdale; and a finer man never wore steel panoply or bestrode war-charger. He was then but forty years of age; and his hair was as dark as that of this young gentleman here!"—and the landlord indicated Fitz-Allan. "But the lapse of eighteen years has scattered snows on the head of the Knight of Liddesdale—his countenance is wrinkled—though I must add that his form is as upright as ever, and his eye is still keen and piercing as that of a hawk."

"And I too remember him," said the Earl of

Caithness, "eighteen years ago; and at that period there was much friendship subsisting between us. I must study to avoid him during my brief sojourn here," added the Earl, half in a musing tone, and half addressing himself to those about him; "for under existing circumstances I cannot bestow the hand of friendship upon Sir William Douglas: but still I were loathe to signalize by a feud or disputation the happy event of my return to my native land."

After a little more conversation the landlord retired, to hasten the repast which was already in preparation for the Earl's party; and in due time it was served up. When it was over, the Teutonic Knight rose and said, "My lord it grieves me to separate from yourself and from the other members of your party: but the worthy Abbot Benedictus would take it ill on my side, if being in the neighborhood of Melrose I were to choose my night's quarters elsewhere than within the walls of the Abbey. I will therefore bid you farewell—"

But at this moment Sir Casimir's speech was cut short by the opening of the door; and the landlord entered the apartment with hasty steps and a troubled countenance. Flushing his looks around, he first of all addressed himself to Margaret's brother.

"Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan," he said, "for I have ere now learnt that you bear a knightly style and title—as indeed I might have seen by your golden spurs, had I in the first instance used my eyes—I beseech your forbearance! My lord!" he continued, now hastily turning towards the Earl of Caithness, "it is unfortunate, but I am compelled to bear this message: for Sir William Douglas, as your lordship knows, is rightful lord of the Ettrick domain, and I am his tenant."

"Well, but what of the message?" demanded the Earl.

"Sir William Douglas," proceeded the landlord, "has bidden me come hither to announce that he will immediately make his appearance to pay his respects to his old friend the Earl of Caithness."

"And whom I shall still doubtless find a friend," said a voice issuing from the doorway: and immediately afterwards the Knight of Liddesdale entered the room.

The landlord had spoken truly when he said that Sir William Douglas retained that hawk-like keenness of the eye which had characterized him in former times, and which had so much enhanced the natural sternness and ferocity of countenance, which, together with his desperate deeds, had gained for him the appellation of "the Fierce Knight." Though the snows of nearly sixty winters lay upon his head, yet was his tall form upright as a dart, and his step appeared to be as firm as ever it was in his youthful days. He was clad partly in a travelling suit and partly in armor; or, in other words, he wore a portion of his martial panoply over his vestments. Thus he had on his corselet and cuishes, (or thigh pieces,) together with the steel plates upon his arms; and a ponderous sword was suspended to his belt. The moment he entered, Margaret hastened to her brother's side, laying her beautiful hand upon his arm as if to restrain him from any act of outrage which his impetuous temper might prompt. Albertina shrank with her natural timidity towards her father: while the Teutonic Knight stood against the wall with folded arms and with an imperturbable expression of countenance. As for the landlord, he remained standing near the door, evidently with a sense of uneasiness in respect to the issue of the present scene.

"My lord," said the Knight of Liddesdale, advancing with extended hand towards the Earl of Caithness, "we meet after a long separation; and though the lapse of time has outwardly altered us both, yet it may scarcely have changed the sentiments of our hearts."

Full of a calm and composed dignity had the Earl of Caithness risen from his seat; and in a corresponding tone, he said, "Sir William Douglas, circumstances may have changed, and sentiments must perforce obey their influence:—and he accepted not the outstretched hand of the Knight of Liddesdale.

"Not to be the friend, is to be the enemy of Sir William Douglas!" exclaimed that fierce old knight: and his hand was instantaneously laid upon his sword.

"What!" said Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, now no longer able to restrain himself—and he burst away from the hold which his sister had fastened

upon his arm: "you dare threaten my noble benefactor—my more than father! Draw, false knight!—draw in your own defence!"

Quick as the eye can wink, the young Fitz-Allan's weapon flashed from its sheath; but not more quickly than did the sword of the old Knight of Liddesdale leap from its scabbard. In a moment the weapons crossed: they clashed—for a few instants they played rapidly about each other, like lambent flames or metallic serpents—and then with an indescribable celerity the weapon of Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan was dashed from his hand. The Knight of Liddesdale dropped his own sword, exclaiming, "I give thee thy life, rash youth!"—but instantaneously closing with his vanquished opponent, he hurled him forcibly to the ground.

"It is a salutary lesson which I have taught overweening pride," said the stalwart old Knight of Liddesdale, as he deliberately picked up his own sword and returned it to its sheath: then bowing slightly and with a cold hauteur to the others present, he issued from the room.

All that we have just described took place, as the reader has seen, in the space of a few brief moments: though even if there had been leisure to prevent the combat, neither the Earl of Caithness nor the Teutonic Knight would have interfered; for according to all the laws of honor and of chivalry, two swords thus crossed must be left to fight out their own battle. Albertina had sunk back almost fainting upon a seat: Margaret had watched the rapid and brief engagement with an indescribable anxiety on her brother's behalf—but no word nor ejaculation had escaped her lips. She knew that for his honor's sake she dare not interpose.

Fleming had been thrown violently upon the earthen floor of the apartment; and then Margaret sprang towards him. But quickly leaping to his feet, he snatched up his sword; and with a countenance all crimsoned by mingled rage, mortification, and shame, he cried, "By heaven, there shall be a deadly revenge for this!"

CHAPTER III.—THE INJUNCTIONS.

THE landlord of the Unicorn, on hearing that vindictive threat burst from the lips of Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan against Sir William Douglas of Liddesdale, exclaimed, "Fie, young Knight. It ill becomes you thus to chafe towards the stalwart old warrior who generously left you in possession of your life!"

Having thus spoken, the landlord issued from the apartment; and Fleming, recognizing all the justness of the rebuke which he had received, hung down his head and said nothing. The administration of that rebuke saved the Earl of Caithness and the Teutonic Knight the painful necessity of remonstrating with Fleming upon the impropriety of expressing himself in such terms after he had been fairly worsted in an encounter which his own headstrong impetuosity had provoked. The Lady Albertina, who during the combat was half fainting with terror, now threw herself into her father's arms and burst into a flood of tears. The Earl thought that it was the pent-up excitement of a naturally timid disposition finding itself a vent; but both Fleming and Margaret comprehended the true cause—while Sir Casimir D'Este was likewise enabled to form a conjecture on the subject, inasmuch as when on board the merchant-ship his keen eye had fathomed the secret love which subsisted between the great Earl's daughter and the obscure orphan Knight Fleming Fitz-Allan.

Margaret was much distressed at the signal discomfiture experienced by her brother, and which his own rashness had provoked. The old Knight of Liddesdale had indeed shown that though age had silvered his locks and furrowed his brow, the dauntless spirit of his soul was no more impaired than the hawk-like brightness of his eye was dimmed, and that the skill with which he wielded his ponderous weapon survived as effectually as the herculean strength of his stalwart arm.

"My young friend," said the Teutonic Knight, now stepping forward and grasping the hand of Fleming Fitz-Allan, whose humiliated and discomfited appearance he sincerely pitied, "be not cast down! There is no disgrace in sustaining defeat from the sword of so tried and experienced a warrior as the sturdy old Knight of Liddesdale. On the contrary, there is an honor in having crossed weapons with him!"

"I fully appreciate the generous kindness which prompts you, Sir Casimir," said young

Fitz-Allan, in a low and gloomy tone, "to address me in these encouraging terms: but there is always dishonor in defeat?"

"Speak not thus, my dear boy," said the Earl of Caithness, stepping forward and following the Teutonic Knight's example by pressing Fleming Fitz-Allan's hand: "but let those assurances, as truthful as they are well meant, which have fallen from Sir Casimir's lips, have their weight and their influence with you. Without vanity I may say of myself that I have borne arms honorably in Scotland's cause; and yet in my time have I known defeat and discomfiture. The mighty Wallace was not always victorious—the gallant Robert Bruce was not ever a conqueror—"

"True, my lord!" replied Fleming Fitz-Allan; "but they were the leaders of armies—and though their troops may have sometimes succumbed to the overpowering numbers of the Southrons, yet, individually, they themselves were never beaten. However," added the young Knight, his countenance suddenly clearing up, "the day may perhaps come when I shall again cross swords with the false Knight of Liddesdale; and then—"

But he checked himself abruptly, as if he felt that what he was about to say would savor of an audacious and despicable vaunt after the signal overthrow which he had just experienced.

"Come," exclaimed the Earl of Caithness, anxious to turn the conversation into another channel, "let us drink a cup to wish good speed to our friend Sir Casimir D'Este, who is about to bid us a temporary farewell."

The nobleman resumed his seat: the Lady Albertina placed herself next to her father, whose arm was fondly thrown around her, and Margaret likewise returned to her chair. Sir Casimir D'Este, leaning against the wall of the apartment, expressed his thanks for the kind wishes conveyed by the Earl's last observation; but from beneath his brows he keenly watched the features of the young Fitz-Allan. This youthful knight had advanced towards a little side-table, on which stood his plumed casque, with the gauntlets lying by the side, and while affecting to adjust the crimson feathers of that helmet, he took up one of the gauntlets, which he thrust into the folds of the plaid scarf that was gracefully worn over his shoulder. A few moments afterwards Fleming quitted the room on some pretext, and in less than five minutes he returned. The Earl, Albertina, and Margaret did not notice the little incident connected with the gauntlet, and they therefore attached no importance to the young knight's temporary disappearance from the room: but Sir Casimir saw it all, and comprehended the significance of the whole proceeding.

"I must now bid your lordship farewell," said Sir Casimir; "for my faithful squire Jesant has been ready with the horses in front of the tavern for the last twenty minutes. It chagrins me to part from such agreeable company; but for the reasons which I have already set forth, I must this night pay my respects to the Lord Abbot of Melrose, and sleep within the walls of that holy pile."

"But you will forget not your courteous promise, Sir Knight," said the Earl of Caithness, "to become my guest at Roslin Castle. On this pledge I count—"

"And it shall be fulfilled, my lord," answered the warrior. "Rest assured that it will give me as much pleasure to enjoy the hospitalities of Roslin, as I know that it will gratify your lordship to afford them."

The hand of the Teutonic Knight was then warmly clasped in that of the Scottish nobleman, and with the courtly politeness which characterized him, he saluted the two ladies. The Earl would have gone forth to the door of the tavern to witness the departure of his new friend; but Sir Casimir would not permit him.

"Remain here, my lord," he said, "with these charming fair ones from whose agreeable society I grieve to tear myself away. Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan will doubtless show me 'his last act of courtesy.'"

"With pleasure!" exclaimed the youth, and he accordingly followed the Teutonic Knight from the room.

When they were in the passage, and beyond ear-shot of those whom they had left in the apartment, Sir Casimir abruptly stopped short and said to Fitz-Allan, "You have sent your gauntlet in defiance to the Knight of Liddesdale: you have challenged him to mortal combat!"

"It is true, Sir Casimir," responded Fleming. "Circumstances have so placed me that

the knight of Liddesdale must either crown his former victory by taking my life—or on the other hand I must wipe away in his blood the stigma of my defeat."

"You are a gallant youth," said Sir Casimir, in a tone of admiration. "But what answer sent the old Knight to your challenge?"

"That he will meet me to-morrow morning, an hour after sunrise, in the copse which lies between the tall mill and Closeburn Tower."

"'Tis well!" said Sir Casimir. "But how without exciting suspicion on the part of the many persons now assembled at the hostelry, can you go forth fully armed?"

"All this is provided for," interjected Fleming. "My own faithful page Seton acquitted himself well of the message which I gave him. The Knight of Liddesdale and myself are to meet with hunting-spears in addition to our good swords; and we are to be dressed in our travelling suits. Moreover, it is arranged that we go forth from the hostelry altogether unattended, neither so much as taking a single page or squire."

"And yet there ought to be a witness to such a combat as this," said the Teutonic Knight. "Have you aught to say, my young friend, wherefore I should not be present on the occasion?"

"All the precautions which I have suggested, and which the Knight of Liddesdale at once accepted," answered Fleming, "were influenced by my apprehension that my noble benefactor, the Earl of Caithness, would take measures to prevent the combat if aught transpired to excite a suspicion on his part. And then too," added the youth, his voice for a moment becoming slightly tremulous, "I was anxious to spare my sister—and—and—the Lady Albertina—that anxiety on my account, which they could not fail to experience."

"I understand it all full well," said Sir Casimir. "To-morrow, at precisely an hour after sunrise, will I be in that copse which you have indicated; and I flatter myself that the Knight of Liddesdale will have no objection that a member of the Teutonic Order should enact the part of umpire and witness between you."

Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan pressed the hand of Sir Casimir D'Este: they issued forth from the hostelry, and the Teutonic warrior mounted his steed. His squire Jessant then leapt upon his own horse, and they rode at a smart pace away from the hostelry—the landlord having already undertaken to forward on the following day to Melrose the Knight's mail-trunks by means of a sumpter-mule.

Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan returned into the apartment where he had left the Earl of Caithness, Albertina, and Margaret; and in order that he might completely avert all suspicion in respect to the combat to which he had provoked the Knight of Liddesdale for the morrow, Fleming assumed a gay and cheerful demeanor.

"Now that Sir Casimir D'Este has left us," said the Earl of Caithness, "I have leisure and opportunity to speak a few words on a certain topic to which in his presence I dared not allude. We are once more upon the Scottish soil, and it behoves you, my dear Fleming—and you also, my dear Margaret—to listen attentively while I remind you of those injunctions which I gave a few weeks back in Paris."

"My lord," responded Fleming, whose countenance, as well as that of Margaret, had become deeply serious, as the Earl went on speaking, "it is impossible that either my sister or myself can have forgotten those injunctions that were so earnestly given at the time. Oh, my lord! that day on which you revealed to us the secret of our birth—that day on which you made known to us that the name of Fitz-Allan is a fictitious one, and that we are the scions of a family doomed—fated—perhaps held accursed in Scotland—"

"Speak not thus bitterly, Fleming!" interrupted the Earl: "the misdeeds of your grand-sire cannot be visited with such terrible effect upon your innocent heads!"

"And yet, my lord," rejoined Fleming, "we dare not assume our rightful name—we dare not demand restitution of the estates which once belonged to the family from which we are descended—"

"True, Fleming," interjected the Earl: "because the Black Parliament in its vindictive rage passed that sweeping enactment which has hitherto shed its dark influence over your lives. But as for your being held accursed if it were known who you really are—No! no! I cannot

permit you to speak in language so strong as this! If you repeat such words, I shall almost regret that I ever revealed to you the secret of your birth."

"My dear brother," said Margaret, "be not wayward and impetuous. His lordship conceived when he revealed to us this secret, that we had both arrived at years of discretion—"

"Yes—such was my idea," remarked the Earl of Caithness; "and when the intelligence reached me that I was free to return to my native land, I deemed it my duty to make you both aware of your true position, as you yourselves were to accompany me to Scotland. When you were mere children, gambolling in innocent pastime on the lands of Roslin, previous to my flight to the French territory, it was needless to disturb your juvenile minds with a revelation which could only afflict you, and which in the unguardedness of childhood you might at any moment betray. But still even then I felt that the time must come when the secret ought no longer to be kept from you. You know how unpleasant a task it was for me to unfold that secret—and perhaps I should have still longer postponed its revealing, if it had not been that circumstances were about to bring you back to Scotland."

"Your lordship's whole conduct towards us," said Margaret Fitz-Allan, taking the Earl's hand and pressing it between both her own, as if it were a daughter thus seeking to prove her affection for a beloved father, "has been characterized by as much delicate consideration as generosity and goodness! We owe you an eternal debt of gratitude—"

"If you think so, my dear girl," interrupted the nobleman, deeply affected, "and if your brother likewise thinks so—"

"Can you doubt it, my lord!" exclaimed Fleming. "Oh! can you doubt it?"—and sinking upon his knee, he pressed the Earl's other hand to his lips.

"No, no, my dear boy—I do not doubt it!" cried the Earl of Caithness. "Rise—resume your seat—and let me continue. I was about to say that if you both feel—as I know you do—that you owe me a debt of gratitude, you will amply repay it by following the injunctions which I gave you ere we left Paris. For remember! that same terrible decree of the Black Parliament whose blighting influence fell upon your family and has necessitated that you should both be reared under a name which belongs not to you, and under which your true identity is concealed—remember, I say, this same decree fulminated the most severe penalties against all those who might become the friends and protectors of the scions of your race! Therefore, if by a single syllable inadvertently dropped from your lips, you were to betray this secret, the consequences would not alight merely upon your own heads, but would redound upon myself!"

"And therefore," exclaimed Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, in a tone of fervid enthusiasm, "I would sooner perish than by any act or word of mine bring sorrow upon your house, my noble—my generous benefactor!—my more than father!"

"And I solemnly echo my brother's sentiments," said Margaret, in a tone of deepest earnestness.

The Lady Albertina had hitherto remained silent through this discourse, though she was deeply interested in it: but now with tears in her eyes, she exclaimed, "Oh, my dear father! I would pledge my very existence for the love and duty which both Fleming and Margaret entertain towards you, and for the full sincerity with which they have just spoken!"

"I know it, my dear child—I know it all!" exclaimed the Earl of Caithness: "but the matter is of an importance which rendered it needful for me to repeat the injunctions that I had before so earnestly given ere we set out from Paris on our return to our native land. But now enough upon the topic!—we will touch on it no more! To-morrow, my dear children," continued the Earl, his countenance becoming animated with joy and delight, "we shall again behold the noble towers of Roslin—we shall tread once more in the halls of my ancestors—we shall revisit each familiar spot and each much-loved scene! Is there not happiness for us in this prospect?"

"Oh, a happiness unspeakable!" exclaimed Fleming Fitz-Allan, with a forced enthusiasm; for the thought struck cold within him that he might never again behold the towers of Roslin—never revisit those familiar spots,—but that the

morrow's morn might see him stretched a bleeding corpse upon the ground—forever separated by death from his fond sister, his generous benefactor, and from that charming Albertina whom he loved with all the devotion of his fervid, impassioned soul!

Yet there was nothing of cowardice in the cause of these reflections which swept rapidly through the brain of young Fitz-Allan; it was merely the natural recoiling for a moment of the youthful heart from the idea of being possibly snatched away from all he loved and held dear on earth. The feeling of weakness, if such it can be called, was transient; and it was neither perceived nor suspected by the others present.

They soon after separated to their respective chambers; and when Fleming had sought his own room, he found his faithful page Seton awaiting him. This was a comely youth about his master's own age—namely twenty; and to Fitz-Allan he was devotedly attached. The preparations for the following morning were duly made—Fleming's last instructions were given to the page—and they separated. Our young hero then retired to the humble but comfortable pallet which was provided for him; and in a short time he slept soundly, the image of the beautiful Albertina appearing to him with bashful smiles in his dreams.

A little before sunrise young Seton crept up to Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan's chamber; and he found his master had just awakened. The youthful Knight's toilette was speedily achieved; and he descended to the yard at the back of the hostelry, where the stables were situated. Seton had already caparisoned our hero's steed—the animal was led forth—and Fleming sprang into the saddle. In those times there was always a good supply of boar-spears kept at the hostelries in the districts frequented by hunters; and thus Seton had been enabled to procure one of these weapons for the use of his master.

"And now, Sir Knight," inquired the young page, who deemed it suitable and becoming to maintain a firm demeanor, although he was really full of anxiety and alarm on his beloved master's account, "is there aught else that I can do?—are there no last instructions which you have to give?"

"Nothing, Seton," replied our hero. "I have already told you everything. If I fall in this combat, you will assure the Earl that it was in obedience to the sternest sense of honor that I provoked it; and though he may mourn for me, he will not have to deplore that his benevolent hand has fostered a recreant and a coward. As for my sister, Seton, tell her how fondly I have loved her—tell her that I could not brook the smarting disgrace inflicted upon me last evening—tell her likewise that it were better she should weep for my loss as that of a brave man, than that she should see me live on with the stigma of defeat and overthrow fastened upon me!"

"I will forget nothing of what you tell me, Sir Fleming—my beloved young master!" exclaimed the page, who was scarcely able even by the greatest effort to subdue an outburst of emotion.

"But think not, my dear Seton," continued Fitz-Allan, now speaking cheerfully, while a glow animated his remarkably handsome countenance,—“think not because I tell you all these things, I entertain any craven apprehension for the result of the combat. No, no! I am not disheartened by the defeat of last evening; nor do I regard it as a presage of ill-fortune for this morning. But enough! Farewell, Seton! I trust in heaven that in a short time you will see me return!"

The page wrung his master's outstretched hand; and then turning abruptly away, plunged into the hostelry to conceal the tears which were now flowing down his cheeks. Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan rode off at a rapid pace; and a few minutes afterwards the stalwart old Knight of Liddesdale likewise sallied forth on horseback from the premises. He obtained a glimpse of his youthful antagonist's retreating form, as Fleming cantered across the meadows; and Sir William Douglas took another route, so as to avert suspicion as to what was really pending, in case there should be any curious eyes peeping from the windows. But the hostelry was all quiet; and no one except the confidential pages of the two Knights, entertained the slightest suspicion of what was going forward.

"He is a brave and chivalrous youth," said the old Knight of Liddesdale to himself; "and right sorry am I for him that he has provoked

this second encounter. Yet I will not take his life! I will content myself with inflicting upon him such chastisement as may make him remember until the end of his days how he dared encounter the wrath of Sir William Douglas!"

Meanwhile Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan was continuing his way across the meadows. The copse which had been named as the place of appointment, was about three miles distant; the tall mill which has likewise been alluded to, was two miles from the hostelry; and Closeburn Tower, the other point of which mention has been made, was about a mile beyond the copse. Between the hostelry and the copse stretched the broad meadows covered with flocks and herds, and dotted by the peasants' cottages. As our young hero rode along, with his sword by his side and his hunting-spear in his hand, he attracted the admiring notice of many a young lass peeping forth from the hut window, or out betimes for the milking of the cows. And no wonder that Fitz-Allan should thus attract attention; for as we have already said, he possessed a countenance of exceeding masculine beauty—while his figure, though slender, was well knit and modelled to the most admirable proportions. His long dark wavy hair was as luxuriant as that of a woman. He was as yet beardless, but with rich down on the lower part of his countenance where the beard might soon be. His features were of the Grecian style; his nose was perfectly straight; his upper lip was short—and in its curve gave a slightly haughty expression to his features. His teeth were white as ivory and faultlessly even. Altogether he was as interesting a young gallant as could possibly be seen; and the mingled dauntlessness and impetuosity of his character, as well as the loftiness of his spirit, could be read in the flashings of his fine dark eyes.

"No!" he said to himself, pursuing the train of thought which was occupying him at the moment that he parted from young Seton, "I have no craven apprehension as to the result of this combat! But I must be cool; for last evening it was my fiery indignation which blinded me, it was my impetuosity which laid me open to be foiled by that sudden trick of fence which the old Knight of Liddesdale put forth. At all events I shall not disgrace these golden spurs which I wear upon my heels! Did I not, in that grand joust at Versailles, dismount three gallant young French gentlemen one after another? And then, when the King of France bade me kneel down that the golden spurs might be buckled to my feet, and that his own royal sword should administer the accolade of chivalry,—did I not, when rising a belted knight, take my place with the array of other knights in that grand tournament?—and did not my lance unseat the haughty and gallant Sir Gilles de Vericourt at the first tilt? Oh, yes!—and therefore now let me again do honor to these golden spurs which I won on that memorable day!"

It was thus that Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan gave the rein to his reflections, which became all the more enthusiastic as his spirits rose beneath the exhilarating influence of the morning air's freshness and the excitement of careering onward on the back of the superb steed which bore him and which had been purchased at Newcastle. As he was continuing his way, he suddenly heard cries of distress and shouts imploring succor, coming from a little distance. Fleming flung his regards in that direction whence they proceeded, and the source as well as the cause instantaneously became visible. A monk was dashing at the utmost of his speed across an adjacent meadow, pursued by a bull which was rapidly gaining upon him. The unfortunate priest's hood had fallen back from his head, leaving the bald crown exposed; and the long chain of the rosary was literally flying out behind him in consequence of the frenzied rate at which he was speeding. He had caught sight of our young hero in the next field; and hence the wild cries for succor which he was sending forth.

A glance showed Fitz-Allan the awkward and perilous predicament in which the poor monk was placed; and without a single instant's hesitation, the youth galloped to his assistance. A high fence of wattle-work was cleared at a bound; on dashed the steed, Fitz-Allan holding his boar-spear with a firm grip in readiness to attack the maddened animal. Suddenly the monk, either tripping over something or utterly exhausted, fell headlong upon the grass; another moment and the bull would have been upon him—but Fleming, dashing the rowels into the flanks of his steed, made the charger spring be-

twixt the prostrate priest and the enraged animal. This movement however, though so absolutely necessary to save the monk's life, cost our hero the steed which he bestrode; for the bull came rushing on; and at the same instant that the boar-spear was driven deep into the animal's body, the brute's long sharp horns were in revenge dashed as deep into the charger's side. A terrific roar—for such indeed it sounded—denoted the death-agony of the bull as it fell heavily upon the sward; and a plaintive neigh—almost a cry—of anguish was sent forth by the wounded horse.

The next instant Fleming was upon his feet in the field; and with another blow he despatched the cause of all this mischief. Then before he paid the slightest attention to the monk, our hero examined the state of his steed; but he soon saw that there was no hope of saving it. The blood was welling forth in a torrent—for the poor beast's side was completely ripped open; its legs were bending under it—and it sank down upon the turf. In a few minutes it was dead; and Fleming dashed away the tears from his eyes as he turned towards the monk, who was now pouring forth the expressions of fervid gratitude for the signal service thus rendered him.

"It has cost you your steed, my son," said the holy father, who wore the garb of the Cistercian Order; but the finest charger in the stables of Melrose shall be your compensation. It was a bold feat and a gallant one on your part! for you sorely perilled your own life; and indeed I marvel how you have thus escaped all injury."

"Holy father," cried the youth, impatiently, "thanks for your promise of another steed—but it will be sometime ere you can fulfil it; whereas I stand in immediate and most pressing need of a charger! I have an appointment to keep—important business to transact—a message to deliver—an errand to perform—"

"Patience, my son!" said the monk, perceiving that our hero spoke with rapid and excited utterance.

"Patience indeed!" cried Sir Fleming, smarting almost with a sense of exasperation at the idea that he would be much too late at the trysting-place, and that the Knight of Liddesdale would not tarry for him; "it is useless, holy father, to speak to me of patience! Tell me where, at any neighboring habitation, I am likely to procure a steed to bear me—and a handful of gold shall repay him who lends it! Tell me, quick, Sir Priest! for you must know this neighborhood well; and if you delay in your answer, you will but ill requite the service I have rendered you!"

"A steed?" said the monk, gazing slowly around him, as if to settle his recollection upon any particular habitation where an animal might be procured. "In good sooth, my son, methinks that nowhere short of the mill yonder—"

Scarcely were the words pronounced, when Fleming, who had already thrown the saddle and bridle over his shoulder, and had caught up his hunting-spear, dashed away towards the mill at so marvellous a rate, considering how he was laden with those ponderous horse-caparisons, that the monk stood gazing after him in astonishment; and when the youth disappeared behind a clump of trees, the holy father muttered to himself, "He is as fine-spirited a gallant as one could wish to meet. I owe him a life; and it would please me well to be enabled to render him some service. The golden spurs of chivalry are upon his heels: he is full green in years thus to wear the badge of knighthood!"

The Cistercian now moved away from the spot and bent his steps towards a habitation at a little distance, where a person lying at the point of death required his ghostly comfort.

CHAPTER IV.—LOVE.

We must now return to the hostelry bearing the sign of the Unicorn. We have already said that the old Knight of Liddesdale and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan respectively succeeded in making their exit from the premises without exciting the suspicion of any of the inmates from whom it was desirable that their purpose should be concealed. Lady Albertina Roslin and Margaret Fitz-Allan occupied the same chamber: they were slumbering profoundly when the old knight and the young one left the hostelry; but about half an hour afterwards the beautiful blue eyes of Albertina opened, and their looks were met by the affectionate regards of the large dark orbs

of her bosom-friend Margaret. Although it was yet so very early, the two young ladies rose; their maids were quickly in attendance—and their toilet was performed.

Albertina and Margaret now descended from their chamber, and issued from the hostelry to take a ramble through the fields and enjoy the morning air before the repast should be served up. It was a fair sight to behold that superbly handsome young woman of eighteen and that sweet interesting creature of seventeen, with such contrasting styles of beauty, linked together as if they were sisters. Margaret's arm was thrown lightly and gracefully around Albertina's slender waist; and thus, as they were so close, the fair hair of the Earl's daughter threw out the raven tresses of Margaret into a still darker relief; while the slightly brunette complexion of the latter rendered Albertina's skin all the more snowy in appearance, more delicate, and more transparent. The features of Albertina expressed an almost child-like purity and innocence, well calculated to interest the heart and win the love of all who gazed upon her: but on the other hand the countenance of Margaret told of firm decision, pride, and even hauteur, and perhaps somewhat of self-will also. Her dark well-arched eyebrows were surmounted by a high open forehead, which seemed alike the throne of intelligence and of strength of mind: her nose was straight, and her chin was softly rounded, thus completing with a slight expression of sensuousness the oval of that countenance all the upper part of which was full of mind and intellect.

For some few minutes the two ladies walked on in silence. At length Margaret gently said, "You were much afflicted, dearest Albertina, by the misadventure which occurred last evening to my brother."

"And you also were afflicted, Margaret," replied the Earl's daughter, as a blush crimsoned her countenance.

"Yes—we were both grieved, my sweet friend," said Margaret. "And no wonder," she added after a moment's pause; "for we both love him!"

Albertina bent down her beautiful blue eyes; and as the blush still lingered upon her cheeks, as if the delicate tint of the rose had temporarily borrowed the hue of the carnation, she said, as if almost unconscious that she was speaking audibly, "Yes—we both love him."

"But tell me, dearest Albertina," inquired Margaret, who for an instant had been earnestly watching her friend's countenance, "are you sure that Fleming has in no way suffered in your estimation on account of that defeat—"

"Suffered, Margaret?—suffered in my estimation?" exclaimed Albertina, her soft silvery voice deriving power and energy from the depth of the emotion with which she spoke. "Oh, no! is it possible that you can entertain such an opinion of me! I felt for Fleming as if it were I myself who had sustained some grievous calamity. In a word, Margaret, you know that I love him; for it was you yourself who led me to understand the true sense in which I loved him!"—and here the Earl's daughter again bent down her looks, which were full of confusion, while her cheeks were suffused with blushes.

"And you know, my sweet friend," continued Margaret, "how fondly, how devotedly, how adoringly Fleming cherishes your image! Did he not assure you, when he knelt at your feet after the grand tournament at Versailles, that if he were enabled to perform deeds of prowess so marvellous in one so youthful and unskilled as he, it was because he knew that your eyes were bent upon him? Is there not happiness, Albertina, in being thus fondly loved? Oh, yes! there must be!"

"And yet, Margaret," answered the high-born damsel, "I know not how it is—but my happiness seems not altogether complete. With you, my dear friend, I have no secrets; to you I have been ever accustomed, even from our childhood, to reveal every thought which my mind has harbored. Now therefore that the discourse has turned upon this topic, let me speak seriously to you—let me ask your counsel!"

"Speak, Albertina," said Margaret, for a moment surveying the Earl's daughter with a glittering expression of uneasiness in her eyes.

"The idea, Margaret, often steals into my brain," proceeded Albertina, "that I am wrong to conceal from my father the sentiments which I entertain towards Fleming, and which he reciprocates. But you yourself have told me that there was no need to be precipitate in making this revelation—that an opportune moment must

be awaited—and that it was unnecessary to perplex my sire with other considerations at a period when he had so much to think of—his correspondence with his friends in Scotland—the generous intervention of the French King in his behalf—then the preparations for departure—the journey—”

“Yes, Albertina,” said Margaret, “I know that it has been through my advice you have kept your sentiments a secret from your father: but this reserve need be no longer maintained! You shall speak to the Earl—you shall throw yourself into his arms—you shall whisper to his ear that your happiness depends upon his assent—”

“And what if he were to chide me, Margaret?” said the fair-haired damsel: “what if he were to speak harshly to me?”

“Your father loves you, Albertina,” rejoined Margaret; “you are the object of all his care and interest—you are his only child—and not for worlds would he draw forth a tear from your eye! You see moreover—especially from what he said last night—that the Earl is too magnanimous and high-minded to think lightly or indifferently of Fleming because he belongs to a branded race; and this circumstance will not therefore militate against the hopes which you entertain and which my brother has dared to cherish. Yes, Albertina!—you shall avail yourself of the first befitting opportunity to speak to your father!”

“I cannot do it, Margaret—I cannot do it!” cried the young maiden, bursting into tears. “I should feel overwhelmed with confusion—I should not be enabled to give utterance to a word! No, no! it is you, my dear friend, who must speak to my sire—or at least prepare the way!”

“This will be difficult, if not altogether inconvenient and improper,” murmured Margaret in a musing tone. “Nevertheless,” she almost immediately added in a more audible manner, “leave it to me, Albertina—and all shall yet go well! But I wonder that Fleming has not descended from his chamber: he is not accustomed to play the sluggard. Let us return to the hostelry and seek him.”

The two young ladies accordingly retraced their way to the inn, which was now beginning to wear a bustling appearance, as all the inmates had risen. As Albertina and Margaret approached the door, the Earl of Caithness himself issued forth; and having affectionately greeted them both, he said, “If you are not already wearied with your ramble, let us roam together for a little distance through these fields; for the morning air is delightful—there is just a sufficiency of the breeze to prove invigorating—and I learn from our host that it will be yet an hour ere he can set upon the table such a repast as he thinks it fitting to serve up.”

The two maidens accordingly turned, and began to retrace, in company with the Earl, the way which they had previously been pursuing alone together.

“We were speaking last night,” said his lordship, “upon matters intimately relating to yourself, Margaret, and your brother;—and methinks that the moment is now come, Albertina, when I ought to make a certain revelation to your ear.”

“To mine, dear father?” said the damsel, looking up all artlessly and unsuspectingly into her sire’s countenance.

“Yes—to your ear, my sweet child,” responded the nobleman, as he gazed with all a parent’s love and pride upon the exquisitely beautiful face of his daughter; for the freshness of the morning air had heightened the color upon her cheeks, and the breeze was playing with her long fair shining tresses. “So long as we were exiles from our native land, it was useless for me to recall past arrangements or to think of projects for the future. But now that we have once more set our feet upon Caledonia’s soil, and that in the course of this day we shall enter upon our own domain and tread in the old halls of Roslin, it behooves me, Albertina, to lose no time in making you acquainted with the projects which my soul cherishes for the ensurance of your future happiness.”

The Earl paused: Albertina now kept her looks bent downward; while Margaret flung upon the nobleman’s countenance a glance of anxious inquiry. Could it be possible that the Earl of Caithness had all along designed that his daughter should bestow her hand upon Fleming Fitz-Allan?—was he now about to make such an announcement? or on the other hand, had he formed any project which would be fatal to the hopes of the youthful lovers? These questions did Margaret rapidly ask herself; while some such

ideas, though less positive and distinct, sprang up into the mind of Albertina.

“You, my dear Margaret,” proceeded the Earl of Caithness, “may well be a listener to the intelligence which I have now to communicate to my daughter; for you have been reared together from your infancy—you are towards each other as sisters—and I know that whatsoever regards one, must be an object of interest to both. It is the same too with Fleming; because if he were now here, I should speak likewise in his presence; for to you, Albertina, he stands in the light of a brother—and I know that you regard him with a sisterly affection.”

The Earl’s daughter was now full of bewilderment and confusion, while her sensations were not altogether free from alarm. She still kept her looks bent downward, and said nothing. Margaret’s anxiety was increasing: hope was rapidly yielding to fear in her bosom.

“A little while before circumstances compelled me to quit Scotland, seven years back,” resumed the Earl, “I entered into a compact—But let me come at once to the point!” he suddenly interrupted himself: and then he said, “You cannot have forgotten, my child, that fine handsome youth, Roland Mountjoy, who used frequently to visit Roslin Castle with his father, the Earl of Bassentyne?”

“Yes—I remember him well,” replied Albertina, in a low tone: for there was now a growing consternation in the damsel’s brain, as her instinct became quickened by the sense of approaching calamity.

“You know also,” continued Lord Caithness, “that the Earl of Bassentyne died some two years back, and that Roland Mountjoy has therefore succeeded to his father’s ancient title and princely domains. I have corresponded with Roland—though I have hitherto mentioned not the circumstance in your hearing: but I have reason to know that to-morrow, amongst the first of those former friends who will repair to Roslin to greet us on our return, will be the young Earl of Bassentyne. From you, my child, he will receive a suitable welcome—for it is your future husband whom you are thus soon to meet!”

Albertina still said nothing: she walked on mechanically by her father’s side—her looks were still bent downward, so that he could not see her face: but Margaret, with a rapid glance, obtained a glimpse thereof—she saw that it was deadly pale, and that it wore an expression of mute stupefaction and despair. She herself was enabled to exercise the completest control over her feelings, not merely because of her natural strength of mind, but likewise because the Earl’s speech had gradually prepared her for some such *dénouement* as this. Still it was more or less a shock for Margaret, inasmuch as the reader may have suspected that her heart was ambitious, and she had buoyed herself up with the hope that she should see her brother some day conduct to the altar the high-born daughter of the Earl of Caithness. Whether she, all in a moment, yielded to this blow, and made up her mind that everything was at an end in reference to her darling project, we cannot now say. Certain, however, it is that Margaret Fitz-Allan felt that this was not the opportune moment to reveal the truth to the Earl of Caithness, and tell that nobleman how her brother had won his daughter’s heart: she therefore said nothing. As for the Earl himself, he was very far from suspecting that the announcement which he had made could have produced so tremendous an effect upon his daughter, or could have threatened to derange any plans which Margaret might have formed. He, therefore, looked upon Albertina’s silence as the natural result of maiden bashfulness and coyness under existing circumstances; while he also regarded it as a proof of her willing obedience to the parental decree. He could not see her countenance, for it was completely bent downward as she clung to her sire’s arm—thus clinging in reality for support, while he fancied that it was the affectionate clinging of a child to a parent who had studied his best to promote and ensure her happiness.

At this conjuncture a warrior in complete armor was seen riding across the meadow at a little distance, and approaching the Earl and the two ladies. The knightly plumes waved above his helmet; and he was speedily recognized as Sir Casimir D’Este.

“Ah!” ejaculated the Earl; “hither comes our friend of the Teutonic Order! It is doubtless

an act of courtesy that he has ridden across thus early from Melrose to pay his respects.”

Lord Caithness stepped forward to greet the Knight; and Margaret, seizing the opportunity, whispered to Albertina, “For heaven’s sake compose yourself, my sweet friend! Conquer your emotions—betray nothing by your looks—and all may yet be well!”

“Do you think so, Margaret?” inquired the young damsel, suddenly starting with a thrill of hope—that hope which was so necessary to her who but an instant before was plunged into mute, blank despair!

“Yes, Albertina!—lose not your courage!” rejoined Margaret, rapidly. “It is impossible that your father, who loves you so tenderly, will do aught to consummate your unhappiness!”

The Earl’s daughter was infinitely relieved by this encouraging assurance; and her looks brightened up somewhat. The two ladies now hastened forward to receive the greetings of the Teutonic Knight, who had already exchanged courteous compliments with the Earl.

“And where is my young friend Sir Fleming?” asked the warrior.

“I have not seen him this morning,” replied the Earl; “and I was just now marvelling that he should be thus belated; for he is not wont to play the part of a sluggard. Margaret, have you as yet seen your brother?”

“No, my lord,” she replied; “and I also was ere now wondering that he should linger in doors instead of seeking the fresh air.”

“Come,” cried the Earl; “let us proceed to the hostelry and make inquiries for this sound sleeper! You are in time, Sir Casimir, to partake of our repast—at which your presence will be all the more welcome, inasmuch as it affords us a pleasure we little expected.”

The party proceeded towards the hostelry, in front of which they found young Seton, who was now deeply anxious on account of Fitz-Allan; for upwards of two hours had elapsed since his departure.

“Where is Sir Fleming, boy?” inquired the Earl of Caithness.

“He has not yet returned, my lord,” answered the youth, instantaneously composing his features into the habitual expression of calm respectfulness.

“Not returned!” ejaculated the Earl. “Ah! then it appears that we have done him an injustice while taxing him with being a sluggard!—whereas doubtless it will prove after all that he was the first to breathe the fresh air of morning.”

“Even so, my lord,” rejoined Seton. “Sir Fleming went out soon after sunrise, with a boar spear—”

“Ah! that is more like Fleming Fitz-Allan than loitering in his couch!” exclaimed the Earl, with an air of satisfaction. “Doubtless he will bring us a boar’s head as the produce of the chase; and in the meantime we will enter the hostelry and await his return.”

“Proceed, my lord,” said Sir Casimir, dismounting from his horse; “I will but assure myself that my steed is duly stabled—and then will I rejoin your lordship and the fair ladies.”

The nobleman entered the building, in company with his daughter and Margaret Fitz-Allan; and the instant that they were beyond earshot, Sir Casimir said to young Seton, “Where is your master? Be not afraid to speak candidly; for I know what was pending—and indeed I promised to be present as umpire and witness of the meeting.”

“I know not, Sir Knight, what has happened—nor where my young master is,” replied Seton. “I am deeply anxious!—he should have returned long ago! He went forth soon after the sun had risen above the eastern hills—”

“Yes, true to the hour!” ejaculated the Knight.

“And have you any means of knowing whether Sir William Douglas likewise proceeded? But wherefore should I ask? It were almost an insult to the stout old Knight of Liddesdale to place the point upon a doubt?”

“I know, Sir Knight,” answered Seton, “that the Knight of Liddesdale left the hostelry within a few minutes after Sir Fleming took his departure.”

“And has he returned!—has Sir William Douglas come back?” demanded the Teutonic Knight.

The reply was in the negative: and again were young Seton’s looks flung anxiously across the meadows in the direction of the mill.

“This is strange! most strange!” said Sir

Casimir D'Este. "Could there have been any mistake made in respect to the place of appointment? Was it not—"

"The copse between yonder mill and Closeburn Tower," replied Seton. "I myself was

know nothing of the windings and intricacies of the vast Ettrick woods, I respectfully begged Sir William to indicate a spot so well defined, so prominent, and so conspicuous, that it would be impossible for my young master to mistake

"And to that copse did I myself proceed at the appointed hour," said the Teutonic Knight; "but I found neither Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan nor Sir William Douglas. I waited awhile—they came not—and experiencing some degree of suspense on Sir Fleming's part, I determined to ride to this hostelry to make inquiries. I must now join the Earl and the ladies—or they will wonder at my prolonged absence."

Sir Casimir D'Este repaired to the apartment where Lord Caithness, Albertina, and Margaret were now awaiting his presence in order to take their seats at the board on which the morning meal was served. But scarcely had he thus made his appearance, when the sounds of galloping horses reached the ears of those present. They glanced through the window, and beheld some half-dozen armed men, well mounted, rein in their steeds in front of the hostelry.

"It is the Douglas plaid!" said Lord Caithness; "and those are the retainers of the Earl of Douglas, kinsman of the Knight of Liddesdale."

"Yes," observed Sir Casimir: "we were yesterday told that the Earl of Douglas was hunting in these parts, and that he held his quarters at Closeburn Tower. While passing that way this morning, I beheld several of his retainers preparing for the day's chase—"

"These men who have just arrived," interrupted the Earl, "are speaking angrily and loudly! What can it mean?"

At this moment the door of the apartment opened; and the landlord entered, closely followed by one of the men who had just arrived.

"Alas, my lord, what terrible tidings! woe is me!" exclaimed the landlord, who seemed to be fearfully excited.

"What ails you, man?" demanded the Teutonic Knight, striding forward and grasping the landlord by the arm: for he was smitten with the apprehension that something fatal had occurred to Fleming Fitz-Allan.

"The stout Knight of Liddesdale!" cried the landlord; "the gallant old Knight! Scotland may mourn him yet, despite all that has been said—"

"Mourn him?" echoed Sir Casimir, his mind suddenly experiencing an immense relief on young Fitz-Allan's behalf. "What mean you? Speak man—speak!"

"The Knight of Liddesdale, my master's gallant kinsman," said the Earl of Douglas's retainer, now pressing forward into the room, "has been foully murdered."

"Murdered!"—and the terrible word was echoed from the lips of the Earl of Caithness as well as those of Margaret; but Albertina was held silent by dismay at the dreadful announcement.

"Use not that term," exclaimed the Teutonic Knight, in a stern commanding voice, "until you can prove that Sir William Douglas fell not in fair combat!"

"I repeat," cried the Douglas retainer vehemently, "the Knight of Liddesdale has been foully murdered: and I am here to seek—"

At this instant another horseman galloped up to the front of the tavern; and Margaret ejaculating, "My brother!" rushed from the apartment.

The idea had already smitten her that there had possibly been a duel between Fleming and Sir William Douglas; and she was just on the point of repelling with indignation the idea that the old Knight had been assassinated, when her brother dashed passed the window on the steed that bore him.

But scarcely had he reined in the animal in front of the hostelry, when he was seized upon by the emissaries of the Earl of Douglas—while Margaret sprang forth from the threshold.

"Back caitiffs! What mean you by this outrage?" exclaimed Fleming, offering a desperate resistance with his boar-spear.

"Surrender in the King's name?" cried his assailants. "Surrender also in the name of the high and mighty lord the Earl of Douglas!"

"Unhand him!" cried Margaret, vehemently and indignantly. "He is innocent! he is incapable of such a foul deed!"

"Innocent? incapable of what?" demanded Fleming, suddenly desisting from the vigor with which he was repelling the attack and even beating off his assailants.

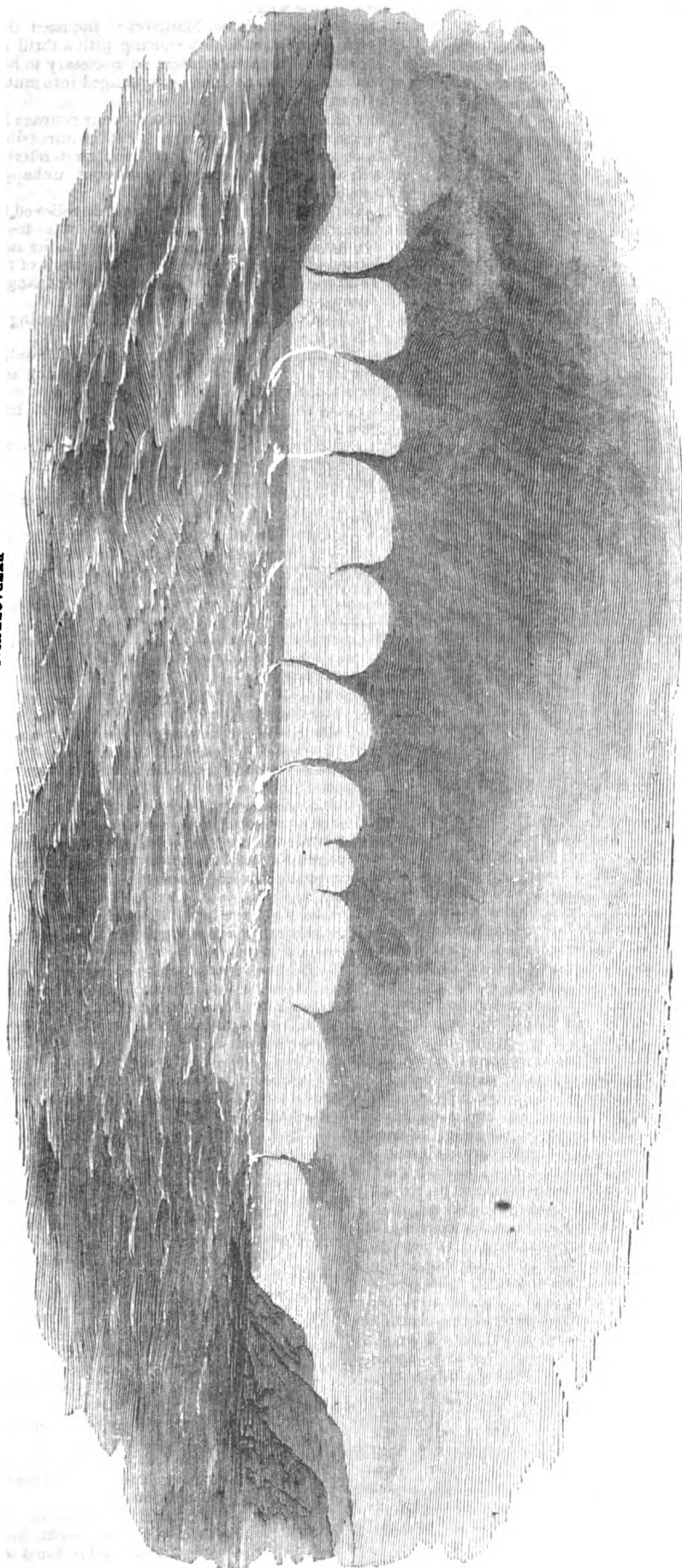
"Ah! he affects ignorance!" cried the Douglas retainers: "he will deny that he knows aught of the foul murder of the old Knight of Liddesdale!"

A deadly pallor seized upon Fitz-Allan's countenance—the boar-spear dropped from his hand—

last evening the bearer of my master's gauntlet to the old Knight of Liddesdale. Sir Fleming left it to the old Knight to name the place. Sir William Douglas at first spoke of a spot within the forest, but inasmuch as Sir Fleming could

it. Thus, though the Ettrick Forest is comparatively close at hand, Sir William named the copse, which though more remote, was nevertheless deemed more suitable for the prevention of all errors."

EXTRAORDINARY WATER-SPOT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.



and the next instant he was dragged from the horse by the men, who now pounced upon him like tigers upon their prey.

CHAPTER V.—THE EARL OF DOUGLAS.

THE entire scene from which the preceding chapter concluded—from the moment Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan galloped up to the front of the hostelry until he was torn down from his horse by the fierce Borderers, as the retainers were generally termed—occupied scarcely a minute. But now came forth the Teutonic Knight, sheathed in complete armor as he was; and with his huge sword in his hand, he exclaimed, "Let go your hold on that youth!—or by St. Jude! there will be sanguinary work in another instant!"

"Then let it commence at once!" cried the Douglas retainer who had sought the party in the room, and who had rushed forth from the hostelry close on the heels of Margaret and the Teutonic warrior. "I, Magnus Balveny, Captain in the service of the mighty Lord, the Earl of Douglas—"

"Then, as one holding authority, Master Balveny," said Sir Casimir D'Este, "you would do well to order the instantaneous release—"

"It is thus, Sir Knight, that I show my resolve to keep my prisoner!" and Balveny aimed a blow at the Teutonic warrior.

What followed took place in an incredibly short space of time, and was as marvellous in its details as it was rapid in its execution. Captain Balveny's sword was snapt in twain by the force with which it was met, with clashing din, by Sir Casimir's ponderous weapon; and then a terrific buffet dealt by the Knight's gauntleted hand, levelled the Borderer senseless on the ground. Into the midst of the other armed men who held Fleming a prisoner, dashed Sir Casimir D'Este. The eye that possessed eagle-like swiftness enough to follow his movements, might have perceived that he sought to avoid the taking of life; but the blows which he dealt right and left with the hilt of his sword in one hand and with the clenched gauntlet of the other, poured like hail upon the Borderers. Of the five who had surrounded Fitz-Allan, two were at once hurled senseless across the prostrate body of their leader Balveny—a third, lying upon his side, was wiping away with his plaid the blood that gushed from his mouth and nostrils—and the other two, having first recoiled perforce from the rude buffets dealt them, now rushed upon the Knight with their drawn weapons. But in the twinkling of an eye one was added to the heap of stunned and insensible Borderers; while the other was instantaneously prostrated by a blow dealt by young Fitz-Allan. Thus, in far less time than it has taken us to describe the fray, Sir Casimir D'Este was master of the field, and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan found himself at liberty.

"What madman is this foreign knight?" exclaimed the landlord of the Unicorn, rushing forward in dismay and consternation: "does he know whom he has thus severely dealt with? The Black Douglas will be down upon us all—and in a common vengeance fearfully wreaked, shall we every one be swept away!"

"Cease your prating," exclaimed Sir Casimir; "and see that you and your fellows minister quickly to these Borderers. I meant not to take the life of any one of them; and full sorry should I be—"

"Oh, Sir Casimir!" cried Margaret, seizing the Knight's gauntleted hand and pressing it between both her own: "you have nobly deported yourself!"—then flying to her brother, and throwing her arms about his neck, she exclaimed, "Tell me, Fleming—Oh! tell me, that you are innocent of this dreadful charge!"—for the damsel's mind was filled with the image of deadly pallor and consternation which the young Knight had presented to her view at the moment he was accused of the foul murder of the old Knight of Liddesdale.

"Yes, Margaret, I am innocent!" cried Fleming, whose proud indignant bearing now contrasted strikingly with his pale and dismayed aspect of but a few minutes back.

"And I can vouch for it," said Sir Casimir D'Este, "that if the old Knight of Liddesdale have fallen by the hand of my young friend here, it must have been in fair fight; for though by some mistake or mishap I lost the spectacle of the fray, yet do I know that it was to an honorable combat Sir Fleming went forth."

"Whatever be the consequences of this sad affair," said the Earl of Caithness, now advan-

cing towards the Teutonic Knight, "the gratitude of me and mine is not the less your due!"

Albertina was leaning upon her father's arm: the face of the timid maiden was very pale—but all of a sudden she seemed as if she exerted an effort over herself; and stepping forward, she took Fleming's hand, saying in a low, half tender, half reproachful tone, "Oh, in what sad complications do you involve your friends!"

No one heard these words but she who spoke them, he to whom they were addressed, and Margaret Fitz-Allan; and the young Knight was about to reply, when there was a sudden exclamation on the part of the landlord of the Unicorn, of "The Douglas! the Douglas!"

"The kinsman of our slaughtered master!" ejaculated the chief page of the old Knight of Liddesdale, who as well as his brother page, and every other inmate of the hostelry, had by this time appeared upon the scene of these rapid and startling incidents.

And sure enough, at a little distance a troop of about thirty horsemen were seen galloping towards the hostelry. The Teutonic Knight, as if inspired by that fierce or desperate courage which recked not for numbers, quickly closed the vizor of his helmet, and he grasped his weapon, which but a few moments back he had sheathed, with the air of a man who was resolved to fight unto the last. Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan at the same time brandished his own sword; the young Seton was quickly by his side; and the male retainers of the Earl of Caithness showed by their looks and movements that they were equally ready to combat under the auspices of the redoubtable Sir Casimir D'Este.

"Holy Virgin! more bloodshed!" exclaimed Albertina, with a face as colorless as at first, and shrinking back towards her father, she clung to his arm for support.

"Sir Casimir," said the Earl of Caithness, in a tone of mingled firmness and entreaty, "enough of strife for the nonce! Were the odds less frightfully against us, or the circumstances more desperate, this word would not be spoken from my lips, nor would this sword remain unsheathed by my side. But it were utter madness to dare so unequal an encounter; while the innocence of Fitz-Allan is already sufficiently vindicated. Leave it to me to settle this matter with the Douglas."

"Be it as you will, my lord," said Sir Casimir. "But remember, that if a hand be laid in violence upon me—"

"I pledge you my word as a gentleman and a peer," quickly responded the Earl of Caithness. "that I will put this matter right with the Douglas!"

"Tis well," rejoined Sir Casimir. "For the sake of the ladies 'twere better to avoid more bloodshed:—and his ponderous weapon was returned to the sheath."

In a few minutes the Earl of Douglas galloped up to the spot followed by some thirty of his retainers. They were all in hunting-garb, completely equipped for the chase; and a finer or fiercer set of men it would have been difficult to find even throughout those border counties where all the male Saxon inhabitants were remarkable for their powerful athletic frames, their martial habits, and their readiness for warfare.

"What do I behold?" exclaimed the Earl of Douglas, reining in his steed, and flinging a fierce, rapid, angry glance over the scene where some of his followers still lay in a state of insensibility, and others were painfully raising themselves up. "By St. Bride! there is here work to be revenged! What ho, my men! seize upon them all, every one of them!"

"Hold, my lord!" interrupted the Earl of Caithness, stepping forward with a proud dignity, after having consigned his fainting daughter to the arms of Margaret, while Sir Casimir D'Este had already half drawn his terrible brand from its sheath.

"What do I see?" vociferated the Black Douglas. "Yes! it must be the Earl of Caithness!—and he ranged on the side of those who dare thus maltreat the wearers of my plaid!"

"Be not hasty, my lord," said the Earl of Caithness, "in coming to conclusions. Let there be reasonable speech betwixt you and me."

"Reasonable speech, my lord!" exclaimed the Earl of Douglas. "By St. Bride! my respect for the friendship which was wont to subsist between your lordship and myself, has already exceeded bounds but little known to the Douglas in the presence of such a spectacle as this! How-

beit, if there must be parley betwixt us, let it be when the assassin of my kinsman shall be in the custody of my fellows."

"My lord," responded the Earl of Caithness, still with a noble dignity and firmness, "there it no assassin holding any companionship with me. If you have plaint to make, let it be judicially investigated, and I pledge myself that the accused shall be forthcoming to assert and maintain his innocence."

"If the matter be put upon this ground," answered the Earl of Douglas, "I am content to let it so remain; and thus I do from motives of ancient respect and friendship for your lordship."

"And I proclaim," said Magnus Balveny, who in the meantime had recovered his consciousness, and raised himself up from the ground, "that this false Knight, Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, hath treacherously murdered your lordship's kinsman, the old Chief of Liddesdale!"

"And I maintain," said Fleming, indignantly, while his dark eyes flashed fire, and the rich, youthful blood mantled in angry crimson upon his cheeks, "that you, Magnus Balveny, lie most foully in your throat!"

"Hold!" pealed the stentorian voice of the Earl of Douglas; "we will at once inquire further into this matter."

"With my full consent, my lord," said the Earl of Caithness; then turning to the ireful youth, he added peremptorily, "Peace and patience, Fleming! Let us hear the charge as it stands against you; for the cause of truth and innocence needs not to be vindicated by passion."

"Yes, my young friend," said Sir Casimir D'Este, now raising the vizor of his helmet; "the Earl of Caithness speaks well—and the Earl of Douglas seems properly and lawfully inclined in this matter. The quicker the investigation, the sooner the manifestation of your innocence, and the better the justification of the succor which I lent towards your release."

"Speak, Balveny," said the Earl of Douglas. "How say you, my faithful follower!—what know you of this matter?"

"So please you, my lord," replied the Captain. "I was here at the Unicorn last evening, quaffing a cup of ale with my ancient acquaintance, the stout landlord—when he told me of a fray which had taken place some half-hour previously, betwixt the old Knight of Liddesdale and this youthful wearer of golden spurs. The youngster, it would seem, came off the worst from the contest—the arm of the stalwart old Knight failed him not—Sir Fleming was dashed to the ground—and on rising therefrom, he proclaimed his intent to seek a deadly revenge. Thereupon the landlord rebuked him; and he is here to give me the lie if I have spoken falsely."

"In good sooth, my lord," said the burly master of the Unicorn, "it all occurred precisely as the worthy Captain Magnus Balveny has reported it. Appeal may be made to the noble Earl of Caithness, to these ladies, or to the foreign Knight—who seems to possess the arm of a very demon!" added the landlord in a lower tone.

"No such appeal need be made!" exclaimed Fleming Fitz-Allan, stepping forward with every appearance of the noblest and loftiest frankness. "I admit the words: and sorry am I that in the rage and shame of defeat, such impetuous language should have issued from my lips. But their meaning was neither treacherous nor un-knightly. The signification which I intended was simply that on another occasion I would seek to vindicate my own fame and inflict due chastisement upon my aggressor, in fair and equal combat."

"And I, my lord, can prove," said young Seton, "that I last night bore the gauntlet of my master, Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, to the Knight of Liddesdale, by whom it was accepted; and arrangements were duly made for the combat to take place this morning, under all circumstances of privacy, in the copse between the mill and Closeburn Tower."

"Ah, the copse!" exclaimed the Earl of Douglas. "Was it not there that my lamented kinsman, the stout Knight of Liddesdale, was found murdered?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Magnus Balveny. "It was I myself, with my own special followers, who there discovered the corpse. A holy monk—Father Cyrus of Melrose—shortly afterwards came up—"

"And I, my lord," said the chief huntsman of

the Earl of Douglas, "was alone in another part of the copse; and I beheld a certain youth riding thence hastily away; but I took no special note of the circumstance until a few minutes afterwards, when I came upon the spot where Balveny and his men had found the murdered Knight. Then, on describing this youth, the worthy Captain Balveny at once recognized him as Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, of whom he had caught a glimpse at the Unicorn last night—"

"And remembering what I had heard from the landlord," resumed Balveny, taking up the tale in his turn, "I naturally concluded that the youthful Knight had only too well fulfilled his vindictive threat against the stout Chief of Liddesdale. So, leaving the monk and two or three of my men to transport the corpse to Melrose, I sent the huntsman to the tower to communicate the sad tidings to your lordship; while I with my other followers sped hither in haste to capture the assassin."

"Assassin again in your teeth?" ejaculated Fitz-Allan fiercely.

"Silence, young man!" exclaimed the Earl of Douglas sternly. "Harsh words are but sorry proofs of innocence."

"But because my young friend here," exclaimed the Teutonic Knight, "was seen issuing from the copse at a particular moment, is he on that account to be branded as an assassin? As well accuse me; for I myself must at about the same time have been in the copse, in search for the intending combatants; but I beheld no one. Or again, as well accuse this huntsman of yours, my Lord of Douglas!—for he admits that he was likewise alone in the wood at that particular time. At all events, it is clear that in a copse which covers some hundred acres, scenes may be taking place in one spot totally unknown or unsuspected by persons in another. I have called this young Knight *my friend*; and so I shall esteem him until better evidence be brought to prove him the author of a crime for which every true warrior and honest man will scout and shun him."

Fleming Fitz-Allan darted upon Sir Casimir D'Este a load of deep gratitude for the generous defence thus made in his behalf; and then the young Knight exclaimed, "Did not my conscience tell me that I was worthy of such chivalrous friendship, I should sink overpowered by the weight of shame, degradation, and guilt. But listen to me, my Lord of Douglas!—for there is still a gap to be filled up in my narrative—"

"Aye! a gap," ejaculated Magnus Balveny, "which you, young springald, will find it difficult—"

"Silence, sirrah!" interrupted the Earl of Caithness: "interfere not with Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan's defence; for you were allowed your own leisure in pressing your accusation."

"Yes, be silent, Balveny," said the Earl of Douglas. "We will give the fairest complexion, as in duty bound, to these proceedings. Speak, Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan: we are ready to hear you."

"I went forth, my lord, at a suitable hour this morning," proceeded our hero, "to be punctual at the trysting-place. To this fact my page Seton can attest. On my way I had the good fortune to save the life of a monk of Melrose—"

"It was Father Cyrus," interjected Balveny: "he spoke to me of that adventure."

"It was an adventure which delayed me considerably, and at the time much to my regret," proceeded Fitz-Allan; "for my good steed was slain by the enraged bull. I feared to be late at the trysting-place, and to be deemed a backslider and a poltroon by the stout Knight of Liddesdale, who I full well knew would fail not to be in the copse to the precise moment. I sped onward to the mill; and there I borrowed the horse which you may behold here. Then I rode on to the copse; but there had been a sad wasting of time, and I was nearly a full hour too late. I met a woodman to whom I put the hasty question whether he had seen a warrior waiting anywhere in the copse? He gave answer to the effect that he had just beheld a warrior issue from the wood and ride rapidly in a particular direction. I made no further inquiry—for I concluded that it was the Knight of Liddesdale who, wearied with waiting, and deeming me a coward, had hastened back to the hostelry. But doubtless after all it was Sir Casimir D'Este, my chivalrous friend here, to whom the woodman alluded—which is all the more probable, seeing, as I learn, that Sir Casimir arrived at the hostelry only a few minutes before myself: for on re-

ceiving that information from the woodman, I turned my horse's head and galloped hitherward, impatient to give suitable explanations to the Knight of Liddesdale. And now one more word. If at the moment when—"

"Perhaps," interrupted Magnus Balveny, "Sir Fleming will inform your lordship why it was that he turned so deadly pale and dropped his board-spear when my men proclaimed the accusation—"

"To that point was I coming," said Fitz-Allan, "when you again interrupted me. My explanation shall be given. I had no vindictive feelings, in the mean and paltry sense of the term, against the Knight of Liddesdale: my purpose was only to meet him in fair and equal fight, and to stand upon the consequences. I honored his courage, and I even felt flattered at the thought of encountering a warrior of such tried prowess—though, in good sooth, I had otherwise little respect for his character. Nevertheless, when the intelligence suddenly burst upon me that the Knight of Liddesdale was foully murdered, I was for a moment overcome by a variety of feelings—horror of the deed—a shock sustained at the thought that one of such knightly prowess should perish so lamentably—bitter mortification that I must still rest under the stigma of defeat—and consternation at the charge that was levelled against myself. It was beneath all these combined influences that I succumbed, and that for a moment I was paralyzed, and that my cheek grew deadly pale!"

The youth ceased speaking; and the Teutonic Knight, grasping his hand, exclaimed, "I believe you, my young friend!—there's truth upon your tongue!"

"And I also, said the Earl of Caithness, "entertain the fullest confidence in the innocence of the knightly youth on whom, in some sense, I look almost as my adopted son!"

"In which case, my lord," interjected the Earl of Douglas, "you are scarcely an impartial judge in the present instance."

"Nor are you, my lord," responded the Earl of Caithness firmly; "for it is touching the death of your own kinsman that you are likewise enacting the part of judge!"

"Fairly enough spoken, my lord," said the Earl of Douglas; "and right well pleased am I that there should be mutual agreement betwixt us in respect to our incompetency to decide in the present case."

"But I maintain," cried the Earl of Caithness, now for the first time displaying the vehemence of excited emotions, "that Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan hath fully fended and proven his guiltlessness!"

"And I maintain," said the Earl of Douglas, haughtily, "that Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan hath advanced nothing to gainsay the accusation of guilt!"

"Then there must be appeal to another tribunal," responded the Earl of Caithness; "and to this I all the more readily assent on Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan's behalf, because there will not merely be the certitude of his own innocence sustaining ampler proof, but likewise the probability that the real authorship of this foul crime may be brought to light. The corpse which was the scene of the assassin-deed, is within the domain of Melrose, where the holy Father Benedictus exercises all seigniorial power and wields the authority of spiritual Abbot and temporal Baron, with the additional attributes of judge and magistrate. To him let appeal be made!"

"Your lordship," answered the Earl of Douglas, "shall have no reason to proclaim that by word or act of mine aught of obstacle has been thrown in the way of the full and fair investigation of this most deplorable case. To the Lord Abbot of Melrose let it be accordingly referred. I hold the honorable pledge of the Earl of Caithness, that the youth shall be forthcoming, and that within the lapse of an hour or two he be in such temporary prisonage as the Lord Abbot or his deputy may appoint within the walls of Melrose."

"That solemn pledge do I give, my lord," answered the Earl of Caithness. "Within two hours from the present time will I be at Melrose with the whole of my party; for this matter shall be sifted to the very uttermost ere I cross the threshold of Roslin Castle!"

"But that onslaught which was made upon me and my men," exclaimed Magnus Balveny, "by the foreign Knight, who is an alien and a stranger amongst us—is it not now to form an-

other, though secondary subject for investigation?"

"Let it pass, worthy Magnus," said the Earl of Douglas, with a fierce scowl; for he liked as little as might be the idea that his fierce Borderers should have succumbed beneath the arm of a single man. "What is the state of your followers, Captain?"

"No life has been lost, my lord," answered Balveny, glancing around him; "and we are all ready for departure."

"Then to horse! and away with you!" cried the Black Douglas; and with a cold salutation to the Earl of Caithness—for existing circumstances wore the aspect of an incipient feud—the fierce nobleman wheeled round his steed and rode rapidly away at the head of his party.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ABBOT OF MELROSE.

THE traveller to one of those beautiful vales which are washed by the waters of the Tweed, in the county of Roxburgh, will find the ruins of the once far-famed Abbey of Melrose: but still a sufficiency of the dilapidated and dismantled building is left to afford an idea of what its mingled stateliness, grandeur, and beauty must have been in those times ere the influence of decay had reached it. And may not the imagination give completeness to that which is now but an architectural skeleton? fill up with masonry the fallen portions, cover all with a roof, erect the pinnacles where the principle of uniformity shows that they once existed, give form and shapeliness to the huge central tower, and otherwise so reconstruct the entire edifice, that to the mind's eye it may again stand in all its intact fairness and magnificence. And then, if imagination would still further stretch itself, it might build up the cloisters, the outhouses, and the other structures which once belonged to the Abbey, and which fitted the whole pile to serve as a great monastic establishment.

In the times of which we are writings, Melrose flourished in all its pride, its influence, and its power. Upwards of two hundred monks of the Cistercian order peopled its cells—paced in its cloisters—swept in grand religious procession into the choir, beneath whose vaulted roofs the pealing organ sounded—or sat down at the long and well-spread tables in the refectory. A large and rich domain belonged to Melrose; and the Abbot exercised power as a temporal baron as well as a spiritual prelate. Though clad in his flowing robes, wearing a mitre upon his brow, and bearing a crozier in his hand when times of peace prevailed, yet if the message came across the Borders that the Southron ravagers were advancing, or the beacon-fires repeated on the Eildon hills the lurid warning sent from the Cheviot heights, then the Lord Abbot of Melrose would buckle on his armor, don the steel helmet, and grasp the spear and sword as well as any warlike feudal peer amongst his neighbors. Then too would the word be swiftly carried throughout the monastic domain that all the serfs and vassals bound to do service to their territorial lord, should muster at a given hour and in a stated place, and bearing provisions for forty days: so that the Southron invaders might be sure to encounter a serried human rampart on the confines of the Melrose lands.

Father Benedictus, the Lord Abbot of Melrose, at the time of which we are writing, was a man of some fifty-five years of age; and, if in his capacity as a temporal baron he was both feared and admired, in his quality of a spiritual ruler he was not the less loved and esteemed. For some fifteen years had he held the crozier of the abbacy; and it was young at the age of forty to be elected to that high office. But Benedictus had given so many proofs of wisdom and valor in the trying times of war—his character was so resolute and decisive, his mental resources were so great, and he had attained by these qualities such an influence over his brethren in the monastery, that at the death of his aged and worn-out predecessor, he was unanimously elected to an office where energy was as much needed as piety. Over the earlier part of Father Benedictus's life a certain veil of mystery was spread. The other monks knew little or nothing of him prior to the time when upwards of thirty-five years back he had one day presented himself as a suppliant youth for admission into the holy pile. Some tale perhaps he told of the need or the motives which thus urged him at such an age to abandon the great world, but if so, the explanation was little regarded at the time and was quickly forgotten.

Thus, absolutely nothing beyond the monastic life of Father Benedictus was known to his brethren in the Abbey; and these had long ceased to wonder who or what he might have been prior to his entrance amongst them. On his first admission he was employed as a page to the Lord Abbot of that day; then he was admitted into the body of the holy order itself—until eventually he became, as we have seen, the wearer of the proud mitre of Melrose.

It was in the evening of the day on which the incidents contained in the preceding chapter took place, that Father Benedictus was seated in his own private apartment. This was what may be termed of florid ecclesiastic architecture. The windows were high and narrow, with "slender shafts of shapely stone" separating the painted glass-work. The chisel of the sculptor had represented numerous flowers and plants with as much artistic delicacy as if they had been designed by the pencil. The mouldings of the cornices in the apartment delineated a similar tracery of foliage, interspersed with the tiny effigies of saints. The furniture of the room was rather simple than handsome—but massive and ponderous. Upon the table a repast of various dainties was spread; for it was considered no derogation to a becoming religious piety to banquet upon good fare within the walls of Melrose.

Father Benedictus had only just returned from a visit of a few days which he had been paying to the abbot of another monastery some forty miles distant. He had, therefore, performed a tolerably long journey on this particular day of which we are writing; and on his arrival at home he would fain have sat down to the recreations of the table without any more serious claims upon his attention. But he had found that his judicial intervention was needed in a most important case and that there were guests at Melrose to whom his civilities must be shown. The worthy Abbot was therefore now just sitting down to partake of some hasty refreshment previous to addressing his attention to the matters to which we have alluded, and deciding upon the hour for the morrow when he should preside in the hall of justice.

But in the meanwhile the Lord Abbot be-thought himself that while he was eating, and quaffing a cup of wine, he might just as well make certain inquiries and hear something more of the pending matters than he had gathered from the hurried information given him when he slighted, way-worn and wearied, in the courtyard of the monastery. He accordingly rang a little silver bell; a lay-brother entered to answer the summons; and the Lord Abbot desired that Father Cyrus might be sent to him.

In a few minutes Father Cyrus made his appearance, and bowed with becoming respect to his reverend superior.

"Be seated, my son," said the Abbot; "fill yourself a goblet—and give me some few details touching the matters which have thus suddenly been brought to press upon our attention. But in the first place answer me—are the Earl of Caithness and his party lodged in a seemly manner, and cared for in a way which becomes the rank of that great chief?"

"Every attention, my lord, has been shown the Earl of Caithness and his party," responded Father Cyrus. "The nobleman himself, with his male retainers, occupies the apartments overlooking the cloister of the tombs: the ladies and their damsels are in the new building outside the gate."

"And the prisoner?" inquired the Abbot.

"I have retained him under my own special regard," rejoined Father Cyrus. "The youth rendered me a service—"

"Ah! then he is a youth?" said the Abbot, "and accused of this fearful crime! But in truth I lingered not ere now for details—I was weary and athirst, and methought I would for a brief space postpone all inquiries into the matter. But what may be the name of this obnoxious follower of the Earl of Caithness?"

"In sooth, my lord, he is no follower of the Earl, in the literal sense of the term," answered Father Cyrus. "He bears a knightly title—"

"All the worse," interjected the Abbot, "that foul suspicion, whether right or wrong, should have had scope to fall upon youthful chivalry."

"I have the fullest confidence, my lord," answered Father Cyrus, "that the result of the investigation will be to prove this young Knight's complete innocence. The Earl of Caithness—his lordship's daughter—her friend Margaret Fitz-Allan—"

"Ah!" ejaculated the Abbot: then instantly

composing his features, he muttered to himself, "True! I might have known that she would be of the party—and Fleming no doubt likewise—for they are all just returning from France. Better that they had remained there! It is little short of madness—" then as a sudden idea struck the Abbot with a sudden feeling of uneasiness, he turned towards Father Cyrus, exclaiming, "But you have not yet mentioned the name of this youthful prisoner whom to-morrow we must judge?"

"His style and name, my lord," replied the monk, "are Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan."

"What!" ejaculated the Abbot, with so sudden a start and with a look which became so dismayed, that Father Cyrus was frightened. "Do you mean me to understand that Fleming Fitz-Allan is accused of this crime?"

"Alas, my lord, he is accused of it!" said the monk: "but so much magnanimity is incompatible with guilt! Your lordship looks unwell—"

"Not so, my son," observed the Abbot, proceeding to quaff his wine, either that the action might serve as a means of concealing his emotion, or that for some reason he needed its revivifying influence; "but I am to some little degree interested in that youth. You remember that when eight years back I chanced to halt at Roslin on my return from a visit to Edinburgh, I saw him—he was then a boy of twelve or thirteen—"

"And I recollect that your lordship proposed to the Earl of Caithness that the young Fitz-Allan should come hither, to be educated under your reverend auspices; but that the Earl unwisely and rudely rejected the well-meant proffer. This much I heard at the time—though I had not the honor of being with your lordship when you paid that flying visit to Roslin: neither to my knowledge did I ever see Fleming Fitz-Allan before this day."

"You are right, Father Cyrus," said the Abbot, "in your recollection of what you heard with reference to my proposal to the Earl of Caithness touching the young Fitz-Allan, and the peremptory style amounting to rudeness in which his lordship declined the proffer. It was this circumstance which engendered a feeling of no very amicable nature betwixt Melrose and Roslin: and therefore I was all the more astonished when on my arrival ere now I learned that the Earl of Caithness should be a visitor beneath the holy roof of the Abbey. He is, however, welcome! yes, he is indeed welcome!" said the Abbot, repeating the words with a degree of fervor which struck Father Cyrus: "and pity 'tis that harsh words should have ever passed betwixt him and me!"

There was a brief pause, during which the Abbot seemed to be buried in profound reflection; and unconsciously a deep sadness came over his features, which were naturally pale and somewhat severe. But suddenly lifting his eyes, he exclaimed, "And so this Fleming Fitz-Allan has won knightly spurs?"

"He has, my lord. The accolade of chivalry," continued Father Cyrus, "was bestowed upon him, as I have heard, by the King of France himself."

"And has he grown up to be a comely youth?" inquired the Abbot: for I remember that he gave promise of being such."

"None handsomer or more comely, my lord," responded Father Cyrus. "As for his stoutness of heart, I can vouch for it: for he this day saved my life."

"Eh! is it so?" exclaimed the Abbot, with a look of supreme satisfaction. "And how was it?"

Father Cyrus at once related the incident of the mad bull—with grateful fervor eulogizing the heroism of the young man towards whom he had conceived so strong a liking.

"It was well and bravely done!" said the Abbot.

"Yes—truly, such a youth must be innocent of so foul a crime as that which malevolence or misrepresentation imputes to him! But tell me, my son, his sister—Margaret I think you called her—(and her also I remember to have seen some eight years back at Roslin Castle)—is she well-favored as her brother?"

"There is doubtless many a knight, my lord," responded Father Cyrus, "who would be proud to wear the handsome Margaret Fitz-Allan's scarf over his steel corselet, or her glove attached to his lance, that in the tournament he might do battle as her champion and proclaim her to be peerless."

Again the Abbot reflected deeply for a few

minutes; and then arousing from his reverie with the same abruptness as before, he demanded, "And where is the corpse of this foully murdered Knight of Liddesdale?"

"It is in the dead-house, my lord," responded Father Cyrus, "with tapers at head and foot, and Father Peter praying by the side. I gave him orders that none else was to enter the place—seeing that to-morrow's judicial investigation will partake alike of the character of inquest and trial, and a corpse in such a case should remain as much as possible untouched, lest the opinion of a churgeon be needed relative to the immediate cause of death."

"You have done well, my son," said the Abbot. "But as for the innocence of this knightly youth, Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan—"

"I am confident, my lord," responded Father Cyrus, "that you will to-morrow have the happiness of conscientiously proclaiming the young man's innocence. The Earl of Caithness has no doubt upon the point! Margaret is naturally vehement in her protestations on her brother's behalf! the Lady Albertina Roslin, though by nature coy and timid, flushes with indignation at the bare idea that Fleming should be accused of such a deed! And then there is one whom I had hitherto forgotten to mention, and who arrived at the Abbey last night expressly to see your lordship—"

"Whom do you mean?" demanded the Abbot, quickly. "I did indeed expect some one about this time from foreign parts—"

"It is then doubtless the same, my lord," rejoined Father Cyrus; "a Teutonic Knight—"

"And he is here, beneath this roof?" ejaculated the Abbot, starting up from his chair. "Why was I not informed of this? It is precisely Sir Casimir D'Este whom I was expecting!"

"Your lordship has already admitted," answered the monk, humbly, "that on alighting in the court-yard you listened so little to the details of what had recently passed—"

"True, true!" said the Abbot; "pardon my vivacity, my son! But Sir Casimir—"

"He knows not yet of your lordship's return," replied Father Cyrus; "for to speak truly, I left him in the cell with young Fitz-Allan an hour ago—despite the peremptory message which the Black Douglas sent to the effect that the prisoner must be kept in strict seclusion. But Sir Casimir D'Este is so warm and generous in his friendship towards the young Knight—"

"Hasten, my son—hasten," said the Abbot, "and let Sir Casimir come hither at once! And mark you! Bring him to the door—then retire instantly—and see that no one approaches this room until I shall ring the bell to signify that I am again disengaged. See that you attend accurately, my son, to all these injunctions!"

Father Cyrus bowed respectfully, and withdrew. The instant the Lord Abbot of Melrose found himself alone, he threw himself on his knees before a niche containing a statue of the Virgin, to whom the Abbey was dedicated; and he prayed devoutly.

"I thank thee, O Sovereign Lady! I thank thee, Blessed Virgin!" he said, "that thou hast brought him safely to this thy holy pile! Thou knowest how I have yearned for the moment when such meeting was to take place after long, long years of separation and severance!"

More in a similar strain did the devout Abbot say in his grateful outpourings; and then rising from his knees, he paced to and fro in the apartment—his features working and his breast swelling with strong feelings, despite his endeavor to assume a certain degree of composure. Presently the door opened; and Sir Casimir D'Este—now attired in a plain undersuit, for he had completely divested himself of his armor—made his appearance. The door instantaneously closed behind him: but for a few moments both he and the Abbot remained motionless, as if by mutual tacit consent to assure themselves by the sounds of the retreating footsteps along the stone corridor, that Father Cyrus was retiring from the vicinage of the room. Yet what looks were those which the redoubtable knight and the mitred prelate bent during that interval upon each other! looks which told of strong affections as strongly revived—looks that seemed fraught with memories of the past, and that were indicative of all the feelings of joy and delight at this meeting after a long separation and severance! Then, so soon as the footsteps of the retreating monk were no longer heard, that dauntless knight and that mitred prelate flew into each other's arms.

"My brother! my beloved brother!" were the

ejaculations, all tremulous with emotion, that burst forth from their lips.

CHAPTER VII.—THE BROTHERS.

It is not often that the circumstances of life engender emotions at once so strong, so tender, and so melting on the part of men of mature years, as those which now filled the souls of the mitred Abbot and the puissant Knight. Yet so it was in this case; and that prelate whose hair was whitening beneath the influence of fifty-five years, and that warrior whose existence had reached its fortieth summer, wept in each other's arms as if they were children. At length, when the first gush of feeling was over, they sat down: yet still they could not immediately settle their minds to deliberate discourse—but they gazed upon each other, not merely with regards of fraternal affection, but likewise as if to make mutual observation of the effect which the long lapse of years had produced upon one another.

"Thou wast a comely youth of sixteen when I last beheld thee!" thought the Abbot of Melrose as he thus contemplated the Knight's countenance.

"And twenty-four years back, when I bade thee farewell on leaving my native land to seek my fortunes in a foreign clime," thought the Teutonic Knight on his own side, "thou, my brother, wast a fine handsome man of thirty-one, looking more like a warrior than a priest, although even *then* years had elapsed since thou hadst adopted the cowl and the rosary of the monk!"

Such were the thoughts which respectively passed through the minds of the two brothers during this mute but earnest survey of each other's countenance; and each of them comprehended more or less what the other was saying within himself.

"Yes—time has indeed altered us, my dear brother," said the Abbot, now speaking audibly: "but if in its progress it hath left its traces upon our features and our forms, it hath used us not indifferently in respect of worldly things. For when we separated twenty-four long years ago, I was a humble friar in this monastery over which I now rule with lordly power; and you were then content to follow, in the humble capacity of a page, the fortunes of a German Knight! Now we meet, I as the mitred Abbot of the proud domain of Melrose; and you—"

"Yes, brother," interrupted the Teutonic Knight, "fortune has to a great extent indemnified us for the sorrows and sufferings of our earlier years. Through many vicissitudes and adventures have I passed, and it was not in idleness or inactivity that the best years of my life trace their way—otherwise never should I have reached my present position! You must have deemed me an ingrate, my dear brother, that for so many years I ceased to communicate with you: but, as you are already aware, the report reached me of your death shortly after I went abroad, and I have prayed for you and I have wept for you as for one dead! You may therefore conceive with what joy I was inspired when some few weeks ago I received your letter, guardedly putting the inquiry whether I, bearing another name, was the same who twenty-four years back had left my native Scottish land as a humble and obscure youth of sixteen, glad to eat the bread of servitude, and with naught but a sword by my side as the means of carving out a career of fortune? Yes, my brother, it was a most enthusiastic joy which I experienced on receiving that letter!—a twofold delight, first to find you were living when I had so long deemed you dead, and second to learn that the mitre of a prelate rested upon your brow!"

"And you may believe me likewise, my brother," responded the Abbot, "that lively were the emotions excited within me when some few weeks ago a traveller from Germany, happening to seek the hospitality of Melrose, casually dropped some words of discourse which led me to question him more closely: and his replies to those questions encouraged the belief that the beloved brother of whom I had not heard for so many long, long years might possibly be identical with him of whom that German wanderer spoke. Yet, as there was still no certitude on that point, it was with infinite suspense that I awaited the reply to the letter which I sent you: but when your response came—when with trembling hands I had opened the billet, and at the first glance my eyes beheld those words which put an end to all suspense and cleared up every doubt—I fell upon my knees and prayed

with perhaps greater fervor and thankfulness than ever I had prayed before!"

"And then you lost no time in sending me another letter," resumed the Teutonic Knight; "and I saw by the haste which you thus made to communicate with me again, as well as by the terms of the letter itself, that you yearned to embrace me. That fraternal feeling was as sincerely reciprocated; and the moment when I ere now held you in my arms, was one of the happiest which I have known throughout my adventurous and stormy life! But alas! my dear brother, that letter to which I have just alluded, produced its pain as well as its pleasure: for it made me acquainted for the first time with the sad death of our unfortunate eldest brother many years ago!"—and then, after a brief pause, during which two tears trickled slowly down the cheeks of the warrior, he asked in a low tone, "And was it indeed certified beyond the possibility of doubt that our brother John put a period to his existence with the hand of a distracted suicide?"

"Alas, it is but too true," responded the Abbot, reverentially making the sign of the cross; and then in silence he for a few moments breathed a prayer for the welfare of the suicide brother's soul.

"And how happened it?" inquired Sir Casimir D'Este; "how came this deplorable catastrophe to pass?"

"I need scarcely remind you," continued the Abbot of Melrose, "that at the time when you left Scotland exactly twenty-four years back our eldest brother was in London awaiting the issue of the war then raging between the two countries and entertaining the hope that England would prevail in the strife, so that he might through Southern power and intervention obtain the restoration of his estates in his native Caledon. But suddenly the war terminated, and King David was placed upon the Scottish throne. All hope that the ban would be lifted from our family was then destroyed; for David Bruce was by no means likely to revoke the decrees which the Black Parliament passed at the dictation of his father Robert Bruce. A couple of years went by after the sudden cessation of that war, and our brother John married a young Englishman whose beauty and whose virtues were her only dower. In due time a son was born unto them. Two years later a daughter was ushered into the world; but the birth of this second child cost the life of the mother. Our unhappy brother was thus left a widower, with two young children, and dire penury seemed to be their insurmountable fate. Few and far between were the letters which I received from our brother; and slender was the assistance that at the time I was occasionally enabled to remit him. At length, rendered desperate by the position of his affairs, he was determined to take some decisive step for his children's sake; and he accordingly came secretly to Scotland. There was a nobleman on whom the circumstances of earlier years had given him some claim; and at this nobleman's castle he found an asylum, with his two little children. Through the nobleman's influence certain powerful friends interceded with King David on behalf of a family suffering through no misdeed of their own, but through the crime of an ancestor; but alas! their interposition was vain—the King vowed that the decrees of the Black Parliament, passed in the time of his father, must remain inexorable! Maddened by a sense of the foul injustice to which he was thus rendered a victim, our unhappy brother put a period to his existence!"

"And his poor children?" asked Sir Casimir, hastily, "what became of them?"

"My dear brother," replied the Abbot, in a tone where solemnity and feeling were mingled, "the voice of nature must have assuredly spoken when you were led to experience an interest in that unfortunate youth—innovent I am convinced, though unfortunate—who is now accused of murder!"

"Good heavens!" burst from the lips of Sir Casimir D'Este, as a light suddenly flashed in upon his mind. "It was, then, the Earl of Caithness who was the nobleman that befriended our unfortunate brother!—and in the persons of Fleming and Margaret Fitz-Allan I have already become acquainted with my nephew and niece!"

"It is even so," answered the Abbot. "The Earl of Caithness behaved well to our deceased brother, and has acted most generously towards his orphan children."

"Then the Earl is aware of your real name?" cried Sir Casimir; "he knows who you are?"

"Not so," rejoined the Abbot. "When our unfortunate brother John was at Roslin Castle, he and I met frequently—but it was in secret; and on each occasion he vehemently enjoined me to do naught that should compromise my own safety; for had it been known that I belonged to the family suffering under the eternal ban of the Black Parliament, not even Melrose itself might have continued to serve as a sanctuary for my protection. Thus the Earl of Caithness has ever remained ignorant of the kinship which subsisted between his unfortunate guest and myself—ignorant alike of the relationship which I bear to his orphan charges, Fleming and Margaret."

"And the Earl must likewise remain ignorant of my kinship with them," said the Teutonic Knight; "and alas! prudence requires that they themselves should know me only as a friend, and not as a kinsman. But ah! now I bethink me—exists there not some matter of dispute betwixt the Earl and yourself?"

"To my sorrow," replied the Abbot of Melrose, "am I compelled to answer in the affirmative. Yet assuredly the fault was little ascribable to me. The misunderstanding can be explained in a few words. Being naturally anxious for the welfare of my nephew and niece, I thought that I might at least provide for one of them—I allude to Fleming. I wished to render him independent of the Earl's bread which he was eating; and I offered to receive him into the Abbey that he might be educated under my auspices. The mitre already rested upon my brow; and I calculated in my mind that if Fleming were once within these walls, I might so tutor him as to embrace a monastic life; and I entertained visions of greatness on his behalf—for I said to myself, 'Who knows but that with heaven's blessing I may so direct the course of circumstances as in due time to obtain the consent of the Chapter that I should resign the crozier of Melrose into his hand?' With such prophetic hopes as these, I made my proffer to the Earl of Caithness. Utterly ignorant that it was the uncle interesting himself on behalf of the nephew, the Earl beheld in me naught but a wily churchman seeking to draw away into the cloister a youth who by his fiery spirit had already, even at the age of twelve, manifested inclinations for the turmoil and bustle of an active worldly life. Thus the Earl of Caithness spoke haughtily and angrily; and he tauntingly replied that no one who owned his influence should ever resign the sword for the rosary, or the hauberk for the cowl. Anxious to gain my point, I perhaps argued the case with an earnestness which savored of passion, and which passion the Earl could not possibly understand; so that higher words ensued—and hence the coolness which was engendered betwixt Roslin and Melrose."

"And now that circumstances have brought the Earl of Caithness beneath this roof," said the Teutonic Knight, "you will extend the hand of friendship—"

"My dear brother," interjected the Abbot solemnly, "the finger of providence is visible in many incidents of recent occurrence. Do not think it was accident alone which rendered you a fellow-traveller with the Earl of Caithness and his party: it was a providential intent to make you acquainted with your youthful kinsfolks, that you might appreciate their good qualities even before their relationship was revealed unto you. It was heaven's decree likewise that circumstances should so progress as to render me the judge in this accusation which has risen against our beloved nephew; and I am inspired with the fullest confidence that his guiltlessness of the foul deed will be rendered completely apparent. It was equally providential that these same circumstances should constrain as it were the Earl of Caithness to make a temporary sojourn at Melrose, in order that I might by the display of all kindnesses and hospitalities repair the breach that eight years ago occurred betwixt us."

"Tell me, my dear brother," inquired Sir Casimir, in a mournful voice, "are these orphans acquainted with the secret of their birth and with their sire's unhappy fate?"

"You will see, by a little consideration of all circumstances," responded the Abbot, "that I cannot possibly be in a condition to answer this query with any degree of certitude, inasmuch as no syllable upon the subject has ever passed betwixt the Earl of Caithness and myself. Indeed, for seven years past the Earl has been

altogether abroad. But still I can form certain conjectures on the point relative to which you have questioned me. I have already told you that when our unfortunate brother was a sojourner, under the feigned name of Fitz-Allan, at Roslin Castle some seventeen years back, I had frequent secret interviews with him. I however saw him but once after the failure of the exertions which had been made by friends to obtain the royal repeal of the decrees of the Black Parliament. He was then deeply desponding; and he assured me his conviction was that he had not long to live. He told me that he had spoken in a similar strain to the Earl of Caithness, and that the Earl had promised, whatever might happen, to perform the part of a friend and protector unto his two children. Our poor brother likewise informed me that having this conviction of approaching death, he had besought the Earl to wait until Fleming and Margaret should reach years of discretion ere the sad tale of their family misfortunes should be made known to them. It was shortly after the interview in which our poor brother told me all these things, that he laid violent hands upon himself. The Earl of Caithness has ever been kind, generous, and considerate towards the orphans; and it is not therefore probable that he has departed from the injunctions of their unhappy father. It is thus reasonable to conjecture that our nephew and niece have only recently learnt the secret of their birth, even if it has yet been communicated to them at all."

"My belief in Fleming's innocence of the foul crime imputed to him," said the Teutonic Knight, after a long pause, during which he reflected profoundly, "has been strong from the very first. That innocence will be made manifest; and he has a brilliant career before him. Already the wearer of the golden spurs of chivalry, and doubtless destined to wed the Earl's daughter—"

"Not so, my brother," interrupted the Abbot of Melrose; "for it is confidently reported in well informed quarters that the return of Lord Caithness to his Castle of Roslin is to be speedily followed by the bridal of the Lady Albertina and the young Earl of Bassentyne."

"Ah! say you so?" exclaimed Sir Casimir D'Este; and a shade came over his countenance. "Here, then, is the unfortunate element of fresh complications for the future; because full certain am I from the glances which I beheld pass between them, that the hearts of Fleming and Albertina are bound by the silken chains of love."

At this moment footsteps were heard advancing along the stone corridor leading to the apartment; and the Abbot, starting somewhat angrily from his seat, muttered, "What means this intrusion after the positive orders which I gave that I was not to be disturbed?"

There was a hasty knock at the door; and without waiting to be bidden to enter, Father Cyrus rushed in, exclaiming, "Pardon me, my lord—forgive this disobedience of your mandate; but something so extraordinary has just occurred—"

Father Cyrus stopped short, and glanced at the Teutonic Knight as much as to imply that he could not speak in a stranger's presence.

"Proceed, my son," said the Abbot; "hesitate not to continue your statement: for Sir Casimir D'Este is a worthy Knight who has ears only for that which concerns him."

Father Cyrus—whose countenance expressed a strange blending of consternation, wonderment, horror, and joy—bowed reverentially to the Lord Abbot; and then, having carefully closed the door, which on his hasty entrance he had left open, he commenced the revelation of the extraordinary circumstance which had led to his abrupt intrusion. But what this was, we must at present leave untold, inasmuch as it will more appropriately fit itself into a future chapter of our narrative.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE TRIAL.

THE day had been remarkably fine: but the sun had set with an angry aspect, and darkness closed in with all the portents of a coming storm. Huge black clouds had piled themselves upon the face of heaven, apparently descending lower and lower towards the earth as they added to their dense vapory fabric. While the two brothers were still in the midst of their conversation large drops of rain began to fall through the heavy atmosphere. There was a perfect stillness in the

air—the rain soon ceased—and the sultriness grew oppressive.

In those times when the real nature of the storm was but imperfectly known to the human comprehension—and when the causes of the thunder-voice in which nature occasionally spoke, and of the vivid lightning which vibrated through the spheres, were as sealed books except to a few men of science—it naturally seemed ominous that the hour of such solemn awe should be chosen for the investigation of a deed of murder. Yet so it was. For all of a sudden the mandate went forth throughout the spacious monastic establishment, that the Lord Abbot would with the least possible delay take cognizance of the mysterious affair. Messages were accordingly dispatched to Closeburn Tower in the immediate neighborhood, to the effect that Father Benedictus would presently preside in the judgment-hall, and that the presence of the Earl of Douglas with his witnesses was therefore summarily required.

The Lord Abbot proceeded in person to the apartment which had been assigned to the Earl of Caithness; and on entering that room, where the Earl was seated alone, the prelate gave the usual benediction, at the same time extending his hand and saying in a kind voice, "Welcome, my lord, to Melrose."

The generous-hearted Earl warmly pressed that proffered hand; and without verbally alluding to the past, he conveyed by this fervid pressure an intimation of complete reconciliation.

"It is my purpose, my lord," said the Abbot, "to hold an immediate court of inquest and trial in this most lamentable case which demands my cognizance. I have no doubt your lordship will be pleased that there should be no tarrying in the matter."

"The innocence of a guiltless person," replied the Earl, "can never be too speedily made manifest; and to this end am I confident that your reverend lordship's wise investigation will take its course."

"It is not for me, my son," rejoined the Abbot, "to pronounce an opinion beforehand in so grave a case; but this much I may assure your lordship, that the sternest and most impartial justice shall be done."

"Such assurance is unnecessary from the lips of the Lord Abbot of Melrose," replied the Earl of Caithness. "Has the Douglas been summoned to attend?"

"Messengers have departed to announce my intention to hear the case forthwith," answered the Abbot. "Doubtless it suits your lordship's intention to be present likewise at the proceedings."

"Not for worlds would I be absent!" exclaimed the nobleman: "not for worlds could I even have the appearance of withdrawing my countenance from this youth, whom I know to be incapable of so foul a deed!"

"Your lordship shall be duly summoned," rejoined the Abbot, "when the preparations are completed. There is one little circumstance which I should mention, and that is, that inasmuch as the Earl of Douglas, exercising his right as a prosecutor, so to speak, sent a message to Melrose to insist that Fleming Fitz-Allan should be in all respects treated as a prisoner accused of a felon's deed—"

"Ah! this was not well done on the part of the Earl of Douglas!" exclaimed Lord Caithness; "for he had my pledge that Fleming should be forthcoming at the proper time."

"You see, my lord," continued the Abbot, "that as an impartial administrator of the law within the domain of Melrose, I am held bound to bend to the requisition of the Earl of Douglas. Therefore it must in no sense be considered offensive to your lordship personally if the accused be led into the justice-hall under the circumstances befitting a prisoner."

"I understand you, holy father," responded the Earl, in a voice of solemn mournfulness: "the youth whom I love must wear the felon's manacles? But oh! rest assured that the chains will be stricken off him, and that from your lips, holy father, will ere long go forth the mandate to restore him in all honor to his friends. It is a deed of darkness which I trust your lordship's wisdom will be enabled to penetrate. Ah! behold that vivid flash of lightning!" ejaculated the Earl, as the blinding glare suddenly and for a moment made the apartment seem as if it were in a blaze; and mark too that rolling peal of thunder! It appears as if heaven were lending its own light for the elucidation of this fearful

mystery, and as if that same heaven's own potent voice were calling upon the guilty one to stand forth.

"Amen!" said the Lord Abbot solemnly, and he then issued from the room.

In the meanwhile Father Cyrus had proceeded to the cell in which our young hero was lodged; and on entering, he said in accents that were grave yet cheering, "The hour is approaching, my son, when that innocence which you have all along proclaimed may be made manifest, if ever in this world it shall be shown!"

"I am to understand therefore," said Sir Fleming, "that the Lord Abbot purposes to hold his judicial court this night?"

"It is even so," responded the monk. "You will be called upon, my son, to name a friend to appear as an adviser and advocate on your behalf. Hesitate not to summon me: for never can I forget that I owe you my life!"

"With gratitude do I accept your proffer, holy father," rejoined Fitz-Allan.

The monk now appeared anxious to say something more—but still he hesitated; and then, as if suddenly coming to a resolution, he produced a chain from beneath his garments, and said, "Hold this in your hands, my son, and let the form and ceremony be fulfilled according to the stern requirements of the Douglas. It is not I who will subject you to the outrage of fastening the manacles upon your wrists!"

"Nor will I even hold the felon's emblems!" exclaimed Fitz-Allan, as he indignantly dashed the chain upon the stone floor of the cell, while the hot blood mantled upon his cheeks.

"My son," said Father Cyrus, in a tone of gentle remonstrance, "methought that you would do my bidding, and that you would accept the compromise which in a friendly spirit I proffered. Consider! the fierce Douglas with his retainers will be here anon; and they may perforce compel you to bear upon your wrists that which I simply ask you to carry in your hands. The Saviour bore his own cross; and his spirit went up from it to the glory of his Father. The same heavenly Father may likewise lift you high up above the ignominy of this earthly emblem of shame!"

At that moment the lightning flashed vividly through the narrow window of the cell; and the thunder, immediately following, rolled with the crashing din of countless reverberations through the spacious pile of Melrose. Father Cyrus crossed himself; the youthful prisoner remained silent and transfixed with solemn awe for a few moments; and then, catching up the chain, he said, "So far from being terrified by the glare and the voice of the storm, I accept these signs as tokens that heaven is interposing in my behalf!"

"Amen!" said Father Cyrus, with an utterance as solemn in the prisoner's cell as the Lord Abbot was at the same moment speaking the word in the apartment of the Earl of Caithness.

The holy father then quitted the captive for awhile; and in a short time the gates of the monastery were thrown open to give admittance to the Earl of Douglas and some twenty of his retainers. That great and powerful nobleman was about five-and-forty years of age; but his dark hair had as yet experienced not the influence of time—it showed not the slightest tendency to change from its sable hue. His eyes were also dark, and full of a fierce fire. His complexion was swarthy; and he was generally known as the Black Douglas. In person he was tall and powerfully formed. His disposition was fierce, his temper hot, his courage dauntless. He was now sheathed in complete armor; but his visor was raised, and by the light of the torches in the courtyard, his swarthy countenance had a more than usually sinister aspect, enframed as it was by the polished steel of the casque that reflected the lurid glare of those waving lights. He was closely attended by Magnus Balveny; and in the midst of his retainers were the landlord of the Unicorn and the two squires of the Knight of Liddesdale—those three persons being needed as witnesses for what may be termed the side of the prosecution.

Having alighted from their steeds, the Earl of Douglas and his followers were conducted towards the cloister of the Chapter House, which with all possible haste had been fitted up as a court of justice. But though scarcely a couple of hours had now elapsed since the Lord Abbot had issued his mandate for the judicial proceedings to take place that night, the arrangements were perfected in due time, there being numerous lay-brothers, pages, and menial retainers in the

monastic establishment to do the needful work. Thus, at the upper end of the Chapter House, a dais or platform was erected to support the seat of the Lord Abbot; while numerous chairs and benches were ranged in rows in the body of the hall for the accommodation of the spectators. On each side of the dais was a low-arched door,—one communicating with some of the cells of the monastery, and the other leading into a corridor at the extremity of which was the dead-house, where the body of the Knight of Liddesdale had been deposited. A seat for the witnesses was in the neighborhood of the first-mentioned door. The high portals at the further extremity of the Chapter House stood wide open, to give admission to those who were to be present at the proceedings.

It was eleven o'clock at night when several torch-bearers, heading a long procession, entered the Chapter House by the huge portals; and they moved slowly towards the dais. There were already some tapers lighted in the hall; but these threw out very feeble gleams;—and moreover it was considered in those times that the lurid glare of torches gave a more solemn and awe-inspiring character to such proceedings when taking place in a monastic establishment. The torch-bearers were followed by a long procession of monks in their Cistercian garb; and in the midst were the crosses and the silver spears which were borne in front of the Lord Abbot himself. On approaching the dais, the monks formed themselves into two lines, between which their reverend superior passed, carrying his crozier, to the judicial seat, in which he placed himself. The torch-bearers remained near the dais: the procession of two hundred monks glided noiselessly into the rows of seats appointed for their occupation. Then the lay-brothers entered and placed themselves behind the monks.

Now along the stone cloisters leading to the tall portals of the Chapter House, came the sounds of armed men's heavy footsteps mingled with the clanking of weapons. The Earl of Douglas, in his capacity of prosecutor on behalf of his kinsman the Knight of Liddesdale, took precedence on this occasion of the Earl of Caithness, who merely stood in the light of a spectator, or else in that of a witness if he had any testimony to give. Thus, it was now the Black Douglas and his party who were entering the hall. For the same reason which temporarily established a difference between the rights of precedence of the two Earls, who were in other respects equal in point of rank and consequence, the Lord of Douglas was accommodated with a seat next to the Abbot upon the dais. Magnus Balveny, having marshalled the fierce Borderers to their seats behind the lay-brethren, proceeded to the bench to be occupied by the witnesses, as above stated. And now the Earl of Caithness, attended by his followers—and Sir Casimir D'Este, waited upon by his faithful squire Jasent, passed through the open portals and entered the hall. The Earl had not deemed it expedient to request even that his daughter or Margaret should be present at the proceedings; while indeed it was contrary to the rules of the establishment that any females should pass within its cloistral boundaries. The Earl and the Teutonic Knight were conducted to chairs placed in front of the seats occupied by the monks: their followers were shown to a side bench so that they might be apart from the immediate vicinage of the fierce Borderers of the Douglas. Young Seton, the landlord, and the other witnesses, proceeded to occupy their special bench.

The scene which the Chapter House now presented was a motley but a solemn and awe-inspiring one. The emblems of warfare mingled with those of religion: the robes of the Abbot were in contrast with the bright steel armor of the Earl upon the dais: the gowns of the monks seemed strange in juxtaposition with the warlike garb of the Borderers. The ruddy glare of the torches was reflected by silver crosses as well as by steel helmets and corselets. The crozier in the hand of the Abbot was symbolic of far different things from those which were typified by the ponderous sword suspended to the waist of the Douglas.

Meanwhile the storm had reached its height: the lightning was flashing at short intervals through the high narrow windows of the Chapter House—and the thunder was rolling in loud peals, sending its reverberations through the long cloisters, and roaring with additional din beneath the high vaulted roofs of the Abbey-

church itself. It was altogether a scene, with that large assemblage of priests and warriors—with that lurid glare of torches—with that frequent playing of the vivid lightning—and with that awful roll of the thunder—it was altogether a scene, we say, full well calculated to produce an effect of the most solemn and terrible kind upon the guilty soul.

And now the proceedings commenced. The Lord Abbot rose and offered up a brief but impressive prayer, invoking heaven to sustain and guide him throughout his solemn duties: and when it was terminated, the monks in solemn chorus chanted the "Amen." Then for a few moments a dead silence reigned—until it was broken by the Lord Abbot saying, in a loud voice, "Let the prisoner be introduced."

A bell was heard to ring somewhere in the adjacent buildings; and the door which we have already described as communicating with a portion of the cells, speedily opened. Father Cyrus appeared, followed by four lay-brothers, with Fleming Fitz-Allan in their midst. He was dressed in his travelling-suit, which fitting tight to his figure, displayed all the symmetry of his shape to its fullest advantage. His face was pale; but the firmness and confidence of innocence seemed to be in its expression—an air of honest resoluteness, conscience-clear, but without bravado. He carried in his hands the chain in such a manner that it was impossible to see that the rings were not properly fastened upon his wrists.

Whatever emotions the Lord Abbot might have experienced on thus beholding his beloved nephew in so ignominious a plight, he betrayed them not; but his countenance was grave and severe. His voice, too, was firm as he demanded, "Prisoner, what are your names, style, and calling?"

"The names that I bear, my lord," replied our hero, in unflinching tone, but with respectful demeanor, "are Fleming Fitz-Allan; and my style is that of Knight of the Order of St. Michael of France."

"Who accuses Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan?" demanded the Abbot; "and of what crime is he accused?"

Then rose the Douglas from his seat, drawing himself up to the full of his towering height, all sheathed in armor as he was; and in a loud voice, he said, "I, Earl and Baron of Douglas, proclaim Fleming Fitz-Allan to be guilty of the crime of murder. And I do furthermore accuse him of foully assassinating my beloved and revered kinsman, Sir William Douglas, Knight of Liddesdale and of Hermitage."

"How say you, Fleming Fitz-Allan?" asked the Abbot, when the Earl of Douglas had resumed his seat; "Guilty or not guilty of the crime thus imputed to you?"

"Not guilty, my lord," was the answer given in a tone so firm and clear that it might have been heard beneath the cloisters outside the Chapter House.

But scarcely had those brief words ceased to vibrate upon the ears of the listeners, when the lightning flashed vividly through the windows of the judgment-hall, absorbing for a moment the very glare of the torches in its stupendous blinding blaze; and then the thunder rolled and roared, and crashed and vibrated throughout the entire edifice, as if it were not on the occasion of a scene of man's puny judgment, but on that of the far more awful presence of the Day of Judgment itself.

When the thunder died away, a solemn silence ensued for a few moments, during which the minds of many present were agitated with the bewildering conjecture whether the sudden play of lightning and the outburst of the thunder following so closely upon our hero's plea, might be regarded as a ratification of its truth, or as heaven's own angry proclaiming of its falsehood.

"Do you claim the assistance," asked the Abbot, again breaking the solemn pause, "of any advocate or assessor in the pending trial?"

"I do, my lord," responded Fleming. "I desire that I may be assisted by such countenance and counsel as the holy Father Cyrus may under circumstances deem himself justified in affording."

Thereupon Father Cyrus, who had remained standing at a little distance, stepped forward, and with a low reverence to the Abbot, he said, "I accept the office."

"Tis well, my son," responded the Abbot. "We will now proceed—"

"With all humility and deference, my lord," interrupted Father Cyrus, "I would at once state that I have it in my power to summon a witness

who cannot merely throw the most important light upon a transaction hitherto so mysterious—"

"But first of all," exclaimed the Earl of Douglas, fiercely, "the case must be properly laid before the reverend judge."

"My lord," interjected the Abbot, firmly, "it is for me to decide in which order I will receive the witnesses. Father Cyrus is an honorable and an intelligent man; and I may trust much to his discretion and good sense in the present case."

"I can assure your lordship," answered the monk, "that I will take no step which shall unnecessarily delay these proceedings. On the contrary, the witness whom I propose to call—"

"We will have no perjurers nor forswearers here!" vociferated the Earl of Douglas.

"Peace, my lord!" exclaimed the Abbot, with dignified firmness. "I command you, by virtue of my judicial as well as my holy office, to submit to the discipline of this solemn tribunal."

"Then be it so, my lord," said the Douglas, haughtily.

"Father Cyrus," continued the Abbot, "bring forward your testimony. Who is this witness that you intend to call?"

The lightning flashed at this moment—the Chapter House seemed to be in a blaze; and then the thunder rolled and reverberated again throughout the entire edifice.

"Whom do you propose to call?" inquired the Abbot, as the din died away, and the torches seemed to burn comparatively dim and obscure after that blinding glare.

Then Father Cyrus, raising his voice to its loudest tone, exclaimed, "The witness whom I summon is the Knight of Liddesdale himself! Sir William Douglas come forth!"

It would be impossible to describe the scene of wonder, suspense, and consternation which now followed, when, as another vivid flash of lightning vanished away, and just at the instant that the thunder was rolling, roaring, and crashing beneath the vaulted roof of the judgment-hall, the door communicating with the dead-house was thrown open; and the Knight of Liddesdale, with ghastly countenance and dressed in the garments of the grave, made his appearance on the threshold.

(To be continued.)

THE SISTER OF THE POET BURNS.—The sister of Burns still lives at Bridgehouse on the Doon at the age of 84, supported mainly by the proceeds of a subscription which was raised for her about fourteen years ago. Her daughters, Agnes and Isabella Begg, whose heroic exertions for her support through many years of neglect drew forth much praise, continue to live with her unmarried. Seeing that the greater part of Mrs. Begg's income would die with her, Messrs. Chambers published in a cheap form a few years ago an edition of Mr. R. Chamber's "Life and Works of Burns," and requested the especial favor of the booksellers in promoting its sale, as the profits were to be given to a fund whereby a provision for the nieces of Burns might be completed after their mother's death. The object was the more interesting as Mrs. Begg regarded the scheme as taking the last load of earthly care off her mind. The public and "the trade" will be gratified to learn that 200*l.* have been lately handed to the Misses Begg, derived from this source. The sum will be allowed to accumulate at interest till the close of Mrs. Begg's life—when, with another sum remaining from the subscription, it will be sunk in annuities on the lives of the Misses Begg, who already enjoy life pensions of 10*l.* each from the Government, granted them by Sir Robert Peel. Thus, what with the public beneficence and what with their own industry, the permanent comfort of these interesting relatives of the Scottish poet may be considered as secured. —*Athenaeum.*

THE LAST YEAR'S YIELD IN AUSTRALIAN GOLD MINES.—According to some tables published by Mr. Edward Chull, of Melbourne, the quantity of gold obtained from the mines in the colony of Victoria last year was 11,856,292*l.* The amount shipped was 10,698,708*l.* of which 9,552,680*l.* was to England, 569,652*l.* to India and China, 568,196*l.* to Sydney, and 8,180*l.* to America and other parts. The production last year is estimated to have been 3,085,496*l.* in excess of 1854; 267,510*l.* in excess of that of 1853; and 3,010,507*l.* below that of 1852.

The inhabitants of the Cape de Verd Islands are dying by hundreds from starvation. They have had no rain there for three years.

Monster Snow Plow.

AMONG the numerous inventions for which the United States has become famous, not the least important is the one we now illustrate. If we consider for one moment only how much society has been benefitted by the facilities for transacting business which have been placed in the hands of the mercantile community by the railway, and how much depends upon the due fulfilment of its contracts, we shall be able, somewhat, to appreciate the immense disarrangement and inconvenience which would arise from any sudden obstacle being placed in the way of the locomotive. But such an obstacle presents itself in a deep fall of snow, which forms an impregnable barrier to the progress of any train unassisted by mechanical contrivances such as is now placed before the reader. In February, 1856, one of the snow plows, impelled by eight engines, was used upon one of the most exposed railway tracks in the Union, that entering Franklin, New Hampshire. In its vicinity are the cold peaks of the White Mountains, which, so far from affording the road protection, pour down upon it the chilly winter blast even in midsummer. In consequence of the heavy drift, it became impossible, where it was lined with high banks, for the trains to pass through the road, and the monster snow plow was brought into requisition to "clear the track." As it started off, the grade being on a descent, the plow seemed to move with irresistible force, causing the snow to fly first in straight lines, then upwards with serpentine motions, and also to roll over like the white breakers of the storm-lashed sea.

MEXICO.—Were you inclined for an hour's stroll, that hour carried you up the undulating slope of the hills, amid a wilderness of sweet flowers and shrubs, pausing from time to time to catch a glance of that broad and magnificent picture, of those lakes and rivers with their intermediate woods and plains, glowing in the sunshine, till, gaining the crest called *La Mira*, you might survey the country, spread like a map at your feet on one hand, and on the other the deep blue waters of the Gulf unfurled to the eastern horizon. Did you seek repose and shade, a foot-way turning abruptly from the main road of the town, against the bosom of the hill, brought you unexpectedly down to the *Fuente*, a little dell concealing one of the most beautiful and poetic springs in any land. "How poetic! how classic!" I have often exclaimed, when burying myself under the

shade of the trees and luxuriant creepers, which in untrimmed luxuriance, overhung that romantic paradise of birds, butterflies, and *garapatos*; and scanning the groups of females gathered round its basin. The source lay concealed underneath a massive shrine of grey stone, to which convenient access was afforded by a descent of a few stone steps, while a long reservoir, extending for a dozen feet along the bank of the dell, richly overshadowed by a splendid line of matted creepers from the trees above served the purpose of a convenient place for washing. Its margin was

light blue smoke hovering among the branches of the aged trees, which rose from the thicket beyond. The *Fuente* was evidently the lounge and trysting place of the town, and many a youthful dark-eyed gallant might be seen at times lolling upon the stone wall which hemmed in the reservoir. Occasionally a mounted cavalier in all his bravery would dash up the little vista at full career, till within a foot of the enclosure, when a check from the powerful bit would bring his horse upon its haunches. He would pass a moment in the cool shade, quaff a gourd of fresh



MONSTER SNOW PLOW.

generally crowded with females of all ages. The groups employed in filling their large earthen jars and bottles, the gracefully draped figures passing to and fro, with their burdens poised on the head, or a sturdy peasant, with his mule laden with two gigantic bottles of baked earth, waiting patiently for his turn in the deep cool shade, formed a picture of the most beautiful description. At the extreme termination of the little dell, a few ancient sibyls were ordinarily employed over a cauldron supported by poles, and simmering from the wood fires kindled under it, and the

water from the hand of one of the laughing group, perhaps get a plentiful sprinkle over his gay mantle in return for some saucy speech, and disappear as rapidly as he came.—*Laming.*

A bronze bust of Peter the Great was recently presented by Prince Demidoff to the residents of Spa. It was cast by Ranch, the Prussian sculptor.

FLATTERY is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.

VICE strings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.



"A clear white light burst forth, flooding all the room, revealing the figure of a man who, by one hand held aloft a lantern, and in the other a revolver, with his finger on the trigger."

THE WALL STREET SCHEMER:

OR,

THE IRON HEART:

FOUNDED ON INCIDENTS OF ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

BY MATTHEW MAIZE, Esq.

CHAPTER I.—THE BANKER AND THE BURGLAR.

"I am not worth five hundred dollars; I swear it!"

Strange words, these, to fall from the lips of Mr. Robert Vernon, the great Wall street broker and banker; the man to whose care the rich and great gladly consigned their thousands, while the widow and orphan confided their all to his keeping, deeming it safer than if it was locked up in a bank vault; and now, in the very hey-day of his reputation, he makes the declaration which stands at the head of this chapter.

Before proceeding, however, I must make you acquainted with Mr. Vernon, for many and strange are the scenes through which you will follow him, provided I am so fortunate as to throw a sufficiently attractive veil over the mysterious and fearful incidents of his career, to bear you along with me to the end.

Mr. Robert Vernon, at the period of his introduction to the reader, was about fifty years of age, tall, well made, and would have been remarkably handsome, save from a certain inde-

scribable expression of the eyes, which, though delicately blue and almost beautiful, led you at once to feel that you were in the presence of a man over whose heart a thick impenetrable veil was drawn, a veil no mortal eye could ever pierce. His hair, which had been a deep, beautiful chestnut, had commenced to show, here and there, a silver thread, and his white high forehead was marked by three deep furrows.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning of a clear day in October, 18—, that Mr. Vernon, sitting in his office, said to his companion (a short, thick-set, ill-dressed man of about forty, or thereabouts), "I am not worth five hundred dollars; I swear it."

As he spoke, the banker looked first with the utmost innocence at his own delicately white hands, and then full in the seamed and weather-beaten face of his companion.

"Well, you have got rid of that last ten thousand, pretty quick, then," replied the man roughly; "and all I've got to say is, that I must have money, and curse me if I don't."

The broker's eyes flashed and his lips quivered, but controlling himself with a great effort, he answered quite mildly,

"So you shall, Hounslow, so you shall, and that too this very night."

"Ah! now you talk reasonably;" said the man whom he addressed as Hounslow, and as he spoke both turned their eyes instinctively towards a huge iron safe that stood in the corner of the office.

The apartment in which the preceding conversation had taken place was small but exquisitely fitted up, the carpet was of the richest pattern, the desks were of rosewood elaborately carved, and the chairs and sofa of the same material covered with crimson plush; the ceiling and walls were frescoed in the choicest manner, and even the huge safe, with its massy iron door, was profusely ornamented; this room, in fact, was the banker's sanctum sanctorum, and in its quiet precincts many a deep-laid scheme had been born, nurtured, and brought to a successful conclusion. It was separated from the public offices by a narrow passage, probably some twenty feet in length, and on retiring to it, Mr. Vernon invariably locked and bolted the heavy doors at each end of the passage so that the only manner of communicating to him the necessity for his presence without, was by means of a bell which reached to the book-keepers' desk, but was never made use of by that functionary, save upon the most important and urgent occasions.

I may as well, while I am about it, describe precisely the situation of the banker's offices, for although such description may appear superfluous at present, it will be found very requisite to a full understanding of what is shortly to follow. The offices, then, which consisted of two large apartments (exclusive of the small one already described), occupied the entire basement story of a rather narrow brown stone building, fronting on Wall street, immediately opposite the bank of —; they were fitted up much the

same as Wall street offices usually are, only rather more elegantly, and from the hours of nine to five some dozen clerks were employed transacting the details of the very extensive business of Mr. Robert Vernon, banker, broker, and president of the — Railroad Company.

I have said that as Hounsflow last spoke, the eyes of both himself and the banker turned towards the iron safe, and not only did their eyes turn in that direction, but Mr. Hounsflow rose from his seat and swaggering across the room, laid his hand upon the knob of the safe door.

"Forbear, what would you do?" cried Vernon, starting up and turning very white.

The other only laughed a loud laugh and walked away.

Mr. Vernon sank back in his chair again, and the perspiration stood in great beads upon his brow, "This is terrible! this is terrible!" he said; "but there is no alternative."

"Pshaw!" said Hounsflow, clapping him familiarly on the shoulder. "Pshaw! then white-livered sentiments; you'll get over all that ere, and live to be a regular professional crackman yet, take my word for it."

The banker turned away to hide the scowl of bitter, burning hatred that darkened his features, and then taking several gold coins from his vest-pocket, he shoved them towards Hounsflow saying as he did so, "There, take that and leave me now; I will come for you by eleven to-night, have everything in readiness."

"Ay, ay, trust me for that," and seizing the gold, the wretch prepared to leave.

Mr. Vernon rose too now, and touching a spring in the wall, close alongside his desk, a door hitherto unseen swung slowly open, giving egress into a passage so narrow as to render it almost necessary to move sideways to pass through it. Into this dark and damp smelling entry Hounsflow passed, and feeling his way carefully, came at length to a stairway down which he descended, and on reaching the foot he listened intently for some moments, then fumbling round until he found the proper place, he pressed firmly against the wall, and a door similar to the one above, opened, and he found himself (not for the first time by any means), in the vault of the building, or rather, in that portion of it devoted exclusively to the reception of the coal and wood, requisite and necessary to the proper warming of the offices appertaining to Mr. Robert Vernon. Arrived in this subterranean abode, Mr. Hounsflow proceeded to draw over his other garments a dirty blouse, then arming himself with an axe, he commenced a savage onslaught upon the wood, singing and whistling at the top of his voice as by repeated blows he split the heavy logs; this did not last long, however, for very soon he threw down his axe, opened the door that led towards the upper day and passed out as if from a morning's work, and lounged carelessly down the street.

Mr. Hounsflow was not the only visitor whom the great banker deemed it expedient to receive in this rather informal manner.

On being left alone, Mr. Vernon sank back in his seat again and remained for some minutes buried in deep thought; but at length, springing up, he paced to and fro in the narrow room, muttering to himself, "Yes, it must be so! it is too late to recede now; money I must have, even if I buy it with blood." He trembled as he thus soliloquized, and turned round fiercely as though to confront some one who had overheard him. Then smiling a bitter smile at his groundless apprehension, he continued, "A day longer without money and I am crushed, ruined, and in place of being bowed and cringed to as the wealthy and powerful banker, I should be pointed at as a common felon." He hissed out the last word between his clenched teeth, and as he did so, the fiends that were at work within his heart, laughed with triumphant glee, for the struggle was over, the last gleam of conscience had died out forever, henceforth their victim would pause at nothing, but press forward from crime to crime, until the allotted measure of his guilt was filled to overflowing.

The noiseless conflict of the heart-tenants ended, Robert Vernon smoothed his countenance into a benign smile, and as he stood before the mirror arranging his clustering hair with graceful negligence, it would have been difficult for the glass to have reflected a handsomer figure. — Dressed in an unexceptionable suit of black, and with linen the finest and whitest, Mr. Vernon, as he placed his hat on his head and drew his

glove over his small white hand, certainly looked the very personification of elegance and refinement. Passing from the private into the public offices, he stopped a moment to put his name to some papers that were handed him by Mr. Pennington, the head book-keeper; and then, without heeding the fawning circle of needy wretches that had collected in hopes of being able to get some trifling accommodation from the great banker, but when he appeared shrunk back and feared each one to be the first to address him. He moved grandly on and went out into the street, and you would not have followed him many blocks without feeling the certainty grow upon you that he was one of Wall street's mightiest potentates, for every hat was raised to him, and those who could presume to do so, stopped to grasp him affectionately by the hand, load him with compliments, and felt as they did so that their credit in the street increased proportionately to the length of time he allowed them to engross his attention. But for the present I must leave the banker, and turn to the brilliant thoroughfare Broadway.

CHAPTER II.—THE ARTIST AND THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

WHAT can equal Broadway on a sunshiny morning in October? Nothing, there is no thoroughfare in the world to compete with it in the beauty of the women, the elegance of the equipages, or the brilliancy of its palace-like shops.

Fashionable New York had all returned from the watering places, even Newport had given up its belles, so that on the morning of which I speak Broadway presented a spectacle well calculated to astonish those enlightened foreigners who come amongst us, expecting to find Indians in a very primitive costume, performing war dances in our parks and streets.

About twelve o'clock on the day in question, two young men sauntered leisurely along down the great artery of pleasure as well as commerce, and having reached "Williams & Stevens's," entered that world renowned receptacle of the Fine Arts, and busied themselves examining the prints and paintings.

The elder of the two was perhaps in his thirtieth year, tall, well formed, and in other company would very likely have been called handsome, but placed in immediate contrast with the exceeding beauty of his companion, you would probably have passed him by unnoticed, unless you caught his eyes; but then the calm, serene but unflinching firmness that shone from them, would have led you to examine the countenance, and you would have discovered in it, if you were at all an adept in reading the human face, a fixedness of purpose, which once convinced of the justice of its cause, could never swerve until its end was accomplished.

The younger had not yet reached his twenty-first year—he was not so tall as his friend, nor so firmly knit; his figure being light and graceful, and his face such a face as is scarcely ever seen twice in a lifetime; his complexion was dark, so dark as to bespeak a foreign origin, and just tinged with a faint color, his eyes of the deepest but at the same time softest black, were shaded by long dark lashes, and his raven hair hung in clusters over his beautiful brow.

"I fear I shall never be a painter, Stephen," said the young man with a sigh as they stood gazing at some exquisite masterpiece. "When I look at such pictures as these my courage fails me, and ambition almost dies out."

"You never will be if you have any fear," replied Stephen Armstrong with some impatience. But whatever man resolves to be, that he can be if he only presses on to the goal without trembling."

"I wish I had half the firmness of character that you have, then I might hope," answered the artist.

"You provoke me beyond all endurance, Arthur, can I never teach you to be self-reliant," said Armstrong, "I tell you again and again that alone is wanting to your success."

"I am a dull pupil, I know," replied Arthur Percy with a smile, "but come, it is growing late, let us go."

"With all my heart, for I confess I see nothing so very attractive here," said Armstrong, "at least nothing equal to Mary Vernon, who I see is just descending from her carriage in front of Beck's; hurry, and we shall catch another glimpse of her."

They increased their speed, and reached the

sidewalk just in time to see a young girl of about eighteen step lightly from her carriage and pass quickly into the shop.

"I never saw her look more beautiful," said Arthur Percy, as he gazed longingly after her, "What would I not give to know her?"

"I'll tell you what you would not give," laughed Armstrong. "Your life, so a truce to extacies, and in their place let us go over to the Carlton and indulge in a sherry cobbler by way of bidding adieu to that delicious beverage for the season."

They crossed the street and entered the hotel, but had not been there many minutes before their attention was drawn to a disturbance in the street, and rushing to the window, they perceived that the horses attached to Miss Vernon's carriage had become frightened by the din of a passing brass band, and were rearing and plunging fearfully, while she sat in the vehicle white as death, but apparently perfectly calm.

Darting from his friend, who endeavored to stay him, Arthur Percy rushed from the house, and just as he reached the scene of action the infuriated animals, spurning all control, reared back on their haunches and were about to plunge at a breakneck speed up the street, when Arthur seized the reins, but almost instantaneously he was dashed to the pavement and dragged several feet before he could recover himself. Undaunted, however, he regained his foothold uninjured, and by an almost supernatural effort held the horses firmly by the head, and soothing and patting them they soon became perfectly docile.

It was now time to attend to the lady, and as Arthur, covered with mud and dust, approached her, she extended her hand to him, and in anxious tones expressed her thanks, mingled with her fears, lest he had suffered injury; but upon his assuring her that such was not the case, she again and again thanked him, and to his modesty and ingeniously conveyed request that he might be permitted to see her home, she gladly acquiesced and made room for him by her side in the carriage.

"I fear you will consider this an unwarrantable liberty in an entire stranger," Arthur said, as after having divested himself of as much dust as he was able he entered the carriage, "But I dread lest you may be again alarmed."

"Not in the least, Mr. Percy, I assure you," she replied, with a sweet smile; "nor are you such an entire stranger to me, for I know you through your works. An artist can never be a stranger to those who have felt his genius."

But while they are thus forming an acquaintance around which the main interest of my story is to cling, and which is only to terminate with life, I must call your attention for a moment to another person, who is to act no insignificant part in the following pages.

Among those whose attention had been attracted by the runaway horses was a lady, evidently a foreigner, elegantly dressed, tall, majestic in bearing, and with a countenance of surpassing, but (if I may be allowed the expression) tragic beauty. Look closely at her and you see the dark eyes, the long lashes, the chiselled features of Arthur Percy, save only all that is gentle and lovable in him seems to have become hardened and deepened in her.

For an instant her eye glared full upon the banker's daughter, and she seemed to be watching eagerly to see that frail and delicate form dashed upon the stones and trampled beneath the hoofs of the maddened steeds; but when Arthur Percy seized the horses and was dragged to the earth she uttered a faint scream, and darted forward among the crowd, only to see him rise unhurt however, and then she tottered back pale and trembling, and was obliged to catch at a railing for support. There she stood, and marked with flashing eye and quick drawn breath what followed, and when Arthur Percy seated himself beside Mary Vernon in the carriage, there gathered over her countenance such an expression of horror, hatred and fear that passers by were appalled by it, and it was some minutes before she sufficiently recovered her self-possession to be aware of the part she was acting; then hurriedly drawing down her veil, she hastened from the spot.

Both Mary and Arthur noticed the fearful glance bent upon them by the strange woman as they drove away, and shuddered; for though neither mentioned it, it appeared to both a dark omen for the future, a cloud that was to broaden and blacken until it shut out the sunshine of life completely.

However, the influence soon passed away, and laughing and talking they reached the banker's palace home on Fifth avenue much sooner than either of them cared to. Excusing himself from entering on plea of his soiled costume, but promising to call at an early day, Arthur watched her until the door closed upon her, and then turned away happier than he ever remembered to have felt in his life before.

It was not many minutes before his pleasant day dream died out though, for over his mind would rush the thought, "How dare I, an unknown artist, whose birth even is wrapped in mystery, perhaps in guilt, aspire to the great banker's daughter? How dare I offer a name to another that I do not know belongs to me?" Thus pondering he moved quickly along, his thoughts a chaos, his heart trembling and his pulse throbbing wild and fast. He thought of the past of his boyish days; how he had been placed almost an infant at boarding school, how friendless he was there until Stephen Armstrong came, and then how happy he became in his love, and how from boyish affection their friendship had grown into all the strength and beauty of manly love. He thought too of Mr. Middleton, the lawyer, who always paid his bills at school, and who still on each quarter day, paid him what was due of a handsome income; but from whom all attempts to learn anything of the mystery that surrounded his birth, had ended in utter discomfiture. As thought after thought thus chased through his brain he wandered without knowing it into Washington Park, and as he approached the fountain a strange mesmeric influence caused him to turn abruptly and look up. Directly opposite to him, perhaps twenty feet distant, he saw the same face that had startled him so when he drove away in the carriage with Mary Vernon. The dark, terrible eyes were bent upon him steadily; oh, how steadily; and seen as they were through the thin sheet of spray that the fountain cast before them, there was something supernatural about that look. Arthur stood for a moment as if spell bound, an indistinct recollection of having seen that face in his earliest days came over him. "Pshaw!" he murmured, "I am dreaming," and he pressed his hand over his eyes for an instant as though to assure himself that he was awake. Then he gazed slowly around again; the children were laughing and playing as before, pedestrians were strolling to and fro, and loungers were lying about on the benches, but the mysterious figure was nowhere visible. Trembling and actually terrified Arthur Percy turned his steps towards his solitary home; a deeper sadness weighed upon his mind, a heavier burden pressed upon his heart.

CHAP. III.—THE MYSTERY OF THE IRON SAFE.

I RETURN again to Mr. Robert Vernon, and find him just as Trinity church clock is chiming five, stepping into his elegant cabriolet in order to drive home to dinner. Who could have dreamed that as he threw himself back in the vehicle and folded his arms in dignified elegance, that the brain that was hidden beneath that calm brow, had conceived, and those delicate hands were that very night to carry into execution, one of the most fearful crimes that ever startled a community?

So long as he was in Wall street he was continually employed in nodding to his various acquaintances as they passed by the carriage, but no sooner had it turned into Broadway than he gave himself to deep thought, from which he only awakened on stopping abruptly at his own house.

Entering by means of his latch-key, Mr. Vernon passed immediately up to his private study, and having closed and locked the door, threw himself on a large easy chair that stood by an elegant and massive *escritoire*.

The apartment in which he was seated was probably eighteen or twenty feet square, and was situated in the rear of the main structure in a building only large enough to contain the room in question, together with the passage leading to it, and was furnished with a degree of magnificence absolutely dazzling.

The carpet was green and gold, so soft and downy as to return no echo to the tread; the furniture was profusely gilt, and mantels, tables, *etagères*, were actually loaded with works of art and vertu; there were parian marbles of most exquisite finish; bronzes collected from every capital in Europe, and books and prints so

rare and costly as to better suit some powerful prince than a plain citizen. The walls were almost lined with looking glasses, and over the windows hung curtains of a rich green damask superbly embroidered with arabesque figures in golden thread.

For some moments the banker remained perfectly motionless, apparently continuing the train of thought that had occupied him during his ride, but at length he unlocked the *escritoire*, opened it, and then after removing a mass of papers, he touched a hidden spring, and immediately a hidden drawer sprang forth from what appeared to be a solid mass of wood. From this receptacle he drew forth a paper, and spreading it open on the desk before him, leant with his chin resting upon the palm of his hands and studied it attentively.

The parchment which was the subject of such earnest scrutiny contained what appeared to be a diagram representing sections of two buildings immediately opposite each other, and separated by quite a narrow street. Now this in itself may appear a very trifling matter for such serious study, but look again and you will perceive that the diagram also contains a tunnel excavated under the street and connecting the two buildings above-mentioned, and if you examine very closely you will perceive with what care the said tunnel has been constructed, how in the centre where it must pass between the sewer and Croton water-pipe it becomes so narrow as to suggest the necessity of adopting a snake like attitude to pass through it, and how it gradually widens towards either extremity, until it terminates at one end beneath an iron floor which appears to belong to a bank vault, and which floor has been cut through in a circular form almost to the surface, and at the other in a huge iron safe which, though only drawn in outline, resembles very closely the one so elaborately ornamented which stands in the banker's private office.

I think I have already informed the reader that the Bank of — stood directly opposite Robert Vernon's banking-house. Do you wonder now that he studied that diagram so attentively, or does some perception of the heinous crime in contemplation commence to dawn upon you?

It was very still in that room, deathly still, so still that the banker heard his own heart beat, and the rustling of the paper as he folded it and replaced it in the drawer, sounded loud as the rush of waters.

Just as he was closing the desk, there came suddenly two or three sharp ringing blows against the window glass. Vernon turned deadly pale, and his hand trembled so that the key clattered in the lock; he tottered across the room, and carefully, stealthily drew aside the heavy curtains. Crack, crack again; heavens, how he started, and then laughed a low hollow laugh; it was only the dead branch of a rose-tree that had become unfastened and was tossed by the wind against the casement.

"Am I a child, that every noise should thus startle me?" he muttered; "this will never do—this will never do. If my courage falter already, what will be the end of this?"

He crossed the room to a small side-board, and taking from it a decanter and glass, half-filled the latter with brandy, and drank it off at a draught; then leaving the room, he hurried to his sleeping apartment, and after dressing himself with peculiar care, descended to the dining room.

He found his wife and daughter waiting for him, and as he seated himself at table every shadow of the tempest that but now had shaken his entire being had disappeared; he ate heartily, and listened with great apparent interest to his daughter's account of her morning's adventure, and to Mrs. Vernon's suggestion that they could not do less than invite Mr. Percy to their approaching festival. He gave a willing consent.

While they are thus discoursing and partaking of the dainties placed before them, let me trace just in outline the distinguishing features of mother and daughter.

Mrs. Vernon was just entering her fortieth year. She was about the medium height, and slightly inclined to embonpoint (a matter, by the way, that caused her great uneasiness); her countenance showed traces of beauty, but late hours had made sad havoc on cheek and brow, which she in vain endeavored to hide by the aid of *rouge*, *poudre subtile*, and other mysterious compounds only known to fashionable ladies of a certain age. She had married Mr. Vernon when

he was both young and poor, but as wealth increased, love gradually died out, and she now only lived, moved, and had her being, to worship at the gorgeous shrine of the tyrannical goddess, "Fashion." On the present occasion, she was dressed in an elegantly fitting black *moire antique*, trimmed with flounces of most costly lace, and mingled with her still raven hair was an excessively becoming crimson head-dress.

Turn from the mother to the daughter! Was ever a greater contrast presented?

Mary Vernon was small in size, and a blonde; and not a single feature did she possess that would have led you to conjecture that she held so close a relationship to either of her companions at the table.

Her hair was of a delicate brown, almost approaching to auburn, her eyes a deep, beautiful blue, and her complexion so fair and clear as to resemble the purest alabaster. She was dressed in a robe of pale lilac silk, and wore no ornaments save only a plain gold bracelet clasped around either wrist.

They did not linger long around the table after the dessert was put on, for it was Opera night, and the Vernons' box was seldom vacant on such occasions; so, having dressed themselves, they drove to the Opera House, and the banker having placed them in the *loge*, bade them good night and retired. I need not add that both mother and daughter passed a most delightful evening, when I tell you that the banker's wife was the centre of an adulating throng, and his daughter listened attentively during the whole evening to the low, soft voice of Arthur Percy.

But not with them have I to do at present, for I must follow in the footsteps of Robert Vernon.

When he left the Opera House he walked very quickly down Broadway until reaching Spring street, down which he turned and kept on at the same rapid pace for several blocks; then he paused an instant and looked ahead until apparently satisfied with his scrutiny; he resumed his way, but at a much slower and more cautious gait.

Three minutes' walk further on brought him to an old fashioned house that stood a little back from the street, and boasted a small courtyard, in which grew two enormous trees.

Gazing around in order to see that he was not observed, Mr. Vernon shoved open the wooden gate, and on tip-toe approached the house; having reached the stoop he mounted it in the same cautious manner, and producing a latch-key, he noiselessly opened the door and passed into the hall.

There was no lamp burning in the entry; so, after listening a moment and being satisfied that he was unheard, he groped his way up stairs. Arrived at the top, he threw open a door, from which issued a stream of soft white light. Passing in, he closed the door behind him. The apartment in which he stood was large, and furnished with every elegance that art or luxury could suggest. But nothing it contained was so fearfully beautiful as the form and face that rose to meet him.

From beside a table loaded with books, it rose up, a tall majestic figure, a face beautiful but dreadful, and eyes that attracted you as with mesmeric force.

I have alluded to those eyes twice before, once when they met Arthur Percy's as he rode beside Mary Vernon; and again when he caught a glimpse of them for a moment through the fountain's spray.

"So you have come at last," said the woman in a low but deep voice, and with a just perceptible foreign accent, "It is well," and as she spoke she sank back in her seat, and motioned him towards a chair at her side.

"Yes, I have come, Lucretia, but only for a moment, I cannot stay now, I have work to do," answered Vernon.

"Some new felony," she said with a bitter sneer, "will you never have done."

He looked at her fiercely, but she neither flinched nor quailed before him.

"Why do you taunt me thus," he said; "I do not deserve it at your hands, for if ever I loved mortal being it was you, Lucretia."

"And to prove your love you have made me as base a thing as you are."

Great Heaven, how terribly these great eyes glared upon him.

"What has happened to put you in this mood to-night, *ma cara*," Vernon asked in a soothing tone.

"I have seen a sight to-day that curdled even my blood with horror."

"What sight?"

"No matter now, you will know perhaps one day," she dropped her eyes and appeared lost in thought for a moment, then looking up suddenly in his face she said: "Do you remember our boy, Robert; how beautiful he was."

"Good heavens! Lucretia, how strangely you talk to-night, what put the boy in your head, he died before he was three years old, and I have not heard you speak of him for years; but enough of this, I am going; I only stopped here to dress," and so saying the banker rose and commenced to divest himself of his outer habiliments.

"Yes, he died, he died!" she murmured; "thank God he never lived to know either of his guilty parents."

Vernon paid no further attention to her, but proceeded to replace the garments he had laid aside by others which he took from a small closet that opened off the room. First he drew on a pair of thick corduroy pantaloons, then a vest of the same coarse material, and lastly a heavy pilot cloth overcoat. This accomplished, he went to a drawer, unlocked it, and took from it a pair of pistols which he deposited in either pocket, and a black domino, which, after trying, he also placed in his pocket.

"Now see that there are none of those servants about, for I am going," he said rather roughly.

Without a word she obeyed and returned almost instantly, reporting that all was safe.

He put his arm around her then, and drawing her toward him kissed her. She took it quite passively, neither repelling nor returning it, and then he passed out of the house as noiselessly as he had entered it.

The very instant he disappeared she threw off the white robe in which she was wrapped and stood completely clad in man's attire, at least all but the coat and boots; these she drew quickly from a closet in which they had been concealed, and drawing on the boots and buttoning the coat around her, she fastened up her beautiful hair, and placing a hat upon her head, extinguished the light and followed Vernon out of the house so rapidly that she was near enough to observe and dog his footsteps, before he had walked three blocks. Perfectly unconscious that he was followed, the banker strode on in an easterly direction until he had crossed the Bowery; then he turned towards the south and continued increasing his pace until, turning abruptly from the street, he entered a narrow alley; up this he proceeded some distance, and then pausing, rapped three times distinctly at a door that barred his further progress, and while waiting for it to be opened he drew the domino from his pocket and fastened it over his face.

There was a clanking of chairs and a withdrawing of bolts heard inside, and then a voice cried "Tip us the wink, my cove."

"Flash the glim," said Vernon, in a low voice.

"It's my prince of swells," returned Hounslow, as he opened the door. "What," he continued, "do you muffle the blinkers among pals."

"I did not know who might be here; you are not always alone," returned the banker, removing the mask; "but come, are you all ready?"

"One minute, my Prince of Prigs," answered Hounslow, and drawing the banker within, he closed, locked, and bolted the door, and leading the way through the narrow passage, pushed open another door, and ushered his guest into a small damp room, in one corner of which a man was lying asleep on the floor.

"Sit down, my cove, and buss the black bottle there while I trim for action," Hounslow continued, and so saying he commenced stowing away on various parts of his person any number of strange-looking instruments, which being accomplished, he bestowed a rather rough kick upon the form of his sleeping confederate.

"Stubble it, you ben, and be hanged to you," he said.

The man opened his eyes, yawned, and sprang to his feet. "Tip us the lush, and I'm ready," he muttered, and Hounslow handing him the bottle, he swallowed a long draught and prepared to follow.

"Who's got the glim?" asked Hounslow.

"Stowed away, my cove," answered the other.

"Well, then, track up the dancers, I'll close

the jig." Obeying this invitation, the banker passed out, followed by the two worthies.

It was almost pitch dark, the street lamps were unlighted, and heavy clouds had gathered over the sky. The street was silent, except occasional bursts of obscene merriment from some neighboring crib; but just as the trio emerged from the alley, a light boyish figure flitted before them.

"What cull'a that?" said Hounslow.

"What, ho! my kiddy, take that home with you," cried the other ruffian, striking a blow at the supposed boy, with a heavy cane.

There was a faint cry and then the figure disappeared.

"Are we watched, think you?" said the banker, trembling.

"No, it's only some thieving brat," answered Hounslow, who always made a point of dropping his flash, as soon as he was out of the confines of a flash-house.

"He'll carry that bob awhile," remarked Renshaw (such was the name of Hounslow's aide-de-camp), for I feel warm blood on my wallopper."

They moved on a short distance further, and then without a word separated, each taking a different route, but bound for the same goal.

The banker was the first to reach Wall street: the thoroughfare was completely deserted; the lamps burned with a dim and flickering light, and not even a watchman was to be seen.

As noiseless as a ghost, the banker glided on, but ever and anon he gazed around, as though to assure himself that he was unobserved, and just as he was about to descend into the vault beneath his office, he thought he saw a figure gliding stealthily behind a pile of rubbish near by. He moved cautiously towards it, but no human being was to be seen, no sound to be heard, except the shrill whistle of the midnight ferry-boat that was just leaving the slip.

Vernon returned, satisfied that he had been deceived, and descending the vault, passed along the same passage that Hounslow had used in the morning, and entered his private office.

Not many moments elapsed, before he was joined by both his accomplices, and having lighted a lantern they prepared for work.

The banker's face was ghastly white, but fixed and firm, and his hand trembled not a jot as he placed the key in the lock and drew the safe door slowly open.

The three commenced then to take from it a number of boxes, precisely similar both in size, appearance and weight, to those used for packing gold for exportation.

"The devil himself could not have contrived a scheme equal to this," said Hounslow, in a tone of admiration, as he placed the last box upon the floor. "To-morrow these boxes of lead will go on board the steamer, while the boxes of gold will be securely locked up in this safe."

"Listen!" interrupted the banker, "did you not hear a nose?"

"Not a sound," said Renshaw.

"I thought I heard a faint footstep in the secret passage." He crossed over and listened. Not even the shadow of a sound came back again.

"Now then, we have no time to lose," said Hounslow.

"It is scarcely one yet," returned the banker looking at his watch.

"No, but we shall have to let the door stand open awhile before we dare enter the tunnel, or the foul air would be the death of us," answered Hounslow.

"True," said Vernon, "one moment and I am ready." He took another quite small key from his pocket and stepped forward.

"Suppose the night watchman at the bank should by any possibility discover us," suggested Hounslow.

"There is but one alternative."

"And that is—"

"Death!"

Robert Vernon's voice sounded hollow and sepulchral, but it did not falter in the least, he had nerved himself for the task.

The room was quite dark, for the lantern burned but dimly, and the silence became oppressive.

The banker stepped within the safe, which was large enough to admit of his standing erect, and inserting the key which he held in a latch in the back of it, he pressed three or four times quite firmly, and then drawing it quickly out jumped back upon the floor. Almost instantly the panel flew open.

But instead of the black damp entrance to a subterranean tunnel, a clear white light burst forth flooding all the room, and revealing the figure of a man who in one hand held aloft a lantern, and in the other a revolver, with his finger on the trigger.

Vernon and his companions staggered back, their eyes riveted on the spectre.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MURDER.

It was just after dusk that Michael Martin, the night watchman of the Bank of —, entered that building for the purpose of commencing his nocturnal duties.

Michael was of Milesian origin—a short, brawny fellow, brave as a lion, honest as a saint, and faithful as a mastiff; therefore peculiarly well qualified for the post which he had held for many years.

On the night in question, as he was going his rounds through the building, he observed with the utmost surprise that the key had been left in the lock of the door that led into the vaults. How to account for this very unusual occurrence he knew not, except that it had been done through the carelessness of the porter, (which indeed was the case), but he saw the big key very plainly, and not only saw it but handled it.

Michael felt a new responsibility rest upon him now, for there was the entrance to all the treasure open to him. If he had been dishonestly inclined, all he had to do was to turn the key, enter and help himself. Now, such an idea never even entered the faithful fellow's head; nevertheless, he did turn the key, and did enter the vault—why, he scarcely knew himself, unless it was to gratify his curiosity with a sight that he had never seen before, and probably never would see again. Be that as it may, some time between the hours of twelve and one he turned the key in the lock, pushed open the door, and entered the vault. His lantern shed a bright light around, and he gazed with admiration at the small boxes so carefully sealed up preparatory to being shipped on the morrow. Then he opened a small tin box that contained quite a quantity of gold coins, but as he looked at them he did not even feel a desire to possess himself of the smallest of them.

In order to obtain possession of the tin box, he had been obliged to climb upon the top of a high chest, and when he had put it back in its place, instead of descending cautiously, he sprang to the floor, and what was his astonishment to find that instead of stopping there, he passed completely through and fell heavily into a black, damp pit.

Picking himself up as quickly as he was able, he found himself in complete darkness, for he had dropped his lantern and it had gone out. Fumbling around, however, he soon found it, and taking a match from his pocket, relighted the lamp.

This done, he looked around him in the utmost amazement. He was in a cavern of some six feet in circumference, excavated immediately under the floor of the vault, and on looking up he perceived that a circular opening, large enough to admit the passage of a man was made over his head, and beneath his feet was the plate that but a moment before had filled up that opening.

Michael was about to draw himself out from this strange pitfall in order to call the aid of the police from without, to assist him in discovering some clue to the mystery, when his eye caught sight of the narrow opening into the tunnel. I have said that he was a stranger to such a thing as fear, so never pausing to consider the unknown dangers he might encounter, he moved on through the opening. Very soon he found he was obliged to resort to his hands and knees in order to proceed, so taking the lantern in his teeth, he pushed on, until after following the passage some distance in this position, it again became of dimensions that permitted of his walking erect.

Still moving on, he found he was ascending an inclined plane, and on a sudden the death-like silence was broken by the muttering of human voices, and he had barely time to take his revolver from his pocket, and raise his lantern to see what was coming, when the wall before him flew open, and he stood confronting the banker and his vile associates.

For the space of a single instant, neither one of the party moved, in fact they appeared petrified; but suddenly recognizing the great banker, (who was a director of the institution he had

just so strangely left,) surprise caused the stout Michael to do what terror never could have effected. He darted back a step or two, and dropped the hand that held the pistol.

On the very instant there was a sharp report heard, and when the thick white smoke cleared away, the dim light showed the form of the unhappy porter lying prostrate and lifeless over the threshold of the entrance to the tunnel, and Robert Vernon, with the discharged pistol in his hand, bending forward white and motionless.

"By G— that was well done," said Hounsflow, who was the first to break the awful silence. "Come, come, rouse yourself," he continued, seeing that the banker still stood statue like, "we have no time to lose."

The banker looked round very wildly at him for a moment, and then tossing the instrument of death high in air, laughed a loud, terrible, blood-curdling laugh, as he cried, "Well done, was it? ha! ha! ha! One would think we had been shooting at a target."

Renshaw, who at the report of the pistol had cowered back to the most remote corner of the room, came slowly forward, and as he wiped the cold damps from his brow with a well-worn red silk handkerchief, said in an unsteady voice, "I never saw a life jerked before."

"Well, there's nothing like making a good beginning, then," said Hounsflow; "so, by way of getting your hand in, just drag that fellow's body further in the vault, or we'll have some of the blood staining the carpet."

Renshaw would fain have demurred at this; but the banker, observing his terror, cast upon him a look so full of fearful import that he obeyed his ruffian comrade, and with trembling hands dragged the yet warm body within the opening of the vault.

"This will interfere with our plans somewhat," Hounsflow went on to say, as he threw off his coat. "How will we account for the disappearance of this Irish fool?"

"You shall see! you shall see! I even made preparation for such a catastrophe; though, heaven knows, I little dreamed it could occur," answered Vernon. "But now let us to work."

Leading the way with the lantern, the banker entered the subterranean passage, followed by Hounsflow and Renshaw, each carrying one of the boxes filled with lead, which were to be substituted for the gold in the bank vault. Coming to the contracted portion of the tunnel, they were obliged to move on their hands and knees, and shove the boxes before them; and to prevent their becoming soiled they had laid clean canvas along the entire length of the way.

Reaching the vault, they deposited the lead and returned with the gold, and this they continued until the entire transfer was made.

"Now," said Vernon, as they stood in the vault, prior to leaving it for the last time, "when they miss the watchman in the morning, something else must be missed also."

"True," answered Hounsflow.

"Take that box," continued Vernon, pointing at the one the contents of which the wretched Michael had examined. "When that is missed, will they not suppose at once that their watchman has made off with it for parts unknown? They will put the police after him, and the police will travel far before they find him." He spoke in a calm, cold, calculating tone, and Hounsflow rapturously applauded his ingenuity.

They were absent some time on this last visit to the vault, for before returning they were obliged to replace the iron plate in the floor and refasten it, which they did so firmly and so ingeniously as to defy the closest scrutiny. While they were absent, the secret panel by the banker's desk moved slowly open, and Lucretia, in her male attire stepped cautiously into the apartment. It was pitch dark, for they had the lantern with them; but taking from her bosom a box of wax matches, she lighted one and walked directly across the room to the iron safe; she passed through it, (lighting one match after another as they went out,) and bent over the body of the dead man. She placed her hand over his heart—it had long since ceased to beat; she felt his hands—they were growing cold. "It is enough," she said; "my own eyes have seen it," and she turned to depart. As she did so, she struck something with her foot. It was the pistol that had caused the watchman's death. She took it up, and saw Robert Vernon's name engraved on it. Then she smiled one of her dark, unfathomable smiles, and hiding the weapon about her

person, muttered, "He will think he lost it in the dark tunnel, if he thinks of it at all."

She listened a minute, and heard the sound of their voices; so, passing quickly out by the way she came, she closed the panel softly behind her just as they entered the office.

"Now all we have to do is to dispose of the body," said Hounsflow, as they stood around it.

"Drag it to the middle of the passage and there leave it," replied Vernon; "they will search long before they find it there, for tomorrow night we will close up the opening forever."

His two confederates obeyed his orders, and thus was the faithful watchman buried.

Returning, they hurriedly closed the entrance, placed the gold in the safe which the banker locked, and then one by one departed.

Robert Vernon was the last to leave, and he was delayed some little time searching for his pistol; but being unable to find it, he concluded that he must have dropped it in the tunnel, and as he passed out, the grey dawn had commenced to show itself. Unobserved, however, he moved on, and as he reached Spring street a bright red streak beamed in the far horizon. He shuddered and instinctively looked at his hands. Then he staggered and uttered a low cry; he had not touched the body of the murdered man, yet there was blood upon them.

He hurried on faster than before and entered Lucretia's house and passed up stairs. There was a light burning in the room; Vernon entered on tip-toe and cautiously approached the bed. Lucretia was lying there apparently wrapped in deep sleep; he did not wake her, but hastily washing his hands and changing his dress, he wrapped himself in a large cloak, (the high collar of which effectually concealed his features,) and leaving the house hurried on home through the most unfrequented streets.

It was broad daylight when he found himself in his own apartments, (they were entirely separate and distinct from his wife's,) but nevertheless he undressed and threw himself on his bed, but not to sleep.

I could not if I would, write out the wild thoughts of the murderer as he tossed to and fro on his bed.

This only will I say, that the bed was of the softest, the linen the finest and whitest; but there he lay, his eyes distended, his impatient hands twitching nervously at the elegant counterpane, while on the stone area beneath his gorgeous portico a beggar was sleeping soundly.

CHAP. V.—THE BANKER MAKES A DISCOVERY.

I PASS with scarce a notice the sensation caused by the disappearance of Michael Martin the night watchman, as also the still greater excitement produced by the discovery, some month or six weeks later, of the fraud that had been committed in substituting the lead for gold; suffice it to say that this latter crime, too, was of course attributed to the unfortunate Michael, and the police were again incited by the offer of immense rewards to exert all their ingenuity to discover the place of his supposed flight.

Time rolled on, however, and "the most daring and expert robbery of modern times," as the daily papers denominated it, was forgotten in the whirl and excitement of new occurrences.

In the time that has passed, the banker too had moved on until he towered the very colossus of Wall street.

With the eighty thousand dollars extracted from the bank vaults (deducting twenty thousand which was divided between his two accomplices) as a basis for fresh operations, he obtained success after success until it appeared almost impossible that (to use a Wall-street term) he should again be cornered.

It was mid-Winter, the city was covered with a new-fallen mantle of snow, which reflecting the moonbeams of a cold February night, made the night in question almost as light as day.

Through the blinds of Lucretia Salvini's house in Spring street those moonbeams also crept, and found her seated by the window, looking intently into the courtyard before the door.

The lamp was burned down very low, in order to enable her to see out into the night more distinctly; so the moon's rays peered through the blinds and lay in long stripes of white light upon the carpet.

I may as well tell you now in a few words as possible such interesting antecedents in Lucretia's history as may be necessary.

An Italian by birth, she had emigrated to this

country in infancy, with her parents; and at an early age had been placed by them upon the public stage as a dancer. Of course her beauty and grace soon gathered around her a host of admirers, but she was obdurate to all entreaties, until her passionate heart yielded to its love for the handsome and captivating Robert Vernon. He was a young man at the time, unmarried, and moreover poor; but she cast off her wealthy suitors, (many of whom would have gladly given her the sacred name of wife,) and threw herself into his arms, happier for the time being as his mistress, than she would have been to reign a queen. A year passed and she bore her lover a son. Then for the first time she besought him to make her his wife, he refused, still she clung to him. At length he married another, and still she clung to him, for he told her that it was but a marriage of convenience; that he loved her and only her, and while he lived she should ever be uppermost in his thoughts.

She still clung to him, but she vowed that her child should never bear a blighted name; so when he returned from his wedding tour he found her clad in deep mourning, and she said to him, "Your son is dead."

He tried to look melancholy as he heard it, but strive as he would, the grim pleasure that the news afforded him would show itself. She observed it, and there was sown in her heart the first seed of a hatred that at last was to displace all love, and to—but why should I anticipate what the end will show.

She sat by the casement, there watching for him, and at length saw him enter the courtyard gate, so she sprang up, closed the shutters, and trimmed up the lamp so that it shed around a brilliant light.

Vernon entered just as she did so, and closing the door, he pressed her close to his breast and kissed her.

She returned the embrace quite earnestly, but it cost her a great effort to do so, and then drawing him to a seat beside her on the sofa, she said abruptly:

"I hear it commonly reported that your daughter is to be married."

He looked at her inquiringly as he answered, "It is true."

"To whom?"

"Why are you so earnest?"

"To whom—to whom?" she reiterated.

"Why, if you must know, to an artist. It is no suitable match for my daughter, but I have no time to interfere, so let her marry him; it will amuse her mother!"

"What is this artist's name?"

"Arthur Percy."

"She must not, she cannot wed him!" There was not a shade of color left in Lucretia's face as she spoke, even her lips were white.

"Must not!" said the banker, with a sneer.

"You are mad; I say she must, and shall!"

"And I say she shall sleep in the grave first." She rose up and stood before him with head erect and a fixed and fearful determination painted on her brow. Great heavens! how grandly beautiful she looked; her hair had become unfastened and fell around her black as night, and her eyes gleamed like orbs of fire.

"What do you mean?" Vernon asked, becoming alarmed at her excitement.

"I mean," she answered clearly and distinctly, each word sounding as though it was cut out of marble, "I mean that Arthur Percy is your son, and though you may not shrink from the crime, the law will prevent a brother from marrying his sister."

"Curse you, woman!" he shouted, ungovernable rage sweeping away every spark of reason; and springing to his feet he seized her by the throat and dashed her heavily to the floor. "So, harlot, you have deceived and played upon me all these long years."

He ground his teeth fearfully, and looked as though he would have liked to grind his heel into the prostrate form before him.

Lucretia uttered no cry, no groan; but, rising to her feet, she cast upon him a look that stilled his passion instantly and sent a chill through every drop of blood in his veins.

"Why did you not use that?" she said in a deep voice, pointing as she spoke to a small dagger that lay upon the table. "Why not fill up the measure of your guilt with murder? it but needs blood upon those hands now."

He cowered before her, and endeavored to hide his hands as he said, "Forgive me, forgive me; I was mad, unconscious of what I did."

"Will you swear to prevent this marriage?" Lucretia asked, still standing before him.

"I will, I swear it!" he answered in a low voice, and still endeavoring to muffle his hands in his wide coat-sleeves. "And now let me go; this unsettles me!"

"Listen first, until I unfold the mystery," she said, and then briefly she told him how she had vowed her son should never know his parents—how she had consigned him to the care of others, and reported his death to him, and how, through all, she had watched over and cared for him.

He listened intently, and when she had concluded he rose to depart, and said, "It shall be my place to care for him now; you might have trusted me with this secret sooner, Lucretia; believe me, I will care for him!" He spoke very mildly, very gently, and then passed from the room.

"Yes," he said, when he had reached the street; "I will care for him!" His voice was anything but gentle now.

CHAPTER VI.—THE TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCH.

ROBERT VERNON DID not go immediately home after leaving Lucretia, but bending his steps very hurriedly in a direction we have once before seen him take, he soon found himself at the entrance of Mr. Hounslow's abode. After listening to the same clanking of chains and drawing of bolts, and passing and repassing the same countersign as before, Mr. Hounslow threw open the door, and admitted his guest, but instead of introducing him into the apartment he had used on the previous occasion, he led him past the door and up a rickety flight of stairs.

"Why do you take me up here," the banker asked, somewhat impatiently.

"Well, you see, my prince, I've got a party of rather democratic prigs in the lower crib and thought you might not care to trust yourself under their blinkers."

Hounslow answered as he ushered him into a small room quite comfortably fitted up, and containing a bed, several tables and a dozen or so chairs, to say nothing of a gallery of pictures that lined the walls, bearing such euphonious titles as "The Burglar's Last Shot," "The Hangman's Bride," "Jack Shepherd at the Gallows," &c., &c. Nor was Mr. Hounslow unprovided with literature, for on seating himself at the table opposite Mr. Vernon, and waiting for him to open the business that procured him the honor of this visit, he picked up a yellow-covered book and cast at the pictured page a look of intense admiration; then throwing it toward the banker, he remarked—"Ah! there's a book what'll make your hair stand on end—take it home with you, my prince, and read it at your leisure."

Vernon mechanically took it up, and reading the title, ("Handsome Jack, or the Shadow of the Scaffold,") cast it back upon the table with an oath.

"Enough of such trifling," he said, "for I have both a difficult and a dangerous job for you to manage; one that will require all your skill and courage."

"Let's hear it, I'm your man, if it be to steal or murder or both," replied Hounslow, and with a savage oath he drew his chair nearer to the banker.

They must have remained a full hour in close confabulation, and when the banker rose to leave, he put a roll of bank notes in Hounslow's hand and said, "Come and see me to-morrow at the office, and we will settle definitely the time and place, for it must be done at once;" then he passed out into the street again, and bent his steps towards home.

Mr. Vernon was in exceedingly good spirits the next morning, when he came down to breakfast, for the daily paper brought him news that he had confidently expected for several days, namely, a telegraphic dispatch from Albany, stating that it was reported on the very best authority that the legislature would positively refuse a new charter to a certain company, the controlling portion of the stock of which he had contracted to deliver to parties confident of obtaining a renewal at sixty cents on the dollar. "I can buy it at forty-five this very day," he said to himself, as he read and re-read the paragraph. "Thus, at a cost of one hundred dollars, I shall this day realize full fifty thousand, and even when the cheat is discovered, which cannot be before evening, who will ever dream that Robert Vernon, the wealthy banker, caused this lying dispatch to be printed. So I gull the poor fools, and so will I ever do."

He went to his office earlier than usual that day, and impatiently awaited the hour for the meeting of the broker's first board. It came at length, and feeling already fifty thousand dollars richer than he did a few hours before, he hurried to the rooms. On entering he was as usual greeted with a profusion of bows and compliments, but he could not fail to observe a certain curious expression flitting round the lips of several of his richest rivals.

"I suppose you have heard the news," said old Mr. Battle, the great stock broker, as he shook him by the hand.

"What news," asked Vernon, "I have heard none; in fact I have been locked up in my office writing, ever since I first came down town."

"Oh, no wonder you have not heard it then, for it has just arrived, and I'm sorry for your sake it had not been kept back an hour longer," replied Mr. Battle.

"What do you mean," said Vernon, being alarmed more at the eager looks that were bent upon him than by the words he heard.

"Why," continued the stock broker, "speaking slowly as though endeavoring to increase the suspense of the listener, 'Why, that despatch in the morning's paper turns out to be a forgery, (I mean the despatch relative to the — Co.) It would probably not have been discovered for some hours yet, had not the legislature very unexpectedly acted on the matter this morning, and they have just received news that their new charter was unanimously granted,'—the speaker turned away to chuckle to himself.

It was fortunate for Mr. Vernon that he did so; for, for an instant his face assumed an expression so fiendish, that had it been seen he would have lost irretrievably his reputation as a man that it was impossible for any train of adverses to ruin.

For an instant I say his countenance grew blacker than Tartarus, and white foam gathered around his mouth. If he was only alone where he might give vent to the fearful oaths that crowded thick, fast to his lips; if he could only be in some desert place with only that hideous old stock broker with him, that he might rend him limb from limb and grind his heel into his face; but no! he was watched; he must smooth his brow, he must choke down his curses, he must laugh and joke with the old broker whose heart's blood he thirsted for.

It required but a moment for him to regain command of himself, but it was a terrible moment; and when he took his seat, chatting about indifferent subjects, and smiling gaily as the usual jokes passed round, no one could have dreamed that instead of making fifty thousand he had lost a hundred thousand dollars that morning.

Mr. Battle was wofully disappointed, so were fifty others; they had rubbed their hands with glee over the anticipation of seeing him at least wince under this unexpected blow, and he passed it by with a careless jest.

"He must possess the Philosopher's Stone," said one.

"Oh, he has sold himself to the devil!" suggested a second, little thinking that there was very much of truth in his surmise.

Turning neither to the right nor to the left, however, Mr. Vernon walked rapidly to his office, and shutting himself in his private room, gave vent to his rage in a series of blasphemies too fearful to put on paper. Somewhat relieved by this, he sat down to think in what manner he was to extricate himself from his present difficulties.

First he bethought him again of the bank vault; but, aside from the danger of a second attempt, he knew that the passage was so carefully closed up that it would take weeks and weeks of patient labor to excavate it again, so he at once abandoned the design.

Money he must have, however, and that too immediately. The blow was impending, and another week would crush him utterly, unless a large sum were at his command.

First he would sit for a while, his face buried in his hands; then he would spring up and pace violently to and fro the warm room, pressing his brow with his hot hands as though to prevent it splitting.

While he thus pondered, there passed through his mind a panorama of the darkest, foulest crimes that ever human brain gave birth to; but on, on they passed, none stayed, none were applicable to his present use. At length, however, a sudden gleam of light flashed from his eyes; a sudden grim smile played around his lips.

"I have it, I have it," he said aloud, and throwing himself back in his chair he remained for some moments quietly forming into a perfect whole the disjointed scheme that had at length come to his relief. "Yes!" he said exultingly, after he had remained silent some moments; "Yes, I have found a mine now that will prove well nigh inexhaustible; gold, gold, gold, a ceaseless flow," and he opened and shut his hand greedily as he pronounced the magic word.

"Now," he continued, "Wall street I defy you!"

"That's right old boy, game to the last, ha! ha! ha!" The voice that spoke was close behind him, and a heavy hand was placed upon his shoulder.

He started and turned fiercely around; it was only Mr. Hounslow, who had entered so noiselessly by his accustomed way that the banker was not aware of his presence until he heard his voice.

"Why in heaven's name do you come upon me so unawares," Vernon said in an angry tone, at the same time shaking off his hand.

"Well, it kind of does me good to see you start and tremble so," Hounslow answered with a hoarse laugh; "but you hadn't ought to let things startle you, or how will you ever go through it like a man when the hemp 's round your throat."

The ruffian leered with a malicious grin as the banker turned white and winced under his last remark; but probably thinking he had tormented him sufficiently, he changed the conversation by saying, "Well, I've come about this business you spoke of last night."

"Aye! aye! I have scarcely thought of it since," Vernon answered; "such troubles have pressed upon me that I had nearly forgotten it altogether; it must be done at once though."

"Only suggest some plan and I'm your man to carry it out; I'm a mighty sight better at practice than theory!" responded Hounslow, leaning comfortably back in the chair, and placing his feet on the desk before him.

"To-morrow night there is to be a ball at my house. Percy will be there, and it will be late at night when he leaves; the streets will be deserted, and there is no moon." Vernon spoke very low, and kept his eye fixed firmly on Hounslow.

"I take, I take," replied the other; "but suppose he is not alone when he leaves."

"He will be," said the banker; "the poor fool is in love, and will stay until the last moment, until all other guests have gone; or should he be inclined to leave at an earlier hour, I will prevent it."

"All right, then, my prince—all right—you shall have nothing to complain of; but I shall expect to be paid well for this job," and as he spoke, his callous, hardened face looked as though it was cut out of some cross-grained swarthy stone, and that the sculptor had spent all his energies in conveying to it the characteristics of an utterly heartless and soulless villain.

"Did you ever know me pay you otherwise than well?" the banker asked.

"No, I can't say I've anything to complain of," Hounslow said, as he rose to depart. "I only thought I'd let you know that it would prove a rather expensive luxury."

"Well, well, I can bear the cost—see it done," and Vernon motioned him away.

"Look on it as a thing already done, my prince, and now good-bye for the present." So saying the villain took his departure, and as the panel closed behind him, the banker muttered, "And I have nearly done you."

CHAPTER VII.—THE UNEXPECTED GUEST.

THE evening came on which Mrs. Vernon was to give her closing entertainment for the season. It was a decidedly unfavorable night for such an occasion, for the rain poured down in torrents, converting into thick mud the heavy fall of snow that lay upon the ground.

It takes something far worse than a bad rain-storm, however, to keep New Yorkers at home, when pleasure or fashion calls them abroad; and as Mrs. Vernon's receptions were famed for being both the most distinguished and delightful of any ever given, she felt very certain of full rooms, although the elements had conspired against her.

The omnipresent Mr. Brown was on hand, and he had a spacious awning erected from the portico to the carriage-way, with a projection far enough over the street for the coaches to drive completely under it; and on the ground he had spread two or three layers of Russian matting, so

that the most delicate-slipped foot could not have perceived the least touch of dampness in passing into the house.

Within, the scene baffled description: the entire house was thrown open, and presented a display of magnificence well calculated to astound all eyes.

What a blaze of light—what a profusion of flowers, and, above all, what a combination of unapproachable toilets.

Mrs. Vernon was dressed in perfectly good taste, in black velvet, and wore in her hair a cluster of the most brilliant diamonds; and Mary looked transcendently lovely, in a plain robe of white tulle, with lilies of the valley woven in a wreath among her fair locks, and trailing down on her snowy neck.

She was very happy too, for during almost every dance Arthur Percy's arm was around her, while at every pause he whispered words of love in her eager ear.

Arthur looked uncommonly handsome that night, for now that he was really Mary's affianced lover, the shadow had left his brow; the burden had departed from his heart.

It was about eleven o'clock, and the rooms had become very crowded, when Mr. Vernon was suddenly summoned from the apartment where he was conversing with a group of distinguished men, and on reaching the hall a note was placed in his hand; hastily breaking the seal he read as follows:

"I shall be at your entertainment to-night at half-past eleven o'clock, in order to take part in the festivities. Account for it to your guests as you please, but see that I am well received, or, by the God that made me, I will denounce you as a seducer, a robber, and a—but, no matter, I need not threaten. Introduce me as the Signorina Dalmatiana, an Italian princess, and leave the rest to me.

LUCRETIA."

"Damnation!" he muttered, as he crushed the paper in his hand, "what can she mean by this? I dare not refuse her admittance, and yet tremble at the consequences of her coming. Oh, that I had known this an hour ago."

He looked at his watch; it was already half-past eleven, and scarcely had he returned it to his pocket than a carriage dashed up to the door, and he saw Lucretia dismount, enter, and pass up the dressing-room.

Hastily seeking his wife, he whispered to her, "Eliza, I forgot to tell you that I had invited the Princess Dalmatiana to come here to-night, and she has arrived. I need not tell you to receive her cordially."

"The Princess Dalmatiana! who is she?" asked Mrs. Vernon.

Before her husband could answer, the usher in a loud voice announced, "Signorina Dalmatiana."

Mr. Vernon hastened forward, and offering his arm, conducted her to his wife who received her most cordially, and then presented her to her daughter and Arthur Percy, who were at her side.

Mary Vernon turned deadly pale, as she encountered those fearful eyes, and trembled so that she was obliged to sink into a chair, while Arthur (though himself overcome by a nameless dread) stepped between his betrothed and the stranger, as if to shield her from some baneful influence.

But Lucretia only gazed at them an instant, for Mr. Vernon, on pretence of introducing her to other guests, drew her away.

How queenly and magnificent she looked as she moved through the rooms, and every eye followed her. She was dressed in a robe of white moire antique, magnificently trimmed with point lace; her beautiful neck was covered (but not hidden) by a thin gauze-like sylphide, and her round white arms were clasped with the richest bracelets; while among the braids of her raven hair was woven a single string of large pearls.

"What has brought you here," Vernon asked as soon as he had conducted her a sufficient distance from the admiring crowd.

"I came to protect my son," she answered, in a deep, low voice, and gazing at him as she spoke, as though she would read his heart through and through.

If Lucretia had caused the earth to open before him, and throw out a fountain of fire, it would not have startled the banker more than her words did. He did not let her know it though, for he answered quite carelessly:

"Pshaw, you have been dreaming."

"Yes, I have been dreaming," she answered, in the same subdued, but firm voice. "I dreamed that you had laid a plot to murder your own son!"

Vernon trembled, and gasped for breath.

"It was a fearful dream, was it not? Of course it was but a dream, but it was so vivid that it brought me here to-night."

She drew her arm from his as she spoke, and passed away among the guests, and in a few moments she was the centre of attraction; her brilliant wit, her keen perception, her rare appreciation of all that was good and beautiful, were the theme of every tongue; and the mystery of her sudden appearance in the fashionable world only threw an additional charm around her; and many and many were the congratulations heaped upon Mrs. Vernon in consideration of her having had the honor of first presenting the Princess to society.

And Mrs. Vernon received all the congratulations with very proper dignity—spoke of having met the Princess abroad—alluded to the pleasant surprise she had been at so much pains to prepare for her guests, by keeping the expected visit of Signorina Dalmatiana a profound secret—and altogether carried it off in such a manner as to produce the impression that the entertainment had been gotten up for the express purpose of introducing the beautiful Italian Princess to New York society. A shrewd woman of the world, and well deserving her post as leader of fashion, was the banker's handsome wife.

Meanwhile, Robert Vernon had quietly withdrawn from the rooms and retired to his study. Arrived here, he cautiously raised one of the windows and looked out. It was still raining very hard, and the night was dark as pitch. The wind howled too, fitfully, and sang a dirge-like tune around the chimney-tops.

Waiting a moment or two for a lull in the storm, Mr. Vernon struck once on a small clock-bell. Almost instantly the sound was returned by a similar one at some distance off; then the banker struck again and listened.

I think I have not previously stated that the banker's residence was situated on a corner lot, so that though his study was placed in the rear of the building, still the windows looked out upon the street.

Well, as I have said, he listened a moment, until he heard a faint foot-fall; then he withdrew from the casement and took from his desk a coil of what, at first, appeared to be thick silk rope, but on unfolding it, it exhibited at either end an amber mouth-piece similar to those attached to speaking-trumpets, only much smaller. In fact, the article in question was neither more nor less than a gutta-percha speaking-tube, capable of being extended so as to reach an incalculable distance.

Having fastened a weight to one end of this novel instrument, and retaining a firm hold of the other, the banker let it glide carefully out of the window until it was grasped by some one below: then he placed the amber opening to his ear and listened.

"It is me, my Prince; what is it?" said the voice of Hounslow. The banker removed the amber to his lips, but whispered so low that he scarce heard himself where he stood. Hounslow heard every word though distinctly, and they ran thus: "You will be closely watched, perhaps followed by a lady; use every precaution."

"Trust me, I never failed yet," Hounslow answered. "I'll put her off the scent. Enough, some one comes."

In an instant Hounslow had disappeared; the tube was drawn up, and the window closed. Then, before Vernon had even been missed by Lucretia, he returned to the ball-rooms.

The guests commenced to leave now, by ones and twos at first, but gradually whole groups at a time made their adieus to the hostess and her lovely daughter, and disappeared. The Princess too, having won the envy of all the women and the love of all the men, swept majestically from the saloon, and returning to the dressing-room, wrapped herself in her cloak and sat there apparently waiting for some one.

During all the evening she had avoided the banker, and he, though trembling for what might happen, dared not attempt to thwart her, but concluded to let things take their course, and trust to the ingenuity of his accomplice for the successful fulfilment of his designs.

Presently Stephen Armstrong with his mother and sister came up, and wrapping themselves up, went down to their carriage, and Lucretia heard

Stephen call to Arthur as he passed the parlor door; but Arthur was away in the conservatory with Mary, so they went on and left him. She had to wait some half hour longer; but finally, after every one beside had gone, young Percy came up, seized his cloak and hat, and ran hastily down stairs again.

Then Lucretia rose, and passing out into the hall, looked down over the baluster.

Arthur and Mary stood together in the vestibule below; his arm was around her slender waist, and her lovely head rested confidently on his shoulder.

"Good night, my own love," he said, as he pressed her closer to his heart and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. "Good night; I will see you to-morrow."

"Come early, Arthur," she answered, "for I shall feel uneasy until I see you; a strange melancholy cloud seems to be creeping over me as I part with you."

"You are tired—that is all, love; so again good night." Once more he kissed her, and as Lucretia watched them she bit her lip until the blood came.

With a lingering look behind, Arthur passed out, and rushing through the rain which still fell in torrents, jumped into his carriage.

Quick as lightning had Lucretia followed him, and she reached the street just as he stepped into the coach.

Her own carriage was the only one left now; she sprang into it, and bade the man follow the one in advance. "Follow it, follow it," she cried in an excited tone, "and if you overtake it, a hundred dollars shall be your reward."

Incited by this promise, the man sprang to his box, and lashed the dripping horses. On they sped, pursuers and pursued, scarce half a block apart, for the space of at least quarter of a mile. At length, the foremost carriage disappeared in an instant in turning a corner, (disappeared almost miraculously,) but in an instant it was in sight again.

"On, on," shouted Lucretia, "they are gaining; to lose them would be destruction." She kept her head stretched out of the window, in spite of the rain that beat in her face and drenched her neck, and her hands were clutched so firmly, that the nails were actually buried in the flesh.

Onwards and onwards they dashed through the deserted streets, the wind howling piteously, and the rain and hail beating harder and faster.

Full a mile they must have driven at this fearful speed, in what direction Lucretia neither knew nor cared, so long as she kept the vehicle that held her son in sight; but at length, when they were close upon it, it stopped suddenly before a small frame house.

Scarcely waiting for her own carriage to draw up to the sidewalk, and unmindful of the danger she might run, Lucretia seized a pistol which she had hidden in the cushions, and sprang out.

Her shawl dropped off; she did not feel the cold. Her costly dress was drenched by the mud and rain, but what recked she—and her pearls had burst the string that held them, and were scattered around in the street; she did not even know it.

Her whole soul was bent upon the one she had pursued; she would save his life, and then she would dare to own herself his mother—then she could lavish upon him the love that had been pent up for years.

Two steps brought her beside the carriage; she grasped her weapon and stood firm.

The door of the house opened first, and from the hall lamp a bright light flashed upon the street.

Then a man stepped from the coach, and handed out a female, and telling the driver to call in the morning for his pay, they both entered the house.

It was a young mechanic who, with his sister, had also been keeping late hours.

Lucretia staggered back fainting; she had followed the wrong carriage.

CHAPTER VIII.—ARTHUR PERCY'S RIDE.

BEFORE closing the record of that eventful night, I must return again to the banker's residence in Fifth avenue, or rather to its immediate neighborhood, and watch the actions of Hounslow after the mysterious communication he had held with his employer.

Immediately on dropping the speaking-tube, he ran for some distance down the street until he came to a carriage that was standing beneath

some sort of wooden shed in order to avoid the rain.

"What, ho! Renshaw!" he said.

"Well," answered a voice somewhat sullenly;

"well, what now?"

"I have just learned, my kiddy, that we are going to be watched, and probably followed,"

Hounslow said, seating himself in the coach beside Renshaw, who was to act as coachman on the occasion.

"The mischief!" cried Renshaw, "and by whom?"

"By a woman, so my prince says," answered Hounslow; "he did not tell me who she was,

but I'd lay one of my blinkers it's that handsome foreigner."

"How are we to escape them? we shall have to give up the job, shall we not?" Renshaw said in a voice that showed plainly that such a termination to the night's business would be anything but disagreeable to him.



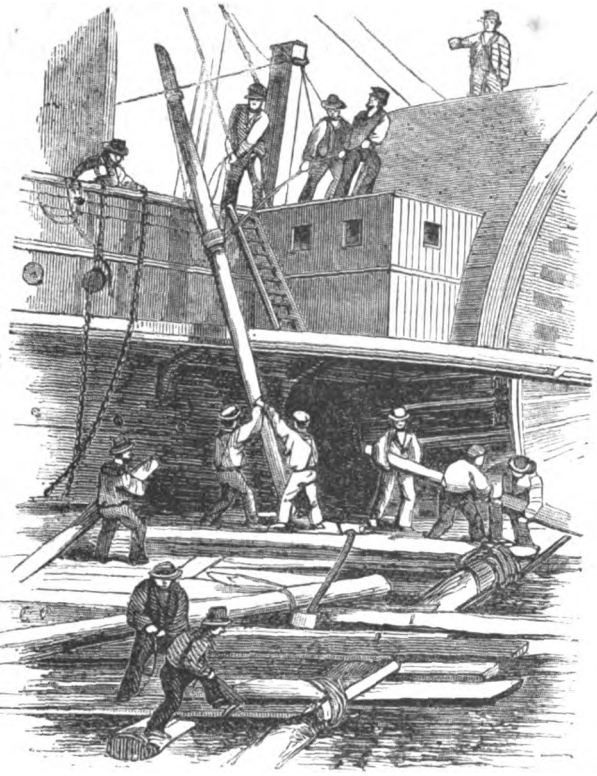
WRECK OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

"Give it up!" responded Hounslow. "You talk like a fool, man! When did you ever know me give up a money-making job on account of danger? Pshaw, it only makes it more interesting."

Renshaw's heart sank again; he had indeed

been an altered man ever since the night the watchman's blood was spilled, but, like many others, he was utterly ignorant of any other life than the one he led, and moreover a perfect slave to the iron will of Hounslow; so he only said, "Well, well, tell me what to do, and I'll do it."

"We will in all probability," Hounslow went on to say, "be followed, the instant we leave the house with the boy; now, this is the way in which we will put them off the scent. There is an open lot just before you reach the corner of University place and — street; into that



CONSTRUCTING THE MAST.

more and more worthy of her love. He was awakened from his reverie by the vehicle turning a corner very abruptly, (thereby almost throwing him from his seat,) then stopping suddenly, stock still. Then, too, he first became aware of a strange odor pervading the confined space, not unpleasant, but very oppressive.

He raised his hand to let down one of the shades, and just then the carriage moved on again.

He tried first one window, then another—all were fastened; then he rubbed the damp from the glass, and looked out. It was pitch dark, but from glimpses he was able to catch, he was convinced that he was not on the road home.

Becoming alarmed, he next essayed the doors; they were fastened, and had no handles inside.

All this time he felt a strange drowsiness creeping over him. He endeavored to call out, but had become so weak that his voice failed him.

Then he threw himself back on the seat to think a moment, and in doing so, his head struck against some soft, damp substance.

He put up his hand feebly and felt it; it was a large sponge.

On the instant, the truth flashed upon him. This sponge had been saturated with chloroform, and he

was fast sinking into a lethargy under its influence. What could it mean? Who could have contrived this foul scheme? Was he taken by mistake for another? A thousand such thoughts rushed tumultuously upon him.

Exerting all his remaining strength, he raised himself from his seat, and seizing the door with both hands, endeavored to wrench it open.

He was powerless as an infant; his head reeled; a cold shudder passed through him that seemed to curdle all the blood in his veins, and he sank back senseless upon the cushions.

The fell drug had done its work.

Fearfully the wind moaned; heavily and drearily the rain poured down; but through all its fury the carriage dashed onwards, onwards.

CHAPTER IX.—A LETTER FROM THE LOST ONE.

Day after day passed by and brought no tidings of Arthur Percy; the papers had exhausted themselves with accounts of, and comments on, the mysterious disappearance—the police incited by large rewards had exerted themselves to the utmost, but all their efforts proved abortive; no trace, or sign of him could be found.

Poor Mary Vernon had watched, and prayed, and wept, until nature could stand it no longer, and she was prostrated on a sick bed. Stephen Armstrong had brought all the powers of his calm and settled mind, to gether with his great wealth, to bear upon the solution of the marvel, but without avail, and a deep grief had settled upon his heart—a black shadow was brooding upon his mind.

And Lucretia, what of her? For a day after her great disappointment, she sank down in a fearful despair, from

which she only awakened to one fell purpose, Revenge! She could wail, she could toil on, suffer on, for she saw before her the accomplishment of her fearful wish—she read plainly in the future the fulfilment of the only passion remaining in her heart; she would live to see the destroyer of her own happiness, the murderer of her son, crushed to the very dust, grovelling in the agony of a convicted felon; she would gloat over the wreck that she had caused, and then die. She was like marble, like ice outwardly, but a consuming fire was at work within.

So a week or more passed, and during that time, Mr. Vernon had succeeded in perpetrating the gigantic fraud—the first germs of which I have before alluded to, as having had both in his mind so fruitful in the creation of crime.

His heavy losses that we have noted at the board of brokers the day before Percy's disappearance had brought him to the very verge of ruin, but now he had (as he himself expressed it) discovered an inexhaustible gold-mine.

The mine was a strange one, being no other than the ——— Railroad company, of which he was president, and after this manner did he dig out his gold: When a sum of ready money was necessary, large or small, Mr. Robert Vernon would leisurely, in his quiet office, fill up the requisite number of certificates of stock, go out into the street, sell or hypothecate the same, and return with the proceeds thereof—thus, day by day, creating false and fraudulent stock which one day was to lead him to the commission of a crime almost too fearful to contemplate.

One morning as he was engaged in this highly honorable and lucrative employment, the bell that connected with the front offices was wrung very violently—so violently, that Mr. Vernon instantly threw his papers into his desk, and



POST-OFFICE PILLAR, PARIS.

we must turn quickly; the night is so dark they will imagine that we entered the next street; they will pass rapidly on, and before they discover their mistake we will be far distant in another direction. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes," Renshaw answered; and then muttered to himself, "It's a precious diabolical outrage!"

"What's that you say?" Hounslow asked, abruptly.

"I said it was a very well-contrived plan," Renshaw replied.

"That it is, my boy," said Mr. Hounslow, with conscious pride, "that it is; now good-bye for the present, and be sure you drive up the moment you hear the bell;" and so saying he hurried back to the banker's house.

He had not been there long before a carriage drove up to the door, and the coachman requested Mr. Brown to announce Mr. Percy's coach; just then Mr. Hounslow disappeared under the stoop, and knocked three times at the basement door.

"Ay, ay," answered a voice within.

Then Mr. Hounslow reappeared again, and lounged about, muffled in a huge coat, among the drivers.

"Mr. Percy's coach," called Mr. Brown, opening the street door.

"Mr. Percy bade me tell the man not to wait, that he would go home with Mr. Armstrong," said a white-gloved waiter.

"All right," responded Mr. Brown; and forthwith he dismissed Mr. Percy's coach.

Those who saw Mr. Hounslow rub his hands so gleefully just at that moment, probably thought that he did so to keep off the cold.

The vehicles drove up, and drove away with their lovely burdens very fast now; till, finally, but one was left, and that stood some little distance from the house. So Mr. Brown, thinking he had done his duty, wrapped his coat around him, and went home.

Then it was that Hounslow struck a small bell that was concealed about his person, and almost instantly Renshaw drove his carriage up to the door.

"All goes on magnificently," Hounslow whispered; and taking a small phial from his pocket, he stepped into the carriage, and was busy there some moments; and just as he emerged from it, the street door was thrown open, and Arthur Percy running down the steps, and never pausing to see that it was the right carriage, sprang in.

Instantly the door was shut Hounslow jumped upon the box with Renshaw, and they drove swiftly off.

Arthur threw himself back among the cushions, and gave himself up to blissful dreams. He conjured up the sweet face of Mary, and thought how happily it would light him through life; and how he would ever strive to become

locking it, passed quickly out to obey the summons.

On reaching the outer apartment he found there Stephen Armstrong, who rose at once to meet him as he entered.

"I must see you alone a few minutes, Mr. Vernon," Armstrong said, as he shook the banker by the hand, and it was plain to be seen by the paleness of his brow, and slight tremor of his voice, that he had something of importance to communicate.

"What has happened?" the banker asked, as he led the way back to his private office.

"I have received," Stephen said, as he seated himself beside Vernon; "a most strange letter from poor Percy."

It was well for the banker that the young man did not look up as he spoke, for if he had, he could scarcely have failed to remark with astonishment the strange, self-satisfied smile with which he received the news. The smile vanished instantly, however, and in a voice trembling with emotion, Mr. Vernon said,

"In God's name, what mean you, is he alive then?"

Armstrong, without a word, took from his pocket, a letter, and handed it to the banker.

The epistle was post-marked, "Halifax, N. S.," and ran as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND STEPHEN,

"What will you think of me when you learn from this letter that I have left the United States forever. Such, my dear friend, is the case; but hear before you condemn me. You know how ardently, how devotedly I loved, (yes and do love,) Mary Vernon—poor girl, may God bring her comfort, and cause her to forget me. You know also, that she was about to become my wife; oh, heavens! how my hand trembles as I write the word;—but yesterday I learned, no matter how, the fearful secret of my birth. Stephen, I am the child of guilt and shame, a nameless, homeless, hopeless wanderer. Could I link her pure life-stream to my polluted blood? No, no, God knows I love her too well for that. See her for me, my only friend, break the awful truth to her, tell her she will never, never see me more; I would write to her, but dare not, nor can I write to you more now, but some other time perhaps, when the tumult now raging within my brain shall have sunk down into the dull pain of hopeless despair, you shall once more hear from me. Good bye, dear Stephen, and may God bless you."

"ARTHUR PERCY."

"This is indeed most strange," Vernon said, as he finished the epistle; "why did he act thus rashly? why did he not unburden his heart to me? When I accepted him as my son, I asked no question of his parentage; I only asked if he would always love my child; could he think I would cast him off for his parents' crime?" The banker pressed his delicate embroidered handkerchief to his eyes a moment, and then went on to say quite hysterically, "Poor Mary, I scarcely dare tell her this, and yet it must be done."

"It was to ask you to break this to her that I came here," Stephen said, in a low, broken voice; for even his strong nature was sinking under the trial; "and if you will undertake it I will go away now and come to-morrow to speak further of this—I confess that I am unable to talk now." So he took his leave, and as he went out through the office, even the clerks noticed how much whiter his cheek had become, and how his footstep faltered.

That afternoon Mr. Vernon left his office very early, and dismissing his cabriolet that was waiting for him, sprang into an omnibus which he left at Spring street, and then hurried on to Lucretia's abode.

He entered, and, as usual, passed on unannounced to her room. She was sitting in a large easy chair, and the banker could not help starting as he first saw her; she had become so emaciated, her eyes were sunken and her cheek hollow, but her beauty appeared to increase rather than diminish.

"How is my only love?" he asked, in a very soft tone, as he seated himself close beside her and took her hand in his. She answered him never a word, only drew her hand away shuddering and turned upon him those eyes of hers, till he cowered and shrank away from their fire. "I came to tell you," he continued, in the same mild tone, "that I have heard from Arthur."

Then she started and uttered a low cry, but recovering herself with a great effort, she said,

"Does his pure spirit haunt the murderer?"

"Lucretia, will you never have done with

this foolishness; read this and be convinced," and he placed Arthur's letter in her hand. "Believe me, dearest, that my only crime was in obeying your wishes. You said he must not wed my daughter; there was but one way to prevent it. I caused him to be informed of his illegitimate birth, without, however, letting him know who were his parents, and that letter tells the rest—explains all the mystery—read it, I beseech you."

She turned her eyes upon him again with a searching look, and then opening the letter read it carefully through.

"Are you satisfied now?" Vernon asked as she refolded it.

"Yes, I am satisfied." She rose to her feet as she spoke and bent over him as though to rain her words like drops of fire down upon his head.

"I am satisfied that not content with lying, seduction, robbery and murder, you have now added forgery to your list of crimes." She was seized with a fit of coughing (which every violent excitement produced now) and sank back in her chair again.

How he wished that it would strangle her, or that he could once twine his hands round that white throat: he curbed his rage though, and still spoke mildly.

"You are losing your reason, Lucretia," he said as he took the letter again; "this was written to his dearest friend Stephen Armstrong, who never dreamed of questioning its authenticity."

"Your crimes are never done bunglingly," she answered with a withering sneer; "you are an adept. It is easy for you to impose upon an honest mind, but I am not honest; I too am versed in iniquity—I read your shuffling heart through and through—I see the brand upon your brow, and the blood upon your hands."

It was strange how he always unconsciously started and endeavored to hide his hands when she spoke of blood being upon them. It was very strange, for they were always white as snow—white and laced through with delicate, blue veins.

"But go, leave me," she continued. "I have told you that the sight of you was hateful to me."

"But will you not listen to me?"

"Not now, not now. I will listen to you and you will listen to me, but the time is not yet; leave me, leave me." Mechanically he rose to go, the fit of rage and hate was flowing at his heart, but he did not dare to show it, for he felt that the pale, emaciated, dying woman before him was his fate.

He left the room and stopped to listen to that hacking cough again. "If she would but die," he muttered; "die, die," he repeated as he moved on. "What did I say? die! no, no, God forbid! when she dies my race is also run."

CHAPTER X.—THE LIFE POLICY.

A ROOM in the banker's mansion, lighted only by the flickering of the fire and the dim gleam of a midnight lamp.

Over the windows the thick, rich curtains were drawn in massive folds, excluding every breath of air, and on the frescoed ceiling the fire-light danced in fantastic shapes, now illuminating for a moment the face of a laughing Cupid, and now playing around a garland of flowers, or floating like sunny clouds over the pale, blue sky.

On a bed opposite the chimney-piece, reclined the form of a young girl; the bed curtains were drawn apart, and she was watching the shadows as they moved along.

She was very white, almost as white as the snowy counterpane that covered her, and her small, thin hands accidentally crossed over her breast gave her a corpse-like appearance, absolutely startling.

You would have required to look very closely before you would have recognized in that careworn countenance the once happy brow of Mary Vernon.

In a large arm-chair by the bedside, a woman of about forty was seated. She had been Mary Vernon's nurse when she was an infant, and had ever exhibited for her foster-child an interest almost amounting to maternal love, which affection had gained probably a new earnestness from the fact of her having lost her own daughter (almost the same age as Mary Vernon) while nursing the latter.

There she sat, or rather reclined, on the comfortable arm-chair, dozing quietly, but so

lightly that the slightest sound would have awakened her.

To have seen her there in her white gown, and her still dark hair parted over her rather high white brow, and smoothed back so nicely under the folds of her widow's cap, you would scarcely have taken her for a sick nurse, but rather for some fond relative watching by the couch of a loved one.

Mary knew that the gentlest motion would prove sufficient to awaken her dear nurse, so she remained in the position in which I have described her, watching the shadows chase each other over the wall, so long a time, that without actually falling asleep, her mind wandered into one of those half-waking dreams we all of us have at times (but especially during sickness) experienced.

The clouds among which the Cupids on the ceiling floated, appeared gradually to expand and keep on expanding, until they covered everything far and near; nothing could she see but clouds—not dark, dull ones, however, but tinged with golden, with roseate, and with purple hues.

She watched their motion a long time, and at length they parted, and she saw perfectly, distinctly, the form and features of her lost lover, Arthur Percy. She would have stretched forth her arms to him, only a strange spell seemed to have bound them, and she could neither move nor speak. All other senses appeared absorbed in those of sight and hearing.

The vision, supported by the clouds, drew nearer and nearer, until it stood close by the bedside, and then it spoke thus to her. "They will tell you I have left you willingly, they will show my handwriting to prove it, but believe it not, believe it not, we will meet again." Then the clouds closed over him again, and gradually diminished to their usual size, and took their place among the Cupids on the ceiling.

Mary started convulsively; the nurse was bathing her brow with cologne, and she was trembling fearfully in every limb.

Another apartment in the same house, and one into which I have before introduced you—the banker's study.

At the self same time, in which his daughter dreamed the strange dream I have just recorded, Robert Vernon was pacing alone up and down his room, and ever and anon he would pause before the light, to read and re-read a paper he clutched in his hands.

As he read, his hands trembled and his lips quivered, for the paper is the policy of an insurance for twenty thousand dollars, that he had made on his daughter's life only some few weeks since.

"Twenty thousand dollars," he muttered; "twenty thousand dollars!" and the physician says that to-morrow will decide whether she shall live or die."

Again he paced the room rapidly, as though endeavoring to escape from some demon that was pursuing him; but at length he threw himself down upon a chair, apparently utterly exhausted by the struggle that had been raging in his breast.

"Why should she live—she expects death, talks of death, and when she shall have read this letter, will pray for death." As he spoke, he took from his pocket the epistle he had that morning obtained from Stephen Armstrong: "Why not then make death a certainty." He shuddered as he just whispered the last words, and once more took up the policy, and scanned its contents.

He remained seated some moments, and when he arose, the cold damp dew streamed down his face. Crossing the room, he opened a small cabinet, and took from one of its secret recesses a paper, which on being opened, contained a very fine white powder.

"Who would ever dream," he murmured, as he contemplated it, "that this tasteless, scentless drug was one of death's surest ministers, and that it leaves no trace of its fell work behind. Why do I pause then; should I now flatter at any crime. No no! I have sold myself already body and soul to perdition, and I'll have my pay to the last dollar I can wring out of this money-loving world."

So saying, he took the slippers off his feet, crossed the room and the corridor stealthily and noiselessly, and never paused until he reached the door of Mary's room.

Then he stopped and listened; not a breath, not a sound came from within, save a deep, calm breathing.

His hand was upon the latch, and once more he listened; still all was quiet as death.

Vernon cautiously turned the handle, and pressing gently against the door, it swung back noiselessly. He looked carefully around, and at a glance took in every object in the room, then moved with a step that returned no echo, and would scarcely have jarred a rose-leaf, towards the bed.

The nurse was reclining in her easy chair, fast asleep; though the flickering fire-light, as it played over her features, startled his guilty mind at first into the momentary belief that she was waking—and Mary's eyes also were closed in what seemed a refreshing slumber.

The banker reached the small table that stood by the bedside, and on which was placed a goblet of some cooling drink for the use of the invalid during the long hours of the night. He undid the paper that contained the fatal drug, and as he did so, the only sound he heard was his own heart beating; he pressed his right hand over it heavily for an instant, as though by that motion he could still its tumult, and as he did so, the old notion that there was blood upon that hand rushed over him. Unconsciously he uttered a groan; it was so low as to be almost inaudible, but in the palpable silence that reigned around it sounded to him like thunder. Fearful of the consequences, he withdrew very quickly behind the bed-curtains, but the sleepers remaining undisturbed, he once more emerged from his concealment, and stood with the powder in his hand beside the table.

He reached over, the paper rested on the rim of the goblet into which he was about to plunge its deadly contents, when, raising his eyes, he found those of his daughter wide open and gazing intently upon him.

CHAPTER XI.—THE SPECTRE

On finding his presence thus discovered by his daughter, Vernon's first impulse was to retire hastily, but dismissing such an idea ere it was well formed, he quietly withdrew his hand from the goblet, but not until a small portion of the deadly drug had fallen from the paper and become incorporated with the contents of the glass.

"Did you not call, Mary?" the banker then asked; "I was lying between sleeping and waking, when, on a sudden I started, and thought I heard you call, so I came noiselessly in to see."

"No, father, I have been sleeping; sleeping and dreaming, oh, such happy dreams," she answered.

"You are better then?" he said.

"Better in mind, at all events!" she replied, smiling; "but see, we have wakened poor Mrs. Malvern."

"Hoity, toity; what's the meaning of all this?" the nurse asked, rubbing her eyes, as though to assure herself that she was awake. "Goodness, gracious! Mr. Vernon, has anything terrible happened to bring you here?"

"Nothing! nothing, good Mrs. Malvern, only I imagined, or rather dreamed, that I heard Mary call," said the banker; "but instead of bringing her any relief, I only awakened her from a sound sleep."

"It was very kind in you, dear father, to think of me," Mary murmured sweetly. "Do not regret awakening me, for I shall go to sleep again at once;" so saying she stretched forth her hand and raised the goblet into which a small portion of the poison had fallen.

Vernon stood stock still and watched her; he saw her place it to her lips—he saw her drink full half its contents, and his iron heart never throbbed one pulsation faster; he only muttered as he left the room, "It is not enough, it is not enough; however, there is time yet."

After the banker had quitted the apartment, Mrs. Malvern gently soothed her fair charge to sleep again, and then drawing her chair still closer to the bedside, watched over her with a look of such deep and earnest love, that her own child (if she had one) might have envied it; she smoothed the brown hair too so lovingly over that pale brow, and then softly, very softly kissed the half parted lips.

Where was the invalid's mother all this time, that she suffered the most sacred duties of a parent thus to be performed by strangers' hands? Why was she absent from the sick bed of her only child? Pshaw! I had forgotten that she was too delicate to watch the night out, save where gas-lights flamed and flowers were

strewn, where crowds supported her and music charmed; how could she waste her time with the dying.

Meantime, Robert Vernon on leaving his daughter's room passed on to his study: the grey light of morning had commenced to dawn, and somehow as he moved along, a strange, mysterious influence seemed to overcome him; the crime of his life pressed around, and it was so still that he could hear his heart beat: there was a denseness in the air too, that caused him actually to gasp for breath.

He endeavored to shake off this unaccountable sensation, to arouse himself, so hurried on quicker; his hand was on the handle of his study door; why did he pause and listen? not a sound came from its quiet precincts. Vernon opened the door and entered.

Moonlight and daylight were struggling together, and shed their combined rays into the room: he advanced a step or two, and then suddenly stopped as though rooted to the spot; every nerve was embraced, cold dews stood out bead-like upon his forehead, his knees sank under him and he fell back into a chair; but his eyes had continued rivetted upon the case-ment, through which the moonlight and daylight entered. There, *half hidden by the folds of the heavy curtains, stood a tall figure robed in white, its face turned towards the moon, and with its hands drawing back the folds of its robe from the breast, as though to bare it to the moonbeams.*

But the moonlight grew feebler; daylight was triumphing in the struggle.

The figure shuddered, and then, slowly turning, moved out into the room—out into the room towards the banker; but the light falling upon its back, he could not see the face, but he heard distinctly a low, blood-curdling laugh.

Onwards it came, onwards, until it stood close beside him: he could neither move nor speak! They remained a moment thus, and then the spectre turned its head so that the light rested on it. "Lucretia!" cried the banker, starting up.

"Even so," she answered.

The moonlight had died out completely now, and red streaks commenced to show themselves in the horizon.

"How came you here, and what means this mummery," Vernon asked, rage and anger taking the place of terror.

"I came, dear Robert, to tell you how I had wronged you. I obtained admittance with this key which you left on my table," Lucretia answered; and then she laughed again.

"She has lost her mind," Vernon muttered.

Lucretia heard him, and a strange self-satisfied smile flitted over her face.

"I have been talking with my son, Robert."

Vernon started now, and listened with his whole soul.

"He has been so happy since he left; he is in the moon now," she continued, talking very wildly. An expression of intense relief passed over Vernon's countenance as he listened; and again muttering to himself, "Mad, mad, raving mad," he endeavored to draw her to a seat.

"No no, I must go now," she said, escaping from him: "I only came to tell you how sorry I was that I should have accused you of murdering my boy, when he is so very, very happy; but I must go now and sleep all day, so that I can sit up all night and talk to him, dear Arthur."

She drew her scarf over her head and prepared to leave.

Vernon went with her to the door, and noticed, with a feeling of grim pleasure, how vacant and meaningless her smile was.

"An idiot, an idiot," he muttered, as he retraced his steps; "she can trouble me no more."

As for Lucretia, she hastened on a few steps, then turned a corner, and sprang into a carriage that was waiting for her; there was nothing vacant in her smile now as she folded her shawl around her: no, it was full of deep, strange meaning. The carriage drove off; and though the driver was well muffled up, he bore a strong resemblance to Mr. Renshaw.

CHAPTER XII.—THE DUNGEON.

I MUST return to Arthur Percy, who, the reader will remember, was left in rather a disagreeable situation.

When he recovered consciousness, he found he was lying on a bed of some description, but that the apartment that contained it was in complete darkness. He arose and groped his way about in hopes of finding some door or other means

of egress, but nothing of the kind could he discover. Then he felt his pockets; his portemonnaie was still there unemptied, as also was his watch. More and more puzzled to know the meaning of this mystery, he called aloud, but the only answer was the echo of his own voice, which died away and made the silence apparently more intense than ever; so, with his mind all unbinged by the combined effects of the chloroform and excitement, he tottered back to the bed and threw himself on it, determined to wait with all the patience he could summon for the denouement of this strange adventure.

He had not remained quiet many moments before he heard a low pattering sound, seemingly some distance off; he started up and listened: it increased, and kept on increasing, drawing nearer and nearer all the time.

He listened intently, and strained his eyes out into the darkness; presently he could see the gleam of other eyes in return, myriads of them it appeared to his overwrought imagination; he was completely surrounded by rats that scampered around like mad, tearing the bed-clothes with their sharp teeth, and chasing each other over Arthur's very body as he lay there.

Springing up in unutterable loathing and disgust, he uttered a loud cry, and the vermin, alarmed by the unusual sound, dispersed almost instantaneously, only to reappear, however, when all again was silent.

Hour after hour passed, the silence only broken by the rats, and the darkness unrelieved by a ray of light, when suddenly the fearful thought flashed upon young Percy, that he was to be left there to die of starvation. A shudder passed through his frame, and despair had commenced to throw its icy cloak around him, when his quick ear caught the sound of footsteps from without, and almost at the same instant a door in the side of the apartment opposite him was pushed partly open, and a table containing a lamp and food pushed in, but before he could reach the place the aperture was closed again.

Seizing the lamp, he looked eagerly for the door, but no door was visible; all around the damp, low, cellar (for such it appeared to be) he wandered, but no opening of any kind could he discover, save one very narrow grating nearly up to the ceiling, which, when he had reached by climbing upon the table, he found merely looked into some other den as dark and cheerless as his own.

Arthur turned to the food now—for it must have been full twelve hours since he had tasted anything—and found that he had been bountifully supplied with provisions well cooked, and likewise with a small decanter of brandy and a pitcher of water; so seating himself on his bed, he drew the table before him and ate quite heartily, determined to watch carefully until he was again supplied with provisions, (as he doubted not he should be,) and then make a desperate attempt to force his way out from his dungeon.

A dungeon it in reality was, for the damp mould that clung to the stone walls showed that it must be underground, while, as I have said before, air was admitted through one narrow gloomy grating.

Having finished his repast, he once more threw himself back on the bed to ponder over his unhappy fate, when once more from every crack and crevice the loathsome rats came forth. The lamp was burning, so he did not fear them now, but watched them as by hundreds they assailed the table, and soon cleared it thoroughly of every vestige of food that he had left.

There was a small loaf of bread upon the table which Arthur had scarcely touched, for it was stale; but the rats, less dainty, fell upon it voraciously, and just as they had almost entirely devoured it, the young man perceived a small piece of white paper which had evidently been concealed in the loaf. With a thrill of joy he jumped up to seize it, but the rats, scared at the motion, started pell-mell for their cells, and one of them with the precious paper in his jaws. Quick as thought Arthur seized the decanter and almost without an aim threw it with all his force after the vermin. This time fortune favored him; his missile struck and killed the rascal, and actually trembling with excitement he grasped the paper; opening it he found written within, in almost illegible chirography, these words:

"Keep a good heart, that is, don't be sketched; you're in the crib, but there's a way out of it if you'll only follow my directions: them is to keep quiet; don't make no attempts to git out, they'd only end in your being jerked; just pretend to

be sort o' stupid and all 'll be right; always be careful to examine the bread afore you eat it; no more at present from a friend."

Arthur read and re-read these words, and then determined that, come what might, he could do no better than to follow the advice they contained and await the result, trusting to Heaven for strength to bear manfully whatever fate had in store for him.

It was well for him that he did arrive at this conclusion, for in watching very carefully he observed that the individual who brought his food and shoved it so unceremoniously into the cell, always held between his teeth a glittering dirk and the stock of a pistol was protruding from his coat, so that unarmed as he was his death would have been almost certain.

Every day Arthur continued to receive in his loaf of bread communications from his unknown friend, sometimes full of hope, at others rather despondent in their tone; and this was the only variety his monotonous life knew as day after day rolled on.

One night, after he had been thus confined for a long period, he awoke very suddenly, and looking around, thought that he perceived a faint glimmer of light stream through the grating of his dungeon. He arose, and very quietly mounted upon the table and peeped through.

He found now, for the first time, that the adjoining cell was very similar to his own, and that at the present moment it was occupied by two men, who had just placed a dimly-burning lantern on the table, and were dragging a huge sack along towards the centre of the vault.

Arthur watched and listened eagerly.

"Well, we've got the cove at last, but a pretty piece of work it's been," said one of the men as they threw down the sack, and he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"I always hated the body-snatching," said the other. "It 'll be no good to us in the end."

"Renshaw," said the first speaker, in a tone of disguise and contempt, "hang me if you aint getting to be a reglar potter cove; but shut up your whines, or I'll send you up to the doc's next time."

So saying, Mr. Hounslow (for it was no less a personage) took the light in one hand, and with the other unfastened and opened the sack, exposing to view the dead body of a man.

How fearful it looked to Arthur as he gazed on it through his grating.

There it lay still wrapped in the winding-sheet, the white countenance just visible by the dimly-burning lamp, and the two ruffians standing over it.

"Open the vault," Hounslow said, when he had done contemplating the body; "we can't carry the subject to the college till glim time to-morrow; and if we leave it here, the rats will eat it, and we lose our shiners." Without a word Renshaw took hold of a ring which stood out in the floor near by, and exerting all his strength, at last succeeded in raising a heavy iron trap door.

Between them, then, they raised the body, and deposited it in this receptacle, and after closing it firmly, hurried away; but Arthur distinctly heard Hounslow say to his companions as they disappeared, "The next time they want a subject, I mean to crash the cull in the dungeon yonder: he'll make fine meat for the doctor's carving knife."

Arthur fell back upon his bed, a cold sweat oozing from every pore.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE PRISONER OVERHEARS A SECRET.

ONCE more we turn to Wall street, and once more find ourselves in the private office of Mr. Robert Vernon.

The banker is pacing up and down, up and down, as he always does when unusually agitated; and it would only require one glance at his quivering lip and flashing eye to feel assured that he was in that condition at the time I speak of.

"I never thought of that, I never thought of that," he kept muttering to himself. "It must be stopped; but how, how, how!"

Before proceeding, I may as well state that the banker had just returned from a meeting of the directors of the — Railroad Company, of which he was president, and had availed himself of his position to utter an enormous amount of false stock, as I have already informed the reader; and at that meeting a word had been made use

of that, each time of its recurrence, sent an icy chill through the banker's whole frame; a word, too, that generally produces a sensation decidedly agreeable, for it was no less a word than "Dividend."

And that was what Mr. Vernon had never thought of, a dividend declared; and how could the false certificates that everywhere flooded the market longer remain undiscovered.

He stood upon a precipice more fearful than any that hitherto had yawned before him.

So he kept on pacing his office to and fro, wringing his hands and beating his brow in agony, and ever and anon muttering, "It must be stopped—it must and shall: but how, how how!"

And to that question the mind within returned no answer: the company had prospered beyond expectation—their books showed a rapidly accumulating profit—a dividend was inevitable.

Suddenly Vernon paused in his walk, and pressed both hands wildly over his throbbing temples.

His eyes glared and flashed like a fiend's, and his bloodless lips quivered.

"I have it, I have it," he exclaimed, and in an instant the outlines of a crime that would have done credit to the Prince of Darkness formed itself in his brain.

He threw himself in a chair, now actually gasping for breath, and remained for a long while with his eyes closed, his hands tightly compressed, buried in deep thought.

At length he rose and muttering, "It is the only chance, the one single avenue of escape; why then should I hesitate—away with doubt, there is only time for action."

He took his hat and went out into the street once more, and returned with his usual smile the numerous salutations that greeted him.

Late on the night of the day of which I have been speaking Arthur Percy was again startled by the sound of voices in the chamber next him: he had been dozing, and at first imagined that he was still asleep; but rubbing his eyes, and raising himself on his elbow, he soon discovered that it was no dream, for he heard quite distinctly the words.

"Here, my Prince, you will be safe; to be sure there's that youngster I'm keeping subject to your order next door to us, but he's fast asleep; and if he was'n't, he could'n't hear a sound, for he's got sort of stupid since he's been here, and don't appear to understand anything."

Percy rose now very noiselessly, and once again mounted upon the table to see what was going on.

What was his consternation and surprise to see seated on a rude bench, beside the ruffian who had previously deposited the dead body in the same apartment, the father of his betrothed, Robert Vernon.

He could with difficulty restrain an exclamation of horror; but governing himself he looked and listened.

"Well, as I told you," Vernon said—as though resuming a conversation that had been interrupted—"that is the only thing can save me; a dividend declared, the false issue is at once discovered, I am ruined, and you lose a customer that will make you worth a hundred thousand dollars yet."

"I don't object to undertake it, my Prince," Hounslow answered, scratching his head as he spoke, "only curse me if I can hit upon any way of accomplishing it!"

"Nothing is easier," Vernon said, speaking now so very low that Percy had to strain every nerve to catch the words. "You know the drawbridge at —; it is scarcely ten miles from the city; if the night express train could manage to plunge into that, I think the company would have to pay such damages as would prevent a dividend for one year. He spoke now as deliberately as though talking of some quite legitimate stock operation.

"Yes, provided it were done through the negligence of some one of their employees," replied Hounslow.

"Would it be a very difficult matter to change a signal on a dark night," suggested the banker. "And how could the man ever know that he raised the right one, especially if he could be made a little intoxicated at the time. I tell you it must be done; and if you carry it through successfully, you may draw on me for ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand dollars for sending at least a score of persons to the d—l; no, no, I don't sell

my conscience as cheap as that my king of swells," said Hounslow with a hoarse laugh; "make it twenty thousand and I'm your man."

"Well, well, be it so," Vernon said aloud; but he thought "ten or twenty, it matters not, for you'll never live to claim it."

Just at this moment the wretches were startled by a half suppressed cry.

Arthur Percy's horror for a moment got the better of his reason: "Villains," he was about to exclaim, but fortunately he recollected himself in time to choke down the half uttered word.

"What sound was that?" the banker asked, springing up and placing his hand on his pistol.

"Nothing, nothing, only the boy in the next room, dreaming;" Hounslow answered.

"Are you quite sure he could not overhear us?"

"Quite; and if he could it matters not, he'll never go out of that cell alive."

Vernon, despite this assurance, would talk no more however, but bade Hounslow come to him the next day; in the meantime he would arrange every particular.

So they left, and the rats, great and small, rushed out and held high jubilee.

As for Arthur Percy, his mind was so fraught with the hideous secret he had overheard, that for some moments it seemed as though his reason must fail him.

To lie there and know that a dire conspiracy was on foot, by which hundreds of unsuspecting human beings would be hurled at once to destruction, and to see no possibility of averting it—no escape but death from the prison that held him—and to know that all this was the project of the father of his beloved Mary, a man he had loved and respected—was enough to dethrone reason and place the demon madness in its vacated seat.

It took, then, the utmost effort of his mind to restore him to any degree of calmness, and he inwardly resolved that when food was next brought him, live or die, he would make some attempt at escape.

But nature was utterly exhausted, and ere long he fell into a deep lethargic slumber, and when he awoke, he perceived that two lamps, one lighted and one unlighted, together with a double supply of food, had been placed in his dungeon.

And if he had required any further proof that these provisions were intended for two days, it was furnished in the fact of their being placed in an iron box to keep them from the destroying rats.

He broke open each loaf of bread at once: only one of them contained a missive and that ran thus:

"All right, keep a bright eye."

More and more puzzled, he had nothing to do but to wait, wait, wait.

CHAPTER XIV.—A FEARFUL MOMENT.

ON the evening of the day on which Arthur Percy received the luminous missive mentioned in the last chapter, Mr. Renshaw might have been seen hastily making his way towards Lucretia Salviani's abode in Spring street. When he reached his destination, instead of mounting the stoop and ringing the bell, he walked quite cautiously along the side of the house, and having gained a certain spot, he stopped and whistled very shrilly; almost immediately he was answered by a tapping against the glass of a window, then he passed to the rear of the building, and finding the door open, entered and walked up stairs.

Lucretia stood ready to receive him, and motioning him to follow her, she passed into her private apartment.

"What news to-night," she asked impatiently when they were both seated.

"Great news, great news," Renshaw answered. "To-night, if your courage is equal to it, the youngster is free."

She looked at him with a fixed, steadfast eye and said, "I have courage to go through anything, do not doubt me."

"But remember," he continued, "I must have money sufficient to take me far away from this land; I must put the sea between me and my pals, or they would cut me limb from limb for betraying them; but let me once be free from their vengeance, and I will strive to earn an honest living, and thus obtain forgiveness for the past."

Lucretia rose from her seat, and going to her

desk, took from it a leather bag, which she brought to the table, and there emptied it of its golden contents, which she kept on counting until she had numbered five hundred dollars; then from another packet she drew forth two papers, one of them was a certificate for a passage in a vessel that was to sail next day for Australia, and the other a draft for five hundred dollars on a leading banking house in that far-off land.

All these she displayed to her companion, saying at the same time, "You see I have provided everything; the moment my son is free, all these are yours."

"Then they will be mine before morning," Renshaw said, joy lighting up his rough countenance. "Hounslow has gone off on some expedition for that devil incarnate Vernon, so that the coast is as clear as it will ever be."

"While I am preparing then, do you copy this letter which you must leave in Arthur's cell," Lucretia said, and placing a short epistle before him, she left the room. Renshaw read it carefully over, and then murmuring "good, good," he drew the paper and ink towards him and copied it word for word in his own rather illegible handwriting, and just as he got through, Lucretia returned completely disguised in male attire.

Renshaw looked up and started back, then he laughed aloud. "Well, I declare, if you didn't scare the life half out of me at first; I never should have known you elsewhere."

She did not say anything, but only took the letter he had written and looked over it; thus it ran:

"When you get this, Dick Hounslow, me and your prisoner will be far away from here on the way to California. I wasn't goin' to leave him here to be made doctor's meat of; so you see we're off. Good bye forever, old pal."

"TOM RENSRAW."

"That is well," she said, as she folded and placed it in an envelope. "They will not attempt to follow you; for if they think that Arthur is really out of the way, it will be all they care about. Me they will never suspect, for I have fully convinced Vernon that I am an idiot; he looks upon me with contempt and pity. Oh, how sure will my vengeance be!" Her lofty brow was furrowed deeply, and her lips compressed and firm.

"Are you ready now?" Renshaw asked.

"Quite ready."

"Armed?"

She showed him the handle of a dirk.

"That is well; no pistols—they are too noisy."

They left the house, and taking a coach at the stand of the St. Nicholas, sprang into it and were driven over towards the eastern part of the city, where they dismounted in a dark and narrow street. Renshaw paid the man and dismissed him; then they proceeded for a considerable distance on foot; at length they reached the entrance to an alley-way still more dreary and dismal looking than the street they had approached it through.

Here Renshaw passed, and taking his companion by the arm, said, "Now, in God's name, if you have one single throb of fear let us go no further, for it would only destroy all three."

"Feel my pulse," she answered in a low, firm voice; "is it unsteady?"

"Regular as a clock;" his voice betokened intense admiration.

"And my heart beats just as calmly; so move on."

"Pull your cap well over your face, and keep your hands out of sight," Renshaw whispered as they turned into the dark alley.

A moment or two brought them to a door which Renshaw opened with a pass-key, and closing it behind them, they stood in perfect darkness.

"Give me your hand, and remember all I have told you," he said, almost in a whisper.

She placed her hand in his, and then he moved on quite quickly, and commenced singing snatches of a wild flash song.

Almost before Lucretia was aware of what he was about, he had dashed open another door, and she found herself in what appeared to be a low tap-room.

It was a dingy apartment, probably some twenty feet square, hung round with indecent prints, thickly interspersed with the play-bills of cheap theatres. At one side was placed a bar, behind which, dealing out the adulterated liquors, stood a tall bony woman, dressed in filthy finery,

and evidently, from the singular motion of her head, considerably under the influence of gin; in fact, that was a beverage she had never been known to exchange for any other for an indefinite period of time.

Lying on the long benches about the room, were some half-dozen scamed and bloated-looking wretches, all of whom looked up suspiciously as the new comers entered.

"What cove have you got now, my kiddy?" asked the harriidan behind the bar, leering with her small wicked grey eyes at Lucretia.

"It's the young ruffler for the Cap.; so hold your tongue, Mother Devil, and tip us a taste of the lush!" was the amiable reply of Mr. Renshaw.

"Oh! he's a pal for Captain Hounslow, is he? then he can lush in this crib till the hemp's grown that's to hang him if he pleases." And Mother Devil (as she was affectionately called by her customers) filled a glass nearly half-full of gin and handed it to Lucretia.

"Do you think the lad's got as long a draught as yourself?" said Renshaw, seizing the glass and throwing more than half the liquor on the floor. "You once muddle his top-knot, and the Cap. will close your blinkers up for you."

At this sally, the hag rather winced, and then looked with an expression of profound pity at the wretched youth, who was only allowed to imbibe a limited quantity of gin.

"What would become of me," she muttered to herself, "supposin' I was put on an allowance?"

"Come," cried Renshaw, inviting the rest of the guests to step up. "Come, I've got a shiner or two; we may as well take the edge off 'em."

With sundry oaths, they each lounged up to the bar, and then after swallowing the liquid poison and casting a sinister glance upon Lucretia, lounged back to their benches again.

"Now, come along youngster, till I show you your snoozing crib, and out of it you don't go again, till Captain Hounslow comes home;" and so saying, Renshaw led the way across the room and disappeared, followed by Lucretia, through a door directly opposite to the one they entered at.

Through several more dark passages they groped their way, and at length began to descend a flight of stone steps.

"Try and remember all the turns in the passage," Renshaw whispered, "for we shall come back this way."

"Yes, yes," Lucretia answered: "I have noted them."

They reached the foot of the stairway, and pushing open a door, entered a damp vault in which a lamp was burning.

"He is in the next cell," Renshaw said, as he closed the door behind him.

"I see no entrance to it."

"But you will, by and bye; now you must remain here in perfect silence until I return. I will lock the door behind me so that no one can find you;" and before she had time to stay him he was gone. Then, for the first time, the thought flashed upon her that perhaps she had been entrapped thus to her destruction; but on reverting to the incidents that had marked her intercourse with Renshaw, she dismissed such fears, but at the same unsheathed her dagger, determined to sell her life dearly should her worst apprehensions be realized.

For a long time she waited, for hours it seemed to her; but finally a key grated in the lock, the door once more swung noiselessly open, and Renshaw reappeared.

"The hour has come," he said, "every one is asleep, we have not a moment to lose."

Lucretia sprang up, "I am all ready," she said, "ready and eager." Renshaw who had previously crossed the vault, pressed a spring that was hidden by a projecting stone, and immediately a portion of the wall moved round, and together they stepped into the cell.

At the first sound, Arthur had sprung upon his feet, and thinking that his last hour had come prepared to sell life dearly.

"Wretches," he cried.

"Hist, we are friends; not a sound, or all is lost," whispered Renshaw.

"We have brought you freedom," Lucretia murmured, trembling for the first time, when she saw her son alive before her; but recollecting herself she subdued her feeling by a powerful effort.

"What is the meaning of all this," Arthur asked wonderingly.

"No matter now, you will know all hereafter, only follow noiselessly."

"Yes, yes, let us hasten and I may yet prevent a fearful crime," Percy said, as like a flash of lightning the conversation he had overheard rushed upon his mind. "Quick, quick." Without pausing to ask what he alluded to Renshaw merely said, "Don't let your steps return a sound."

They turned to leave the vault, and just as they did so, the stone door began to close.

Quick as thought Renshaw sprang forward, and he was just in time; placing his foot in the opening, he shoved the door back again, and full before him, covered with blood and pale as a ghost, stood Hounslow.

It was a fearful moment.

(To be continued.)

A Tale of Tweeddale.

AMIDST the hills of that district of Scotland called Tweeddale, there are many lonely valleys, which seem remote from all human ken—little separate regions, where you may loiter for a summer's day without seeing a living thing, save a few straggling sheep, who lift up their heads in seeming wonder as you pass. Or there may rise from your foot a startled hare, or a covey of moorfowl, unused to such intrusions; where no sound reaches your ear excepting the song of the sky-lark, the bleat of the sheep, the hum of the wild bee, and the low murmuring of a burn, stealing along its quiet way to pay its tribute to the Tweed. It was to one of those sequestered spots, being a stranger in the country, that I was one day led by an old man, who undertook to be my guide to the best streams for trout-fishing. But though now deserted by man, as I have described this valley, there had been a time when it was inhabited, as appeared from a rootless and ruined hut, over the walls of which the ivy and the wild-flower had apparently crept for years. I observed to my guide what a lonely dwelling it must have been. "It was so," said the old man; "but love and youth can make any place a paradise; and happiness once dwelt there, though it did not continue; and though the fate of its hapless inhabitants made a great noise in the country at the time, it is now in a measure forgotten, for it is more than fifteen years since a fire was kindled in that lone house." Perceiving by this that something remarkable had happened to the last occupants of the desolated hut, and being tired with ascending and descending the neighboring hills, I sat down, and requested the old man, who was the schoolmaster of a village where I had for some days taken up my abode, to gratify my curiosity by repeating to me the story to which he had alluded. The place where I had chosen my seat was a little grassy bank, near the brink of the rivulet, and about forty yards below the site of the little ruin, which stood on the side of a hill; and the old man, having placed himself beside me, began his narration.

"My occupation as a teacher gives me, of course, an opportunity of observing with accuracy the dispositions of the youth I instruct; and I have never met with a girl of more ardent affections, or of better temper, or who possessed more amiable qualities, than Helen Symington. She was the daughter of an honest and respectable weaver in our village, of which, as she grew up to womanhood, she was the pride. When scarce twenty years old, she married William Brydon, a sensible, well-disposed young man, who was principal shepherd to the owner of this property, and came here with him to live in that cottage which is now a ruin, but which was then, by the unwearied industry of Helen, a neat and comfortable habitation; and never, in those early days of her marriage, did lark carol more blithely to the sun, than did she while employed in her household occupations, or, as, passing over the heather with a light step, she carried some refreshment to her William, when detained with his flock in some more distant sheep-walk. Even when left by herself in this wild solitude, she felt no loneliness, for all was peace and joy within and without. William loved her entirely, and her alone; and she knew it, and in that knowledge all her earthly wishes were complete. Yet was this feeling of felicity still increased, when, before the year had completed its circle, she sat, in a summer evening, on yonder little turf seat at the door, with her infant in her arms, watching her husband descending the opposite hill, and drawing nearer and nearer till at length her baby shared with her in his caresses. The second winter of their abode here was unusually severe, but

it was William's care to guard his wife and his child from its inclemency, by many little ingenious contrivances to render their cottage more impervious to the cold; while Helen looked forward each day with longing solicitude to the evening hour which restored him to a participation of its comforts, and seated him by its cheerful hearth. And thus the winter had nearly passed away, and they began to anticipate the varied joys of spring, when the birds would again sing around their cot, and all nature, awakened from its wintry sleep, would start anew into life and joy. The month of February arrived, and the weather seemed so settled and serene, that, for two successive Sabbaths, Helen, with her infant enveloped in her cloak, and accompanied by her husband, had crossed the hills to the parish church. On the second of those Sabbaths, they took sweet counsel, and walking together to the house of God, they conversed of a better and a purer world, where they should fear no after parting. And as Helen listened to her husband, who was eloquent on this subject, she thought she had never heard him speak so like a minister, or seen him so full of holy hope. I notice this particularly, as it was a circumstance I shall have occasion to mention again. On the next morning after this conversation, William departed with the sheep from this valley for a distant fair. The weather was still fine when he gathered his flock, and bade farewell to his beloved Helen for three days, promising to return on the evening of the third. He had never been absent from his home all night but twice since his marriage, and that for a single night each time. His wife, however, expressed no fear from being left alone for so unwonted a time; for the fact is, that there is in general more courage in women of her humble rank in life, than in any other, for they are too much occupied to find time for the indulgence of idle alarms; nor do they meet with any encouragement to affect fears till the folly becomes a habit. Neither did William experience any uneasiness on account of the solitariness of the dwelling in which he was to leave her, considering that very circumstance as the principal warrant for her safety.

"The weather, I have said, was fine at the time of his departure, but in our treacherous climate, and especially in those hilly districts, there is nothing more uncertain than a continuance of settled weather at that season of the year; and never did it exhibit more rapid transitions than during the three days of William's absence. Before the shades of the first night had fallen on the hills, the rain had descended their sides in torrents, and swelled the little burn into a river. On the second night the clouds had disappeared, and a keen frost succeeded, which, ere morning, arrested the water in its course, and transformed the ground for some distance round where we sat into a frozen lake. Again another change came o'er the spirit of the storm: dark clouds began to muster, and showers of sleet and snow to fall, till all again was hoary winter. But still, when night came on, there was seemingly, from the quietness of its descent, no depth of snow, though it had fallen at intervals for many hours, and as the time was now arrived when Helen expected to see her husband, she felt no dread of harm; and no sooner had she put her baby to sleep, than she prepared a change of garments, a warm supper, 'a blazing ingle and a clean hearth-stone,' for her William, and often opened the door to listen and to look out, if haply she might discern his dark figure against the opposite white hill, descending the foot-path toward his home. She was, however, as often disappointed, and returned again to heap fresh fuel on the fire, till she began to feel, first, the heart-sickness of 'hope deferred,' and then the heavy pressure of foreboding evil; and when her baby waked, there were in the melancholy tones of the hymn with which she soothed him to rest, a soul-subduing pathos; for it has been my lot to hear again that lullaby when it sounded even more deeply affecting than it could then have done. Poor Helen continued all night her visits to the door, till at length, just as the morning began to dawn, she heard her name shouted out by the well-known voice of William. Joy came to her heart, for she thought he had seen her, and, though she looked in vain for him, still he was near. But again she heard his voice, and his words fell distinctly on her ear, 'Oh Helen, Helen, I perish!' She flew with the speed of lightning down the bank, but when she approached near to this spot, her progress was arrested, for the ice, from which the water had receded below, would not bear her weight. And

then it was for the first time she discovered, through the indistinct glimmering of the dawn, and by his own words, that, on William's having reached the middle of the burn, where the force of the stream below had rendered it hollow, the ice gave way, and he was only kept from sinking by his arms resting on the surrounding part, which was still firm. Again and again did Ellen try in each direction to reach him, in spite of his urgent entreaties to keep off, and assurances that he had hopes of being able to maintain his position for a length of time, from the manner in which he was wedged between the ice, and its apparent thickness in that place where it had been gurgled together, though he feared to make the smallest exertion to extricate himself, lest he should go down. In this extremity there was only one course which gave the agonized Helen any chance of saving the life of her husband, and that was, to seek for aid more efficient than her own. Meantime, William was almost fainting with exhaustion from fatigue, cold and hunger; and Helen, thinking that if she could supply him with some food, he would be better able to endure his situation till she could procure assistance, she ran to the house, and, putting some of what had been intended for his supper into a small basket, she took a sheep crook, and, having tied a stick to one end of it, she hooked the basket on to the other end, and in this manner conveyed it to him. At the same time she pushed a blanket close to him with the crook, and, having seen him draw it by degrees round his head and shoulders, she returned to the cottage, wrapt her child in a small blanket, and, throwing her cloak around her, took it in her arms; then, having taken a hasty leave of her husband, in words which were half a farewell and half a solemn prayer for his preservation till her return, she set off on her journey of four miles to the next farm-house, for no nearer was there a human dwelling.

"Helen Symington was at all times active, but now a supernatural strength seemed to be given her; and, in spite of her burden, she proceeded swiftly through the snow, surmounting the hills with incredible rapidity, and flying rather than running down their declivities. Thus she proceeded till nearly three of the miles were passed; but the snow, which had ceased falling for some time, now again began to descend thickly, and was accompanied by sudden gusts of wind, which drove it full in her face, and prevented her seeing the different objects by which she marked her way. She wandered on in this manner, endeavoring to avoid the deeper parts of the snow, which the wind was beginning to drift into hillocks on all sides of her; while she was almost driven by the fear of losing her way, and by the cries of her infant. In vain did she endeavor to warm him, by pressing his little limbs close to her bosom, and by doubling and redoubling the cloak over him, regardless of her own exposure to the biting blast. He at length gave over crying, and, fearful that the torpor of death had seized him, and feeling her own strength beginning to fail, despair seemed to seize her, when the snow ceased for a short time, and she found that she had wandered far away from the road to the homestead which she so eagerly sought to reach. But thoughts of her husband again strung her nerves, and she once more regained the right direction. This happened several times; and had she been alone concerned, she must have perished; for nothing but the energy inspired by the faint hope of saving her husband and child, prevented her from lying down to die. But what a gleam of joy shot through her overspent frame, when, on looking up, just as a fierce blast had swept by, she beheld the farm-house at a short distance! New strength seemed now again imparted to her stiffening limbs, and she reached the door, told her tale, and almost immediately four men belonging to the farm were ready to start, with all necessary implements, for extricating William from his singular and perilous situation. Helen's infant which had been benumbed for many hours, showed little signs of recovery; she, however, delivered it, though with an aching heart, to the farmer's wife, (a benevolent woman, who was herself a mother,) and determined, in spite of all advice and opposition, to return to her husband. Nor, had she remained, could she have served the poor infant, who died shortly after she left the house.

"The poor distracted wife, mounted on horseback behind a man, now proceeded on her way with all the speed the animal could exert in its toilsome journey, while her whole soul was ab-

sorbed in the one desire of finding her husband alive, of which no hope could have been entertained, but for the depth of the valley, which, from the way that the wind set, might in a great measure have occasioned it to escape the drift that was fast blocking up the roads, and transforming plains into hills. But who shall calculate the years of misery which Helen seemed to endure, while this suspense hung over her! She was, as I have said, possessed of deep and ardent feelings, and they were now strained to their utmost tension. After much difficulty in avoiding the deeper wreaths of snow, and in floundering through the less dangerous, the party at length reached the entrance of the valley. All here seemed propitious to their hopes, for the snow was but little drifted. The men who were on foot had, however, by a nearer way, which the horse could not travel, first reached the spot where, sad to tell, though poor William still retained his suspended posture, the snow was drifted over him, and he no longer breathed. They had, however, succeeded in extricating the body, which they bore to the cot and laid upon the bed before the arrival of Helen, who, with a frantic hope still clinging to her heart, repeated, unweariedly and often, every means to bring him back to life, though foiled in all. Alas, poor girl! her young and ardent heart had loved her husband almost to idolatry, and with him the charm of life had fled. The spring of hope and existence was dried up at the fountain head. The stroke was too heavy for her to bear, and a brain fever was the immediate consequence of her great bodily exertion and mental suffering. For a considerable time her life was despaired of; yet youth, and the natural strength of her constitution, gained a transitory triumph, and some degree of bodily health returned, but the mind had become an utter ruin. She was removed, as soon as it could be safely accomplished, back to our village, and became again an inmate of her father's house, where I have often sat for hours listening to the suggestions of her wayward fancy, where William still reigned paramount. Fortunately, all that had passed since the intensity of her suffering began, seemed quite annihilated in her recollection, for she talked of her husband as still absent at the fair, and still sung to her infant that hymn with which she soothed it to sleep on the first night of her misfortunes, and which has often forced the tears from my eyes, and the sobe from my breast. No tongue can describe the touching melody of her soft and melancholy voice, or the sweet subdued expression of her beautiful countenance, which became daily more wan and delicate, till, at the end of two years, her weakness was so great, that she was unable to rise from her chair, and I was one evening sent for in haste to see her. When I entered her father's house, I was met by the old man, who imparted to me the surprising intelligence that Helen had recovered her senses. I immediately anticipated that a change was about to take place, and had no sooner looked upon her than I was confirmed in my opinion. Sorrow had completed its work, and she was about to pass from our sight for ever. The recollection of her husband's sad fate had returned with her reason. But neither the remembrance of it, of her own sufferings, nor the knowledge of her child's death, which she now knew for the first time, seemed to trouble her, for her thoughts were fixed on that better country where she rejoiced that they were already waiting her arrival, and spoke of the conversation which passed between William and her on the last Sabbath they were together, as an earnest which it had pleased God to vouchsafe of their happy meeting. I am an elder of the church, and it was in that capacity that Helen sent for me to pray with her, which I did with a fervor I have seldom felt. But never has it been my lot to witness an appearance so heavenly as she exhibited when I rose from my knees. She sat in her chair supported by pillows, with her hands clasped, and her dark soft eyes beaming with an expression so holy, that she seemed like some disembodied spirit, which, having been perfected by suffering, had returned to encourage and to comfort those who were still in the vale of tears. When I bade her farewell, and promised to see her next day, it was with a presentiment that I looked upon her for the last time. And so it proved; for I was next morning informed that her spirit had taken its flight about twelve o'clock the night before."

The old man thus concluded his melancholy tale; and, after sitting for some time in silent reflection, my guide again spoke, and, pointing

to a deep pool at some distance down the stream, informed me that large trout were sometimes caught there; and having adjusted our fishing tackle, we proceeded to it. But though our sport was unusually good it did not banish from my mind, during that day, for a single instant, the affecting story of the ill-fated Helen Symington.

The Steam Leg.

He who has been at Rotterdam will remember a house of two stories which stands in the suburbs just adjoining the basin of the canal that runs between that city and the Hague, Leyden, and other places. I say he will remember it, for it must have been pointed out to him as having been once inhabited by the most ingenious artist that Holland ever produced, to say nothing of his daughter, the prettiest maiden ever born within hearing of the croaking of a frog. It is not with the fair Blanche, unfortunately, that we have at present anything to do; it is with the old gentleman her father. His profession was that of a surgical-instrument maker, but his fame principally rested on the admirable skill with which he constructed wooden and cork legs. So great was his reputation in this department of human science, that they whom nature or accident had curtailed, caricatured, and disappointed in so very necessary an appendage to the body, came limping to him in crowds, and however desperate their case might be, were very soon (as the saying is) set upon their legs again. Many a cripple, who had looked upon his deformity as incurable, and whose only consolation consisted in an occasional sly hit at Providence, for having intrusted his making to a journeyman, found himself so admirably fitted, so elegantly propped up by Mynheer Turningvort, that he almost began to doubt whether a timber or cork supporter was not, on the whole, superior to a more commonplace and troublesome one of flesh and blood. And, in good truth, if you had seen how very handsome and delicate were the understandings fashioned by the skilful artificer, you would have been puzzled to settle the question yourself, the more especially if, in your real toes, you were ever tormented with gout or corns.

One morning, just as Master Turningvort was giving its final smoothness and polish to a calf and ankle, a messenger entered his studio, to speak classically, and requested that he would immediately accompany him to the mansion of Mynheer Von Wodenblock. It was the mansion of the richest merchant in Rotterdam, so the artist put on his best wig, and set forth with his three-cornered hat in one hand, and his silver-headed stick in the other. It so happened that Mynheer Von Wodenblock had been very laudably employed, a few days before, in turning a poor relative out of doors, but in endeavoring to hasten the odious wretch's progress down stairs by a slight impulse *a posteriore*, (for Mynheer seldom stood upon ceremony with poor relations,) he had unfortunately lost his balance, and tumbling headlong from the top to the bottom, he found, on recovering his senses, that he had broken his right leg, and that he had lost three teeth. He had at first some thoughts of having his poor relation tried for murder, but being naturally of a merciful disposition, he only sent him to jail on account of some unpaid debt, leaving him there to enjoy the comfortable reflection that his wife and children were starving at home. A dentist soon supplied the invalid with three teeth, which he had pulled out of an indigent poet's head at the rate of ten stivers a-piece, but for which he prudently charged the rich merchant one hundred dollars. The doctor, upon examining his leg, and recollecting that he was at that moment rather in want of a subject, cut it carefully off, and took it away with him in his carriage to lecture upon it to his pupils. So Mynheer Wodenblock, considering that he had been hitherto accustomed to walk and not to hop, and being, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced in favor of the former mode of locomotion, sent for our friend of the canal basin, in order that he might give him directions about the representative with which he wished to be supplied for his lost member.

The artificer entered the wealthy burgher's apartment. He was reclining on a couch, with his left leg looking as respectable as ever, but with his unhappy right stump wrapped up in bandages, as if conscious and ashamed of its own littleness. "Turningvort, you have heard of my misfortune; it has thrown me into a fever, and all Rotterdam into confusion; but let that

pass. You must make me a leg; and it must be the best leg, sir, you ever made in your life." Turningvort bowed. "I do not care what it costs," (Turningvort bowed yet lower,) "provided it outdoes everything you have yet made of a similar sort. I am for none of your wooden spindleshanks. Make it of cork; let it be light and elastic, and cram it as full of springs as a watch. I know nothing of the business, and cannot be more specific in my directions; but this I am determined upon, that I shall have a leg as good as the one I have lost. I know such a thing is to be had, and if I get it from you, your reward is a thousand guineas." The Dutch Prometheus declared, that to please Mynheer Von Wodenblock, he would do more than human ingenuity had ever done before, and undertook to bring him, within six days, a leg which would laugh to scorn the mere common legs possessed by common men.

This assurance was not meant as an idle boast. Turningvort was a man of speculative as well as practical science, and there was a favorite discovery which he had long been endeavoring to make, and in accomplishing which he imagined he had at last succeeded that very morning. Like all other manufacturers of terrestrial legs, he had ever found the chief difficulty in his progress towards perfection to consist in its being apparently impossible to introduce into them anything in the shape of joints, capable of being regulated by the will, and of performing those important functions achieved under the present system, by means of the admirable mechanism of the knee and ankle. Our philosopher had spent years in endeavoring to obviate this grand inconvenience, and though he had undoubtedly made greater progress than anybody else, it was not till now he believed himself completely master of the great secret. His first attempt to carry it into execution was to be in the leg he was about to make for Mynheer Von Wodenblock.

It was on the evening of the sixth day from that to which I have already alluded, that with this magic leg, carefully packed up, the acute artisan again made his appearance before the expecting and impatient Wodenblock. There was a proud twinkle in Turningvort's grey eye, which seemed to indicate that he valued even the thousand guineas, which he intended for Blanche's marriage-portion, less than the celebrity, the glory, the immortality, of which he was at length so sure. He untied his precious bundle, and spent some hours in displaying and explaining to the delighted burgher the number of additions he had made to the internal machinery, and the purpose which each was intended to serve. The evening wore away in these discussions concerning wheels within wheels, and springs acting upon springs. When it was time to retire to rest, both were equally satisfied of the perfection of the work; and at his employer's earnest request, the artist consented to remain where he was for the night, in order that early next morning he might fit on the limb, and see how it performed its duty.

Early next morning all the necessary arrangements were completed, and Mynheer Von Wodenblock walked forth to the street in ecstasy, blessing the inventive powers of one who was able to make so excellent a hand of his leg. It seemed indeed to act to admiration. In the merchant's mode of walking, there was no stiffness, no effort, no constraint; all the joints performed their office without the aid of either bone or muscle. Nobody, not even a connoisseur in lameness, would have suspected that there was anything uncommon, any great collection of accurately adjusted clock-work under the full well-splashed pantaloons of the substantial-looking Dutchman. Had it not been for a slight tremulous motion occasioned by the rapid whirling of about twenty small wheels in the interior, and a constant clicking, like that of a watch, though somewhat louder, he would even himself have forgotten that he was not, in all respects, as he used to be before he lifted his right foot to bestow a parting benediction on his poor relation.

He walked along in the renovated buoyancy of his spirits till he came in sight of the Stadt House; and just at the foot of the flight of steps that leads up to the principal door, he saw his old friend, Mynheer Vanouthern, waiting to receive him. He quickened his pace, and both mutually held out their hands to each other by way of congratulation, before they were near enough to be clasped in a friend's embrace. At last the merchant reached the spot where Vanouthern stood; but what was that worthy man's

astonishment to see him, though he still held out his hand, pass quickly by, without stopping, even for a moment, to say, "How d'ye do?" But this seeming want of politeness arose from no fault of our hero's. His own astonishment was a thousand times greater, when he found that he had no power to determine either when, where, or how his leg was to move. So long as his own wishes happened to coincide with the manner in which the machinery seemed destined to operate, all had gone on smoothly; and he had mistaken his own tacit compliance with its independent and self-acting powers for a command over it, which he now found he did not possess. It had been his most anxious desire to stop to speak with Mynheer Vanouthern, but his leg moved on, and he found himself under the necessity of following it. Many an attempt did he make to slacken its pace, but every attempt was vain. He caught hold of the rails, walls, and houses, but his leg tugged so violently that he was afraid of dislocating his arms, and was obliged to go on. He began to get seriously uneasy as to the consequences of this most unexpected turn which matters had taken; and his only hope was, that the amazing and unknown powers which the complicated construction of his leg seemed to possess, would speedily exhaust themselves. Of this, however, he could as yet discover no symptoms.

He happened to be going in the direction of the Leyden canal, and when he arrived in sight of Mynheer Turningvort's house, he called loudly upon the artificer to come to his assistance. The artificer looked out from his window with a face of wonder. "Villain!" cried Wodenblock, "come out to me this instant! You have made me a leg with a vengeance! It won't stand still for a moment. I have been walking straight forward ever since I left my own house, and unless you stop me yourself, Heaven only knows how much farther I may walk. Don't stand gaping there, but come out and relieve me, or I shall be out of sight, and you will not be able to overtake me." The mechanician grew very pale; he was evidently not prepared for this new difficulty. He lost not a moment, however, in following the merchant, to do what he could towards extricating him from so awkward a predicament. The merchant, or rather the merchant's leg, was walking very quick, and Turningvort, being an elderly man, found it no easy matter to make up to him. He did so at last, nevertheless, and catching him in his arms, lifted him entirely from the ground. But the stratagem (if so it may be called) did not succeed, for the innate propelling motion of the leg hurried him along with his burden at the same rate as before. He set him therefore down again, and stooping, pressed violently on one of the springs that protruded a little behind. In an instant the unhappy Mynheer Von Wodenblock was off like an arrow, calling out in the most piteous accents—"I am lost! I am lost! I am possessed by a devil in the shape of a cork leg! stop me! I am breathless—I am fainting! Will nobody shatter my leg to pieces? Turningvort! Turningvort! you have murdered me!" The artist, perplexed and confounded, was hardly in a situation more to be envied. Scarcely knowing what he did, he fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, and with strained and staring eyeballs, looked after the richest merchant in Rotterdam, running with the speed of an enraged buffalo away along the canal towards Leyden, and bellowing for help as loudly as his exhaustion would permit.

Leyden is more than twenty miles from Rotterdam, but the sun had not yet set, when the Misses Backsneider, who were sitting at their parlor window, immediately opposite the "Golden Lion," drinking tea, and nodding to their friends as they passed, saw some one coming at furious speed along the street. His face was pale as ashes, and he gasped fearfully for breath; but without turning either to the right or the left, he hurried on at the same rapid rate, and was out of sight almost before they had time to exclaim, "Good gracious! was not that Mynheer Von Wodenblock, the rich merchant of Rotterdam?"

Next day was Sunday. The inhabitants of Haarlem were all going to church, in their best attire, to say their prayers, and hear their great organ, when a being rushed across the marketplace, like an animated corpse—white, blue, cold, and speechless, his eyes fixed, his lips livid, his teeth set, and his hands clenched. Every one cleared a way for it in silent horror; and there was not a person in Haarlem who did

not believe it a dead body endowed with the power of motion.

On it went, through village and town, towards the great wilds and forests of Germany. Weeks, months, years, passed on, but at intervals the horrible shape was seen, and still continues to be seen, in various parts of the north of Europe. The clothes, however, which he who was once Mynheer Von Wodenblock used to wear, have all mouldered away; the flesh, too, has fallen from his bones, and he is now a skeleton—a skeleton in all but the cork leg, which still, in its original rotundity and size, continues attached to the spectral form, a *perpetuum mobile*, dragging the wearied bones for ever and for ever over the earth.

May all good saints protect us from broken legs! and may there never again appear a mechanician like Turn-ingvort, to supply us with cork substitutes of so awful and mysterious a power."

The Port of Islay, Peru. THE town of Islay, in Peru, is romantically situated at the extremity of the port of Arequipa on the Pacific, and is the seat of some commerce. It is known among those interested in trade, as the only point where the government allows the celebrated Alpaca wool to be sold for exportation, though the much appreciated staple is occasionally "smuggled out" of some other ports. The Alpaca is a semi-domesticated animal, the specie in its wild state still existing among the fastnesses of the Andes. Large flocks are owned by the Indians, who follow the animal in its pursuit of food, leaving them almost perfectly uncontrolled, except just before the time of shearing begins; the animal is then gradually brought under restraint, and for a short time confined to some large port or enclosure prepared for the purpose. By a law of Peru, most rigorously enforced, no Alpacas are allowed to be sold to foreigners, several vessels from Australia have in vain tried to obtain a single living specimen.

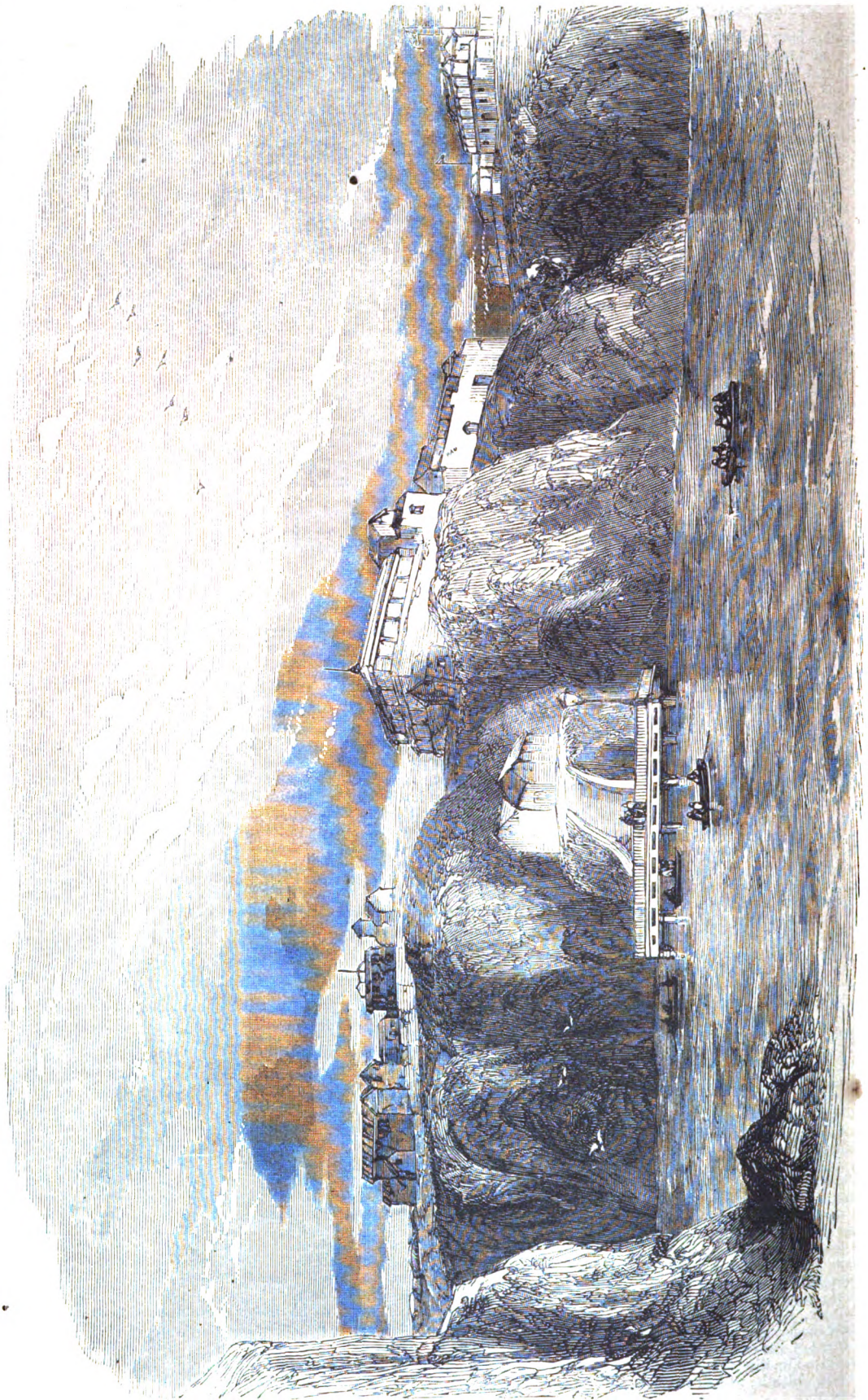
HUMANISING EFFECT OF CLEANLINESS.

—A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged, and well-situated house exercises a moral as well as a physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other; the connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and habits of respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no law can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, rendered still more wretched by its noisome site, and in which none of the decencies

of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of each other; the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal, and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with

The best way to condemn bad traits, is by practising good ones.

Louis Napoleon proposes paying to each of the daughters of Louis Philippe or their heirs, an allowance of 200,000 francs as amends for his spoliation of the Orleans family.



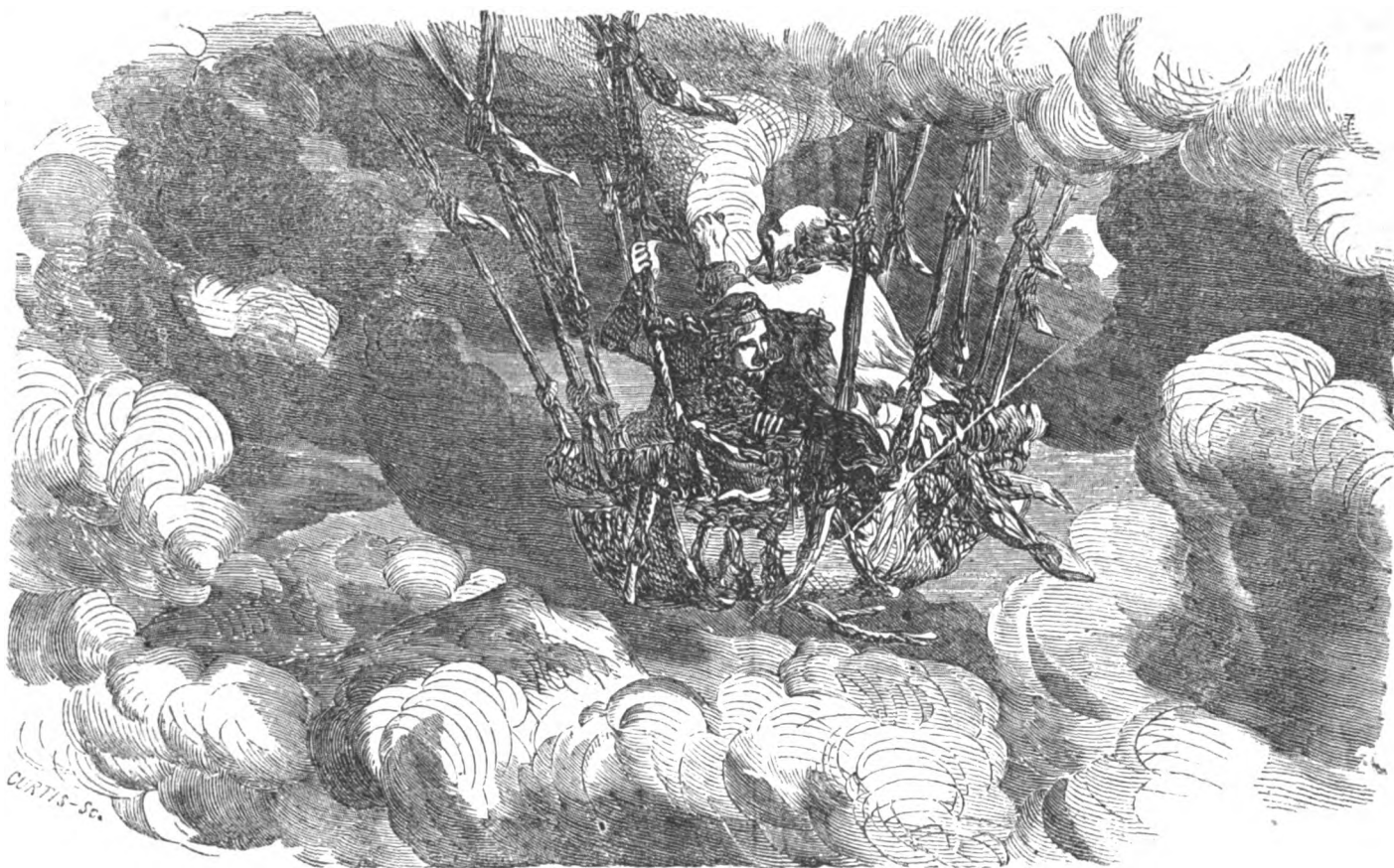
THE PORT OF ISLAY, PERU.

respect for the property of others, or for the laws.

In Boston the police do not allow carriages to remain standing in front of stores or houses in the business streets. When they find them standing too long, they take them to the city stable, and the owner is called upon to pay for "putting them up."

A movement is making in Scotland, to erect a colossal monument to the memory of William Wallace.

Mr. John Newman, a coppersmith of this city, has finished after three years labor a statue of Washington, made with his hammer from sheet copper. The figure is life-size, and weighs about two hundred pounds.



LEILA: OR THE STAR OF MINGRELIA.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

(Continued from page 79, vol. IV.)

CHAPTER XL.

KYRI KARAMAN and Djemzet succeeded in effecting their escape without sustaining the slightest injury from the bullets which were sent whistling after them. Tunar was now a prisoner in the hands of the man who had made this irruption upon the place. At first the youth thought that these individuals might belong to Khazi's band, the strength of which might have been misrepresented to Kyri Karaman; but when he obtained a nearer view of them, his opinion altered—for their apparel was not that which was generally worn by the Georgian Guerillas of the Caucasus. The whole scene had taken place with so much rapidity that Tunar was as much bewildered as frightened; and on being so rudely seized upon, he could not so much as give utterance to a word of remonstrance.

The men appeared to be considerably chagrined that Kyri Karaman, whose name they mentioned amongst themselves, should have escaped them; and from what they said it became evident to Tunar that the Guerilla bandit was the main object of their sudden incursion upon the spot.

"I have no connexion with Kyri Karaman!" exclaimed Tunar, now recovering the faculty of speech, as he thought that he perceived a chance of liberating himself from the clutches of the armed strangers.

"This is a pretty tale to tell us," replied one who by his superior costume and his air of authority, appeared to be the leader of the little band, "when we found you in most friendly companionship with that detestable brigand."

"Yet I swear to you," said Tunar, "that I had not been an hour in that companionship! I was by myself amidst these wilds, when Kyri Karaman and his dependant suddenly made their appearance—"

"And for what purpose were you by yourself in these wilds?" demanded the leader of the party.

Tunar would not for worlds reveal the secret in respect to Gulistan—or rather, we should say, in respect to as much as he knew of it. He was therefore seized with confusion, and a blush overspread his cheeks, as he cast about in his own mind for some pretext that might serve as a satisfactory answer to the question just put to him.

"You reply not," said the leader of the band:

"and it is no wonder!—for though it may be perfectly true that you had been for awhile alone in this region, yet it is only too clear that you are an accomplice of that formidable bandit. Therefore you best know for what purpose you were alone upon the spot until he and his other follower came hither to join you."

"Hear me, I beseech!" exclaimed Tunar, who was laboring under a mortal dread lest he might have fallen into the hands of persons having alike the authority and the intention to punish whomsoever they might suspect of belonging to the band of Kyri Karaman. "It is true that I had some particular motive for flying into this seclusion—I am weary of living in cities and towns—but so far from having any connexion with the Guerilla-bandit, I knew not that it was he until I just now heard some of you mention his dreaded name."

"Your tale is falsified by your recent actions," sternly responded the leader of the party. "Did you not, immediately on our appearance, begin to saddle and bridle one of the steeds?—would you not have fled if it had been in your power?—were you not on the very point of mounting your horse when you were thrust aside by the brigand who issued from the little cave and who has killed one of my men?"

"You and your followers appeared in such a sort," answered Tunar, that I might be well excused if I took you for Guerilla enemies or for banditti. Hence was I about to obey a sudden impulse and save myself by flight. But it was not my own steed which I caprisoned. Yonder is my horse—and the saddle and bridle which belong to the animal, will be found in that cave. Oh, I am a peaceable youth—I swear unto you! Unhand me and molest me not!"

"The whole tale has its discrepancies and inconsistencies," said the leader of the party; "and I do not think fit to pronounce judgment upon your case. That must be reserved for another, who exercises an authority far higher than mine, and in comparison with whom I am but as the dust under our feet. So enough of parley! And now let us away!"

This last ejaculation was addressed by the leader to his men rather than to Tunar. The youth saw that it was utterly unavailing to prolong the discussion with that individual: but he hoped to obtain his release at the hands of the higher authority to whom allusion had been made:—yet much did he marvel who the exalted personage could possibly be.

One of the men proceeded to the cave, where he found the saddle and bridle; and he then hastened to caparison Tunar's steed. The youth

was suffered to mount; and the animal was led in the midst of the armed men, the party proceeding away from the spot where the adventure had taken place. Farther into the midst of the Caucasian wilds did they advance, each step increasing the distance from that towering circle of inaccessible mountains which hemmed in the Vale of Gulistan. For about half-an-hour they thus proceeded; and at the expiration of that time they entered upon a beautiful spot, where a dozen horses were feeding upon the rich grass. Splendid animals were they, of the finest Caucasian breed; and a couple of men, apparelled and armed in a style similar to those who had Tunar in their custody, had evidently been left in care of the horses.

There was now a general saddling and bridling of the steeds: but a very few moments were thus occupied; and then the whole party set forward in a northern direction. The circular range of mountains enclosing the Vale of Roses, was left at some little distance on the right hand—that is to say, in an eastern direction; and Tunar heaved a profound sigh as he turned his looks thitherward. At the very moment when he was indulging in bright hopes and golden visions, had misfortune intervened to snatch him away from the vicinity of that paradise to which he possessed (as he believed) an almost complete clue; and for a while the desponding thought that he was doomed never to enter that blessed valley, took possession of his mind.

"And yet why should I thus abandon myself to despair?" at length said Tunar within his own mind. "Am I not to be conducted into the presence of some high personage?—and may I not to him make such representations as will ensure my freedom? Then may I retrace my way to the neighborhood of that mountain-girt paradise, into whose blessed retreats I shall finally enter. Oh! how could I expect that the path to such a paradise of joys would be smooth and even? I ought to have been prepared to find it perilous with vicissitudes and threatening incidents. Its happiness will be all the sweeter when attained after having passed through the entire ordeal. Ah! but to know that neighborhood again—to be enabled to recognise it!—for I must not trust to the sagacity of this steed which is now threading pathways as utterly unknown to itself as they are to me! Besides, my good horse may be taken from me: for how know I into whose hands I have fallen? how can I even conjecture what may be the avocations of these armed strangers who have me in their power? No!—and I cannot even surmise to what distance they purpose to conduct me, nor how many weary leagues I

may have to journey when retracing my way after having been presented to their chief at whose hands I have yet to implore my liberty."

It was in such a strain as this that Tunar reflected within himself—it was in this channel that his thoughts flowed—while riding onward at a moderate pace, a prisoner in the midst of those armed men. That pace was moderate because the route was uneven and rugged, and frequently perilous when it lay along the verge of deep yawning abysses in the depths of which thundered the torrents, of whose foaming waters glimpses were caught by the eye when it dared to look down into the horrid profundities. Tunar bore in mind the necessity of affixing to his memory certain indications by which he might on a future occasion recognise the mountains hemming in the Vale of Gulistan. Therefore, when the circumstances of the route permitted him to direct his attention for a little while from the guidance of his steed, he fixed his gaze on those mountains. His look wandered slowly along the range of their jagged and uneven summits, until his regards settled upon the loftiest eminence of the whole; and this was the height which appeared to have been split in twain for some distance down, as if a colossal peak had been driven into two towering pinnacles.

"By that mountain shall I know the neighborhood again!" said Tunar within himself: and he was rejoiced at the discovery of so unerring a land-mark.

But though he endeavored to persuade himself that when brought into the presence of the high personage to whom allusion had been made, his restoration to liberty would speedily follow, he was far from being altogether comfortable upon the point. He could scarcely think that he was in the hands of banditti; because if such were their character, it was improbable that they would have shown such decided hostility towards Kyri Karaman; for the proverb as well as the principle that "dog does not eat dog," holds good amongst the mountaineers of the Caucasus as well as with other races and nations in the world. But if they were not banditti, were they simply Guerillas, sworn to deadly hostility against the Russians, as many of those mountain tribes were?—and did this little party form but a small detached section of a larger force, commanded by a chieftain of rank? Tunar thought that such must be the case; and he wondered to what distance the journey would extend ere all doubts should be cleared up and his fate should be decided upon.

That journey was continued amidst the wilds of the Caucasus: the sun sank lower and lower towards the hills in the West; and at length its last beams flickered above those heights in the horizon. Still the way was pursued; and Tunar dared not ask a question for the purpose of ascertaining whether the destination of the party was as yet nigh at hand. Presently a halt was ordered by the leader: they all dismounted from their steeds—and provisions were served round. In this respect the youth was as well cared for as the rest: but a vigilant eye was kept over him to prevent any endeavor to escape.

After a suitable rest the journey was resumed; for the moon and stars now lighted the pathway of the travellers through the wilds of the Caucasus. For hours did they proceed: then there was another halt—and then the journey was again continued. The morning dawned—the sun rose—and at a streamlet where there was again a halt, did the travellers perform their ablutions. Farther and still farther was Tunar then conducted onward,—until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when on emerging from a defile, a wide open space amidst the mountains was reached. This open space might be about three miles in circumference, and therefore a mile in diameter. It was surrounded by the hills of the Caucasus; and on the farther side from that by which Tunar and his conductors had entered upon it, there was a fortalice constituting as it were the crest of a mountain. The edifice stood frowning there in gloomy massiveness,—the very configuration of its walls and towers affording the evidences of great strength, while its aspect shed upon the mind of Tunar the dispiriting impression of a prison.

Scarcely had the youth and his conductors entered upon this open space surrounded by hills and overlooked by that frowning fortalice, when another party of horsemen was seen slowly riding across the plain, as if coming from the direction of the castle itself. This party consisted only of five or six persons, one of whom rode a little in advance of the rest, as if he were a chief

tain followed by his attendants. His person appeared to shine in the sunbeams as if he were clad in armor. There was something singularly imposing and even awe-inspiring in the advance of that individual; and Tunar instinctively as it were thought within himself, "This personage who comes as though enveloped in a halo of glory, must doubtless be the great chief by whom my fate is to be decided!"

Now therefore the youth trembled to the uttermost confines of his being; for he felt as if he were about to appear in the presence of some high authority—some awful personage whose very breath was laden with the fates of destiny. And as Tunar glanced around upon the men who had him in their custody, he perceived that their countenances indicated the deepest veneration and respect as they advanced towards this chief who was likewise approaching. As the two parties drew nearer towards each other, Tunar soon perceived that his original surmise was correct, and that the chief was clad in armor. A little nearer, and he could form an idea of the personal characteristics of this individual, who might be about fifty-five years of age, and though but little above the medium stature, yet appearing much taller on account of the dignity of his deportment and the upright manner in which he sat upon the splendid steed that he bestrode. The complexion of this personage was fair and some what florid: from beneath his glittering steel helmet his light hair escaped; it was originally of a reddish hue, but it was turning grey. His eyes of an azure blue—or perhaps, to speak more correctly, of that color which is termed grey when applied to the human eyes—had an expression alike commanding and penetrating. In a word, the whole aspect of this individual was majestic and imposing.

Suspensions and surmises were now gushing through the mind of Tunar. In Tiflis he had seen pictures of a personage whose name and exploits were known throughout the world; and the youth began to fancy the original of those portraits must now be before him. Yes, it could not be otherwise! That fair complexion—that calm imposing dignity—that warlike panoply—the reverential aspect with which the personage was surveyed—all circumstances combined to convince Tunar that he was now in the presence of none other than Schamyl, the Prince of Daghestan!

When the two parties were within about a hundred yards of one another, the leader of that party to which Tunar belonged gave a word of command; and every right hand was carried in respectful salutation to every cap. The youth mechanically followed his example; and the salutation of the entire party was acknowledged by a dignified yet gracious inclination of the head on the part of the steel-clad chief.

"Advance into the presence of our Prince," said the leader to Tunar; "for now must you tell your tale to the illustrious Sultan Schamyl, whom you behold before you!"

Thus Tunar's surmise was correct!—and his fate was about to be decided by that eminent personage who was alike the Hero and the Prophet of the Caucasus! The leader of the party and two or three of his men (the others now halting at a respectful distance) conducted Tunar forward; and again were deferential salutations paid to the Sultan Schamyl.

"Welcome, my good Hamet," said the great warrior, thus addressing the leader of the returning party. "Whom do you bring hither? He is a comely youth! Does he seek service with us?—or has he been captured as a spy or a bandit?"

"May it please your Highness," responded Hamet, "this youth is a prisoner; and he has been captured in such circumstances which will warrant the opinion that he is a bandit. But he has a tale to tell; and the sagacity of your Highness will full soon fathom its truth or falsity."

"Ah! a bandit—and so young?" exclaimed Schamyl, an expression of mingled sternness and regret passing over his countenance: "it were a pity that this should be so! But do you speak first, Hamet—and tell me under what circumstances this youth has fallen into your hands?"

"May it please your Highness," resumed Hamet, "I departed some ten days back with a picked body of men, to explore those particular regions where, according to the rumor that had reached your Highness, a strong Russian force was supposed to have concentrated itself. For several days we beat about those regions—sometimes on horseback—sometimes on foot—but without discovering the slightest trace of the Muscovite enemy. Indeed, from the inquiries

which we made at two or three villages in the vicinity of those regions, I could come to no other conclusion than that your Highness had been misinformed."

"It would appear so, Hamet, from all you have just been telling me," remarked Schamyl. "But proceed."

"Yesterday afternoon, may it please your Highness, continued Hamet, we halted at a suitable spot while on our journey back to Garanrog:—and the subaltern as he spoke glanced towards the castle on the summit of a hill at a little distance; so that Tunar comprehended that this was the name of the fortress. "According to my invariable precaution," continued Hamet, "I acted as if I had arrived at no positive opinion from the information received in the villages: but I set out with the greater portion of my men to explore the district in the neighborhood of the halting-place. I thought that we could not better employ an hour or two while our steeds rested."

"Ever active and intelligent, my faithful Hamet," said Schamyl, approvingly. "Continue."

"As I was informing your Highness," resumed the subaltern, "I set out with the greater number of my men; but we beheld not the slightest indication of any Russian troops in that region. We were thinking of returning to the place where we had left our steeds in the care of two or three of our party, when we were accosted by a man in a very sorry plight. He was a fine specimen of the Georgian race—tall, well-formed, and no doubt of great strength: but his garments were in rags—he looked half-famished—and his eyes had a portentous glare as if he were horribly vindictive against some persons who had wrought him an injury. This man anxiously inquired who we were?—but I at first spoke cautiously, for fear lest he should be a Russian spy and should lead us into some snare. I, however, soon discovered that he had a bitter animosity against the Russians, at whose hands he had recently suffered a defeat, so that the brave Guerillas whom he had commanded perished in the conflict. Previous to this calamity, his little band had been diminished by the desertion of some dozen of his bravest followers; and thus he was reduced to the condition of a wretched wanderer in these wilds."

"Ah!" thought Tunar to himself, "this must have been Khazi!"

"Commiserating the unfortunate man," continued Hamet, "I proffered him food. I told him that we were soldiers in the service of your Highness, and that from information your Highness had received, you had penetrated with a considerable force into the wilds of the Caucasus, with the hope of falling in with the Russians, whose movements my scouring party had been sent out to track. The man in reply assured me that your Highness must have been misled, and that there was really no Russian force, of any magnitude whatsoever, within many leagues of these regions of the Caucasus—none of the Muscovite enemy, indeed, beyond a few small detached parties, such as the one with which his own hand had come in contact, and by which he had been worsted. But there was another enemy in that neighborhood—"

"Ah! another?" ejaculated Schamyl.

"Yes, my lord," replied Hamet,—an enemy on whose head a reward has been set not merely by the Russians, but likewise by the native authorities of Georgia, and by the Government of your Highness."

"By Allah!" exclaimed Schamyl, "your words can bear reference to none other than Kyri Karaman!"

"The same, my lord," rejoined Hamet "And he at that very time was in the neighborhood of the spot where we met that outcast man—that wandering Guerilla chief. He had seen Kyri Karaman with two other persons; and he employed me to lose not a moment in hastening to the capture of that bold outlaw. Need I say, my lord, that I was only too willing to follow the suggestion? But that man chose not to accompany me—he may have had his reasons—indeed, I have subsequently suspected that he may have belonged to Karaman's vile horde, and may have entertained a rebellious spirit against his chief."

"And most true was your suspicion!" thought Tunar within himself.

"However, be all this as it may," continued Hamet, "the man would take no active part in the proceeding. He contented himself with simply conducting my band to the immediate vicinity of the spot where he had seen Kyri Karaman reposing on the bank of a streamlet. Perhaps he

may have dreaded that if we captured the formidable Guerilla bandit, the latter would at once denounce him likewise as a lawless person, and that he himself therefore would be held a prisoner by us. It must have been something of this kind; for the fellow looked not a coward; and moreover our party was so numerous. However, certain it is that the instant he had conducted us to the close vicinity of the spot where Kyri Karaman was to be found, he fled precipitately and disappeared from our view amidst the wild scenery of those regions. And now, my lord," continued Hamet, in a subdued voice and with something like a look of humiliation. "I am disagreeably compelled to inform your Highness that the enterprise failed."

"Failed!" said Schamyl, sternly. "And you so numerous in comparison with the others?"

"Alas, my lord, it failed!" repeated Hamet, with a contrite air. "That Kyri Karaman seems to bear a charmed life—the bullets whistled around him, but not a hair of his head was injured. Finally, my lord, he escaped with one of his companions. And here is the other!" added Hamet, turning towards Tunar.

"I know you too well, my faithful dependant," said Schamyl, now speaking in a benevolent manner, "not to be fully aware that there must have been circumstances militating strongly against your success. We will therefore only deplore that the villain Kyri Karaman should have escaped: for, by Allah! if he had fallen into our hands, he should have swung to a gibbet on the highest tower of Garanrog! And so, Hamet," continued the Sultan Schamyl, "we have been misinformed in reference to the concentration of Russian forces—and for no useful purpose have I brought my brave troops into these districts."

"Yes, sire, you have been misinformed," answered Hamet.

"And you, young man," said Schamyl, now bending his gray eyes with cold sternness upon Tunar—"you, an almost beardless youth, to be the companion and accomplice of Kyri Karaman—"

"My lord," interrupted Tunar, "may it please your Highness to hear me! Accident rendered me Kyri Karaman's companion for an hour yesterday afternoon, as it might have thrown me in the way of any other traveller of whose name and avocation I was utterly ignorant. In this sense I was truly his companion for an hour—but never was I his accomplice; I knew not who the man was until after I was taken into custody by the soldiers of your Highness; and then I heard his name mentioned amongst them."

"How true is all this, Hamet?" inquired Schamyl, now turning to his subaltern.

"So little faith did I repose in the youth's story," responded Hamet, "that I brought him hither to be dealt with according to the pleasure of your Highness. No good account did he give of himself—no credible reason did he assign for his presence in those wilds; while, on the other hand, prompt was he in doing all that a follower and a partisan of the bandit-captain might be expected to do in the circumstances of a sudden attack. It was not his fault if he did not escape on the steed of Karaman's other adherent, as if under the impulse of conscious guilt."

"It is but too clear," exclaimed Schamyl; "this youth is the criminal partisan of the vile bandit!"

"Great Prince," cried Tunar, in agony and anguish of mind, "I swear unto your Highness—"

"Silence!" thundered Schamyl, with so commanding a look and gesture that Tunar was overawed in a moment. "You have merited death!—but for the greenness of your years will I spare your life! Yet eternal imprisonment shall be your doom. Away with him, Hamet!—and since he is fond of the companionship of the vile and worthless, let him keep company with the wretched Frank spy, Dorval!"

Having thus spoken, the Sultan Schamyl suddenly wheeled his horse about, and galloped away in the direction of some hills on the slopes of which countless tents were aggregated. A piercing supplication for mercy rang forth from the lips of the wretched Tunar: But Schamyl heeded not that plaintive cry; and Hamet said in a stern tone, "It is useless! Your doom is sealed."

The miserable Tunar did indeed perceive that all entreaty, remonstrance, or prayer would prove unavailing; and he sank into a despondency as sudden as it was profound. Hamet and his followers conducted the youth towards the eminence on the top of which stood the Castle of Garanrog. The reins had dropped from Tunar's hand: he

sat upon his steed without being conscious that he was on the animal's back at all: the condition of his mind was as if he were laboring under the stunning, overwhelming, stupefying effect of some tremendous consternation. In this manner—listless, apathetic, almost unconscious—did Tunar proceed for a few minutes, until he was suddenly startled into a keen sense of his hopeless, terrible position, by being ordered to dismount. He glanced wildly around, and then at once obeyed the mandate.

The spot where he and his guards had thus halted, was at the foot of a narrow ascent of steps cut out of the solid rock—so narrow indeed that two persons could not proceed abreast. On both sides the walls of rock rose up perpendicularly to a height of about thirty feet above the range of the steps themselves. The ascent, moreover, took winding direction; and as this was the only mode of obtaining access to the castle standing on the summit of the hill, the position might be deemed impregnable.

Hamet led the way—Tunar followed—and a couple of soldiers brought up the rear. The ascent was continued for an immense height; and when the steps ceased, a straight narrow passage, likewise cut out of the solid rock, revealed itself. At the end of this passage a huge cannon presented its muzzle in a point blank direction. Thus even supposing that enemies might succeed in ascending the steps, it would be utterly impossible for them to force this passage, commanded as it was by the sweeping fire of that piece of ordnance.

The passage was threaded: and now Tunar found himself in what might be termed the court yard of the castle. It was a complete square, about a hundred yards in width, and with a round tower at each angle. Instead of artificial walls to connect these flanking towers, the rock itself was so cut on the four sides as to form natural ramparts, in which embrasures were formed for the service of heavy cannon, which might sweep the plain in front or all the hills in the vicinity of the other three sides.

Within this courtyard were ranges of buildings formed in the shape of a hollow square, and running parallel with the granite ramparts. Indeed, we may better describe these arrangements by the illustration of a smaller square within a larger one. In the midst of the courtyard of the inner square, stood a tall massive tower, the parapets of which overhung the shaft of the edifice; so that if a stone were dropped straight down over the parapet, it would fall at the distance of a yard from the actual base of the tower. On this lofty structure there was a flag-staff: and an immense silken banner was waving in honor of the Sultan Schamyl's presence in that neighborhood.

Tunar beheld three or four sentinels pacing to and fro in different parts of the fortalice; while some twenty or thirty soldiers off duty were engaged in burnishing their weapons, or else in the more recreative employment of smoking their pipes. They all bestowed a respectful salutation upon Hamet as he passed: and they seemed to comprehend by their looks that Tunar had been brought thither as a captive.

The wretched youth was conducted through a guard-house in one of the lines of building, and thence to a low deep-set massive door opening into the tower. There a gaoler who had by this time joined the little party, produced the key which opened that portal. A spiral ascent of stone steps was now revealed: and the gaoler led the way. Several loopholes were passed during the winding ascent; and presently the gaoler paused for a moment to open another massive door which seemed to bar farther progress. When it was opened, the gaoler stood aside—Hamet commanded Tunar to advance—and as the youth obeyed by passing through that ominous portal, the massive door closed behind him with a din that seemed to be the knell of hope and the tocsin of despair.

CHAPTER XLI.

TUNAR found himself alone on a small landing lighted by a loophole only just wide enough at the extremity for a man to pass his arm through it; and its depth showed the immense thickness of the wall. In front of Tunar was a closed door, with a massive iron ring serving as a handle for the latch: on his left hand was a continuation of the ascent of stone steps. The huge key had turned in the lock of the door behind him—the closing of the ponderous bolts had likewise

struck with a sinister din upon his ear. He felt as if he were entombed alive in a sepulchre!

Without thinking which way he was to proceed—whether it were meant that he should open the door in front of him, or ascend the stone stairs on his left hand—he leant against the wall, and gave way to the violence of his affliction. He sobbed and wept bitterly; his tears almost blinded him—so that he did not immediately perceive that the door in front was opening, until he became aware that he was no longer alone.

A strange-looking man stood before him upon the threshold of that door which had just opened. This individual appeared to be about sixty years of age; his long gray hair was put back from his high, open, massive forehead, the expansiveness of which was increased by the baldness of the front portion of the crown. A long grey beard, seeming to be the growth of years, concealed all the lower part of the countenance; and as the hair came high up on the man's face, almost to his cheekbones—moreover, as the brows were long, thick and shaggy—the eyes themselves appeared to glisten forth from amidst a hairy mass, as if they were the eyes of some wild animal. The hair and beard had a ragged and matted aspect; and the whole appearance of the man was that of wretchedness, slovenliness, and self-neglect combined. He was of about the middle height; and so attenuated was his form, that his clothes hung upon him as if they were garments of a much stouter person which had been bestowed in charity upon their present wearer. Indeed Tunar could not conceive at the moment that they were veritably his own garments—those which he had worn on the day when he was first consigned as a prisoner to that tower! The costume was that of an individual belonging to some nation of Western Europe; it consisted of broadcloth: it was threadbare, covered with a thousand grease spots—worn and torn even to raggedness in many parts. Altogether, this individual's appearance, at once denoted the captive. He seemed to be the very personification of the sufferings, the gloom, the neglect and the squalor of a dungeon!

He did not immediately speak, but contemplated Tunar with mingled surprise, interest and mistrust—while the youth gazed upon him with harrowed feelings; for he thought that in this individual he beheld an illustration and a prototype of the wretched pitiable condition to which he himself should in due time be reduced by all the terrific influences of captivity. But suddenly a recollection flashed to Tunar's mind; he remembered what the Sultan Schamyl had said in reference to a French spy named Dorval and to whose companionship he was to be consigned. He had, therefore, no doubt that he beheld before him the individual to whom allusion had thus been made—the person whose companion in captivity he was to be!

"I need not ask, unfortunate boy," said the old man, at length breaking silence, "whether you are a prisoner? The mode in which you have been thrust in upon this landing—those tears and those sobs—all tell the tale but too intelligibly."

"Alas! it is so!" responded Tunar; and then he again gave way to a wild paroxysm of anguish.

The old man had addressed him in the usual language of the Caucasian tribes; he spoke that language with fluency, though with a certain accent which indicated the foreigner. His voice sounded somewhat hollow and sepulchral, as if it had borrowed an intonation from the gloomy, sombre, and cavern-like echoes which were raised in the tower by every passing sound. The aged prisoner suffered Tunar to abandon himself for a few minutes without interruption to his grief; for he perhaps thought that the youth's mind would be relieved when it should have obtained this vent. At length he said "It is natural, unhappy boy, that you should deplore your fate: but still, as a fellow creature, I may remind you that whole oceans of tears flowing from those eyes, will neither soften the mortar of these walls, nor the hearts of your gaolers."

"It is but too true!" ejaculated Tunar, with a desperate effort to call his fortitude to his aid.

"Enter into the place which is henceforth to be your home," said the old man. "You come to break in upon a solitude which I have experienced for five years!"

Tunar followed his aged companion into the large gloomy apartment with which the door communicated. Though high up in that tower, it had in its massiveness all the appearance of a subterranean dungeon. There was a huge stone pillar sustaining the roof; and against the base of this pillar was a large stone bench to serve as

a seat or a bed. Light and air penetrated through a window high up in the wall, and the deep setting of which showed, as well as the loopholes elsewhere, the tremendous thickness of the masonry. Tunar glanced around, expecting to behold straw scattered on the pavement floor to serve as the only bed which his form should press at night; but he beheld nothing of the sort—and he was even surprised to remark that the place had a certain air of cleanliness, so far as a surface of masonry on every side, as well as above and below, could possibly wear such an aspect.

"First of all," said the old prisoner, "before we exchange a single syllable of personal explanations, let me show you and tell you what treatment you will have to expect in this place—for I presume that your position will be rendered perfectly similar to mine. That stone bench against the pillar will serve as your bedstead. Look! mine is a similar stone bench against yonder wall. You can distinguish it but dimly; for by the way in which the light now penetrates, it is in the obscurest nook of the apartment. You will have a straw mattress and blankets given to you and when these get old and worn out, new ones will be supplied. Twice every day your meals will be brought in; and these you will find to be neither stinted nor unwholesome. Rice for your breakfast, with the addition of a slice of course brown bread—and occasionally a wheaten cake. For dinner, rice and milk—or else a thick soup, with vegetables and brown bread—or else seethed or roasted goat's flesh. Sometimes fruits are superadded; and once a week there is a small supply of ardent spirits allowed. So much for the routine of the ration department; for it must be in justice conceded to Schamyl and his subordinates, that though they punish they do not torture."

But my punishment is most unjust!" exclaimed Tunar, passionately.

"And mine likewise," said the old man, but in so quiet a way that it contrasted singularly with the vehement utterance of the youth. However, on these topics we will converse anon; for we shall have plenty of time for conversation; and even though we had ten thousand subjects of interest to discuss, we should in time exhaust them all within the walls of Garanrog."

"You have told me," said Tunar, perceiving the utter inutility of exciting himself and already impressed by the example of his companion's coolness and self-possession—"you have told me what I am to expect in reference to personal wants:—be pleased to inform me whether there is no chance of being allowed to breathe a fresher atmosphere than that which penetrates through yonder window?"

"As for the freshness of the atmosphere," answered the old prisoner, "it could not possibly be purer, even though you never tasted it otherwise than through that window. For, as you must have observed, Garanrog stands upon a height, and this tower holds its position in the freshest stratum of air which breathes over the whole range of the Caucasus. Yet may you have other exercise, if you will, than that which a mere pacing to and fro in this apartment would afford. There is a flight of steps just outside our door, which leads up to the summit of the edifice; and there you may walk at will by day or by night."

"Then are not the precautions of the gaolers very carefully studied?" demanded Tunar, eagerly clutching at the hope of escape.

"What precaution need they take," asked the old man, "beyond locking and bolting that massive door which has so recently closed behind you upon the landing? To escape from this tower, you must descend instead of ascending—unless, indeed," he added in a peculiar tone, "you possess the wings of Icarus to bear you away in bird-like soaring from the summit."

"Then escape is impossible!" said Tunar, in a voice of the deepest despondency.

"Judge for yourself," rejoined the old man, "after I shall have mentioned a few particulars. The massive door upon the landing is never left unlocked or unbolted, save and except for the few moments of the gaoler's visit twice every day to bring the meals. What if you were to kill that gaoler during one of these visits? Half-way down the staircase you would be encountered by his assistant who has accompanied him thus far: that assistant is armed with loaded pistols—and he would at once blow out your brains. But let us even suppose that you slay this assistant likewise—or that by some accident he has failed to follow his superior on this particular occasion.

Well, then, you reach the door at the base of the tower; and there you find yourself confronted by a sentinel!"

"And if he likewise were slain?" asked Tunar, again clutching at a wild hope; "for desperate men will perform desperate deeds—and their very desperation inspires them with a tremendous energy!"

"Good," said the grey-bearded prisoner, treating the whole matter with a business-like patience and coolness; "we will suppose that you kill the sentinel. But this is not done without noise; and the guard-house is close at hand to vomit forth a dozen other armed soldiers."

"But what if it should happen to be done without noise?" ejaculated Tunar eagerly.

"Then you find yourself within the inner square, formed by the four ranges of buildings. Thence there is but one mode of egress—and this is through the guardhouse itself. You passed that way just now when you were brought hither."

"But what if I scale those buildings?" exclaimed Tunar.

"In order to do this, you would have to discover some point unprotected by a sentinel," rejoined the old man; "and no such point could you find. But even if you did, let us go so far as to suppose that you scale those buildings and get into the outer courtyard:—what then are your modes of escape? To climb over the rampart and be dashed to pieces on the craggy rocks below? or else to make a rush to the passage leading to the flight of steps that winds down into the plain? Well, but is there not a cannon commanding the mouth of that passage? is it not ever loaded? and are there not two sentinels stationed there day and night? Ah, young man! for five years have I been an inmate of this place; and think you that in the earliest period of my captivity I did not ponder for weeks and months those very ideas of escape which have in the space of as many minutes flitted in wild crudeness through your brain? You therefore perceive that escape by means of descent from this chamber is an utter impossibility."

"And by ascent still more impossible!" murmured Tunar in a faint and mournful voice, as he hoped died utterly within him.

The old man said nothing in reply; but he gazed steadfastly upon Tunar's countenance, on which the slanting light from the window was falling.

"I have not yet explained to you," resumed the grey-bearded prisoner, at length breaking a long silence, during which Tunar gave way to his desponding thoughts,—“I have not yet explained to you the full details of the treatment you may expect within these walls. I have told you that your food will be good and plentiful, and that you are free to take exercise on the roof of the tower at all times. I must now add that in the cold season there is an ample supply of fuel for firing, and that a lamp is allowed to lighten the long dark hours of winter. And now methinks I have told you all in those respects."

"Then Schamyl is merciful and kind after his own fashion!" exclaimed Tunar, clutching at another hope. "I will send to him a message by the gaoler—I will entreat his Highness to hear me—I will tell the whole truth—"

"The Sultan Schamyl does not dwell at Garanrog," interrupted the old man; "and even if he did, the gaoler would bear no message to his Highness. This castle, marking the confines of Schamyl's territory, is used chiefly as a depot and magazine for provisions and ammunition when his Highness leads his forces through these districts to make an irruption into the regions where his Muscovite enemies are to be encountered. Thus, serving as a commissariat-station as well as a border-defence—though sometimes, alas! as a prison likewise," continued the old man, "Garanrog has been rendered impregnable; and the defences, whether natural or artificial, are strengthened by that vigilance on the part of the little garrison which is so intimately associated with the strict and rigid discipline that Schamyl has introduced amongst the soldiers serving under his banner."

"Oh! is it possible!" cried Tunar, again speaking with the vehemence of desperation, "that I have nothing to hope for from the hands of Schamyl? Ah! I remember!—but my brain was so confused at the time!—I remember now, however, that he said he had come for a useless purpose with his army into this region; and doubtless therefore he is about to depart. Oh, for the means of sending one word of entreaty unto him—"

"It is impossible," interjected the old man. "You will think perhaps that I am throwing a damp upon each successive hope as it presents itself to your mind; but would you have me deceive you? It needed for me the bitter experience of months and months of alternating hope and despair, when I was first a captive here, to teach me how to look my position calmly in the face. There is nothing so wearing nor so harrowing as such a feverish mode of existence. But you are more fortunate—"

"Fortunate?" echoed Tunar bitterly.

"Yes—more fortunate," repeated the old man, still with the same unvarying calmness of his hollow sepulchral voice; "for when you enter your prison-house you meet one who is able to tell you that it is useless to plunge into that feverish state of mind; and it is therefore your own fault if you do not regain your self-possession and summon all fortitude to your aid. With me it was different! When brought within these walls, I found no companion—I was alone—and therefore I at first yielded to the wildest hopes, but only to see them disappointed one after another. Like you, I thought of escape: I plotted and planned—I lay awake at night—I racked my brain by day—until at last, by the study of all surrounding circumstances, I came to those conclusions which I have already detailed to you. I also strove to send messages to Schamyl; but the gaoler, though really a humane man, was on this point inexorable. In a word, here have I been for five years, entombed in utter solitude, until the present hour gave me a companion in myself."

"And has not this solitude been awful!" asked Tunar shudderingly.

"At first it was intolerable," responded the old man; "but after a while I made myself vociferations—Of this, however, no matter! Let us speak of yourself."

"Tell me, then, candidly—you who know so much concerning this dread prison-house and the character of Schamyl,—tell me," cried Tunar, "do you really think that he can be cruel enough to doom me to eternal captivity? Oh, I am so young—"

"Be calm—be tranquil," interrupted the old man. "You have asked me a question—give me the means of replying to it. In plain terms, tell me what you have done, or what you are supposed to have done; for I remember you just now declared that you were innocent. Tell me also what the Sultan Schamyl said to you; for methinks I have gathered from your words that it was he in person who sentenced you to this prison house."

"Oh, I recollect his fearful language!" said Tunar, again shuddering. "He told me that I was worthy of death, but that on account of my youthfulness he would spare my life—yet that I should be doomed to eternal captivity."

"It was in a similar sense," rejoined the old man, "that he spoke to me five years back—with this exception, that whereas he spared your life on account of your youth, he spared mine on account of my age. Schamyl is so far merciful and lenient that he dislikes shedding blood except in the heat of battle."

"And you call it lenient," exclaimed Tunar, "to doom me who am so young and who have so many years to live, to endless imprisonment?"

"As lenient as it was to condemn me, who am so old and have so few years to live, to a similar fate," answered the gray-bearded prisoner. "I do not think of Schamyl with vindictive bitterness; I thank him for having spared my life. Though innocent of the crime imputed to me, yet did circumstances tell against me; and there was no wanton injustice on Schamyl's part in condemning me. All that I have just said in reference to myself, may perhaps equally apply to you. To these remarks I will add that Schamyl is inflexible—and that never from his lips would go forth the mandate for your liberation or for mine, unless heaven should send us some means of communicating with his Highness and incontrovertibly proving our innocence."

"And those means are utterly beyond our reach," said Tunar, in a tone of deepest despondency; "for heaven will not work a miracle in our favor, and by no human agency may we hope to communicate with Schamyl!"

There was a pause, which was broken by the old man saying, "You have not yet told me of what you are accused; nor have you even mentioned your name. Come, let us know each other better."

"I already know—or at least I have reason to suppose," said Tunar, "that your name is Dorval—that you are a Frank by birth—and that

"you are a prisoner," he added, hesitating for fear of giving offence, "on a charge of—of—"

"Being a spy on behalf of the Russians," said the old man, thus calmly finishing the sentence which Tunar left incomplete. "I see that you have already heard of me," he continued in a voice which now had an accent of kindness running through its hollow tone; "and I thank you for the delicacy with which you were treating a subject that you thought might be a tender and a sore one. I like you better than at first—and I doubt not but that we shall become good friends. And now tell me something of yourself?"

"My name is Tunar—I am a Georgian by birth," replied the youth; "and for many years—indeed from mine infancy down to a recent date—I was an inmate of the household of a worthy merchant of Tiflis. He perished a short time back; and the other day circumstances led me to journey through the wildest regions of the Caucasus. There I fell in with two travellers, whom I knew not; and having previously killed some game, I offered them a portion of my fare. Who should these men be but notorious and formidable banditti, on whose head every Government of the Caucasian regions has set a price. A detachment of Schamyl's troops suddenly appeared—the banditti escaped—and I was captured. Unfortunate was it for me that unconsciously I had thus appeared to be on friendly terms with the brigand Kyri Karaman: for on being brought into Schamyl's presence, vainly did I protest mine innocence. He believed me not—but condemned me as an accomplice and partisan of that formidable robber. Therefore am I here!"

The old man listened with attention to this narrative; and when it was concluded, he said calmly but confidently, "You suppressed something in your explanations to the Sultan Schamyl—as you are also now suppressing it to me."

"Suppressed something?" exclaimed Tunar, coloring deeply. "How know you that?"

"A few moments back I knew it for two excellent reasons," responded Dorval: "but now I know it for three. The third reason is the admission which you have just made from your own lips by asking me how I knew it? The other two reasons—which were the prior ones—shall be explained. In the first place because it would require stronger circumstantial evidence than your mere casual encounter with the brigands, to lead Schamyl to proclaim that you were worthy of death and then to doom you to eternal imprisonment. In the second place because you are now in your excitement declared that if by any means you could communicate with Schamyl, you would tell him the whole truth."

Again did Tunar blush deeply: but the conversation was temporarily suspended by the arrival of the gaoler and his assistant, bearing a mattress and blankets for the new prisoner, and the evening meal for both captives.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE gaoler and his assistant spread the mattress and the blankets upon the stone bench at the foot of the huge pillar; and they placed upon the rude wooden table the two tin plates or pannikins, containing the evening meals for the captives. A large jug of spring water was added; and the assistant left the apartment to fetch a basin and ewer, as well as a napkin, with one or two other little necessities, such as soap and a hair-comb, for Tunar's use.

"You will now have some one," said the old gaoler to Dorval, to tell you the news of the great world much better than I have been enabled to communicate them.

"You have been very kind to me," answered Dorval; "and I shall ever feel grateful for the way in which you have discharged your duties."

"We do not wish to be unnecessarily harsh," observed the gaoler; "and I did not contravene my instructions when I communicated to you such flying reports as from time to time reached my ears."

At this moment the din of a cannon fired at some little distance, reverberated through the tower; and the old gaoler exclaimed to his assistant, "Go and haul down the great banner! His Highness the Sultan is taking his departure from this neighborhood!"

"Will he march in the night?" inquired Dorval.

"Night and day are all the same to the heroic Schamyl!" responded the gaoler, his countenance expressing the enthusiastic admiration with which he regarded his chief. "Many a month or even many a year may now elapse before we see his

Highness in this neighborhood again. Ah! do you recollect the last occasion on which his Highness visited this district?"

"It was about a year back—was it not?" inquired Dorval. "I remember that I besought you to bear a message from me to his Highness: but as you deemed it inconsistent with your duty—"

"I was compelled to refuse," said the old gaoler, thus finishing the elder captive's sentence.

"I was grieved to refuse you anything, Dorval: but duty before all other considerations! Yes—a year has elapsed since the last visit of his Highness. Do you not recollect that the great silken banner was blown away from the flagstaff during the night—"

"Ah, truly!" ejaculated Dorval. "Was it never found again? I think I must have forgotten to ask the question—"

"No—it was never found," rejoined the jailor. "The wind was blowing very strong at the time, and so the flag must have been carried across the mountains. Perhaps it is now rotting in some fathomless gulf; or perhaps it was picked up by peasants, and being cut into pieces is now decorating the forms of some of the wives and daughters of the mountaineers. But here is my assistant!"

As the gaoler thus spoke, his assistant appeared upon the landing, with the immense banner folded up into as small a compass as possible: but it still formed a considerable bulk. The gaoler bade the two captives "Good evening," and then withdrew. The grating sound of the key in the lock and the shooting of the huge bolts into their sockets sounded drearily and dimly upon the ears of Tunar: but Dorval, having grown accustomed to them, was unmoved by the din which produced a dispiriting effect upon his young companion.

They sat down to supper; but though the rations served to them were good and plentiful, Tunar could scarcely touch a morsel of the food which was before him. Dorval, on the contrary, ate with an appetite, and finished the contents of his dish. Tunar begged him to accept all that remained of his own ration: but Dorval assured him that he had eaten sufficiently.

"At first I was like you, he said: "I could not partake of my food. I had been wont to eat in freedom; and in a state of bondage it was loathsome to me. But after awhile the cravings of hunger grew more and more intense; and then I finished my rations. I have ever since eaten with appetite—as you have just seen me do. Nevertheless, I have of late fallen away and become much attenuated. Look at my garments! You would scarcely think that they were made for me. And yet they were! At first they fitted me admirably: now they hang upon me like a sack."

"And yet," said Tunar, "according to all that I have heard flow from your lips, I cannot conceive that you are very unhappy. I think there is a great deal of philosophy in your disposition, and that you are completely resigned to your lot. Is it not so?"

"I have taught myself," responded Dorval, "to bear my lot with patience; but as for becoming resigned to it, that is another thing!"

"Perhaps," cried Tunar eagerly, "you have a hope of escape, despite all you are now told me of the impossibility of effecting an egress from this power?"

Dorval did not immediately make any reply: but at length he said in his wonted quiet manner, "There is scarcely any condition of life so utterly desperate as to be beyond the reach of at least some bright gleam of hope."

"Oh, true!" exclaimed Tunar, who felt the necessity of clutching at any straw of hope which might present itself to him. "Perhaps, then, you have conceived some design—some method of escape—"

"I did not say so," answered Dorval, with a cold tranquillity which at once destroyed the hope that had prompted Tunar's question. "But who can tell what may happen? Schamyl may relent—though it is little likely. Or the Russians may besiege and capture Garanrog—which is even still more improbable. Yet nothing is after all impossible: for men bearing the character of intemperability, have bent to the cause of mercy—and castles seeming impregnable have been taken. Therefore, while there is life there is hope; and with this old adage must a prisoner sustain himself in his captivity."

Tunar however saw so little that was reassuring in Dorval's reasoning, that his heart sank com-

pletely within him; for he feared that Schamyl would indeed prove inflexible, and he felt convinced that Garanrog was impregnable.

"Let us now return," said Dorval, "to the tenor of that discourse which the appearance of the gaoler and his assistant ere now interrupted. We were talking of yourself. I do not ask for your confidence, unless you think fit to bestow it upon me. If you choose to shut yourself up in close reserve, we shall not be the worse friends on that account; for heaven knows it is our interest to be kind to each other, and to render our companionship as agreeable as possible."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Tunar: "such is indeed my wish!—and I will give you my confidence. I already feel that you are a being infinitely superior to myself—your words are fraught with wisdom—"

"Alas, young man!" said Dorval, shaking his head; "I have learnt much from the lessons of experience, and my years are thrice the number of yours. But let us devote this evening to conversation upon your affairs; and to-morrow we will discuss mine. If you bestow your confidence upon me, there shall be reciprocity."

"And I have already said that I will give you my confidence," observed Tunar.

But he was not altogether speaking with sincerity; for though immersed in a fortalice where his imprisonment might be eternal, he had no intention of revealing the secret in connection with the Vale of Roses. He was intensely selfish; and even though there now appeared to be but little probability that the secret would ever avail himself, he still clung to it with all the tenacity of his egotistical, churlish disposition.

"I was saying at the time when the turnkeys entered," remarked Dorval, "that I had three excellent reasons for being convinced that you had either suppressed something in your explanations to the Sultan Schamyl—or that towards me you were maintaining a reserve in reference to whatever took place between his Highness and yourself."

"I will answer you frankly," said Tunar.

"I did not explain to the Sultan's soldiers, when they arrested me—nor to the Sultan himself, when brought into his presence—why I had been wandering amidst those wild, uninhabited districts of the Caucasus; and this circumstance tended to confirm their belief that I was really a partisan of the bandit Kyri Karaman, and that my object was perhaps to watch for travellers or otherwise to aid the designs of that brigand."

"And why did you not give a full and complete explanation?" asked Dorval, who from beneath his shaggy eyebrows was now intently watching Tunar's countenance.

The youth was at this moment completely master of himself; and we have before seen that on general occasions he was equal to all the arts of dissimulation. He therefore changed not color—nor by the slightest sign betrayed that he was speaking falsely—when he said, "Would Schamyl or his soldiers have believed me if I had told them that having been compelled to fly from Tiflis, for killing a Russian officer in a duel, I sought refuge amidst the mountains of the Caucasus, and that ignorant of the path I was pursuing, I became lost in the wilds where accident threw me in with Kyri Karaman? But there was another circumstance that I have not yet mentioned, which told against me. The instant Schamyl's soldiers invaded the spot where I was conversing with the bandit, I mistook them for the members of some lawless horde; and I naturally enough obeyed the mandates which Kyri Karaman issued for the prompt effecting of our escape. This proceeding on my part seemed to corroborate the idea that I was veritably a partisan of that unprincipled robber. And now you know everything."

"Circumstances did indeed combine most fatally against you," said Dorval; "and I believe you, because I cannot see how you can have any interest in deceiving me. Besides, it is your own affair, and you were not compelled to give me any explanation at all unless you thought fit. Come!" he added, abruptly rising from his seat; "let us ascend to the roof of the tower—for the last rays of the setting sun are now glimmering over the western Caucasus, and the spectacle is a fine one."

Tunar accordingly followed the old man from the apartment; and they ascended the spiral staircase which led to the summit of the tower. The aperture of that staircase, where it joined

the roof, was covered by a little building inclosed on three sides and opening with a doorway upon the roof itself. The battlements of the tower were about five feet high; and in one angle the tall flag-staff was upreared. The immense banner, which floated day and night over that tower in honor of Schamyl when his Highness visited Garanrog or was encamped with his army in its neighborhood, had been taken down, as we have already seen; but the cords by which it was hoisted when occasion required, were left to the staff. To this circumstance Tunar's attention was at once turned: his eyes were riveted upon the cord, which, running through a hole at the top of the flag-staff, was not merely double, but likewise had a considerable portion of its length coiled round a couple of pegs at the base. Having estimated the length of the cord, Tunar looked over the parapet and calculated the height of the tower.

"At least seventy feet!" he muttered to himself; "and the cord must be nearly that length. It is slender—but it is evidently very strong," he added, still in a low musing tone, as he again fixed his eyes on the rope attached to the banner staff.

"And have I not already convinced you of the fatality of such dreams?" asked Dorval, who had thus penetrated the youth's thoughts. "Even if in the midst of a night of pitchy blackness you were to lower yourself by means of that rope into the inner court-yard, you could not effect your escape; for you would only then be in precisely the same position which I ere now pointed out when supposing for argument's sake that you slew the gaoler, his assistant, and the sentinel that watches at the door at the foot of the staircase."

"True!" said Tunar, heaving a profound sigh; for again did his heart sink within him.

He and Dorval then looked over the parapet towards the west, where the last expiring rays of the setting sun glinted upon the peaks of the mountains in the horizon.

"Now tell me," said Dorval; "is it true that there is to be war between Turkey and Russia? for the old gaoler assured me a few days ago that such is the rumor."

"And it is true," replied Tunar. "The Russians have already invaded the Sultan's two Christian provinces on the north of the Danube; and Omar Pasha, the greatest of Ottoman generals, has been intrusted with the command of the Turkish forces along the line of that river."

"It is a war, therefore," said Dorval, "into which Great Britain and my own native France will perhaps be dragged. But no matter to us! The din of hostilities will not reach our ears in this secluded fortress; and if we have nothing but the roar of the belligerents' cannon to chase sleep from our eyes, heaven knows that we may reckon on slumbering in tranquillity!"

Dorval then questioned Tunar relative to whatsoever other political matters were stirring in the great world, and concerning which the youth was enabled to afford him any information. They remained for nearly a couple of hours on the summit of the tower, discoursing on these topics. Tunar would fain have inquired into the circumstances which had led to his companion's captivity, and which had branded him as a Russian spy; but as Dorval now avoided all personal affairs, the youth was delicate in touching upon them. Besides, the old man had expressly said that he should defer until the morrow any explanations which he might have to give in respect to himself. They descended to their apartment, where Dorval produced and lighted the lamp which was allowed by the gaoler. They disapparelled themselves and sought their respective couches. The lamp was extinguished—they bade each other "Good night"—and silence now prevailed in the tower.

It was long ere Tunar could compose himself to slumber; but when at length sleep stole upon his eyes, it sealed them closely, and he slept profoundly through exhaustion alike of mind and body. When he awoke in the morning he found his companion already dressed; he started from his own couch and hastily performed his toilet. While he was thus engaged, Dorval took a broom from a corner of the apartment, and therewith swept the paved floor.

"This is a duty," he said, "which you and I, Tunar, shall henceforth share between us. I take my turn to-day—you shall take yours to-morrow—and so on."

"Or rather suffer me to perform it altogether!" exclaimed the youth, who now felt anxious to conciliate the old man as much as possible; for

he thought that if there ever could be a hope of escape, its realization must be brought about by the superior sagacity and experience of the Frenchman.

"Not so," replied Dorval, speaking in a kind tone, though with his usual sepulchral hollowness of voice. "I appreciate the goodness of disposition which thus led you to pay respect to my gray hairs; but there are no distinctions here. Captivity levels them all. Were I a king and you a beggar—or were the reverse the case—it would be all the same; we should be equals in our prison-house. Therefore we will share whatsoever little duties of this kind there are to be performed."

As Dorval finished speaking, the turning of the key, the grating of the lock, and the drawing of bolts, reached the ears of the captives; and the old gaoler entered with the morning's repast. He spoke in a kind and cheerful manner to the prisoners, and he then withdrew.

When the meal was finished, Dorval said to Tunar, "Let us take exercise on the roof of the tower; and I will there give you certain explanations concerning myself."

The youth longed to hear them; and he accordingly followed the old man to the summit of the edifice, where a magnificent view was obtained of the vast undulations of the surrounding scenery. There was a cloudless sky over head; but a refreshing breeze blew across the mountain range; and Tunar wooed it to his feverishly throbbing brows. His aged companion likewise seemed to inhale it with satisfaction; and after a little while he began to speak in the following terms:

"In my own country I was called a Count, which is a title of nobility of no mean degree: but as I have already said, little would it now matter if I had been a king and you were a beggar; we are equal within these walls. My fortune was never very considerable; and in the course of years I materially reduced it. I do not hesitate to confess that in my youth—and indeed up to the period of my prime—I was addicted to pleasure. I never married, but led a gay reckless existence, which might be termed happiness after its own fashion. I now look back upon it with disgust, and I loathe myself for my folly in having been beguiled by the idea that felicity and dissipation were compatible. When about forty-five, my tastes took a sudden turn; and I threw up debauchery and pleasure with as much ease as if I had been tossing off a garment which it no longer suited me to wear. I became studious; I taught myself many languages, including the one in which I am now speaking. Then I dabbled in a variety of experiments; and profligate as I had previously been, I grew as insensate in my theories. For a while I believed in the philosopher's stone, until I well nigh poisoned myself with chemicals in endeavoring to arrive at the art of projection. Then I fancied that I could make immense improvements in the steam-engine—though I must not speak of the steam-engine to you who doubtless have never seen one. In this experiment I wasted a considerable sum of money without achieving the slightest success. In short, I turned my attention to a variety of scientific pursuits; and if I generally failed in reaching the results at which I aimed, I nevertheless picked up more or less practical knowledge by the way. My fortune grew less and less; and the more it diminished, the more eager did I become to discover some means by which I might enrich myself. Yet I did not yearn for the possession of money in order that I might relapse into the ways of dissipation; for I loathed and abhorred them. But I knew that money was power; and I longed to become powerful. I thought of all that could be done by a man possessing the illimitable command of riches. There was a great deal of ambition with some little philanthropy mixed up in this craving of mine. Thus years passed away; and instead of becoming richer, I grew poorer. But though my studies and my researches, my speculations and my experiments, swept away my gold without contributing one tithe to the replenishment of my coffers, I fancied that there was before me another prospect of some day obtaining wealth. I had an old relative, far stricken in years, and who had the reputation of being well off. I was his only kinsman, and I looked upon myself as his heir. One day—a little more than six years back—I was sent for in a great hurry to the country seat of this relation; for he lived about seventy miles from Paris, which perhaps you know to be the French capital. My relation was dying. I arrived at his country seat in time to receive the

last words that fell from his lips; and these were of considerable importance. What he told me was twofold. In the first instance he explained to me that so far from being a rich man, he was utterly insolvent, and that the property he might leave behind him would barely suffice to pay his creditors and bury him decently. In the second place he commenced a tale of quite a different description; but death cut him short in the midst of it; and so I need not further allude to the subject."

Dorval paused for a few moments, and then continued his narrative in the following strain:

"So, instead of finding myself a rich man at my relation's death, I benefited not thereby to the extent of the smallest coin. I resolved to change my mode of life altogether: I was sick of speculative pursuits, in which I had wasted time, energy, and money; and you may smile perhaps when I tell you that I was seized with a mania to visit the wild scenery of the Caucasus. With me to decide upon a project was at once to execute it. I set out and travelled with rapidity to these regions. It was precisely five years and a half ago that I first plunged amidst the wild scenes of this mountain-range. I had come well provided with all the requisite materials for taking sketches of the most prominent features: I had a portfolio filled with drawing paper, pencils, India-rubber, *et cetera*, enough to stock the shop of a small beginner intending to deal in artists' materials. I wandered about, sometimes sleeping in a peasant's hut, sometimes in a cave. Sometimes upon the grass in the open air. Thus months passed away. My wayward steps led me one day to the plain which this castle overlooks. You may suppose that a fortress having a site and an appearance which may be termed so gloomily picturesque, could not be lost upon one who was seeking artistic subjects amongst the sublime, the grand, the majestic, and the imposing. I therefore sat myself quietly down in the middle of the plain, and began sketching the castle. While I was at work, two or three of the soldiers of the garrison came to see what I was doing; and as those rude mountaineers had but little idea of the art which I was pursuing, they were as much delighted as if they had been so many children when they recognized their towers, their ramparts, their heights, their rocks, even the very line of the narrow stone staircase itself, all being faithfully represented upon my paper. I opened my portfolio and showed them other views and sketches which I had previously made elsewhere. Nothing could exceed their surprise and delight. They hastened off to the castle and told the tale to their comrades, many of whom likewise came down into the plain to see the man who had the power of depicting Garanrog with such miniature accuracy. They brought me some good food and wine; and in return I gave them a few little sketches. So we parted excellent friends; and I pursued my wanderings elsewhere amidst the wilds of the Caucasus. But I could no more foresee what was to be the result of that innocent occupation of mine when drawing the Castle of Garanrog, than you could foresee what would be the result of offering some of your game to the two travellers whom you thought to be honest men but who turned out to be banditti."

Again Dorval paused for a few moments; and then he continued in the following manner:

"Several days after my departure from the neighborhood of Garanrog, I was journeying through the mountainous wilds—my portfolio and my little portmanteau of necessities being attached to the saddle of the good steed which I bestrode—when I suddenly came upon a small party of Russians. They were about a dozen in number: they had dismounted from their horses, and were lounging upon the grass, eating and drinking. They questioned me: I told them that I was a French artist, wandering about the Caucasus taking sketches from nature to serve as the originals for grand pictures of scenery which I intended to paint on my return to my native country. The officer in command of the little party of Russians was a gentlemanly man—intelligent—and a good judge of the art which I professed. He begged me to accept refreshment; and I readily assented. While I ate and drank, he turned over the contents of my portfolio, and was highly pleased with the sketches it presented to his view. But when he saw the drawing of Garanrog his joy knew no bounds. As I have already told you, it was accurate to the minutest detail, even to the indication of the line formed up the mountain on which it stands, by the ascent of steps cut out of the solid rock. He was skilled in military drawing, fortification.

and engineering; and he begged permission to use a blank piece of paper from the portfolio in order to make a plan of the castle and its defences from the sketch which I had taken and which was then before him. In a moment of thoughtlessness I gave my assent. The Russian officer was soon deep in his drawing: but by degrees an idea began to steal into my head. I thought to myself that I was wrong to suffer the Russian to make this plan of an enemy's fortress, for I myself had been well treated and kindly used by the soldiers of Garanrog. I comprehended for what purpose the Russian officer wanted the plan; and I resolved that I would not have to reproach myself thenceforth with having played a part that was at all treacherous towards the generous and hospitable mountaineer soldiers of this castle. But just as I was on the very point of remonstrating with the officer, there was a sudden irruption of a strong party of mountaineers. The Russians, starting to their feet, betook themselves to their weapons. The combat which ensued was terrific but brief: half of the Russians were slain—the other half with difficulty managed to save themselves by flight. As for myself, I at the very outset of the engagement was made a prisoner by one of the mountaineer soldiers: but this gave me little concern, for I had not offered to take any part in the fray, and I felt confident that when I proclaimed myself to be no Russian but a peaceable French artist, my liberty would at once be granted. I was, however, mistaken; for when the combat was over, the portfolio was closely examined; and behold! there was the sketch of Garanrog—and there was likewise the plan of the castle which the Russian officer had been drawing out! I then began to feel nervous—and all the more so when I found that I was regarded as a spy. I was hurried off to Garanrog, where the Sultan Schamyl was staying at the time. There I was at once recognized by those soldiers of the garrison who had seen me sketching in the plain a few days beforehand. All appearances were hostile to me. Vainly did I offer explanations: I was not believed—and I really cannot wonder at Schamyl's incredulity. Indeed the evidence was most damning against me; and if I had at once been hanged as a spy, Schamyl would only have done that which any other chief in the world would in similar circumstances have ordered to be performed. He however spared my life on account of my age and my grey hairs. You now therefore understand how I came to be a prisoner here, and why I said last evening that I had no vindictive enmity against the Sultan Schamyl—but that on the contrary, I felt grateful to his Highness for having given me my life."

CHAPTER XLIII.

SUCH was the narrative of the old French prisoner of Garanrog, and to which Tunar had listened with the deepest attention.

Several days passed, during which Tunar grew more and more pleased with the conversation of his fellow captive. There was a certain dryness in Dorval's manner—a conciseness in his mode of speech, which at first created the impression that his temper was somewhat disagreeable, that it had become embittered by imprisonment, and that he was also prone to be dogmatic, peremptory and authoritative. But this impression soon wore off; and Tunar discovered that the old man was naturally amiable and kind-hearted, though his misfortunes could scarcely have failed to produce a certain effect upon him. He spoke plainly, and in his discourse he was in the habit of coming to the point at once; because he naturally felt that in a prison it would be useless and preposterous to observe those strict formalities and delicate amenities which prevail in the gilded saloons of fashion. That such was the case, Tunar soon comprehended. On the other hand, Dorval himself was making use of all his experience in the world to obtain an accurate estimate of the character and disposition of the youth whom circumstances had rendered his companion; and he was inclined to form a very favorable notion on the subject. We have already said that Tunar was resolved to conciliate the old man as much as possible: he was therefore ever on the alert to render himself agreeable to Dorval, and to display his character in the most amiable light. Thus, as the days passed on, the two prisoners grew more and more attached to each other.

It has been said, that occasionally with the rations a small amount of ardent spirits was

allowed. This liquor was the purest alcohol, distilled from grain in the castle itself; it was colorless, and of the highest standard of strength. Tunar perceived that on the first occasion when these spirits were served with the rations, Dorval touched not a single drop, but contented himself as usual with the pure spring water. A love of strong liquor was never a vice of Tunar's; indeed, he was habitually most temperate; and when he had once put his lips to the potent alcohol, he expressed his distaste for it, and vowed that nothing should induce him to imbibe such a burning fluid.

"You are right, Tunar," said Dorval; "such liquor is naught but slow poison. But still it need not be wasted—it is sometimes good as a medicament."

The spirits had been brought up in two very diminutive stone jars or bottles; and Dorval now proceeded to place them in a niche hollowed in the wall on that side of the apartment where his own bed was situated. Having done this, he said to Tunar, "It will be as well not to mention to the gaoler that we set aside our allowance of spirits instead of drinking them; or he may think it needless to furnish us with another supply in future."

"Be it as you will," responded Tunar: and the incident quickly passed out of his mind.

On the next occasion when the gaoler brought up a supply of the potent alcohol, he said, addressing himself to Dorval, "You will have the kindness to return the other bottles as usual."

"Certainly!" ejaculated the old Frenchman. "I had forgotten to place them upon the table."

He then hastened to the niche, and produced the two bottles to which the gaoler alluded.

"I thought you intended to preserve the spirits in case of sudden need?" remarked Tunar to his aged companion, so soon as the gaoler had retired and the massive door on the landing was closed.

"Yes—I have preserved them," said Dorval, with more curtness than it was even his wont to adopt. "I emptied the alcohol out of those two bottles this morning, while you were walking by yourself on the roof of the tower. I happen to have another bottle, which I managed to retain one day without the gaoler recollecting it; and if at any time you should take a fancy to a drop of the exhilarating fluid, it is of course at your disposal. But I should recommend you never to touch it."

Tunar said not another syllable upon the subject; but a strange suspicion had arisen in his mind—and he hastened to turn the discourse into another channel, for the very purpose of preventing the old man from fancying that such a suspicion was entertained concerning him. Indeed, Tunar thought within himself that Dorval was not quite so abstemious as he had pretended to be—but that he had affected and likewise recommended such abstinence for the selfish purpose of getting possession of the youth's allowance of ardent spirits in addition to his own. Though Tunar was himself in many things a consummate hypocrite and a practised dissembler, yet he was shocked when he thought that he had thus discovered a weakness of the meanest and paltriest kind on Dorval's part. But it did not suit his views to give utterance to a single harsh word towards the old man; for he still retained the impression that if ever an escape could be effected from within those walls, it must be by the aid of the Frenchman's superior sagacity. The two little stone jars were again taken possession of by Dorval, and by him deposited in the niche close by his bedside.

For all the rest of the day Tunar thought of this occurrence, though he spoke not another syllable of allusion thereto, and though he likewise studied by his looks to prevent Dorval from suspecting that it had produced any impression on his mind. When night came they both sought their respective beds at the usual hour: the lamp, which was temporarily lighted, was extinguished, and silence prevailed in the tower. Tunar slumbered; but how long he had slept he knew not, when on opening his eyes he became sensible of a feeble light flickering in the apartment. It was not the first beam of morning struggling through the window; it was evidently an artificial light. Tunar remained perfectly motionless; and he so modulated his breathing as to convey the impression that he still slept. He was convinced that Dorval had lighted the lamp for some reason or another, and likewise that this reason was a secret one; for the youth said within himself, "If the old man were ill,

he would have awakened me—he would have summoned me to his assistance!"

Recollecting the incident which had twice occurred in respect to the ardent spirits, Tunar conceived that Dorval was indulging in his solitary potations while he fancied that his companion slept, and that he thus drank at night so that his appearance should not in the daytime betray his application to the little stone bottles. Tunar felt infinitely disgusted, but he said not a word—he did not move in his couch—he continued to breathe as if he were veritably sleeping soundly as before.

We should observe that the position of Tunar's bed was such that he could not see Dorval's, for the huge pillar formed a screen betwixt them. He thought of raising himself gently up to a sitting posture and peeping round the pillar in the direction of the old man's couch; but he feared to be detected in the proceeding; and he said within his own mind, "Of what avail to anger him by showing that his mean selfishness is discovered? He would never forgive me!—and for the sake of a miserable drop of spirits, for which I myself indeed care not, it were madness to make him my enemy!"

Scarcely had Tunar arrived at this resolution, when he heard a sound as if the old man were lifting his entire bedding, mattress and all, and then dropping it down again. The noise was not a loud one; indeed, if Tunar were really asleep, it could not have awakened him. But still that noise was heard: the rustling of the straw contained in the mattress, was for a moment plainly audible. Then Tunar as distinctly heard Dorval enter his couch; and immediately afterwards the lamp was extinguished. Silence and darkness again prevailed in the room.

Tunar recollected what Dorval had said in respect to having a private bottle of his own; and he now therefore concluded that the old man was accustomed to hide it under the mattress of his bed. This was another circumstance only too well calculated to enhance the youth's disgust for what he conceived to be the meanness, pettiness, and paltriness of Dorval's proceeding; and he sank into slumber reflecting painfully thereon. But when they both arose in the morning, the youth still maintained the most amicable demeanor towards the Frenchman. He however watched for an opportunity when he should be alone in the apartment for a few minutes; and he then hastened to the niche in the wall against which Dorval's bed was arranged. There were the two little stone bottles; but on shaking them Tunar discovered that they were both empty. He then lifted the mattress and peeped underneath, but no secreted bottle was there—nothing but the platform or surface of masonry on which the bed itself was wont to rest.

More than ever disgusted and surprised at the old man's conduct, Tunar said to himself, "Even the very tale of the secreted bottle was a falsehood! The selfish Frenchman is as greedy as he is mean and paltry; he has swallowed the entire contents of those two little stone jars during the past night!"

Six weeks now elapsed from the incident which we have just related; and Tunar had therefore been exactly two months a prisoner at Garanrog. Every week when the allowance of spirits was served out, Dorval self-appropriated the whole quantity as on the two occasions already specified: but Tunar had not again found the lamp burning in the middle of the night. The spirits however always disappeared; and each time the jailor brought in two full bottles, two empty ones were restored to him. The youth had by this time got accustomed to Dorval's proceeding on the point; and he almost ceased to care for it, because he said to himself, "Old age is often selfish in mean and petty things; and captivity warps and narrows the feelings even still more. I will not quarrel with him on this account! But is it possible this man, so sagacious, so persevering in many things, as his former history proves him to be, can have resigned himself to pass the rest of his days within this horrible prison? or may he not secretly harbor some project of escape which at present is not matured, or which he fears to intrust to me? I will endeavor to probe his mind—I will throw out some hint for that purpose!"

Accordingly, in the course of the same day on which Tunar made these reflections—and while they were seated together in their apartment after two or three hours of exercise upon the roof—Tunar ejaculated, as if in sudden paroxysm of impatience at his captivity, "Oh! would to God

that we were free, and that we could breathe amidst the hills themselves that breeze, the freshness of which seems tainted by passing through the window of a prison-house!"

"And if you were free," inquired the old man, "what use would you make of your liberty?"

"Oh, my dear friend!" cried Tunar, "how can you ask that question of one who is in the years of his youth—and who, if free, would have all the world before him whence to select some path for his future career? If liberated from these walls, might I not offer the service of my sword to one of those powers which will speedily be engaged in the deadly struggle of war?"

"And you would abandon your friend in captivity?" said Dorval, fixing his eyes keenly upon Tunar.

It instantaneously struck the youth that there was a more than usual significance in Dorval's regards, and that he had put this question for some purpose beyond that of mere conversation. He therefore hastened to exclaim. "No! I would never abandon you! If we were both restored to freedom together—or if jointly it were possible for us to effect our escape—I would ever cling to you as if I were your son! Oh, what joy would it be to accompany you to that splendid city of Paris of which you have told me so much, and which from your description I long to behold!"

Dorval had never taken his eyes off Tunar's countenance while the latter was thus speaking, and the old man now turned and paced slowly to and fro half-a-dozen times in the apartment. Tunar saw that there was something of importance revolving in Dorval's mind; the youth was full of suspense—hope and fear were conflicting within his breast.

At length the old man stopped short; and again fixing his eyes upon Tunar, he said, "I have taken two months to study your disposition well, and to form an estimate of your character. The very first day that you were here, I saw that you had plenty of enthusiasm arising from the very desperation of your position: for you remember that you talked wildly of slaying gaoler and assistant and sentinel, of scaling buildings, attempting all sorts of mad or impossible deeds. I therefore doubted your discretion: for let me tell you, young man, that when an individual finds himself shut up in a fortress so well secured as this, it is not by rash, precipitate and violent measures that he may hope to effect his escape. On the contrary, he must bring all his philosophy to his aid; and even then, if he possess only a common mind, with the usual limited range of education and knowledge, he will fail to devise any project that may enable him to defy the thickness of walls, the height of towers, the massiveness of doors, and the number of sentinels."

"Good heaven!" ejaculated Tunar, wildly starting up from his seat; "then you, my venerable friend, possess all that philosophy, all that knowledge, and all that intelligence which are requisite—"

"Behold how you excite yourself!" said Dorval, with a look of reproach: yet it was with accents of kindness that he added, "If all which is harboring in my brain were suddenly transferred to yours, I verily believe that you would be driven mad with the wildness of exultation."

"Oh, I will be calm! I will be calm!" said Tunar, his entire frame quivering with suspense, and his voice tremulous from the same cause. "I see that there is hope!"—and he now sank upon the stone bench where he was wont to spread his couch at night; for he felt as if he should faint with the emotions that had taken possession of him.

"You remember," continued Dorval, "that the very first evening you and I were thrown together in this apartment, I explained to you the impossibility of escape by descending from the tower."

"Oh yes," murmured Tunar, as hope again began to sink within him; "and I remember full well you said likewise that it was equally impossible to escape by ascending, unless I possessed wings to bear me away in bird-like soaring from the summit."

"Then you will admit," said Dorval, with a peculiar tone which at once reminded Tunar of the accents in which the old man had spoken when two months back he had made the allusion which the youth himself had just quoted—"you will admit, then, that if you did possess wings to bear you away from the top of the tower, your escape would not be an impossibility?"

Tunar gazed upon Dorval with a look of absolute dismay and disappointment, as he thought within himself, "Good heavens, he is going mad!—he is drivelling with age and captivity!—and there is no hope!"

"Perhaps you would not believe me," continued Dorval, who either did not penetrate the youth's reflections or else did not think it worth while to make any particular comment upon them—"perhaps you would not believe me if I were to tell you that in the countries of Western Europe, a certain branch of science has been brought to such a degree of proficiency that men have invented a machine in which they soar up into the air, and by which long aerial voyages have been performed. Yet it is so!—and the invention to which I am now alluding is called a balloon."

Tunar endeavored to persuade himself that the old man was really speaking in a collected and sensible manner, but still he had his doubts and misgivings—and therefore he listened with mingled interest and suspense.

"Look!" said Dorval, "and I will explain it to you."

Thus speaking, the old man took from his pocket a ragged, faded old handkerchief, in which were wrapped some pieces of pencils and artists' crayons.

"My portfolio," he said, "with all the sketches it contained, was kept by Schamyl's soldiers, when they took me prisoner; but fortunately I had many of my drawing materials about my person at the time—and those were left untouched. Here is a piece of white crayon; and the blackened wall of the room must serve as my canvas."

Dorval then proceeded to sketch a balloon upon the wall, while Tunar followed his proceedings with a suspenseful interest, in which bewilderment was blended; for he was still at a loss to make up his mind whether the old man was in possession of his senses or whether he had become a drivelling visionary. But as Dorval went on to describe the construction of a balloon—its nature and its mode of management, when he explained how the huge silken globe itself might be inflated with any gas or vapor that was lighter than the atmosphere—and how a balloon of a given size would bear up men aloft amidst the clouds—Tunar listened as if he were in the midst of a dream which began in wonderment, passed into the phase of solemnity, and terminated in the wild ecstasy of hope. His natural intelligence gradually made him comprehend that everything which Dorval was now saying might be strictly consistent with facts; and when the old man had concluded, the youth flung himself into his arms, exclaiming, "Oh! you are indeed a superior being—and I feel infinitely your inferior!"

"You would not think this," responded Dorval, in his usual quiet manner, "if you were in Paris or London; for in those cities balloons are common spectacles."

"It is wonderful!" ejaculated Tunar: but scarcely had he given utterance to the words when a sudden chill seized upon his heart—a damp fell upon his spirits—the golden vision in which he had been cradling himself, melted away in a moment; and as he sank upon the stone bench with a countenance expressive of blank despair, he murmured, "But 'tis all useless! for we have not a single one of the many materials that are required for the formation of a balloon!"

There was a long silence, during which Tunar sat buried in the deepest despondency—while Dorval stood looking at him with pity, almost with contempt.

"What succor can I hope from one who thus abandons himself to the most insensate excitement or to the most coward despair?"—and now for the first time since their acquaintance the old man spoke with sternness to his youthful companion.

"Pardon me," said Tunar, profoundly submissive and humble: "I ought not to question the sagacity of such as you! But if we both found ourselves naked in a desert and you were to speak to me of fashioning raiment to clothe ourselves wherewithal, should I not be bewildered and confounded? I know that my ignorance is great; for you have ere now been telling me of wonders whereof I had never dreamt. But this ignorance of mine, by rendering me conscious of my own weakness, likewise makes me distrustful of the capabilities of others. I am not to be blamed for such ignorance—and therefore I again say pardon me!"

Dorval was not merely appeased, but even af-

fectured by a speech so meek, so humble, and so submissive; and he embraced Tunar, saying, "Poor boy! you have not offended me; and your present conduct convinces me that you may yet become an able assistant in the execution of the grand project which I have formed."

Tunar, though now once again wild with hope, nevertheless so far curbed his feelings as to prevent the betrayal of them in their fullness; and he stood with a docile and submissive look, like a student waiting to be initiated into sublime mysteries by a competent master, though his heart was in reality palpitating and fluttering with violence.

"First of all," said Dorval, "let us obliterate this sketch from the wall. We must not even allow consummate ignorance, as personified in our gaoler, to have the slightest ground for suspicion."

Having thus spoken, Dorval effaced the crayon drawing by means of a damp towel.

Tunar was accustomed to roll up his own bedding during the day-time and deposit it in a corner of the apartment, because the stone bench against the pillar served as a seat for himself and Dorval when they took their meals. But Dorval's bedding was always left spread out upon that other stone bench which was against the wall. The old Frenchman now proceeded thither, closely followed by Tunar. He drew off the bedding: and the stone bench was fully revealed. It was about six feet long, two feet broad, and two and a half feet in height. It had a solid appearance, as if it were one complete mass of masonry; while what might be termed the top or surface of the bench was formed of three flagstones.

"Now, my dear boy," said Dorval, "I am about to initiate you into the secrets of the stupendous project which I have conceived. This place"—and he pointed to the stone bedstead—"is hollow. I hollowed it myself. It was originally filled with earth and mortar, hardened into a concrete substance: but I worked and worked until I excavated it so that I made it resemble a stone sepulchre or tomb, fitted for the reception of a coffin. When the wind blew very high at night, I used to carry the scraped and pulverised concrete to the summit of the tower: I scattered it by handfuls along the battlement—and thus was it all by degrees blown away in such a manner that nothing occurred to excite the suspicions of the garrison below. These three flagstones lift up. Beneath them are my treasures."

"Treasures?" repeated Tunar, careful to speak with as much mildness and with as little excitement as possible.

"Yes," my treasures," rejoined the old man, with a smile. Not treasures of silver or gold—though, for aught I know to the contrary," he added, with a peculiar accent, "I may some day possess them likewise. However, what these treasures are you shall now see."

Having thus spoken, Dorval lifted one of the flagstones; and Tunar peered forward with anxiety to look into the recess thus revealed. But instantaneously recollecting his resolve, to avoid any wildness or excitement, he retreated a step or two.

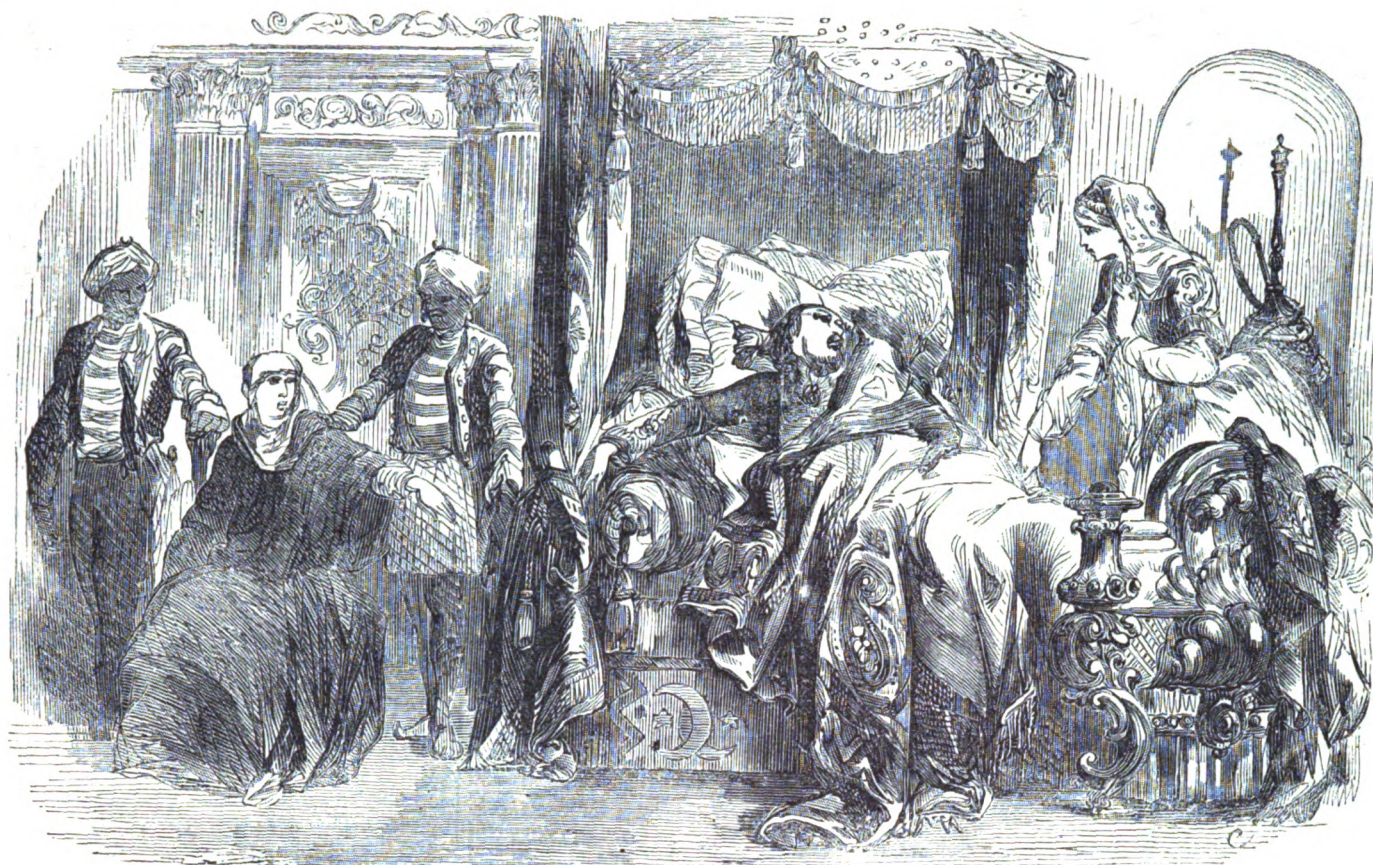
"Do you remember," inquired Dorval, "that the very first evening you were brought a captive hither, the gaoler spoke to me of the great silken banner which was lost about a year ago?"

"Yes—blown from the flagstaff!" ejaculated Tunar: "perhaps rotting in a ravine—perhaps decorating the persons of the peasant girls of the mountains!"

"It is well: that the gaoler thinks so," observed Dorval: "for the great banner is here."

Thus speaking, he drew forth the green and red standard of the Sultan Schamyl, neatly folded up into as compact a form as possible.

You will admit, Tunar," he continued "that it was a bold stroke to steal the flag; but still it proved successful. It is now fashioned into the shape of a balloon. I asked for needles to mend my clothing, and they were furnished me. The flag itself supplied the threads of silk by which the lozenge-shaped pieces were sewn together. But then you will ask how have I rendered it air-tight? I will tell you. You already know that when I was captured by Schamyl's soldiers I had certain artists' materials about my person. Amongst these were several pieces of India rubber. India rubber may be dissolved in linseed oil; and then, if mixed with pure alcohol, it swells to many times its original bulk. The weekly supply of linseed oil for the lamp and of spirits allowed for my use, enabled me to



dissolve and expand the India rubber; and with that solution the balloon of silk is completely covered. It is consequently air-tight and watertight."

Tunar listened with an interest so keen and intense, that it almost amounted to a feeling of painfulness.

"My car for the balloon," continued Dorval, raising the second flag-stone, "is so far fashioned that it only requires to be put together. Look! here are the sides—and here is the bottom. They lie flat one upon another in this recess, and take up but little room. When the time comes, it will not require an hour's work to put all these pieces together into the shapeliness of a car; and the cord of the flagstaff will furnish the means of joining them securely."

Dorval, while thus speaking, had produced the pieces of his intended car; and he proceeded to explain how he had made it.

"I have already told you," he said, "that in the winter fire-wood is allowed. I selected those pieces which were sufficiently strong and elastic for my purpose; and I have woven them together into a sort of wicker work. It is all rude enough, as you see; but still it is substantial. Now, when the time comes that we can use the balloon—"

"And when will that time come?" asked Tunar, his whole frame quivering, and his voice tremulous with the powerful emotions that were agitating him.

"In the long nights of winter," replied Dorval, "on the darkest, deepest, blackest night which may present itself for the furtherance of our purpose! It was for the coming of winter that I was patiently waiting when you became the companion of my captivity. But let me proceed in my explanations. When the time comes I say, we shall render the cord of the flagstaff available in more ways than one. Some little portion of it will be used to join firmly the several parts of our car together. But we shall require the greater length to be fixed to the point or apex of the balloon, with an end passing through a ring on each side, and coming down, so as to sustain the principal weight of the car. Then we shall have a piece of cord passing all round the balloon like a girdle, and fastened on each side to our two sustaining cords. Our mattresses will be cut into slips; and these will be attached to our hoop-like cord and to our car, so that the sustaining power may be rendered complete."

"Oh, all this is wonderful!" murmured Tunar, with a sense of awe upon his mind as he felt

that, on the score of intelligence, he was towards Dorval as a pigmy in size to a giant.

"But now you will ask me," proceeded the old man, "how the balloon is to be inflated? This point is likewise provided for"—and, raising the third flagstone, he added, "Behold this barrel! When first I was consigned as a prisoner here, it was given to me as a seat; but when I wanted it for its present purpose, I pretended that being deficient in firewood, I had burnt it. It has since been hidden in this recess. For a long time past, all the ardent spirits which have been furnished to me have been poured weekly into this cask; and herein likewise are the rations of alcohol which you have received since your captivity. When the time comes to make the grand experiment, we shall have spirits sufficient to inflate the balloon with its vapor exhaled by means of fire."

Having thus spoken, Dorval replaced the three flagstones, and then re-arranged his bedding upon them. Tunar was literally too much confounded and amazed—too much impressed with awe and wonder, to be enabled to give vent to the enthusiasm of excitement, even if he were otherwise unable to restrain such wildness of feeling.

"And now," said the old man, "let us ascend to breathe the fresh air upon the roof of the tower: for this is the day of revelations, and I have yet many marvelous things to make known unto you."

CHAPTER XLIV.

WE have already, in a hurried and partial manner, endeavored to describe the feelings with which Tunar was inspired while listening to the explanations of Count Dorval. To him those explanations were fraught with wonderment; but still, as we have hinted, his natural intelligence and good sense enabled him to follow their progress with a perfect comprehension of their details, and to understand that they were consistent with probability and reason. And when he heard how the scientific Frenchman had saved all the rations of spirits, Tunar felt ashamed of himself for having entertained notions so derogatory to a personage who now appeared to him as high-minded as he had previously deemed him mean and selfish. But that there should be a possibility—nay, more, a probability of escape from that dread mountain fortalice, was sufficient to excite the wildest joy in Tunar's breast; and he would have given way to it with an equally wild enthusiasm, had he not restrained himself at the

recollection that the old Count, in his own mental sedateness, disliked and distrusted such ebullitions.

They ascended together to the roof of the huge tower, and for some little while they paced to and fro in silence, each absorbed in his reflections. Tunar was now revolving in his mind whether he should not reveal the grand secret respecting the Valley of Gulistan to his aged companion; for he thought to himself that if any one could devise a means of taking the last necessary step to enter into that vale without the danger of perishing in the folds of the slimy serpent at the extremity of the long dark cavern, this man was assuredly Dorval! Indeed, Tunar—not merely from this selfish motive, but likewise in the enthusiasm of gratitude which he experienced towards one whom he already looked upon as his deliverer from Garanrog—was on the point of breaking silence to commence the revelation of the secret, when that silence was first broken by Count Dorval himself.

"I told you, Tunar," said the Frenchman, "that I have yet many marvellous things to reveal unto you. I am now about to initiate you into a secret—or I should rather say into as much of it as I myself am acquainted with—"

"How strange!" ejaculated Tunar; "for I myself have a secret which I have as yet hidden from you, but which I was on the very point of making known when you began to speak. And this secret, too, is not entirely known unto myself!—the last link of the mystic chain thereof is as yet undiscovered—"

"Your words, young man, appear to have a strange meaning," interrupted Dorval; "and now that I remember how there was something mysterious in your wanderings through the wilds of the Caucasus—"

"I confess," said Tunar, "that the tale which I told you of the death of a Russian officer in a duel was a fabrication—and that I had another motive for plunging amidst those Caucasian wilds. But, oh! be not angry with me—withdraw not your friendship—"

"I am not angry with you—and I withdraw not my friendship," said Dorval. "You had a right to keep your own secret, even as until this day I have kept my secrets from your knowledge. The only difference is that you invented something, whereas I invented nothing to cover this reserve."

"But you will also admit," exclaimed Tunar, "that you demanded explanations of me, while I on the other hand pressed you not with a single question?"

"This is true," said Dorval: and then with a smile,—and a smile was so strange and rare a thing with him,—he added, "Perhaps we were equal after all; for if you invented your tale of the slain Russian officer for one purpose, I invented my tale of the concealed bottle for another. So when I vaunted of having invented nothing, I was wrong. But in respect to this secret of yours—what is it?"

"It came to my knowledge by an accidental insight which I obtained into certain private papers of my deceased master Mansour, that there was a beautiful valley cradled amidst the wilds of the Caucasus—a terrestrial paradise, teeming with gems and the precious metals, as well as with the choicest fruits and the loveliest flowers—"

"The Vale of Gulistan!" exclaimed Dorval. "Yes—that vale exists!—there cannot be a doubt of it! And now perhaps you understand why I recently said that the time might possibly come when I should possess great riches."

"Yes—I recollect the observation!" cried Tunar: "but I thought at the moment that you alluded to such riches as the probable result of your scientific pursuits, if you should ever effect your escape hence and go forth into the great world again."

"No—I have not the slightest faith in my own scientific acquirements as the direct means of earning wealth. But," continued Dorval, "may not my little knowledge in this respect avail as the means of bearing me—I will say of bearing us to the blessed spot where riches are to be procured? In a word, the same machine—I allude to the balloon—which may waft us hence, can likewise enable us to descend into the terrestrial paradise of which we are speaking."

"True! Oh, true!" exclaimed Tunar: "and by those means all the perils of the long dark cavern-entrance may be avoided!"

"Ah!" ejaculated Dorval, "then you yourself have been more fortunate than I—you must have discovered the spot?"

"I know precisely where it is," answered the youth. "I have been, so to speak, upon its very threshold; but a monstrous serpent guards the place—and I fled in dismay."

"And how fled you with your life?" asked Dorval, who was somewhat incredulous at the story of the serpent.

"It was providence—accident—I know not what," rejoined the youth. "My hand touched the folds of the serpent—and yet it remained quiescent!"

"And how amidst the almost labyrinthine mazes of the Caucasus," inquired Dorval, "could you again find your way towards that blessed spot?"

"The vale is surrounded by mountains utterly inaccessible to any human foot that should seek to climb them: but one of those mountains—the highest of them all—is cleft in twain for a considerable distance down its crest; and by that sign should I know the spot again."

"And that sign may guide us when sailing through the air in our balloon," rejoined Dorval: "so that it may perhaps be unnecessary to dare the dangers, whether real or fancied, of the long dark cavern whereof you speak. But before we enter more minutely into such particulars as you yourself may be entitled to give, let me continue the explanations which I was about to proffer when you ere now interrupted me. Not that they are of much consequence after everything you have been just saying: for I thought at the time that I was on the point of initiating you into a grand secret, whereas I find that it is even better known to you than unto myself."

"Yet must any narrative coming from your lips," said Tunar, "be fraught with interest. I beseech you, therefore, to give me these explanations."

"In order to do this," replied the old man, "I must enter upon a tale which at its outset may appear to have little enough to do with the main topic of our discourse; yet you will in due time perceive how it fits into the framework of this vast and ample picture which we are mentally contemplating. I have already told you, during the two months that we have been together, many things relative to the history of my native France. You will know therefore of what particular period I am speaking, when I begin by stating that towards the close of the reign of Louis the Sixteenth there dwelt in Paris an elderly gentleman, of aristocratic family, but of ruined fortunes. His name was Mignot.

Strange to say he had ruined himself by acts of charity and philanthropy—real charity and real philanthropy, without ostentation and without selfishness! He was profoundly pious; and so excellent was his character that he was surnamed *Le Bon*, or 'the good.' At length his patrimony was entirely dissipated—his ancestral mansion was sold—and he retired to a humble lodging: I believe it was a veritable garret. All of a sudden Mignot disappeared from Paris; and no one knew what had become of him. He remained absent for two years—at the expiration of which period he returned, the evident possessor of great wealth. He repurchased his family estates, his country-seats, and his town-mansion: and he became more profuse in his charities and his liberalities than ever. His riches seemed boundless; so that his mode of living as well as his remarkable philanthropy attracted the notice of the Court. Already was the political horizon darkening—already were the waves of insurrection beginning to toss and heave within the capital; and the King was striving to render himself popular. He thought that the bestowal of some signal honor upon the philanthropist Mignot would be agreeable to the people. Louis the Sixteenth therefore sent for that personage, and conferred upon him the title of Marquis. Soon afterwards the revolution broke out, and the King was dethroned. Then came the Republic—and then the Reign of Terror. The aristocracy had either fled, or else stayed only to perish on the scaffold. Mignot was one who remained, believing that he at least was safe, and that the goodness of his disposition as well as the magnitude of his bounties towards the people would be his best safeguard. But in those times there were villainous spies and selfish denunciators; and in the midst of so much confusion it was impossible but that the innocent would often be confounded with the guilty. To be brief, the worthy Mignot was arrested and thrown into prison. The charges against him were that he was an aristocrat—that he had virtually declared against the popular cause by accepting a patrician title from the King at the very time when the struggle was going on between the Monarchy and the Democracy—and that after being notoriously impoverished he had suddenly obtained immense wealth, which could only be accounted for by the supposition that he had received in trust some portion of the treasures which the King and Queen were thought to have amassed in preparation for flight from the country. When brought before the revolutionary tribunal, Mignot defended himself against the charge of having become a partisan of Royalty in opposition to the people: but he was incautious enough to add that he had been a partisan of neither cause. The public accuser caught at this admission, and proclaimed that whosoever was in appearance lukewarm or neutral, must in his heart be inclined to that cause towards which his aristocratic predilections necessarily tended: he denounced neutrality itself as a crime when every citizen ought to have declared in favor of a cause; and he concluded by enunciating the doctrine that he who was not for the people was against the people. Mignot, when called upon to answer in respect to his acceptance of a patrician title, declared that it was at the time contrary to the modesty of his wishes, but he had deemed it his duty to bend to the will of his Sovereign. This was another unfortunate line of defence for the worthy Mignot to adopt: but his case was doomed to be rendered even still more desperate—for when interrogated with regard to the source of his recently acquired fortune, he remained silent. On being pressed with queries, he said that he could give no other answer than that his wealth was honorably and legitimately acquired: but he positively refused any further explanation. He was therefore condemned to death on the various charges which had been brought against him."

"Unfortunate man!" exclaimed Tunar. "And thus not even his virtues saved him!"

"Alas, no!" replied Dorval. "Mignot was confined in the prison of the Luxembourg, awaiting his turn to go forth to the guillotine. He occupied the same cell in which there was a young priest of the name of Dorval. You start when I mention that name: but this priest to whom I allude was an uncle of mine. Mignot was religious, even to a taint of superstition; and now that he found himself under sentence of death, he became impressed with the idea that the immense fortune which was the source of all his troubles had been placed in his hands by an

evil genius in order to work out his ruin, and not by a good genius that the wealth might be beneficial to him. He sought holy consolations from the Abbé Dorval, to whom he revealed the secret source of the immense riches which had proved so calamitous to him. But before he made this revelation, he bound the Abbé Dorval by the most solemn oath never to seek the same means of enriching himself if it should ever chance that he regained his liberty and that his life should be spared by the revolutionary tribunal. Shortly afterwards the unfortunate Mignot was taken out, with a number of other condemned prisoners, to perish on the scaffold of the guillotine. A little time elapsed—and then came the fall of Robespierre. The prison doors were thrown open; and amongst the liberated was my uncle the Abbé Dorval. Years passed on—the Empire succeeded the Republic—and the restoration succeeded the Empire. My uncle rose to high dignity in the Church: he became a bishop, and was generally esteemed. Without being addicted to dissipation or debauchery, he was nevertheless convivial in his disposition and exceedingly hospitable. He was also charitable; and thus he not merely expended his episcopal revenues—which, by the bye, were not large—but being careless in money-matters, he contracted debts. His real financial position was not however generally known; for the usurers and money-lenders were particularly cautious how they spoke of their dealings with a bishop. He was thus considered to be wealthy, when he was actually insolvent."

"Ah!" exclaimed Tunar; "I think that I now begin to comprehend of whom you are speaking! You allude to that relation whose heir you considered yourself to be, and to whose country-seat you were summoned when he lay upon his death-bed upwards of six years ago?"

"The very same," said Count Dorval. "I told you that when summoned to his death-bed he discoursed with me on two important points. The first was to acquaint me with the fact of his insolvency, and that therefore I had nothing to hope for at his death. But the second point was to make me aware of the means of acquiring boundless riches. He began by telling me how, upwards of fifty years back, he was the fellow-prisoner of Mignot at the Luxembourg—and how Mignot had explained to him the secret source of his wealth—"

"The Vale of Gulistan!" exclaimed Tunar. "Precisely so," responded Count Dorval; "for it appears that Mignot, after ruining himself by his charities, was initiated into that secret; and his two years' absence from Paris, ere he returned laden with new wealth, was spent in a visit to the mountain-cradled paradise of the Caucasus. I should tell you that my uncle had religiously observed the oath which he had taken to Mignot, to the effect that he would never seek to penetrate into that valley. I must likewise add that Mignot's revelation of the secret to my uncle was not under the seal of the confessional, but only as friend might confide in friend; and thus there was no harm in my uncle on his death-bed communicating the secret to me. As you may suppose, I listened with astonishment, and perhaps with some little degree of incredulity; but the Bishop went on with his description of the valley as he had received it more than half a century back from the lips of the condemned Mignot. Having concluded the description of the vale itself, my uncle was about to enter on those explanatory details that were necessary to show me how to discover the precise situation of Gulistan, and how to penetrate into it; but, as I have previously informed you, death suddenly cut him short in the midst of his wondrous narrative."

"And I can conceive," said Tunar, "that you were almost reduced to despair when you found that the riches, which for a moment seemed within your grasp, had slipped, as it were, from your hand!"

"So far from being reduced to despair," rejoined Count Dorval, "I shortly afterwards set off from France to travel to the East, and penetrate into the wilds of the Caucasus, with the determination of devoting all my energies to the discovery of the Vale of Roses. I have already told you that I longed for riches on account of the power which is wielded by him who has wealth at his command; and thus had I every incentive to exert all my perseverance, energy, skill, and patience, to prosecute that discovery. I adopted the disguise of a travelling artist as that which was best suited to my purpose, it being the least

likely, as I hoped and thought, to involve me in peril or to render me suspicious. My uncle the Bishop had just lived long enough to give me some faint idea of the geographical position of the Vale of Gulistan: I learnt from his lips that it was situated to the northwest of Tiflis, and a little more than a day's journey from the southern frontier of Daghestan, the territory of Schamyl; but beyond these few details I knew nothing. Still I was not disheartened; and I was prosecuting my researches, when I was captured, as I have already informed you, and lodged as a prisoner in the Castle of Garanrog."

Thus terminated Count Dorval's explanations, to which Tunar had listened with the utmost interest and attention. The youth in his turn took up the thread of the discourse; and he described to his aged companion the means of access which he had discovered to the Vale of Gulistan. He said nothing of Prince Danial, the Princess Leila, and Klodiassa: he kept their names entirely out of his narrative; and he represented that unassisted he had found the shelving pathway into the ravine, the bridge of trees across the torrent, and the long dark cavern, at the extremity of which his hand had encountered the slimy coils of a serpent.

There now seemed to reign the completest confidence between the two captives; and they had ample food for their discourse during the interval which was yet to elapse ere the presence of the long nights of winter would enable them to carry their project of escape into execution.

CHAPTER XLV.

Time wore on, and no change took place in the condition of the prisoners. The Sultan Schamyl came not again during those elapsing weeks into the vicinage of Garanrog; and Tunar dreamt not of escape by any other means than through the aid of the balloon. The apparatus, so laboriously and carefully contrived by the old Count, remained unsuspected by the gaoler, who regularly paid his two diurnal visits; and the rations of alcohol were every week consigned to the cask.

Sometimes, of a night, the materials for the formation of the balloon were brought forth from their place of concealment, and were duly inspected by the two prisoners. Count Dorval instructed Tunar in the minutest details of aerostatics: and the youth listened with the profoundest interest to those lessons which so intimately regarded the means that were in contemplation for his escape from Garanrog. As the car was now intended to contain two persons instead of one, Count Dorval strengthened and somewhat enlarged the pieces of the wicker framework; and in this task he was skillfully and cheerfully assisted by Tunar. Thus everything went on well, as far as their ultimate hopes were concerned; and as the days shortened and the nights lengthened—as the atmosphere grew colder and the lower peaks of the Caucasus became covered with snow—they both hailed the deepening winter as the harbinger of the moment when the grand experiment was to be made.

At length the time seemed to be at hand: and Dorval set to work on his final preparations. He required ballast for his balloon; and this he obtained by detaching several of the smaller stones belonging to the masonry on which his bed lay; but he left these stones in their places until the instant should arrive for using them. He also needed a grapple; and this he likewise fashioned. He removed a strong iron bar which had been originally placed across the upper part of the open doorway on the summit of the tower to sustain the masonry that rested upon it: but as that masonry had long ago become as solid and concrete as if it were all but one piece, the bar was no longer needed. The gaoler was never accustomed to ascend to the roof of the tower, unless it were on the few occasions when the great banner was hoisted; and even if he should now take it into his head to mount to the summit, there was little chance that he would notice the disappearance of the bar. This bar, by being heated in the fire, was easily bent so as to form a grapple. But now a long rope was required to render that grapple available when the time should come. After some reflection, Dorval decided that he and Tunar should begin to render their bedding serviceable. They accordingly employed the whole of their time in pulling out the strong threads which formed the coarse fabric of those mattresses; and these they twisted into a rope. The work was executed with the utmost care: but they soon became adepts at it, and it progressed rapidly.

Every night Dorval ascended two or three times to the roof of the tower, to judge of the weather and the phases of the moon; and at length came the moment when he said to Tunar, "To-morrow night, in all probability, we shall attempt our grand enterprise!"

"To-morrow night!" repeated the youth, with a feeling of ecstatic exultation: but then the next moment his soul sank appalled from the idea of the tremendous peril which was to be incurred by an ascent into the regions of the air.

Throughout the greater portion of the ensuing day there was an almost complete silence between the two captives: each was absorbed in his own reflection. Dorval was calm and collected; but still he meditated profoundly:—he mentally reviewed every detail of his project to assure himself that nothing was wanting to effect its complete success. As for Tunar, now that the moment was drawing nearer and nearer for the grand experiment, his imagination conjured up numerous dangers of which in the flush of his hopefulness he had not thought before. His mind was uneasy and restless. Though a prisoner, he clung to life; and he asked himself why he should risk it on so mad an enterprise? It was all very well, he thought, for an old man who had so short a time to live, to become thus desperate: but for himself, who had years and years before him, would it not be better to trust to the chapter of accidents for his release than to dare that mighty danger? But then, on the other hand, he recalled to mind all the lucid explanations which Dorval had given him in respect to aerial voyages: he mentally surveyed all the arguments, so minute, precautionary, and so complete, which had been effected; and when he looked upon Dorval's calm countenance, he said to himself, "It is precisely because the old man has so short a time to live, that he is resolved to spend his few remaining years in freedom, wealth, and happiness. He is therefore full of confidence in the result of his experiment! and if he who knows so much more than I of these subjects, be thus firm in his hope and trustfulness, wherefore should I despair?"

It will be seen that Tunar's mind was agitated by a variety of conflicting ideas: but he was careful not to betray his restlessness to the old man, who, if he had fancied that his youthful companion was afraid, might probably have abandoned the enterprise. Thus the hours passed—the dusk set in early—and the gaoler came to bring the evening's provender.

"It threatens to be another night of pitchy blackness," said the gaoler, thus unconsciously alluding to the very subject which at the moment was uppermost in the minds of the captives.

"Do you think so?" asked Dorval, with his wonted calmness. "To us prisoners all weather is the same. It is only those who are free that rejoice in the beauty of brilliant nights, or are impeded in their plans by the gloom of dark ones."

"I did not mean to say anything," replied the gaoler, good-naturedly, "that should touch you upon a sore point."

"I know it—I know it, my good friend!" rejoined Dorval: and seizing the gaoler's hand, he pressed it warmly, exclaiming, "God bless you for all your kindness towards us!"

"Good night, gentlemen," said the gaoler: and he then withdrew.

The massive door of the landing was closed: the din of the shooting bolts and the grating of the key in the lock sounded upon the ears of the prisoners; and Tunar thought to himself, "I have heard them for the last time. To-morrow, at this hour, I shall be rejoicing in freedom—or my mangled corpse will be a prey to vultures in some profound ravine or on some mountain-side!"

"I have bidden farewell to that good man," said Count Dorval; "though he understood not that it was the blessing of a final adieu which I was bestowing upon him!"

The prisoners sat down to their repast; and when it was concluded, Dorval, looking Tunar fixedly in the face by the light of the lamp, said, "You know that the moment is now approaching?"

There was so much calm courage in the Frenchman's demeanor, that the youth caught its inspiration; and he exclaimed, "I know it—and I rejoice!"

"'Tis well, my young friend," said the Count. "And you assure me that your heart fails you not in the slightest degree?"

"You are full of confidence—are you not?" in-

quired Tunar, steadily meeting the old man's gaze.

"As morally confident of success as man can be," replied Dorval: and his looks corroborated his words.

"Then I also am full of confidence!" rejoined Tunar firmly: and he really felt so.

Indeed he was now so full of fortitude, that he wondered at the apprehensions to which during the day he had abandoned himself; and he was likewise inwardly ashamed of them.

"To work, then!" said Dorval: "to work, Tunar! Our respective tasks are already planned and defined."

Each now seized upon the knife which had been brought up for use at meal-time; and each began to cut up his bedding into strips for the formation of ropes. This work occupied about three hours: for the strips had to be carefully twisted and strongly knotted together. Dorval had over and over again calculated what entire length of rope could thus be furnished; and when the whole task was completed, he found that his calculation was correct to a nicety. This was an important achievement; for so much depended upon a sufficiency of material wherewith to carry on the operations.

It was now about ten o'clock at night; and Dorval ascended to the summit of the tower. In a few minutes he returned, with the intimation that everything was propitious to the prosecution of the enterprise. The night was of inky darkness: it seemed as if a sable pall had been spread over the face of heaven; and through that pitchy arch of gloom no ray of moon or star was penetrating. For a moment a sensation of awe—almost of horror—seized upon Tunar, as he thought of ascending up towards that vault of Cimmerian darkness, to soar amidst the black storm-clouds, or to burst amidst the regions where the snows are formed. But the next instant that feeling passed away, when he beheld the eyes of the old Count gleaming with an exultation which that calm countenance of his was so little wont to display. And then Tunar thought of that Vale of Gulistan in which full summer was now reigning though it was winter elsewhere throughout the vast region of the Caucasus. He thought of the flowers that were blooming in that delicious valley—of the trees laden with the most luscious fruitage—of the softly gliding crystal streamlets—and of the birds singing upon the boughs, in a spot where all was joy and happiness, and where Nature smiled at the snow-capped mountains which shut out the wild and horrid regions beyond. He thought likewise of the priceless gems and the precious metals which abounded in that valley, and which were as ready to the outstretched hand as the fruits and flowers themselves. All these ideas swept through his brain, and his heart leaped with a hope and joy as complete as on that day when he for the first time heard of the possibility of escape.

And now the two prisoners went to work. The three flagstones were removed from the bed of masonry in which the materials for the balloon were concealed; and Dorval began to draw forth his apparatus in detail, while Tunar conveyed to the summit of the tower the stones that were to serve as the ballast. This task occupied him for three or four journeys; and when it was concluded, he unfastened the rope from the flagstaff and drew that cordage down. Having wound it into a coil, he descended with it to the apartment where Dorval had been effecting a few little preparations prior to the requisition of the rope.

And now that cord was duly measured; and it was found of a length sufficient to answer all purposes. It was cut accordingly. One long piece was doubled so as to ascertain the exact middle; and then, just where that middle was, it was attached to the apex of the balloon. On either side of the balloon, a little ring, made with twisted silk, was already fashioned; and through these two rings were the extremities of the cord respectively passed. Then another length of rope was wound as a girdle or pliant hoop completely about the balloon, being knotted to the two descending ropes at the points where they passed through the rings. The reader will understand that by this arrangement the whole weight of the car would be sustained by the ropes without the slightest chance of tearing the silken balloon itself. To the girdling cord were now attached some half-dozen lengths of the twisted mattress fabric, which had been strengthened by having slips of the blankets twisted around them. There could not be a doubt as to the capacity of all these

various suspenders to sustain the full weight of the car.

Tunar, standing upon the mass of masonry which had been wont to serve as the resting-place for his bed, held up the balloon by the apex as high as he could reach: but still its lower part dragged considerably upon the floor—for the banner which had served for the material of the globe was of immense size, as the banner of the Sultan Schamy! always is. It had measured, as Dorval assured Tunar, thirty feet in length, by about five and twenty in width; and yet when hoisted on the summit of the tower of Garanrog, it had seemed but of moderate dimensions to those who beheld it from the court-yard below—and no larger than a lady's kerchief when seen from the midst of the plain which the frowning fortress overlooked.

By the time all these arrangements were completed, Dorval calculated that it must be half-past eleven o'clock. He again ascended to the summit of the tower; and in a few minutes he returned, with a still brighter gleaming of exultation in his eyes—for the night continued as propitiously dark as the captives could possibly desire.

"We shall have a good hour's work," said the old man, "to put together the frame-work of our car; and then there will be at least two more hours occupied in inflating the balloon. But we must be in no hurry to start; for we shall voyage rapidly, and it will not suit our purpose to have too long a period of darkness before us. Now let us convey our materials to the roof."

Tunar first of all shouldered the cask of spirits, with which he ascended the stone staircase; and he deposited the barrel on the uppermost step but one—so that, as the reader will comprehend, it was inside the little house or building which crowned and covered the staircase itself, and which had an open doorway looking upon the roof. Then Tunar descended, and carried up the grapnel and some pieces of the car. Another journey, and the remainder of the car was upon the roof. The next task to be accomplished was for himself and Dorval to carry up the balloon—but so carefully as to avoid twisting or entangling any of the complicated ropes, because when once on the summit of the tower, they would have to work in total darkness.

"I have already assured myself," said Dorval, "that up the walls of this spiral staircase there is not a single nail nor any jutting angular piece of masonry that may tear our silken balloon."

Tunar admired the prescience of this intelligent man who had thought of everything and provided for everything, even to the minutest precaution against accidents. The balloon was borne upon the roof; and a rope, fastened to the apex, was attached to the flagstaff in such a way as to be calculated to keep the balloon fast, as well as in a somewhat slanting position, when the time should come to inflate it; so that there might be no chance of its upper part being seen above the parapet of the tower. Not indeed that there was much danger of this; for the night continued to be of pitchy blackness.

And now Dorval and Tunar began to put together the framework of the car. There were, as we have already said, the four sides and the bottom. Pieces of rope had been cut in readiness to be fastened in the proper places; but as the proceeding had to be conducted with the utmost carefulness, and the two prisoners were working in a depth of gloom, the labor occupied them even somewhat longer than Dorval had predicted. But it was of vital importance to render that car as strong as possible; and therefore they hurried not over their task.

When the car was completed, the work of attaching it to the various ropes commenced. But all these ropes had been so accurately measured in the apartment below, that it was now merely a finishing operation which could be achieved with but little trouble. Into the car the ballast was lifted; and the grapnel was likewise adjusted in readiness for use, with its length of cord wound compactly about it.

The night—or more properly speaking, the morning—continued to be utterly dark, with a darkness which seemed as it were to entomb the workers on the summit of the tower.

"Everything progresses bravely, my dear boy," said the old man, not now speaking in the sepulchral monotony of his voice, but with a certain degree of tremulousness which denoted the exaltation of sublimest confidence.

"Heaven be thanked!" responded Tunar, whose tone quivered even still more than that of his aged companion—but it was likewise with joy

and confidence, for he, too, felt assured as to the result.

And now came the final process—that of inflating the balloon. Tunar descended into the apartment and procured the lamp. This he placed upon one of the upper steps, just behind the cask, so that it should throw upon the roof of the tower no light whose glimmering could be discerned from below. The mouth of the balloon was dragged just within that open doorway which has been so often mentioned; and Dorval directed Tunar to hold the silk in a manner most convenient for the inflation. The Count now reeved that rope which had been attached to the flagstaff, in such a way round the staff itself that he could bring the extremity of the rope towards the car, to which he fastened it. The use of the rope was to keep the balloon in its place while it was being inflated, and to be easily cut or slipped at any moment when the two adventurous prisoners should have entered the car, and be in readiness to ascend. Then Dorval knocked off the head of the barrel; and by means of a torch formed of linen, twisted suitably for the purpose, he commenced the process of inflation. He so arranged this torch that when once dipped into the potent alcohol and lighted, it should continue to be fed from the contents of that barrel without the risk of setting the whole volume of spirit in a blaze. Every now and then Dorval bade Tunar ascertain if the balloon were inflating; and the youth felt that the silk was spreading and spreading, and that it puffed out as it were with resistance against the contact of his hand. And each time Dorval assured him that everything was thus progressing according to his wishes.

Many hours had now passed since the first preparations had commenced in the apartment below; and Dorval calculated that it must be about three o'clock in the morning when the inflation of the balloon was complete. The great swollen globe of silk—perfectly air-tight, and not suffering a single breath of its inhalation to escape—was rolling and tossing now considerably higher than the parapet, as if impatient to be freed and to ascend into that sphere to which it was hoped that it would soar. The mast creaked as if it were about to snap, strong and supple though it were; for it was a stately fir-tree, cut from one of the Caucasian groves.

"Now, my dear boy," said the old Count, "everything is in readiness. Enter the car—and commend yourself to God: for the power of human intelligence has reached its limit in this thing. But be of good cheer!—for heaven helps those who help themselves."

Tunar—wild and intoxicated with hope—was too full of exultation to have the slightest room for a dastard feeling within his breast. He stepped into the car; and Dorval immediately followed him.

"We will succeed or perish together!" said the old man, embracing his youthful companion.

But it was only for a moment that the Count thus held him in his arms; and then he said, "Kneel down and hold tight! I am about to cut the rope!"

Dorval likewise knelt down; and the next moment the rope was cut. There was an instantaneous jerk, as the rising power of the balloon rapidly unwound the rope from the flagstaff as soon as the knot at the car was severed; and then the machine rose slowly and languidly into the dark air.

"Out with the ballast!" ejaculated Dorval: and away went the stones, clattering upon the roof of the tower, and dropping with tremendous din in the court-yard below.

The effect was immediately felt; and up soared the balloon into a region of pitchy blackness.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE stones which had served for ballast, were not of very considerable dimensions, but when falling from that great height, they created a tremendous din on the summit of the tower, and a still louder noise in the court-yard below. Several of the soldiers rushed forth from the guard-house, thinking that one of the battlements of the huge tower must have fallen: but all being then still, they were inclined to return to the fire-side, when the officer in command decided upon prosecuting the search. We had already alluded to the rigid discipline maintained amongst all Schamy!'s soldiers; and that officer of the guard therefore felt that if there were anything wrong in respect to the prisoners, the garrison would be blamed for the slightest re-

missness of duty of which they might be culpable. The old gaoler had been awakened from his slumber by the din of the falling stones: he now made his appearance, provided with his keys; and into the tower proceeded some dozen members of the garrison. They ascended to the prisoners' room; it was unoccupied:—and behold! the masonry which had supported the bed of the old Frenchman had been hollowed out, and a portion of the side was missing. All the bedding that had belonged to both prisoners had disappeared, with the exception of the straw of the mattresses; and this was scattered about the place. Seized with consternation and bewilderment, the officer, the gaoler, and the soldiers rushed to the roof of the tower,—the foremost falling over the empty barrel which was in the open doorway. The prisoners had evidently effected their escape!

A closer examination showed that the cord of the flagstaff was gone; and this circumstance, together with the disappearance of the bedding, suggested the idea that Dorval and Tunar had let themselves down from the roof of the tower. The alarm was soon spread throughout the fortress; and a general search was commanded. None of the sentinels had however seen the fugitives; the two soldiers who maintained guard where the cannon was planted to protect the flight of steps cut in the rock, could with equal positiveness declare that no one had passed by their post. Torches were now everywhere waving along the ramparts of Garanrog; a detachment of soldiers were sent down into the plain; but no clue to the fugitives could be acquired. Only one thing was certain—and this was that Dorval and Tunar had by some means effected their escape!

The commandant of the garrison, finding that all endeavors within the castle, or in its immediate vicinity to fathom the mystery were unavailing, sent off a mounted force at daybreak, with instructions to scour the wilds in a southern direction—that is to say, beyond the limit of Schamy!'s territory; and these soldiers were charged to spend days and weeks, if needful, in the pursuit: for the commandant dreaded lest Schamy! should punish him for what might be deemed a remissness of duty; whereas if the fugitives were recaptured, the ire of that Prince would be appeased.

Little suspected the inmates of Garanrog Castle that while they were everywhere searching upon the firm soil, the two adventurous fugitives were soaring high in the regions above. Yet so it was. The balloon, lightened of its ballast, shot up into the pitchy blackness of the air; and then meeting a current of wind, it was borne along at a considerable rate. Tunar however fancied that when once the upward movement had ceased, the machine remained stationary; and after a while he expressed his apprehension that it might descend in the neighborhood of Garanrog. The old Count comprehended the idea which had thus taken possession of the youth; and he speedily gave him to understand that the balloon was making its way through the clouds of heaven.

And now, what were the sensations of that old man who had thus made science triumph over a thousand difficulties—what the sensation of that youth who was thus sharing in his success? Dorval experienced an exultation which was however to a certain extent subdued by the natural philosophic equability of his mind; but on the other hand, Tunar was intoxicated with delight—he was inspired by the most enrapturing ecstasy, when he found he was no longer a captive within the walls of Garanrog. On the part of Count Dorval, that more rational feeling of triumph—that philosophic pride of success—continued, and enabled his mind to resist the shocks which from various circumstances of terror soon assailed it. But it was different with Tunar. Presently, when the balloon rolled and tossed in the cross-currents of the air, like a ship when meeting the cross-currents of the ocean, his soul was appalled—a stupendous consternation seized upon him—he clung to the sides of the car with an awful sinking of the heart, as if his very life were ebbing out of him. Even when the balloon was in reality floating tranquilly onward, but to his senses seeming as if it were utterly becalmed in the pitchy darkness of the air, it was a long time before he could regain his self-possession or divest himself of the awful feelings which had ere now made the blood curdle in his veins. He dared not ask the old man if he thought there was much danger?—for he dreaded to be deemed a coward; and thus Dorval suspected

not how terribly his youthful companion was ever and anon racked by the circumstances of the aerial voyage.

On went the balloon. Tunar could take no note of passing time; and after a while Dorval informed him that the dawn had just begun to break in the east. The wind was now freshening; and the balloon, again oscillating and tossing, was borne amidst the clouds—those waves of the air—as a ship is borne upon the waves of the ocean. It was presently a strange, a grand, and sublime spectacle to behold the first beams of the morning sun tinting the edges of the clouds, and thus producing a feeble glimmer beneath the black vault of heaven, as if a few straggling beams were gradually and lazily penetrating into an immense cavern where all was utter darkness before. But the wind increased: the balloon oscillated more and more—sometimes giving so terrific a jerk that the old man and Tunar were compelled to crouch down as well as they could in the bottom of the narrow car, and cling to the upper edge with all their might and power to prevent themselves from being thrown out. The machine—which had appeared to be so strong and compact, though of such rude materials, when first put together—now seemed to be all crazy and rickety—the ropes tearing at it as if threatening every moment to rend it to pieces, or to snap away from it, thereby leaving the balloon to soar up to the highest regions which it could reach, and the car itself to fall down upon the earth. Then, indeed, did Tunar at length inquire of Dorval whether there were any danger?—and the old man replied, “You could not hope, my dear boy, at the very outset, to face such an enterprise without finding it to be replete with peril. The danger is no doubt immense—but only in proportion with the advantage that had to be gained if the undertaking should succeed. God is merciful; he has prospered us thus far: let us hope that he will protect us until the end.”

Tunar perceived little that was consolatory in these words: they only served the more forcibly to convince him of the magnitude of the danger that he was incurring. In the selfishness of his nature he would have reproached Dorval for leading him into such peril: but for very shame he dared not.

The glimmering of morn was now sufficient to show the acronauts the peaks of the mountains above which they were passing; and Tunar was thus enabled to estimate the rate at which they were proceeding. It was a sublime yet fearful spectacle as this vast panorama of mountain and valley gradually developed itself beneath their feet, and they looking down upon it like birds from amidst the clouds! The cold was intense: the hands of both the aeronauts were benumbed; yet still they clung with tenacity to the wicker-work of the car. When Tunar glanced towards his aged companion, as the beams of morning now played upon his hirsute countenance, the youth perceived that the old man's eyes were gleaming with the fire of hope and anticipated success; and thus his own confidence gradually returned again. A fine subject for a painter was the head of that old man—his long grey hair flowing away from his high open brow, so to speak, like a meteor, and he looking out from his balloon as it was borne through the ocean of the air, like the patriarch of old from the window of his ark on the ocean of the deluge!

“Now that it is growing quite light,” said Dorval, “keep you a good watch, Tunar, upon the features of the Caucasian wilds beneath our feet. Did you not say that the highest peak of the mountains which girdle Gulistan, is split in twain?”

“Yes,” replied the youth, his heart kindling at the idea of perhaps being shortly enabled to penetrate into the valley where summer ever reigned. “I should know that peak again immediately!”

“We may have passed it—and yet, according to my calculations,” continued Dorval, “that is scarcely possible, after all you have told me. The wind has been blowing from the north; and these calculations assure me that we cannot be very far distant from the beautiful valley. The balloon is losing its power—we are gradually and gradually getting lower and lower—”

At that instant an ejaculation burst from the lips of Tunar; and pointing in a particular direction, he cried, “Behold the cleft peak!—behold the region of Gulistan!”

Count Dorval looked attentively in that direction for nearly a minute; and at length he said, “Yes! I behold the cleft peak!—but I fear that

the power of the balloon will not last long enough to convey us thither. No!” he continued, after having carefully estimated the distance of the cleft peak and the ratio at which the balloon was perceptibly descending, “we shall alight at some place short of that mountain-ridge.”

As the balloon was now proceeding steadily, Dorval was enabled to loosen his hold upon the wicker-work, and examine the state of his grapnel, so as to have it in readiness for use at any moment when it should be required to assist their landing on a safe and convenient spot.

“Oh, is it not possible,” exclaimed Tunar, “that we can descend into the midst of the Valley itself? Behold! there is the cleft peak!—there is the girdling range of mountains! It seems as if we were now about to halt on the very threshold of complete success without the power of advancing further!”

Again did the old man study the distance to the cleft peak, and then calculate the power of the balloon by the ratio at which it was perceptibly descending; but he shook his head, observing, “We might perhaps be landed on the side of that girdling range of mountains; but to clear the barrier with the balloon and descend into the Vale itself. I see that it is impossible! If we alight on the mountain-side, we shall be perpetrating a deed of the basest description: for the towering heights are inaccessible—and perhaps at our feet we shall behold some terrific yawning chasm—so that no means of ascent or descent would be left open to us and we should perish of starvation on that wild, horrid spot!”

“Then, after all,” said Tunar, in a tone of bitterest vexation, “we shall find ourselves no better off and no further advanced than I was when last in this region! We shall have to enter the long dark cavern and combat with the monstrous reptile which guards it. We are even worse off than I then was: for I had firearms and a good sword—whereas now we have not a single weapon, either offensive or defensive!”

“Instead of repining, Tunar, at any little disappointment which you may now be experiencing,” said Count Dorval, in a tone of mild but serious reproach, “you ought to be thankful that heaven should have brought you thus far in safety, after having passed through dangers far greater than you could possibly have dreamt of. As for the serpent—but of that no matter for the present.”

“Forgive me, my good friend,” said the youth, assuming a meek submissive demeanor: “I confess that I spoke hastily and ungratefully—”

“Enough!” said Dorval, “you have expressed your contrition—and it is sufficient. Henceforth learn to exercise patience and perseverance, and to avoid repining at those contrarieties which arise from no fault of your own. Now let us look out for a landing-place.”

The balloon was at this time scarcely a quarter of a mile high in the air; and beneath it was a tremendous ravine, at the bottom of which a torrent was boiling and foaming, and rushing onward until it was lost from the view beneath a mass of overhanging rock. In many parts of the scenery upon which the aeronauts looked down, the snow was lying thick; and upon the lofty trees it formed a white canopy which had a singular effect when viewed from overhead with the prismatic rays of the sun shining through the clouds upon it. Then might be seen a large frozen lake which was shining like quicksilver; and then there was a plain of considerable extent, which Count Dorval selected for the landing-place.

The grapnel was now thrown out—the car of the balloon being by this time within thirty or forty feet of the ground. For some little while the grapnel dragged without attaching itself to anything that would hold it securely; but at length it caught the long, curving, snake-like root of a tree left bare above the ground. The balloon experienced a violent jerk. But for this its occupants were prepared; and in a few minutes it sank gradually, so that they were enabled to leap out.

Then the old man threw himself into Tunar's arms, exclaiming, with much emotion, “I embraced you when we set off on the most perilous voyage ever undertaken by human beings! I embrace you now again, in congratulations for our safety!”

Tunar could not help feeling moved by the words of that adventurous old man to whose science, sagacity, and daring he was indebted for his escape from the castle of Garanrog, and he returned that embrace with much real fervor.

They looked around them: no habitation was

nigh: they were in the midst of the wildest regions of the Caucasus. They were both suffering with hunger—the excessive keenness of the air having sharpened their appetites: but they had no means of procuring any provisions in that desolate spot.

“If we were once within the circuit of yon mountain boundary,” exclaimed Tunar, “we should find all the fruits of summer in delicious contrast with the destitution and nakedness of this horrid region!”

“According to the estimate you may form,” asked Dorval, “how far distant are we from the secret means of approach to the Vale of Gulistan?”

Tunar contemplated the cleft peak of the mountain: then he surveyed the position of the sun; and after some minutes of reflection, he exclaimed, “I have it! We are barely half a league's distance from the very spot where I was captured by Schamyl's soldiers! Let us seek it. I can thence easily find my way towards the ravine into which we must descend in order to reach the long dark cavern. In something less than two hours we may find ourselves at the mouth of that cavern. And then—”

“And then,” added the old man, “we must trust to ourselves to conquer all the remaining difficulties which may bar our entry into the Vale of Gulistan. We will speak of the serpent presently.”

It was almost a look of affection that Count Dorval flung upon the balloon, which, now completely collapsed, lay upon the ground.

“Should this machine be discovered by some of the rude mountaineers,” he said, “ere it rots away, or is shattered to pieces by the violence of the hurricanes which so often sweep through the regions of the Caucasus—it will afford a subject of marvel for their untutored minds!”

Tunar was already leading the way from the spot where he and his companion had alighted upon the earth after their stupendous aerial voyage; and Dorval, with another last lingering look at the balloon, now followed his youthful guide. In about three quarters of an hour—for their path was uneven and difficult—Tunar recognized the spot where he had been captured by Schamyl's soldiers. There was the particular configuration of surrounding heights which he recollected: but the streamlet of whose crystal waters he had drunk, and on whose bank he had discoursed with Kyri Karaman, was now swollen into a turbid river. The trees which a few months back had afforded him delicious fruits, were all dead; and nature there wore its sternest and coldest winter-garb. Tunar bethought himself of the little cave in which he had been wont to repose when a sojourner on that spot: he remembered the lamp, the oil, and the materials for striking a light which he had left in that cave. If they were still there, of what service might they be in the prosecution of their enterprise in the long dark cavern forming the entrance to the Vale of Gulistan!

The youth communicated his hope to Dorval; and they sped to the cave. With an indescribable sensation of joy did Tunar behold the lamp, the oil, and the materials for striking a light, in the very spot where he had left them. Nay, more!—there was a bottle containing a small quantity of wine, and which Tunar had likewise left there. The invigorating draught was shared between the old man and the youth; and they both felt refreshed and cheered.

“Now,” said Tunar, “we have the distance of about a league to walk in order to reach the sloping path leading down into the ravine.”

“Were it double the distance,” responded Dorval, “I have energy and spirit sufficient to accomplish it.”

They continued their way, Tunar acting as the guide. Notwithstanding the altered features of the scenery—changed from the verdure and smiling aspect of summer, to the barrenness and scowling demeanor of winter—Tunar was at no loss to take the proper course. The cleft peak of the mountain served as a beacon for his main guidance; but in respect to the exact route towards the spot where the sloping path commenced his course was facilitated by his recollection of jutting rocks and other features of scenery which at the time he had committed to memory to serve him as landmarks.

But as he continued his way in the confidence that it was the correct one, he reflected upon other matters. What if Prince Daniel should happen to be in the Vale of Gulistan? what if Klodissa were likewise there? Would not the entrance of himself and the old man be disputed?—

and would not the Prince with the firearms which he was certain to have about him, be more than a match for them both? And then too, was not Klodissa alike intrepid and vindictive? and would he not be certain to suffer punishment for his past offences? Yet, on the other hand, might not the presence of the venerable Dorval inspire those personages with pity and commiseration?—and when the tale should be told of months of imprisonment in Garanrog, and of the wondrous means by which the escape was effected, would it not awaken the sympathy of whomsoever that narrative should be related unto? And then again, there were the chances that the Vale would be found untenanted—that Danial, Leila, and Klodissa, having enriched themselves on the occasion of their first visit, had as yet found no need to penetrate into the terrestrial paradise any more!

"At all events," said Tunar to himself, "it will be as well to examine the cavern in the vicinage of the deep ravine; for if those persons be now in the Valley, their horses will be doubtless stabled at the cave."

The youth did not choose to mention the names of Prince Danial, the Princess Leila, and Klodissa, to Dorval; because he had hitherto abstained from doing so—and if he were now to touch upon additional topics, they would naturally engender additional explanations, which he did not think fit to give, in reference to his own antecedents. He therefore in silence led his companion to the cavern which served as a last halting-place for whomsoever journeyed amidst those regions towards the Vale of Gulistan. The cave was deserted; and there were no indications of any one having lately been there—no remnants of provisions nor bottles containing wine.

Having assured himself on this point, Tunar set out again, followed by Count Dorval; and they proceeded through the mountain-pass, over a rugged and uneven ground, which suddenly terminated at a precipice fringed by trees and shrubs. Those trees were the hardy firs of the Caucasus which resist the nipping breath of winter; and the shrubs were evergreens. Thus the fringe of that precipice still completely concealed the shelving pathway which lay beneath. The snow had likewise collected in a bank or ridge against that fringe of verdure; and thus in winter the secret of the ledgelike path was more completely concealed than even it was in summer.

"We are now," said Tunar, about to descend the sloping path which I have so often described to you. But have you thought how we must qualify ourselves to encounter the terrible serpent in the cavern on the opposite side of the ravine?"

"Of that quiescent serpent of which you have so frequently spoken to me," replied Dorval, "I have still more often thought: but it was necessary until now to make you acquainted with the nature of my reflections. You believe that the serpent was under the influence of some particular charm when you penetrated into that cavern?—and you apprehend that this charm may not exercise its spell-like influence over the reptile on the present occasion? Now, for my part, Tunar, I share not in your belief at all. I have no faith in the existence of the charm at the time—and therefore no dread of the same nature which you now experience.

"Then what do you believe?" asked the youth, enlivened with hope as he prepared himself for some new proof of the old man's sagacity.

"Granting that there was really a serpent in that cavern," continued Dorval, "I can only think that it was gorged with a recent prey when you touched it, and that therefore it was powerless to hurt you; or else I conjecture that it was an effigy, and no real living reptile at all. If the former were the case—I mean, if it were a serpent gorged with its prey—there is no reason to suppose that it still inhabits that cavern; for the reptile race does not cling to particular spots. It is ever on the move, as its wants and other circumstances prompt or impel. But if it should be still in the cavern, rest assured that it is numbed and torpid with the excessive cold which now prevails in this wintry region. On the other hand, I am inclined to conjecture that it was a mere effigy. The serpent, Tunar, has ever been a famous emblem and symbol in the East; and its image, either in brass or stone, is found at the entrance of all places whence superstition, selfishness, or a lotter policy has sought to exclude intrusive steps. Then wherefore should not such an effigy have been placed at the en-

trance of the Vale of Gulistan? Methinks that I can even read the sacred meaning of an allegory in the fact. The piety of the earliest possessors of the secret of Gulistan may have led them to believe that it was the veritable Garden of Eden in which our first parents dwelt for a while, where they sinned and fell, and whence they were expelled by flaming swords borne by angel-hands:—and thus that same piety which engendered such a belief, may have induced those who thus believed, to place an effigy of the serpent on the very threshold of Gulistan, allegorically typical of the fact that the beguiling tempter is outside the portals of that paradise, and is no longer permitted to address its insidious wiles to the elect who are suffered to enter there!"

Tunar listened with the deepest attention to this discourse, every syllable of which was fraught with interest, and every sentence of which struck him with the power of an argument. He recalled to mind as well as he could, the sensations which he had experienced when his hand came in contact with the cold coils of the reptile in the utter darkness of the cavern; and he now thought to himself that it might indeed have been an effigy of brass or of stone to which the settled dampness of the cave had imparted the almy feeling which enhanced the horror of his idea that it was a real living reptile that he was thus touching.

"Again," he cried, "am I indebted to your intelligence!—and I yield to the arguments suggested by your superior sagacity! Come let us proceed! My heart is now inspired by a courage and a confidence which on that one particular point I possessed not before!"

"At all events," added Dorval, "it will be only a wise precaution that we arm ourselves with stout sticks as the only weapons of offence or defence which present themselves to our hands in this region."

The suggestion was at once followed; and the little colloquy being ended, the two adventurers hastened to prosecute their enterprise.

CHAPTER XLVII

A PASSAGE through the bank of snow was speedily formed; and then Tunar led the way amidst the fringe of shrubs, Dorval closely following. Many months had elapsed since he had last trodden upon that spot; and then he was tracking in the wake of others who were serving as his guides—but now he himself was acting as a guide as if the entire secret were familiarly known to him. But on the present occasion the descent of the path was not so easy as when Tunar first descended it; for it was in many places encumbered with snow. Being completely fringed with trees and shrubs all along the slanting edge overlooking the precipice, the snow had formed as it were in banks or wedges between that fringe—and the wall of rock on the face of which the ledgelike pathway ran. But the two travellers were provided with stout staves; and with these they were enabled to clear for themselves a passage.

The bottom of the descent was reached; and now Dorval and Tunar were in the ravine. But if the torrent had roared and thundered in its depths during the summer season, how tremendously did those waters now boil and eddy, foam and bellow on, swollen as they were with the snows of winter! That the hurricane had been there, was shown by the fact that two or three of the largest trees were lying by the side of the torrent, evidently torn up by the roots, while from other trees which had stood against the fury of the gushing whirlwind, huge boughs had been broken off. Most of the trees being of the fir species, retained the greenness of their appearance; while the hardy shrubs and evergreens formed a thick underwood of verdure, in many places covered with canopies of snow.

Tunar and Dorval crossed the bridge, and pursued the winding path which led amongst the trees up the slope on the contrary side from the precipitous wall of rock down whose face they had descended. In consequence of the unevenness of the road and the frequent accumulations of snow which had to be surmounted, they proceeded but slowly; and it was thus with a feeling of awe and solemn dread that the old Frenchman had leisure to survey the wild scenery which surrounded him. The Vale of Gulistan might be likened to a beautiful city, of which the circle of huge towering mountains were the ramparts, and the ravine which also in a circle inclosed the mountain-barrier itself, was the moat. Down the counterscarp of this stupendous natural for-

talice had the travellers descended: up the escarp they were now plodding their way. They were the besiegers endeavoring to force an entry into that well-defended place!

And now as they approached the black mouth of the cavern, Tunar could not altogether repress his fear lest the reasoning of his aged companion should be erroneous, and that the monstrous reptile should in full malignant vitality harbor within the depths of the cavern. Dorval fathomed what was passing into the youth's mind: and he said, "Give not way to apprehensions, Tunar! Surely the courage of an old man like me ought to inspire you with the fullest fortitude!"

"Yes—I am nerved," said the youth, assuming a tone of as much confidence as possible: "and I will prove to you that I am so!"

The entrance of the cavern was now reached; and Tunar proceeded to strike a light by means of the materials which he had brought with him. The lamp was soon burning; and the youth instinctively flung a keen, penetrating glance forward into the cavern: but that look, piercing though it were, could not reach its furthest extremity. He however saw that the walls and roof of the cave were rugged and uneven, and that for some little distance within its entrance a curious wild green plant was twining.

"Suffer me to advance first," said Dorval, extending his hand to take the lamp. "If there be really a reptile capable of doing mischief, the monster will seize the foremost as its victim; and I am an old man the loss of whose life will be less deplorable than that of your youthful existence."

For an instant Tunar, in his natural selfishness, mingled with cowardice, was about to surrender the lamp into Dorval's hand: but a suddenly arising sentiment of shame intervened to save him from so dastard a proceeding. Assuming, therefore, under the influence of that shame, the virtue of a magnanimous courage, he cried, "No, my venerable friend!—whatever risk is to be first dared, shall be encountered by me!"

Having thus spoken, he pushed on as if valiantly into the cavern, Dorval following. They proceeded for upwards of two hundred yards along that subterranean hollowed in the bowels of the mountains; and all was silent save in respect to the echoes of their own footsteps. And now the cavern began to grow narrower and narrower; and Tunar held the lamp high up, so as to throw the light as much forward as possible, and thus give him prompt warning of the presence of danger. Dorval was now walking by his side, as if resolved at least to share, if not to be the first to encounter, whatsoever peril (if any) there might be to meet: but all still continued silent. Tunar could not help a cold shuddering sensation creeping over him as he knew that he was drawing nearer and nearer to the spot where his hand had encountered the almy folds of an immense coiled-up snake; and he dreaded lest at any moment the terrible hissing of an aroused reptile should burst upon his ear. But still all was silent.

And now, at the extremity of the remaining vista of gloom in that cavern, a large dark object began slowly to develop itself. It seemed to be a colossal form of female shape; for the cavern, though growing narrower and narrower, still retained its average height, which was about ten feet.

"Do you behold nothing?" asked Tunar, in a low half-hushed voice, the accents of which were tremulous despite all his efforts to speak composedly and to maintain the semblance of courage.

"Yes—I behold an object which is evidently a colossal statue," responded Dorval, whose voice was completely composed.

"A statue?" ejaculated Tunar, considerably reassured, and his first feeling of terror suddenly subsiding.

"Yes," continued Dorval: "it is the statue of a female. And now that I view it more closely, it is the statue of Eve. Ah! and now behold, Tunar!—there is the serpent!"

"The serpent?"—and a cold shudder swept through the youth's form.

"Yes—a serpent," rejoined the sedate philosophic Frenchman, "formed of the same material as the statue itself—and both, I believe, are of stone."

And it was so. There, at the extremity of the cavern, stood a colossal statue of the Mother of Mankind, naked, as she was prior to the sin which caused the fall of her husband and herself. The statue stood upon a pedestal of considerable dimen-

sions and about five feet high—the serpent being, so sculptured that while its head and neck were erect as if the reptile were conversing with Eve, the huge coils of the remainder of its length stood out in bold relief from the pedestal, its tail reaching almost to the ground. Upon the whole mass of sculpture the damp had collected with a greenish hue and with a slimy touch; so that it was no wonder Tunar had fancied, in the suddenly excited horror of his feelings, that his hand had come in contact with a veritable living snake.

Dorval contemplated this magnificent work of art with the admiration of an intelligent mind, mingled with those solemn feelings or awe which could not fail to take possession of the true Christian believer. But when Tunar had surveyed the same object for a brief space, he hastened to look behind the statue, to see if there was any doorway or entrance into the Vale of Gulistan: for now that his fears in respect to the huge serpent were completely relieved, he was impatient to penetrate into the Valley of Roses. He beheld no sign of a door—he took the lamp and examined the closing wall of rock, but no indication of a door did he perceive—no means of proceeding a step further. The statue stood about a yard away from the extremity of the cavern, so that Tunar could pass behind it, but that extremity exactly corresponded in its ruggedness and unevenness with the other walls of the subterranean. Into every nook and cranny did the youth peep—but still fruitlessly. He took his stout stick, and beat everywhere against the extremity of the cavern in the hope that some hollow sound would disclose the whereabouts of a secretly contrived door. But no—the staff fell everywhere with the dead heavy noise which denoted the solid massiveness of the rugged wall of rock against which it beat. Then Tunar examined the ground all along the extremity of the cavern in the vicinity of the statue, in the hope of discovering the indications of a trap-door—but still all in vain.

While he was thus employed, the light of the lamp which he held in his hand, flung its beams in various directions upon the colossal pieces of sculpture, according to the movements of the youth himself as he bore that light. And all the while, Count Dorval, with arms folded composedly over his breast, was surveying that work of art admiringly and reverentially—examining its various details according as they were developed by the way in which the beams of the lamp fell upon the statue.

At length Tunar, disappointed and irritable at his fruitless search, turned towards the old man abruptly exclaiming, "You would do well to assist me, instead of remaining idle there!"

"How often am I to reprove you for want of patience, for petulance, and for forming hasty judgments?" asked Dorval, in a tone of severer rebuke than he had ever yet adopted. "At the moment when you hope to enter a vale of heavenly peace—a terrestrial elysium of celestial beauty—you bring to its very threshold all the weaknesses of those earthly feelings whereof you ought carefully to have purged your soul."

The youth, who by this time was well acquainted with Dorval's character—knew that the admonition just administered was a prelude to some fresh display of the old man's sagacity, and once more assuming an air of meekness and humility, Tunar said, "Oh, forgive me, my dear friend! It is the last time I will ever anger you with my hastiness or petulance."

"If I have been contemplating this statue with attention," continued Dorval, "it was not without a motive. I have borne in mind the evidences of all that jealous care with which the means of access to the Vale of Gulistan are shrouded and concealed. Not for an instant, therefore, would I abandon myself to the vulgar, stupid idea that at the extremity of this cavern we should find a door set in the wall of rock, and ready to be opened by any hand that might be outstretched for the purpose. No! I have been looking elsewhere to discover the mystery which veils the entrance into the Valley of Gulistan."

"Ah! the statue," ejaculated Tunar, as an idea suddenly struck him from the old man's suggestive words.

"Yes, the statue," responded Dorval. "Now let us conceive that we ourselves were the first possessors of the secret of Gulistan, and that we were adopting every precaution to shield its discovery against all strangers or common intruders. We should say to ourselves that an accident might reveal the sloping, ledge-like pathway on the other side of the ravine. We should next say to ourselves that any one who chanced to dis-

cover that pathway, might descend into the ravine—might cross the bridge over the torrent—might ascend the winding path leading up to this cavern—and might penetrate into the depths of the cavern to the very point where we now stand. Then, is it probable that we should leave the remainder of the route into the Valley itself, so easy of discovery that the chance led individual who had penetrated thus far had only to look with a little keenness about him in order to discern a door in the wall of rock or a trap-door in the ground? We should scarcely be so ungarded, so incautious, or so unsensible. Then what should we do? We should place on this very spot an altar, or a statue, or some sacred emblem—perhaps even a tomb—so that the chance led individual might exclaim, 'Ah! there is the solution of the mystery to which all this cunningly-concealed pathway leads.' And then he would retrace his way, vexed with himself for having lost his time in penetrating, as he would think, a mystery which had produced him no particle of benefit."

"Yes—I comprehend!" said Tunar, again overawed by the superior sagacity of his venerable companion. "But you conjecture—"

"Let me continue my observations in my own way," interrupted Dorval. "I am supposing that we were the first possessors of the wondrous secret of Gulistan—and I have shown you how we should have placed upon this spot an altar, a mausoleum, or a statue, to shield the very secret itself from the knowledge of the casual, accidental, or hazard led intruder. Well, then, there is a statue here! Let us suppose that we placed it on this spot. Would not our object be twofold—first of all for the purpose I have already explained of misleading and blinding the chance-led individual—and secondly, to shut up as it were, within itself the secret we sought to conceal. Tunar," added the old man, extending his hand toward the statue, and speaking in the impressive tone of confidence, "there is the entrance into the Vale of Gulistan."

"Oh how wondrous is your sagacity!" exclaimed the admiring Tunar: "how marvelous your prescience! It is omniscience itself!"

"Blaspheme not, boy!" said Dorval, sternly. "I am but a poor wretched mortal like yourself; and would you give to me an attribute of the Divinity? Beware lest for all your errors of mind and temper it never be given unto thee to enter into the Vale of Gulistan!"

But Tunar heard not that speech which commenced in rebuke and ended in warning. He had already placed the lamp upon a conveniently projecting piece of the sculptured pedestal, which represented a mound covered with fruits and flowers, on which Eve was standing, and up which the serpent had coiled itself. Yes—Tunar had so placed the lamp, and he was already searching about in every direction to discover a secret spring, or the indications of a door in the pedestal of the statue. Suddenly the whole front of the pedestal was thrown open—opening, indeed in the form of a door, as it was; and a dusky-complexioned female made her appearance.

"Ah! strangers!" she ejaculated, in sudden alarm, as the light flashed upon her eyes, showing her two human forms! "What! Tunar!"

"Klodissa!" cried the youth.

Then, in the twinkling of an eye, a dagger flashed in Klodissa's hand, and a quick blow was aimed at Tunar's heart! But suddenly inspired with the fury of a hyena, Tunar caught Klodissa's wrist—he wrenched the dagger from her hand, and he plunged it into her form before Dorval could possibly arrest his arm. Klodissa fell with a moan upon the ground, and Tunar, with a wild cry of joy and triumph, rushed down the steps which the open door of the pedestal revealed. That door instantaneously closed behind him with a low and scarcely audible sound.

With a feeling of unutterable horror at this tragic scene which had so rapidly taken place, Count Dorval hastened to raise Klodissa in his arms. He drew forth the dagger which Tunar had left in the wound, where it had penetrated beneath her left bosom. The blood gushed forth in a torrent, and Dorval tore open her vesture to staunch it. The lamp was still burning on the pedestal. Klodissa was totally insensible.

With a portion of her linen torn away with her now disordered dress, Dorval was about to staunch the wounds, when an ejaculation of amazement burst from his lips, for whereas Klodissa's countenance, neck and bust were all of swarthy hue, yet below the bared bosom her skin was of purest alabaster whiteness!

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE reader will bear in mind that our tale opened in the middle of the summer of 1853, and that all the incidents hitherto recorded have spread themselves over a period of about six months—consequently occupying the whole of the second half of that year. It was a period full of omen and portent for Europe—the period in which the earliest struggles of the late war commenced between Russia and Turkey. France and England, though entirely favorable to the Sultan, had not as yet proclaimed war on his behalf; but the thunder of battle, rolling along the entire line of the Danube, had reverberated through Europe. The Russians had invaded the Danubian Principalities, and seemed inclined to pour their legions into Bulgaria, perhaps ultimately to threaten Constantinople. But it was destined for the Power which was so proud in its menace to be humiliated by the Power it sought to coerce; it was written in the book of heaven that the Ottomans, though deemed weak, should rise like giants in the plenitude of their strength, and that a man should appear to inscribe the names of great victories upon the standard of the Crescent. That man was Omar Pasha; and the brilliant victory of Oltenitza had already excited the utmost enthusiasm throughout Europe.

The period of which we are writing had, however, proved a most harassing one for the Sultan Abdil Medjid. Only in his thirtieth year, and consequently quite a young man, the Ottoman monarch had suddenly found himself called upon to play a most conspicuous part upon the theatre of the world. He devoted himself to business—he bestowed every attention upon the affairs of his empire—he held frequent consultations with his Ministers—presided at divans—and constantly received the ambassadors of friendly Powers. So much labor naturally produced its effect upon a constitution which was by no means strong; and towards the close of the year the Sultan was seized with a severe disposition. It was dreaded lest he should altogether succumb to this malady which had attacked him; and his mother the Sultana-Valida, who had loved her son dearly, was reduced almost to despair. The two imperial physicians—those, be it remembered, who were before mentioned in respect to Leila's trance and Thekla's box of drugs—were most assiduous in their attentions towards the Sultan. Sometimes their prescriptions would appear to be efficacious; their imperial patient would rise from his couch, and seeming to be full of energy, would repair to his private cabinet to grant an audience to his Grand Vizier or to look over state documents. But in the midst of these occupations a faintness would seize upon him—illness would prostrate him again—and he would be borne to his couch, apparently in a dying state. These relapses had on several occasions happened; but still the Sultan would not take warning therefrom and allow himself sufficient time to regain the amount of energy which was requisite for the duties of his imperial office.

The Sultana-Valida began at length to doubt the skill of the two physicians to whom the life of her son was confided. She accordingly requested that the medical attendants attached to the British and French embassies might be suffered to hold a consultation with the two Ottoman physicians. The consultation took place; and the result was that the French and English medical men entirely approved of the whole course of treatment to which the Sultan had been subjected; and while they deplored those intervals of excitement which impelled his Imperial Majesty to devote a premature attention to public affairs, thereby overtaxing the little energy which remained to him, they considered that the seeds of disease were already so deeply implanted in his constitution that his recovery could only be effected by a miracle.

It was in the forenoon of a dull, gloomy day in the middle of December when the results of the consultation were announced to the Sultana-Valida. Her Imperial Highness, overwhelmed with grief, shut herself up in her own apartment—more with the hope of being enabled to resign herself to the decrees of destiny, than to deliberate upon any means of affording succor to the beloved son who seemed perishing before her eyes. Indeed, she was reduced to despair; and all hope was gone. Her cold nature was melting beneath the fever-heat of grief; and the tears flowed copiously from her eyes. While she was thus seated in her own apartment, from which she had dismissed her attendants, the door opened—and a lady glided softly in.

This was Tarkhana, the daughter of the Georgian widow, and one of the favorites of the invalid Sultan.

"Pardon me, Highness, for this intrusion," said Tarkhana: "but I learnt that you were alone—I have heard the results of the consultation—I judged how great the distress of your mind must be—and I have ventured to come hither in the hope that we may blend our tears and that my sympathy may not be altogether unacceptable."

The Sultana-Valida shook her head despairingly, and endeavored to speak a few words; but grief choked her utterance.

"Surely, surely," continued Tarkhana, "all hope cannot be utterly extinct?"

"Our own physicians," replied the Sultana-Valida, now speaking in broken accents, "are powerless to struggle against the malady which has seized upon my imperial son; and the Christian physicians can accomplish naught on his behalf. It seems as if he were past all human succor!"

"Were it permitted to one so humble as I am," said Tarkhana, meekly, and yet with a certain degree of anxious earnestness, "I would proffer a suggestion."

"Ah! is it so?" ejaculated the mother of the Sultan, catching at the word *suggestion* as if it were synonymous with *hope*. "You are not humble—and therefore you may speak in reference to things which concern his Imperial Majesty. Are you not a Sultana? Are you not a favorite with my son? Are you not the mother of a princess? Speak, therefore!"

"There is within these walls—languishing in captivity—apparently forgotten by your Highness, who consigned her to that prisonage—a woman of no ordinary skill——"

"Ah, I recollect!" said the Sultana-Valida: "you allude to Thekla? On two or three former occasions have you mentioned her name to me——"

"And your Highness promised," rejoined Tarkhana, "that Thekla should not continue forgotten—but still she has been forgotten!"

"No—not altogether forgotten," replied the Sultana-Valida: "but the physicians have assured me that she was an impostress—and I have been ashamed of myself for having allowed my mind in a moment of weakness and of silly curiosity to be influenced by her empirical jargon when some months back she stood in my presence. She ought to be thankful to me for having suffered her to retain her life after being convicted of aiding in the escape of the Favorite of the Ramazan."

"And yet, Highness," urged Tarkhana, "it was no fiction nor delusion—no cheat nor imposture, that by her skill she was enabled to throw the Favorite of the Ramazan into a trance resembling death, and then subsequently to bring her back to life."

"True!" said the Sultana-Valida; "and full well do I remember how anxious at the time I was to obtain an insight into this woman's secret, and learn the nature of the drug, potion, cordial, or whatsoever it were, which brought Leila back to life."

"And did not Thekla tell your Highness that she was the daughter of that celebrated physician Ahmed Arslan, who in the time of the plague effected such wondrous cures?"

"True!" again cried the Sultana-Valida: "all this I had forgotten—for I suffered the physicians to prejudice my mind against her. But you, Tarkhana, have been more thoughtful: for on three or four occasions you have interceded with me on Thekla's behalf——"

"And if I did not on those occasions press the subject," observed Tarkhana, "it was because I perceived that it was very distasteful to your Highness."

"You have inspired me with some hope," said the mother of the Sultan. "We will see this Thekla—we will hear whether she considers herself competent to deal with the malady of my august son?"

Tarkhana could scarcely conceal her joy at this decision. She had with grief witnessed the continued captivity of Thekla, for some months past, within the walls of the imperial palace: she had interceded with the Sultana-Valida so far as she had dared; but she had dreaded to appear too urgent, lest it should be suspected that she was not altogether so completely unconnected with the plot which had rescued the Star of Mingrelia, as it was her interest to seem. The imperial physicians, knowing how probable it was that Thekla, as the celebrated Ahmed Arslan's daughter, might possess important secrets—a proof of which had indeed been furnished in the case of Leila—trembled lest their own reputation should be eclipsed by the wise woman; and thus they had insidiously wrought upon the mind of the Sultana-Valida to destroy her confidence in Thekla. The Sultana would not however take any decisive step in reference to Thekla, either by condemning to death or to imprisonment in the Castle of the Seven Towers. But she had retained her a captive in the palace, constantly postponing through various circumstances the pronouncement of any definite sen-

tence. Indeed Thekla had for months past been well nigh forgotten by the Sultan's mother, save and except on the few occasions when Tarkhana had ventured to intercede in her behalf; and then her Imperial Highness had cut Tarkhana short by some vague promise, so that the topic could not be continued. The truth was that until the day of which we are now writing, that topic had been a sore one with the Sultana-Valida, for her pride was wounded by the idea that she had for a moment abandoned herself to what the physicians had since assured her was naught but the empirical jargon of an impostress. Now, however, her Imperial Highness, driven to despair by her beloved son's condition, was ready to clutch at any straw of hope which might present itself; and thus the intercession of Tarkhana on Thekla's behalf at length produced its effect.

The Kislar-Aga was summoned; and on entering into the presence of the Sultan's mother and Tarkhana, the sable official made a low obeisance.

"Is the woman Thekla still in safe custody?" at once inquired the Sultana-Valida.

"She is, most gracious Highness," responded the Kislar-Aga. "The mandates of your Highness have been fully carried out."

"And she has been well treated," asked the Sultana, "in all respects save with regard to her freedom?"

The Kislar-Aga responded in the affirmative. "Let her be brought into my presence," said the Sultana-Valida.

The Kislar-Aga bowed and withdrew. In a few minutes he re-appeared, accompanied by Thekla, whose naturally pale countenance was perhaps somewhat more pallid than it was wont to be previous to her captivity—but who in other respects had a calm and composed demeanor. As she entered the apartment, Tarkhana flung upon her a look of friendly recognition; but so rapid was this look that it escaped the notice alike of the Sultana-Valida and the Kislar-Aga.

"Woman," said the mother of the Sultan, now resuming that glacial dignity which she deemed most consistent with her rank and high position, "you perhaps deem that I have dealt harshly by you?"

"If your Highness," responded Thekla, "were to insist that I should specify my cause of complaint, I should be compelled to declare that your Highness broke the compact which you formed with me some months back."

A slight flush of haughty indignation passed



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over the usually pale but still handsome countenance of the Sultana-Mother; and then conquering the angry feeling which had arisen within her, she said with her wonted sedate dignity, "And that compact—what was it? I have almost forgotten it."

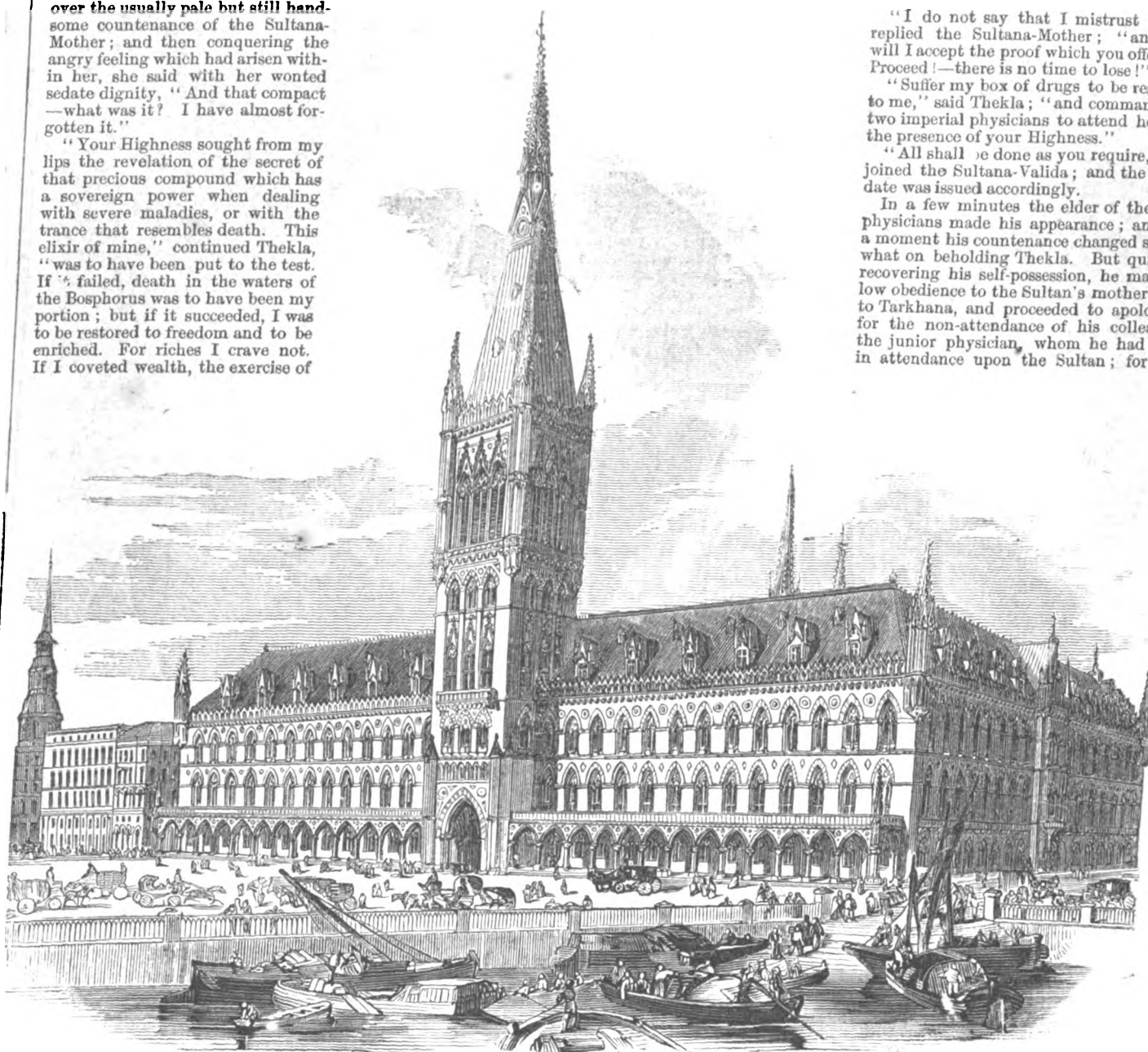
"Your Highness sought from my lips the revelation of the secret of that precious compound which has a sovereign power when dealing with severe maladies, or with the trance that resembles death. This elixir of mine," continued Thekla, "was to have been put to the test. If it failed, death in the waters of the Bosphorus was to have been my portion; but if it succeeded, I was to be restored to freedom and to be enriched. For riches I crave not. If I coveted wealth, the exercise of

"I do not say that I mistrust you," replied the Sultana-Mother; "and yet will I accept the proof which you offer me. Proceed!—there is no time to lose!"

"Suffer my box of drugs to be restored to me," said Thekla; "and command the two imperial physicians to attend here in the presence of your Highness."

"All shall be done as you require," rejoined the Sultana-Valida; and the mandate was issued accordingly.

In a few minutes the elder of the two physicians made his appearance; and for a moment his countenance changed somewhat on beholding Thekla. But quickly recovering his self-possession, he made a low obeisance to the Sultan's mother and to Tarkhana, and proceeded to apologize for the non-attendance of his colleague the junior physician, whom he had left in attendance upon the Sultan; for his



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my skill would procure it. But my freedom I value;—and if your Highness had adhered to your compact, I should have long ago been in the enjoyment of liberty."

"It is not for princesses," said the Sultana-Valida, "to offer excuses to those who are as the dust beneath their feet; but if I have dealt harshly and wrongly with you, Thekla, I am assuredly grieved. Nay, more—I will confess that my mind has been prejudiced against you; and for months past I have viewed with indifference, if not with positive incredulity, those promises on your part which in the first instance inspired me with curiosity and interest. More than this cannot be spoken from the lips of one of my rank and position. But now answer me—are you still willing to adhere to the compact?"

"I am still willing," responded Thekla. "But first of all may I inquire of your Highness by whom your imperial mind was prejudiced against me, and who dared in the face of facts to denounce me as an empiric and an impostress?"

The Sultana-Valida reflected for a few moments, until she arrived at the conclusion that there could be no possible harm in satisfying the wise woman's curiosity on the point. Indeed, her Imperial Highness was now anxious to conciliate Thekla; and she accordingly said, "The two imperial physicians gave me their opinion upon what they termed your pretensions. I believed this opinion to be honest and conscientious; for they examined the box of drugs which belonged to you."

"And because they themselves were ignorant of many things," observed Thekla, her thin pale lips smiling scornfully for a moment, "they

denounced me as even still more ignorant than themselves? Under these circumstances what chance shall I now have in putting my elixir to a fair test?"

"Name your own terms—specify your own conditions," replied the Sultana, "and they shall be assented to. What test do you propose?"

Thekla did not immediately answer; but fixing her eyes upon the Sultana-Mother, she regarded her with a solemn attention for nearly a minute. Then at length she said, "His Imperial Majesty the Sultan is perishing rapidly; but I can restore him to the full vigor and enjoyment of existence!"

"Will you undertake this? will you pledge yourself to such a task?" exclaimed the Sultana-Mother, forgetting her sedate dignity in the suddenly excited hopefulness which seized upon her.

"I will," responded Thekla, firmly, and with a look full of confidence.

"Ah! but—I mean not to wound your feelings," said the Sultana, "I am incapable of condescending to an insult—Yet remember that it is the life of your Sovereign which you demand as the test of this elixir of yours!"

"I know it," rejoined Thekla. "Your Imperial Highness is still full of mistrust and suspicion; and perhaps you deem it possible that I am some secret foe of your august son, or the instrument of others who are the foes of his Imperial Majesty? Perhaps you think that under the pretext of saving I am capable of killing, and that instead of administering a healthful potion, I may present a poisoned draught? But I will convince your Highness of my good faith.

Imperial Majesty was then wrapped in slumber in his own apartment.

"Do you require the presence of both physicians?" demanded the Sultana-Valida of Thekla.

"No, Highness," replied the wise woman; "the presence of this one will suffice."

The Kislar-Aga now made his appearance with Thekla's box of drugs, which had been for a long time past in his care; and the wise woman's countenance expressed for a moment a feeling of satisfaction as if she had thus recovered an object that was dear to her.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE Imperial physician again experienced considerable difficulty in concealing his uneasiness. He was in reality a man of great skill and talent; but he had that meanness of mind which could not endure the idea of rivalry. The Sultana-Valida no longer thought it necessary to assume her wonted demeanor of cold stateliness; she suffered her natural emotions to take their legitimate course; and she accordingly exhibited much suspense and curiosity in respect to the proceedings, whatsoever they were, on which Thekla was about to enter. Tarkhana was likewise an interested witness; for she had the welfare of Thekla at heart on account of all that the wise woman had done for Lella; and she moreover hoped that through Thekla's agency the Sultan would be restored to health. For though Tarkhana loved not Abdul Medjid in the true sense of the term—and though she never could forget her native home, her family, and her Georgian lover, and the manner in which she had been torn away from them all to be—

come the favorite of the Ramazan—yet she felt deeply grateful to the Sultan for all the kindness and proofs of love and friendship which he had studied to lavish upon her.

In addition to the personages whom we have already named as being interested in the proceedings on which the wise-woman was about to enter, we must mention the Kislar-Aga, who was also present—and who being devoted to the Sultan, sincerely hoped that Thekla's skill might in the long run prove salutary to his Imperial Majesty.

Depositing her box upon a table, Thekla opened it; and she ran her eyes rapidly over its contents to mark whether any articles of importance had been abstracted. The survey seemed to be satisfactory: and she took forth a little porcelain cup of fairly dimensions—indeed not larger than one of the exquisitely delicate coffee-cups which are generally used in Turkey, and which are not much larger than English egg-cups. The painting or staining of this little porcelain cup represented wreaths of flowers, of very vivid colors and beautifully executed,—the principal hues being blue and crimson. Thekla placed the cup on the top of a table ornament, so that it now stood about two feet higher than the table itself; and in this position it was all the more convenient for the inspection of the witnesses according to the purpose which Thekla had in view.

"Your Imperial Highness," said Thekla, addressing herself in this direct manner to the Sultana-Valida as the principal personage present, "will graciously condescend to observe this cup with the minutest attention. Your Highness beholds the flowers forming the pattern of the porcelain. Observe how deep yet clear is this blue—how vivid this crimson—how bright this green—how golden this yellow! Your Highness will likewise notice that the cup is entirely transparent; and if you look within the little cup, the traces of the flowers and leaves on the outside can be clearly distinguished through the porcelain."

"It is a beautiful little specimen of porcelain," said the Sultana-Valida: but she looked as if she were wondering what on earth it could have to do with the test to which Thekla had offered to put her sincerity before being suffered to apply the still more important test of her skill to the invalid state of the Sultan.

"And your Excellency also observes the peculiar vividness of these colors?" continued the wise-woman, now addressing herself to the physician.

"They are very beautiful, doubtless," responded that functionary, but with a certain contemptuousness of look and tone, as much as to imply that it was only some piece of wretched jugglery which he had been summoned to contemplate.

"Your Excellency will now be good enough to look into that box," proceeded Thekla, "and to take forth thence the most deadly poison which you can find. Start not, Highness, at the word poison! added the wise-woman, turning to the Sultana-Valida; "for this learned physician will inform you that many drugs when administered in small quantities to heal and to cure, would, if largely administered, prove the most virulent poison."

"Yes—now that I bethink me, I have heard of this before," said the Sultana-Mother.

Meanwhile the physician had been searching in the box; and taking forth a small phial containing a white powder, he said, "Let your experiment, whatsoever it is, be made with this."

Thekla took the phial and emptied forth a quantity of the powder into the cup. She then poured in some water from a crystal jug which stood upon the table; and she stirred up the contents of the little cup with a small stick of glass which she took from her box.

"This is a deadly poison, your Highness, as the physician has given you to understand," said Thekla. "Watch the colors on the porcelain cup."

The spectators of this singular scene riveted their eyes upon the cup; and it appeared to them as if the colors forming the wreaths of flowers, lost their vividness and their brightness and grew paler and paler. For the first few moments the two Sultanas, the physician, and the Kislar-Aga thought that it was an optical delusion: they simultaneously passed their hands across their eyes—and then they all looked again. It was no deception—no delusion! The colors had faded, until they had become so faint as to be only dimly perceptible while the porcelain itself, instead of remaining transparent, had at first grown dull and cloudy, and then

entirely opaque. Ejaculations of astonishment burst from the lips of the two Sultanas: the physician looked dubious as to what might be the object of all this—for he knew not that it was a test of Thekla's good faith prior to her being permitted to put her skill to another test. As for the Kislar-Aga, he gazed open-mouthed in bewildered admiration.

"Now witness the contrary effect," said the wise-woman, taking the little porcelain cup and emptying its contents into some China ornament which was handy upon the table.

She replaced the cup in its former position; and all eyes were again riveted upon it. Gradually and gradually the colors came back, while the opaqueness as gradually yielded to the pristine transparency of the porcelain. The crimson, the blue, the green, and the yellow regained all their vividness, until they were at length seen as plainly as at first in their bright but delicate tracery; and when the eye looked inside the cup, that tracery could be discerned through its diaphanous thickness.

Thekla desired the physician to select another poison from the box; and he said, "This time I will, with your permission, choose the weakest of that species of drug which I may here find."

"Do so," rejoined Thekla; "and you will then have had proof of the effects produced upon the cup, alike by the most potent and by the most feeble of poisons."

When this second poison was mixed with water in the cup, the colors began to grow dim more slowly than in the former instance; and they did not pale away altogether, but merely sank into a certain degree of faintness—while the transparency of the porcelain was only proportionately clouded into a semi-opaqueness. When the cup was emptied of its contents, the colors returned gradually to their pristine brightness, and the porcelain itself to its transparency.

"Inshallah! this is wonderful!" ejaculated the Sultana-Valida.

"And the experiments are as interesting and beautiful as they are marvellous," said Tarkhana.

"May it please your Imperial Highness," observed the Kislar-Aga, "this is indeed a wise-woman—and she knows many things!"

"I remember," said the physician, "to have read of such cups as these in the pages of a romance; but I had never dreamt that they possessed any real existence. Yet, after all, the porcelain when in a state of preparation in the potter's hands, may be mixed with certain salts calculated to be acted upon in this manner by particular poisons; and the colors might be painted with ingredients which acknowledge a similar influence."

"Test this cup," said Thekla, "with whatsoever poisons you will—and the results shall prove the same."

"You have no strychnine in this box of yours," said the physician, "nor brucine; and there are many other poisons used for medical purposes, of which perhaps you, my good woman, are utterly ignorant."

"Does your Excellency possess those medicaments?" inquired Thekla.

"I do, was the response.

"Then by all means test the cup therewith," rejoined the wise-woman.

The physician bowed to the Sultana-Valida, and issued from the apartment. In a few minutes he returned, bearing a small and elegantly appointed medicine-chest—from which he took one of the potent poisons that he had named. The effect was the same as with Thekla's first experiment—the colors altogether disappearing, or rather fading into dimness, and the porcelain itself becoming densely opaque. The physician—who perceived the influence that the wise-woman was gaining over the Sultana—was resolved to repeat and prolong his tests, in the hope that the cup would presently fail to become a faithful betrayer of the presence of poison: but the results were always such as to maintain the credit of Thekla's medium. Finally, it was evident that as a test this cup was infallible.

"And now," said Thekla, "it remains for me to convince your Imperial Highness that drugs which contain no poison produce not the slightest effect upon the hues or transparency of the cup."

These tests were likewise accomplished; and everything resulted according to the assurances of the wise-woman.

"Your Highness can now keep this cup in your own possession for the present," said Thekla; "so that you may have the certainty

that I shall in no way tamper with it. With the permission of your Highness I will hasten to prepare the elixir which may give back health and strength to our august Sultan."

"Allah! Allah!" ejaculated the physician; "is this woman mad that she thinks because her feats of jugglery have proved successful, she is to be intrusted with aught that regards the precious life of our beloved monarch?"

"Your Excellency will be pleased to submit to my will in this matter," said the Sultana-Valida, in a voice of dignified command. "Your Excellency can now retire; but I charge you, breathe not to a living soul a single syllable descriptive of what you have heard or seen in this room. Such is my mandate: see that you obey it."

The discomfited physician dared not utter a word of remonstrance, nor yet even bend a remonstrating look upon her Imperial Highness; but with a low obeisance he retired from the apartment.

"Now, Thekla," said the Sultana-Valida, "what do you require for the compounding of your elixir?"

"I require permission to descend into the garden of the palace, to obtain whatsoever plants and roots I may need, and to range likewise through the conservatories in search of particular flowers."

"And what space of time will you require for the making of this precious elixir?"

"I cannot possibly be prepared with it," responded the wise-woman, "before the hour of noon to-morrow."

"The hour of noon to-morrow! repeated the Sultana-Valida, with a profound sigh; "It is a long time to wait!—a long time to endure suspense! But still, if there be no alternative—"

"There is none, Highness," answered Thekla: then, after a pause, she added emphatically, "And if ever I devoted care to the task, it shall assuredly be bestowed on the present occasion."

The wise-woman now withdrew from the apartment, in company with the Kislar-Aga, and in possession of the box of drugs: but the Sultana-Valida retained the beautiful little porcelain cup. Thekla was conducted into the spacious gardens belonging to the harem department of the seraglio; and there she found all the roots, the plants, and the flowers which she required. Returning to her own chamber, she shut herself in, with the request that she might not be intruded upon until the hour of noon on the morrow. The Kislar-Aga faithfully promised that her wish should be complied with, and Thekla was left alone with the requisite materials for the elimination and compounding of the ingredients that were to form the sovereign elixir.

The Sultana-Valida was now full of anxious hope and suspense. She deliberated with herself whether she should inform her son the Sultan of all that was in progress, or whether she should administer the elixir in his sleep. She however decided upon acquainting him with everything and beseeching him to have faith in the wise-woman; for she did not choose to incur the awful responsibility that would arise from failure and death. She, however, postponed the announcement to her son until the following day—her Highness being well aware that the physician would not venture to breathe a syllable on the subject, after the authoritative injunction she had given him to that effect.

On this point the Sultana-Valida was right in her calculation; the physician held his tongue. But he did not the less dread the consequences of Thekla's probable success—a success which, if achieved, would throw a complete shade over the skill, the character, and repute of himself and his colleague. He therefore shut himself up for two or three hours in his own apartment, consulted his books, and racked his brain to discover some medicament which might effectually revive the Sultan's failing energies. He at length resolved upon the mode of treatment which he should adopt, and which involved a total change in the medicines administered to the imperial patient. With the utmost care the physician compounded a potion, a moiety of which he administered to the Sultan in the evening, and the remainder at a very early hour in the morning.

At about nine o'clock on that morning the Sultan rose from his couch, declaring that he felt better than he had done for a long time past; and the two physicians were delighted—especially the senior, for the reasons already known to the reader. The Sultan sent to inform his mother of the improved state of his

health; and her Highness was likewise told that his Imperial Majesty purposed to grant an audience to his Grand Vizier, after which he would pay his respects to his mother in her own apartment. The Sultana-Valida was cheered on receiving such tidings; though she could not help thinking that his temporary return of energy would be followed by a relapse, as on several former occasions; and she did not therefore send to Thekla's apartment to bid her discontinue the process of compounding the elixir. Meanwhile the senior physician was busily engaged in brewing another bottle of his own medicine, in the hope that it would have the effect of staying off that reaction which the Sultana-Valida dreaded on behalf of her son.

The Sultan—apparelled in his splendid uniform, made in the European style—granted the audience to the Grand Vizier, who congratulated his Sovereign on the improved state of his health. It was now past eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the audience was about to terminate, when a messenger arrived with despatches from Omar Pasha. Therein the Generalissimo of the Ottoman army announced fresh successes on the line of the Danube; and the enthusiasm of the Sultan on behalf of his general and his troops, was excited to the highest degree. All of a sudden a faintness came over him—the moment of reaction had come—he was overpowered by his joy—and he sank back on his throne in a state of insensibility.

Abdul Medjid was at once borne to his chamber, and the Sultana Valida was instantaneously sent for, according to positive orders which her august son's attendants had received in respect to these occasions of alarming crisis. The physicians were about to administer their potion; but the Sultana-Valida peremptorily commanded them to quit the chamber, together with all others who were present, with the exception of two black slaves holding high offices in the domestic department of the Sultan's household.

To these two slaves the Sultana-Valida's instructions were speedily given; and they glided by a private door from the apartment. In a few minutes they reappeared, ushering in Thekla; but one of those slaves had now a silken bowstring—dread emblem and warning in that palace!—hanging over his arm.

(To be continued.)

The Nun of St. Sofia.

THE American army had entered the city of Mexico, and the company to which I belonged was quartered in the ruined church of *Nuestra Señora Dolores*, which stands in the eastern district of the city. There were many gallant spirits yet left in our regiment; although many of them had found a last resting-place among the plains and chaparrals through which we had fought our way. My nearest companion was a young New Yorker named Bailie—a fine, dashing fellow, full of fire and enthusiasm, and brave as a hero. We had been endeared to each other by the trials and dangers of the campaign, shared mutually and uncomplainingly; and it is needless to say that the exciting details of a soldier's life gave to our friendship a more serious and chivalric character than it would be possible to find in the ordinary realities of civilized life.

I had observed a change come over the manner of my companion from the day we quitted Vera Cruz. He had become more serious and retiring, and I found it impossible, notwithstanding our intimacy, to obtain his entire confidence. Something he hinted of meeting a young and beautiful *Mejicana*, who had won his lasting affections, and who was removed from his society by the anger of a proud father. And in our nightly wanderings away from the army, and when seated around the camp-fire, at the close of some desperate engagement, the occasional deep-drawn sigh and vacant manner, sufficiently evidenced the preoccupied heart, and the intensified longings of a passionate soul. James was in love. I became convinced of this after a very brief period; and yet I found it impossible to get the least confession from him, or to extract the slightest explanation concerning the position or whereabouts of his *dulce*.

On the third night after our entrance into the capital, my friend came to me, and in a manner bordering upon the utmost excitement, requested me to accompany him.

"Where do you wish to go to, *mi amigo*?" I inquired.

"To the Convent of St. Sofia, yonder," he

replied; "it is but a short distance, and I will not keep you long."

Accordingly, wrapping my cloak over my shoulders, and after examining my side-arms carefully, I started off with my companion, prepared to accompany him wherever he desired.

After passing through several streets and squares, we approached the ruined pile of *Nuestra Señora Dolores*. After crossing the threshold, he made me traverse several halls and corridors, and introduced us into a little garden, called the garden of the Abbess. It was an ancient grass-plot which was transformed into a garden. An old cloister surrounded its four sides with columns of white marble. This cloister, wasted in many places, so that ivy, raspberry bushes, and wild rose trees grew freely there, and obstructed the passage of any one who wished to make its circuit, heightened by its ruined air the brilliant appearance of the parterres, cultivated with the greatest care. The alleys were sanded with a fine and gilded sand; the box of the borders was irreproachable. The groves of flowering shrubs were disposed with a coquetry whose art could not be detected at the first glance; everything in that precinct breathed tranquillity, religious happiness; it was pervaded by that vague and quiet melancholy, inseparable from the pleasures of retirement, and whose charm, when it has once been felt, is regretted in the midst of the turbulent joys of the world. It seemed as if the mind held in its breath from fear of deranging in the least the lovely symmetry of this retreat. The only sound to be heard was the murmur of a fountain, which gushed from a marble cup placed in the centre of the garden.

The moon came up as we crossed this inclosure; and James, who seemed to be overpowered by some overwhelming sadness, caught my hand, and thus arrested my progress.

"Ned!" he exclaimed, "before we go any further, you must know more of our errand."

"You are then, at last, about to admit me to your confidence."

"Pardon me, my friend, for withholding this secret from you for so long a time; but when the heart is pained, the lips find it difficult to speak of the emotion. Now listen to me."

And there in the solemn stillness of that ruined garden, with the dark masses of architecture towering up above us, and the pale queen of night moving in beauty through the heavens, he told me of his first meeting with Inez in the Cathedral of Vera Cruz; of his subsequent passion, and the profound influence she exerted on his life. Her father, a wealthy and vain adherent of Santa Anna, opposed their meeting, and finally carried her away into the interior, when, up to the time of our entering the city, he found it impossible to obtain any trace of her. At length news came to him, through a strange source; and this news completely crushed him. For he learned that Inez was about to take the veil in the Convent of St. Sofia.

The solemn strains of sacred music interrupted his narrative, and pressing my hand convulsively, he led the way into the building. Crossing the dimly lighted aisle, we found ourselves in close vicinity to the altar, around which was assembled a strange and impressive group.

On each side were nuns and neophytes, bearing lighted candles; the former kneeling, and all engaged in prayer. In an inner circle were the priests, bearing the sacred emblems, the cross and crozier; and in the centre was the bishop, attired in his sacred habiliments, and just concluding the solemn ceremony of investing a novice who was kneeling at his feet, with the veil. Daughter of the Virgin—bride of the Lamb!

"Inez! Inez!"

The agonized voice of my companion calling the newly made nun by name attracted general attention. The crowd in front who had come to witness the ceremony, started to their feet; the priests and nuns were startled from their grave positions, and the young girl, who had just surrendered herself forever to the church, stared wildly around her.

"Inez! Inez!"

She sprang up like a startled fawn; a weak and despairing cry escaped her lips, and she fell back insensible among the sisterhood.

It was with the utmost difficulty I succeeded in dragging my companion from the scene of this strange drama; and even after we had quitted its walls, his groans and despairing sobs were absolutely heart-rending.

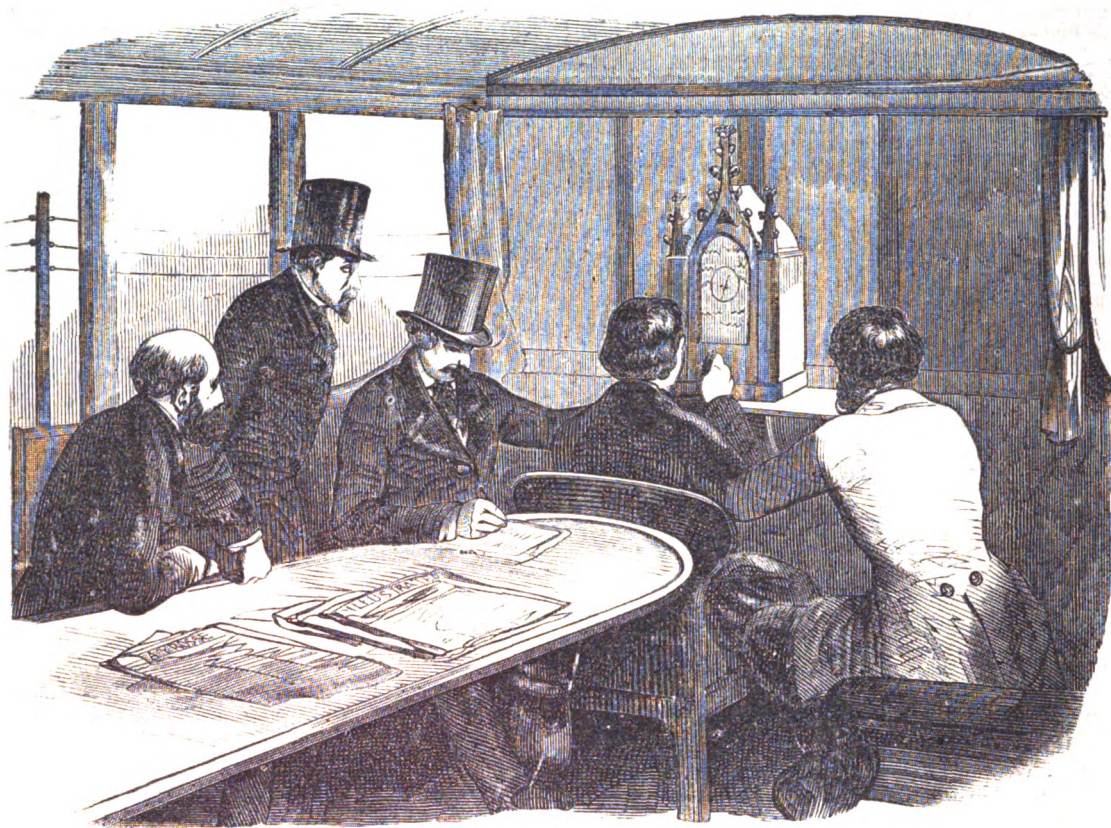
Years have elapsed since then, and doubtless the victim of a father's wrong, and a superstitious

creed, has forgotten the young *Americano del Norte* who would have sacrificed his life to rescue her; but Bailie proved faithful to his first passion. For years he cherished her image, and he would beguile long hours in conversing with me about her, and concerning that pleasant land, with its eventful campaign to us, and its sorrowful souvenirs to him. He died at Rivas, in Nicaragua. He could not resist the seductions of a soldier's life, and thus joined the forces of General Walker. He served with him during the brief and exciting campaign against Costa Rica, and died in my arms after the charge upon the breastwork on the plaza. Poor Bailie! he sleeps among the gallant dead in the heart of Central America, companioned in his rest by many a noble heart and daring arm.

A BRAZILIAN ISLAND.—We went gliding softly along water of a delicious green tint, glassy as a lake, with broad grassy meadows stretching down on either side, till we anchored in the Roads, outside the harbor, which was too shallow to admit a vessel of our size. In our way we picked up a canoe, drifting ownerless over the quiet waters. The cutter was sent in to board some of the ships in the harbor. While we were gazing at the scenery, the green shrubs, and rocks half covered with grass, and half bare, the island spread with wavy foliage, at whose feet the ripples were just commencing to break, as the sea breeze arose, the cutter came creeping out again, its white sails showing picturesquely beneath a bank of dark heather. Light and shade chased each other across the green lawns, now bright of a dazzling tint, now darker and more sombre. Each fugitive ray of the sun, chased by a dozen clouds leaped from peak to peak, descending the mountain side. Now it rested for an instant on a bank of red flowery gorse, that shot out innumerable sparks, betraying the fugitive to the pursuing clouds, that in an instant had drawn their veils over his resting place. But he was not caught, no, he was lower down resting on a patch of meadow, and by the time they had settled on that, he was further down still; when he had led them to the shore, and dazzled the wavelets that broke upon the beach, he flew straight up again to the sun, leaving the baffled pursuers far behind, in undisputed possession of the whole landscape. Such a gorgeous hill-side was never seen elsewhere; the constantly fleeting tints could have been caught by no pencil—more magnificent than ever clothed the artist's canvas, or decked with ecstasy the poet's dreams.—*Edward Wilberforce*.

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.—A young peasant one day on returning to his village from Sion, a heavy fall of snow, about the middle of October, met him on his toilsome ascent; he reached at length a rock from which he could see his own chalet, but in its stead nothing appeared but a frightful mass of snow-heaps, beneath which his house, his wife, and their only child, were doubtless engulfed. At first he was overwhelmed with despair, and threw himself upon the rocks in a state of stupor; but presently the light of hope broke upon him—he started up, and rushed to the still uninjured cottage of one of his neighbors, whose assistance he entreated; several others joined with them, and together, armed with pickaxes and spades, they set to work with the view of disengaging the devoted family from the overwhelming wreck. It required both strength and resolution, and the friends worked till night with ardor. The young man was then left alone; he continued to labor without ceasing and at daybreak his companions returned; the second day ended without result, but despair gave the husband fresh vigor in spite of his disappointment. A third day he toiled on, and at last to his unspeakable rapture, he discovered the roof of his dwelling, and through an aperture for the smoke he perceived his wife sitting by the light of a lamp watching her infant, who was being at the time suckled by a goat. His cries of joy were responded to, and the story of deliverance was soon told. A large rock behind the chalet had forced the avalanche which had descended to take another direction, and all beneath the roof, to the last of his flock, were saved. His resolute perseverance was rewarded, and the pair became the objects of congratulation to the whole district.—*Swiss Tales*.

AN old lady, whose son was about to proceed to the Black Sea, among her parting admonitions gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in that sea, for she did not want to see him come back a "nigger."



TELEGRAPHIC RAILWAY CAR—MODE OF OPERATING.

Telegraphic Railroad Car.

THE principle of applying telegraphs to locomotives is very simple, and with the aid of an illustration can be easily understood. A slide attached to the car occupied by the conductor establishes a permanent communication between the bar of iron and the telegraphic apparatus which is disposed in the same car, while the communication between the apparatus and the soil is effected through the medium of the axle, the wheels, and the rails.

The section of the bar being determined and regulated by the length of the line, the maximum number of telegraphic offices, the trains which may be upon the road at once, and the dimensions of the electrometer, it will follow that the current discharged from the galvanic battery will encounter no exterior resistance other than that of the apparatus whence the despatch is transmitted, with the addition of a fraction of that resistance, which will be indicated by the unity, divided by the number of the other apparatus placed on the same line.

D. Anterior portion of the car intended for the telegraph.

E. Post-office.

F. F. Iron instrument resting by means of pads upon the axles of the car.

K K'. Branches serving as conductor to a piece of tarred wood.

L L'. This piece, which has an upward and downward movement, guided by the branches K K' is retained by the two levers bent, *l l'*, which are fastened together by the rod *m m'*.

H. Crank serving to elevate or depress parallel with itself the piece L L', and brings into contact the four springs, *r, r, r, r*, with the bar *n n'*, which performs the part of the telegraphic line.

T. Telegraph placed opposite the wall of the chamber D.

X. Conductor fastening the four springs *r* to the telegraph T.

P. V. Gutta serena tube speaking trumpet suspended from the anterior wall of the car.

G. Ordinary galvanic pile.

The Old Exchange, Hamburg.

(See page 177.)

WE give a view of a building celebrated in nearly all the great commercial transactions of Europe for generations. It is that of the Bourse, Hamburg—the Exchange of one of the most flourishing towns in Germany.

Hamburg is a free city in the duchy of Holstein, and consists of the new and old towns, both nearly of an equal size, which, together with the unlimited extent of country around, forms an independent republic. It is situated on the rivers Elbe and Alster, and the latter, before it enters the town by sluices, forms a fine basin. Hamburg is well fortified, and on the ramparts are handsome walks planted with rows of trees. The town, from its situation, has all possible advantages for foreign trade and domestic commerce, particularly from its communication by the Elbe with the principal navigable rivers of Germany, and hence it is one of the most prosperous commercial cities in the world, though,

It formed, in the Middle Ages, one of the free towns that comprised the Hanseatic League. This league was that famous confederacy of the great commercial cities of North Germany which arose about the beginning of the thirteenth century. Its title is derived from the Teutonic word *hanse*, an association; and the cities joining in it were styled the Hanse Towns. Its object was to protect commerce from piracy, to procure the restitution of shipwrecked property, and facilitate the safe navigation of the seas. Besides Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck, it embraced upwards of eighty towns at the time of its greatest power, the fourteenth century, ranging from the Scheldt to the gulf of Dantzic. It fell gradually to decay—the general spread of civilization and advance of society rendering its machinery unnecessary, but it has still a nominal existence.

In both ancient and modern times, Hamburg has always been the refuge of the oppressed and the asylum of the destitute. In 1815-16 it ac-

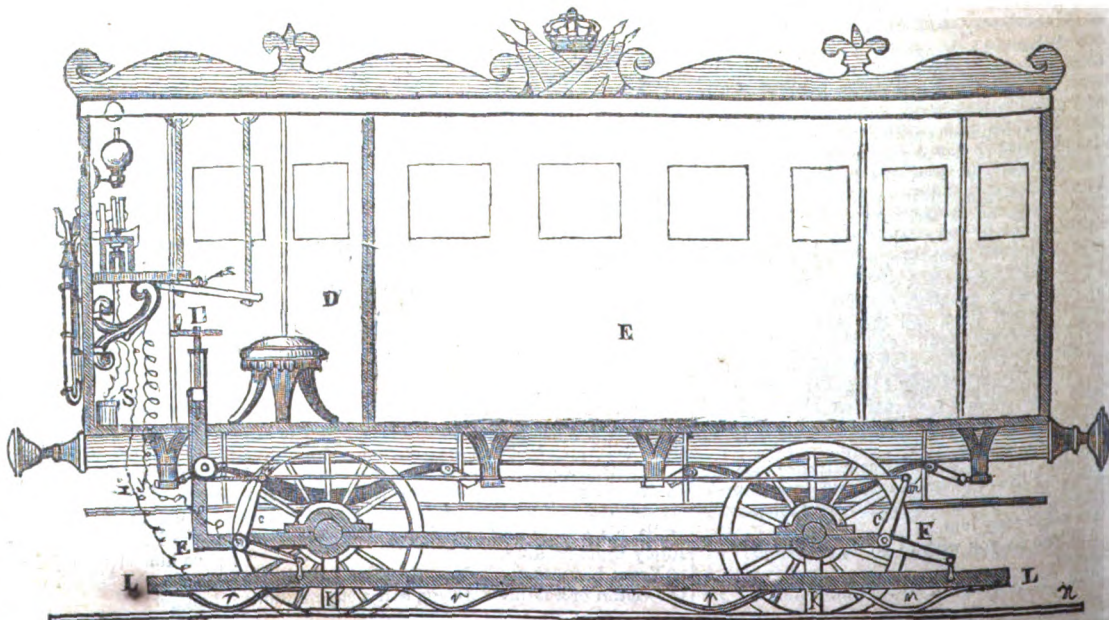


DIAGRAM OF TELEGRAPHIC RAILWAY CAR.

like all such marts, not conspicuous for manufactures.

Hamburg can boast of a celebrated college, an arsenal, a bank and exchange—the subject of our illustration—a theatre, in which Jenny Lind has twittered her Nightingale notes—a founding hospital—also a famous wooden bridge, which extends nearly three miles over a morass and the river Elbe to Hamburg. The Cathedral of our Lady is a fine structure, and the Church of St. Michael is celebrated for a tower 390 feet high, on the summit of which many deeply interesting and important astronomical and physical experiments have been made.

Hamburg contains a population of about 140,000, and its history is very instructive. It was founded by Charlemagne in the ninth century, and is certainly the greatest commercial emporium of Germany, if not of the continent at large.

quired an access of prosperity through the navigation of the Elbe being, at the Congress of Vienna, declared free throughout its whole course.

The New Exchange, Hamburg.—(See page 177.)

Our second engraving represents the principal front of a new Exchange, the commanding spire in the centre breaking the monotony of an extensive façade. The building will be a complete government house, embracing all the various offices required for the management of the republic. The leading departments will comprise a senate house, with contiguous committee rooms and libraries, and a hall for the representatives of the citizens, of great size. In this hall the senate and citizens will meet once a month for the discussion of matters of state, and in the adjoining rooms the representatives—the select vestrymen—of the different parishes into which Hamburg is divided, will also assemble.

The other portions of the structure will be devoted to the following purposes. The financial department, embracing that of direct taxes, those of indirect taxes, customs, excise, and stamps, offices for the regulation of trusteeships, and the property tax. Next come the law courts, both civil and criminal, and the miscellaneous public offices, such as offices for the regulation of partnerships, bankruptcy courts, the public archives, offices for matters relating to mortgages, those of the board of works, those for the registration of marriages, births and deaths, and others incidental to a busy and populous city.

The Great Court, or "Gehenge," we believe, is intended to be used by merchants and tradesmen for the carrying on of their various commercial pursuits. Indeed, it is said that the old Bourse, of which we give an engraving on page 177, is to be demolished, and the gentlemen of trade and commerce invited to take places in the "Gehenge."

The Church of St. Nicholas is also a notable specimen of architectural ability. The history of this building, or series of buildings, is curious. It appears, from the chronicles of Hamburg, that the Chapel of St. Nicholas was razed to the ground

in the year 1334, and a church of the same name was commenced on the site. The foundation stone for the steeple was not laid until ten years later, and the steeple itself remained in an unfinished state until 1516, when the work was resumed and the church finished in two years, at

called Swedish bells, which rang of themselves at six o'clock every morning, and at two in the afternoon.

This ancient and remarkable building was again burnt to the ground in the great fire of Hamburg in 1842, when the falling of the burn-

FIGHT WITH A PANTHER CAT.



a cost of only \$5,000. In 1589 the steeple was struck by lightning, and the whole edifice was burnt to the ground in one night. It was again rebuilt in the space of two years, the steeple being made 406 feet high. It then contained some immense church bells, one of which weighed above 20,000 lbs., besides a peal of so

ing steeple ignited several of the adjacent streets, and the present beautiful edifice was built in its stead and on the same site. It is now almost completed, and is a great ornament to the town.

No one can be in a more unhappy circumstance than to have neither an ability to give or to take instruction.

THE BRIDAL IN MASQUERADE.

AN ITALIAN STORY.

A SUMMER night of starry beauty rested on the storeyed walls of Florence, and the gleaming of marble arch and pillar was reflected in the placid waters of the Arno, upon whose breast shone also the glow of festive lights, and echoed the strains of festive music. Through brilliant halls lovely forms floating in the dance were seen through the open casement, and the melodious voices of Italia's fairest daughters mingled with the perfume of the orange groves which bordered the river. Brave knights and fair ladies occupied the balconies, and soft words were spoken and tender vows were made beneath the silver and shimmering sheen of the starry and unclouded sky.

From one of these gay mansions a cavalier emerged, and hastily descending to the water side, sprang into a light gondola, which darted away through the starlit waves.

On it went, amid drooping boughs and fragrant flowers slumbering in the soft moonlight, that fell so brightly on the countenance of him who looked so sadly at the quiet evening sky. It was a pale and noble face, with nothing of the Italian in it, save the dark lustrous eyes, and the raven hair the night wind flung so freely back; while the unadorned and simple dress told that, though brave and true, a humble fortune must be his.

Meantime, the light boat sped along by lighted palaces and moonlit gardens, till the high, dark walls of the Convent of St. C—— rose before him. The faint, low chant of the evening prayer rose softly on the quiet air, and as the solemn sound of the holy music ceased, the gondola glided into the dark shadow of the walls. A moment more, and it was moored beneath a solitary casement, while, in a low, sweet voice, these words were sung:

The summer wind is sighing
Across the moonlit sea,
And bears my bark, dear lady,
Through whispering waves to thee.
Oh, wake! for the evening star
Casts her soft light o'er me:
Thou art my star, and I the wave,
Reflecting nought but thee.

As the song ceased, the casement opened, and a light female form appeared in the balcony, where the moonlight revealed a young and lovely lady. It was no nun; for the silken robe was clasped with jewels, and no close veil hid the bright locks that fell so softly round the fair, young face, as bending from the balcony, she said:

"Ah, Ferdinand, why hast thou ventured forth to-night? They will miss thee at the palace, and all may be discovered."

"Pardon, dearest Alice, but I could not rest till I told thee what I this day learned. Tomorrow thou wilt leave the convent, where, till now, thy life has flowed along beneath a cloudless sky. The gay world thou wilt enter is too full of sin and sorrow for one so pure and gentle as thou art. Oh, Alice! my heart is filled with sad forebodings for thee!"

"Nay, why fear for me, dear Ferdinand: Amid the sins and follies of the world my heart shall be a holy shrine, where all the pure, undying love I bear thee shall be gathered up, and, with all a woman's constancy and faith, be treasured but for thee!"

"That bright dream is over, dearest," replied her lover, and his voice was sad and low. "This is why I could not rest. I would be the first to tell you all our sorrow, and share the grief I bring thy gentle heart. Thy father has betrothed thee to Count Antonio, and by solemn vows hath bound himself to wed thee only unto him, the heir of those rich English lands he so long hath coveted. I knew not of this till it was too late to claim the hand where I had won the heart. I cannot doubt the tidings: our happy visions for the future are no more. Thou must be led a victim to the altar, and I, amid the ruins of my life's fair hopes, will seek for patience to bear this sorrow as I ought!"

He ceased and bowed his head, and the few heavy tears that fell showed how hard a struggle love and honor made within that noble heart.

"How can I free myself from this unholy marriage?" said the gentle girl, while the bright tears fell like summer rain. "I cannot give my hand where my heart can never follow: Ah! save me, Ferdinand, from such a fate!"

"Alice, what a heart's best love can do shall not be wanting now. I'll plead as never lover

pleaded before—and if I cannot win my suit, hard as my task may be, we must teach our hearts to share the sorrow nobly, and forget the joy that hath been ours."

"Thou shalt not bear this grief alone; these idle tears shall never dim the light that leads me to my duty. Thy noble words have stilled the deep despair of this poor heart: the happy dream that made my life so bright and beautiful is gone; those hopes and joys have passed away—all but my love and constancy to thee. They may wed me where they list, my heart is ever thine!"

"God bless thee, dearest, and reward thee as thy true heart's tenderness deserves! But hark! the convent bell is sounding. I must leave thee, but not yet for ever—we shall meet again; till then bear bravely up! And now, farewell, dearest; may good angels guard and comfort thee!"

"Farewell!" said the weeping lady. "If we must part, mayst thou find a heart as true and tender as the one now sorrowing for thee, is the prayer of thy poor Alice!"

The boat was gone, the balcony deserted, and the moon's soft light fell only on the bright waves rippling below.

CHAPTER II.

THE Count D'Adelon was a proud and high-born Italian, wedded in his youth to a lovely English lady, who had borne him one fair child, and then, like the sweet, but short-lived southern flowers that bloomed around her, faded gently away, and was borne to the tomb of the proud D'Adelons.

Years went by, and the mother's child found a calm and happy home among the gentle nuns of St. —, and grew up amid the holy sisterhood, loved as a poet's dream, pure and gentle as the saints she worshipped with such pious love.

A father's tenderness and care she had never known; for he had brought another bride to his stately home, and amid the many joys that rank and wealth can bring, forgot the gentle child who was growing into womanhood and beauty in the dim old convent.

At length poverty stole into his luxurious home; for years of careless splendor had brought the proud count's fortune low. Then, while wandering through the stately halls, where no trace of the coming ruin was yet seen, he remembered that a lovely daughter, yet unknown to the gay world, dwelt within the gloomy convent. She might wed some lord whose wealth would well repay the honor done him by the noble house of D'Adelon.

He sought the daughter he had so long neglected, and, with wondering delight, beheld a form and face that well might grace the proudest home in Italy. Tender memories rose in his cold heart, and with kind and loving words he won his daughter's love, and from time to time had taken her to his splendid home, that others might see the loveliness of his fair child.

'Twas there she had seen and learned to love Ferdinand De Vere. Young, brave and rich in manly virtues, he soon won the heart he longed for, and amid the proud and high-born guests who thronged her father's halls, the English stranger was the only one whose image did not fade like a bright dream, when in the silent convent she forgot the gay scenes that had passed before her. And thus ere long the loving hearts were joined, and the bright waves rippling by St. C——, bore on their bosom the happy lover to the little cell where all his earthly happiness was found.

Little dreaming of the tender scenes the moon looked down on through those long summer nights, the Count D'Adelon was winning for his child the hand of Count Antonio, an Italian noble, whose unbounded wealth would build up the broken fortunes of the bride's father.

And at length the young lord, won by the daughter's beauty and the father's rank, besought the Count's leave to bring her from the convent to his own noble palace as his wife. That leave was given, and the lover's happy dream was broken by the summons of the gentle Alice home.

CHAPTER III.

THE setting sun stole with a softened light through the curtains of a humbly-furnished chamber, where sat Ferdinand De Vere, pale and sad, struggling to calm the bitter sorrow of a hopeless love.

A low tap broke the deep silence, and a servant entered, saying,

"Signor, a stranger waits below, entreating you to see her; shall I admit her?"

"Nay, Bertoni, I can see no stranger now! Yet, if she be poor, or in sorrow, it were cruel to refuse. I will see her, whoever it be!"

A light step sounded on the stair, and a young girl stood before him wrapped in a dark mantle, but the veil so closely folded ill concealed the bright dark eyes and clustering hair.

"Signor, I come on a strange errand," she said; "but to me a sad one! My mother lies upon her death-bed, and cannot die in peace till she has revealed to thee a secret which will bring to thee wealth and honor. Wilt thou trust me as thy guide, and follow quickly?"

"'Tis a strange summons!" said the young man. "How can I, a stranger here, be known to thy mother? Nay, do not weep, poor child. I will follow thee, if my presence can bring comfort to a suffering spirit!"

And with his unknown guide he passed into the silent streets.

Twilight shadows were deepening, and the soft light had faded away, as the young girl stopped before a ruined gate; then, passing in, she led the way through a deserted garden to a low door, which was opened by an old servant, who said:

"The Virgin be praised, you are not too late. Come quickly! she is with the priest!"

Up a flight of narrow stairs they went into a darkened room, where, on a low couch lay a woman, in whose pale and haggard face traces of great beauty still were seen. Beside her stood a grey-haired priest, holding a golden crucifix before her fading eyes.

"Mother, he is here!" said the young girl, kneeling beside the couch, while her tears fell thick and fast.

"Ah!" said the dying woman; "lift me higher, Rosalie; and do thou, holy father, bear witness to the last words of this sinful heart. Young man, draw nearer. Is thy name Ferdinand De Vere?"

"It is," replied he, wondering at the strange scene before him.

"Then listen while I unfold to thee the tale of sin I could not carry with me.

"Thy father, years ago, when he was gay and young, wooed and won a simple village maiden's heart. It was her only wealth—and she gave it freely, asking for no return but constancy and truth. She knew not that her humble lover was a rich and noble knight. He vowed to love and wed her, and she believed him. Happy days passed, and then she was left to sigh in lonely sorrow. He was wedded to a noble lady, and forgot the warm heart that he had won. I was that poor maiden, and in the bitter hour of agony and grief I vowed a fierce revenge.

"That vow I kept. Years rolled away, and I was wedded to a wild mountain robber, and sought in the stirring scenes of a wandering life to still the voice that whispered of forgiveness; but an evil demon drove me on, and my vow was at length fulfilled. Thy father's life had been a long, bright dream of happiness and love; wealth such as few possess was his; and 'twas all gathered up for thee. Thou wert a fair unconscious child, and often did I wander to thy home, to look upon thy mother bending over thee, and with all her heart's love blessing thee as a mother's only can. Her life seemed all bound up in thine, and I hated her for possessing the joy I could not win.

"At length thy father died. Thou canst not remember thy mother's grief, nor her wonder and alarm, when no will was found—and thus all the wealth so hoarded up for thee passed to thy kinsman, Count Antonio. Thou wert left fatherless and poor.

"My revenge was gained. I had stolen the will that left all to thee, and thou and thy mother were penniless. Death took her hence, and thou hast made thyself loved and honored for thy nobleness and truth. My cruel work was done, and for years I wandered over the earth, a sinful, sorrowing outcast.

"Think not, young man, I called thee hither to learn this sad and simple story for no purpose. I can give thee now thy father's wealth. My life is well-nigh spent, and I would perform one good deed ere I depart. My child, bring hither the ivory casket; thou knowest the secret hiding-place."

The weeping girl stole out, and a deep silence followed.

No words can tell the wonder, joy, and wonder.

grief the dying woman's tale had stirred within the breast of the young listener. Thoughts of Alice, golden dreams of wealth and happiness, and sad memories of the mother who had so deeply suffered for the sins of the wild, revengeful woman who now, long years after, lay dying here before him—these came crowding to his mind like a troubled dream, till the silence was broken by the return of Rosalie, bearing the casket in her hand.

"Unclasp it, love," said the dying woman, faintly; "my strength fails, and my work is yet undone. These papers," she continued, in broken accents, "will prove thy right to all thy father's wealth. Would it could buy this poor soul its pardon and forgiveness."

"Now, farewell! I cannot die in peace with a face so like thy father's bending over me. I have told all. This good priest will counsel thee. Now go, and may this last deed repay thee for the great wrong this sinful heart hath done thee!"

"May God forgive thee as freely as I do, and grant thee peace!" whispered the young man; and, with a few words to the old priest, he stole softly out into the silent night.

CHAPTER IV.

DAYS had passed—the dead was buried, and Rosalie in a safe home. Long and anxious were the counsels of the priest and young De Vere. The strange discovery had brought many difficulties: those who had witnessed the will were to be found. After a long and careful search, they were at length traced to Rome. Messengers were dispatched to bring them secretly to F—.

Amid all these wearisome duties, one thought still cheered the happy lover on—it was of the hour when he might claim Alice as his own: and this he could not hope to do until his right to all the English wealth was clear.

So he eagerly hurried on the work, and thus the weeks rolled on, when tidings reached him that in three days the nuptials of the Count Antonio would take place. Then in the wildest haste he sought the priest for comfort and advice.

"My son," said the old man, "there is but one way left thee. Go to thy lady's father, and ask her hand. Thou hast virtue, and an honorable name. She loves thee, and if he bears a father's heart within his breast, he will never sell her for the Count Antonio's gold when her heart is given to thee. Say nothing of the strange tale thou hast lately heard—for if he makes his daughter's happiness by giving up his worldly hopes, then it will be a fit reward when he shall learn that the fortune he so coveted is thine."

He went, and pleaded his love with all his heart's deep devotion—but in vain. The ambitious count had set his worldly heart on the wealth of Lord Antonio, and with haughty coldness answered the young lover's prayers, saying, as he turned to go:

"My daughter is the last of her noble name, and whoso wins her hand, must possess the wealth and rank befitting such an honor!"

"My lord," replied the young man, while the light shone in his dark eyes, "the name of De Vere is noble as your own! I am not poor, and can give your daughter a happy home, and a heart whose only care shall be to spare her every sorrow. Count Antonio's wealth may pass away! Where, then, will be the happiness you now seek for your child, in paltry gold and a titled name?"

"Enough, young man!" exclaimed the count. "When you can boast a name and fortune noble as the count's, I will yield my daughter when and where you please to claim her!"

And with a scornful smile he turned away.

"Stay, my lord!" cried Ferdinand. "Did I hear aright, and will you give your daughter's hand when I shall bring you wealth like that Antonio now possesses? I take you at your word! Remember, it is pledged! Three days hence I will claim my bride!"

And with a proud, triumphant smile, he passed out.

"Three days, sayest thou!" muttered the count. "Thy bride shall then be another's, and thou wilt claim her then in vain! 'Tis a strange vow I have made! I fear I have said too much! But no—it cannot be! No mortal could in three days gather up such boundless wealth as Count Antonio brings my child! 'Tis a foolish fear! I'll think of it no more!"

And in dreams of grandeur yet to come, the haughty noble thought not of the sorrowing

heart that beat so sadly in the bosom of his gentle child.

The three days were nearly spent, and well had the old priest done his work. The witnesses were come, all was proved, and Ferdinand De Vere was lord of the English wealth.

Count Antonio had yielded all his generous rival would accept, and secretly left Italy.

The morning of the third day came, and proudly went the Count D'Adelon through his lordly home; for that night would the barter of his fair young daughter bring all the wealth he coveted.

As thus he mused, a paper was placed in his hand: it was in the writing of Count Antonio, and thus it ran:

"My lord,—This night, according to my promise, your daughter shall wed the heir of Lord Devereux's unbounded wealth. Pardon whatever mystery may appear when next we meet. Ask nothing, and all shall be explained when the ceremony is over."

"Some romantic folly!" thought the count; "I care not what! He shall have no cause to chide me, for not a word will I speak till all is over. And now to Alice—she must know of this new whim."

And he passed on to where his daughter sat, pale, and still striving to banish the tender thoughts as they rose in her sorrowing heart.

CHAPTER V.

It was the night of masquerade in the mansion of Count D'Adelon—carriage after carriage swept up to the marble steps, and deposited their light-hearted occupants to swell the brilliant throng that filled the stately halls.

Plumes and gay hearts fluttered, jewels and bright eyes flashed, soft words were spoken, tender glances given, and jests went round. Knights and ladies, elves and pages, kings and flower-girls, all mingled gaily in the dance—sweet voices and rich melody filled the air—and so with mirth and music the masquerade went on.

"Has your highness seen the Lady Alice?" asked a stately knight of the fairy queen who stood beside him. "Lovely she has ever been, but to-night her beauty is beyond aught that I have ever seen!"

"Her dress is well chosen," replied his gay companion; "that bridal robe is but a token of the one she will shortly wear—for Count Antonio claims her hand, and if I do not err, the next time we tread these halls it will be to dance at the sweet lady's bridal. But look! yonder comes the Count Antonio. I know him, in spite of his mask, by the star of the Devereux upon his breast."

"He, too, is attired as for a bridal," said the knight; "but never did I see him bear himself so nobly as to-night. Did you mark that whisper, as he offered Lady Alice yon white rose she seems so proud of?"

"That I did," answered the lady, with a gay laugh. "I wish all knights grew as strangely graceful and gallant when a fair lady smiles on their suit. I must ask Alice for the charm she has used to change the awkward, rude Antonio into yon graceful cavalier in the white velvet doublet. The music sounds; do you dance?"

And knight and lady passed away through the flower-decked halls.

Many were the wondering remarks at the bridal dress of Alice and her lover; and ere long it was whispered through the crowd that the proud Count D'Adelon had drawn them hither to celebrate the nuptials of his fair daughter with the young lord so many hearts had tried to win: not for his bravery or love, but for the name and fortune he possessed. And when at length the priest appeared, a low murmur passed through the crowd.

Then the Count D'Adelon stepped proudly forth, saying:

"My friends, pardon this little plot, but I desired to show all honor to the noble count who this night weds my child—and where can they more fitly pledge their faith than here, amid festivity and joy, surrounded by happy hearts and loving friends? Father, we wait your services."

A deep stillness fell upon the throng as the bridal party stood before the priest; but a murmur of astonishment was heard when the bridegroom took his place—for the mask he had so carefully worn was not removed. All had wondered at the unbroken silence of the young count. To none but Alice had he spoken—all others he had carefully avoided; and many had

noticed the graceful ease of the once uncouth count.

Curiosity and wonder were at their height, but respect restrained all questions till the solemn words were spoken. Then the eager crowd gathered round the Count D'Adelon, and poured forth their unbounded astonishment at the strange scene they had witnessed.

"Gladly will I tell you when I am told myself. My lord," he said, turning to the bridegroom, "patiently have I borne my part in this strange masquerade of yours. The bridal is now over, and I claim your promise of revealing your reason for so mysterious an act."

"It shall be given," replied the bridegroom; and the next moment the mask was off, and the noble face of Ferdinand De Vere appeared, glowing with joy and manly beauty, his stately form drawn proudly up, the brilliant star of an English earl flashing upon his breast, and Alice, radiant with happiness, leaning on his arm.

Not a sound broke the stillness that followed, after the first low murmur of astonishment, till the tones of his musical voice sounded through the long hall, saying:

"My lord, you bid me claim your daughter when I could show as high a name, as boundless wealth as Count Antonio. I can do more; and even your ambitious heart can find nought to wish for, when the son of the Earl of Devereux, with all the English wealth you covet, and his own fair fortune, is the happy husband of the child you would have sold for the worthless gold that cannot buy a noble woman's love. My right is proved, and Count Antonio has left Italy; and now, my lord, no longer as a simple knight, but Ferdinand Earl of Devereux and De Vere, I claim this hand, dearer than aught the earth can give—for with it comes a heart wealth could not buy, nor titles tempt. Kind friends," continued he, turning gaily to those knights who gathered warmly round him, "my best wish is that you may gain as fair a fortune and as true a bride as I have won by this bridal in masquerade."

THE MEXICANS.—And now the scene of the fashionable promenade changes to the Portales, where some hundreds of dames and gallants form into two dense lines, from which, when once entangled, you can hardly extricate yourself; and continue defiling up and down with monotonous regularity, and at a funeral pace, for half an hour or more; while the dirty steps at the doorways of the shops opening under the arcades, upon which the beggars and lepers have been reclining during the day, are now, to your astonishment, crowded by luxuriously dressed females, chatting and smoking with their beaux. This is perfectly Mexican—just as an acquaintance described to me his morning visit to a noble lady to whom the preceding evening he had been presented at the Opera, where she shone in lace and diamonds—when he found her in the most complete dishabille; all her French finery thrown aside; without stockings, and eating *tortillae* and *chile* out of the common earthenware plate of the country. I must do the Mexican gallant the credit to say, that some time ago a proposal was started to provide chairs; the offer, however, was indignantly refused by the belles; and there they squat to this very day, according to the custom of their mothers and grandmothers. At this hour the mantilla is almost universally laid aside. The females of this country cannot be said to be distinguished for personal beauty. They are short in person, and seldom the possessors of elegant form or features. The eyes are commonly fine; and the majesty of their gait, which is remarkable, is characteristic of the admixture of Spanish and Indian blood. In their style of dress they have adopted the French fashion; always preserving the mantilla, however, as before mentioned, in the earlier part of the day. I regret to see national costumes on the wane, here and elsewhere; most following the vile fashions of France and England; and this fancy extends itself in many cases to the trappings of the horse, as well as those of the rider; and not a few of the young Mexicans now use the English saddles instead of the high Mameluke saddle and furniture of their fathers.

A resident clergyman of this city who is severely afflicted, and not able to perform pastoral duty, has had presented to him the sum of thirty thousand dollars. The donor is a Southern gentleman.

The gas light on board the Isaac Newton costs but \$5 for a round trip, where the oil used to cost \$24.

Fort of Aratas, Havana, where Crittenden and his Fifty Americans were Executed. In the central distance of the view is the fort of Aratas, where the fifty Americans under command of Crittenden, and attached to the Lopez

the moment the island is in possession of the United States.

THERE are seven million pores in the body of a man of ordinary size

"DON'T BUY THOSE HORSES."—The French people are unlike other civilized beings; they turn murder into poetry, and ruin into theatrical proverbs. A fast man, of Paris was recently sold out, he having rendered himself bankrupt by indulging in ex-

cesses. At the sale was a youth who had just come into the possession of a fortune. He was about to bid for the ruined dandy's favorite pair of horses, when the proprietor said to him—"Don't buy those horses. The first thing you will know, you will find them carrying you to a fine house near the Madeline, where Mdlle. Julie lives; her youth, beauty, talents, fascinations, are adorned by splendid apartments, and you can't resist her; her acquaintance cost me a hundred thousand francs. They will carry you to suppers, where the dessert is cards; they cost me three hundred thousand francs. They will carry you to the back door of the theatres, to the 'slips' staircase of the opera, to the jockey club, to the race-field, to actresses' balls, to the fashionable shops, and your million will melt there as rapidly as mine. Heed me! I purchased my experience dearly; had any one warned me, as I warn you, when ten years ago I, then at your age, with your illusions and your ambition, stood where you stand, and bought the establishment of poor De Retz, who shot himself to escape his creditors, I should have some better prospect before me than to retire to a remote country village and live on three thousand francs a year, given me by an old aunt."—The young man ceased to bid.

FORT OF ARATAS, HAVANA, WHERE CRITTENDEN AND HIS FIFTY AMERICANS WERE EXECUTED.



expedition, were barbarously shot by the Havana authorities. To the left is the Prince's fort, and below is the suburb of Jesse Maria. Part of the harbor of Havana is shown, and on the right the view of a part of the city. The friends of Crittenden contemplate erecting a magnificent monument to his memory in front of the fort of Aratas,

A FEW weeks back, a gentleman at Brussels was amusing himself with his wife and infant son in an upper room, when his wife playfully took the child to an open window and pretended to throw him out. In an instant her babe escaped from her hold, and was precipitated to the ground from the fourth story, and killed on the spot.

many years, in London the first dinner ever given on the return of the day was recently celebrated.

An old woman lately arrived in Chicago, on her way to Urbano, with a bed, a box, three dogs, a cat, a black hen, a basket containing five kittens, and a pup with its eyes not open.

THE oldest paintings in the world are the seven frescoes that were recently discovered in the Via Graciosa, in Rome.

It is a singular fact, that while in the United States the birthday of Robert Burns has been observed for

Entrance to the Port of Havana, from Fuerte Del Principe.

THE American going to Cuba for the first time anxiously watches for the first glimpse of the famed "gem of the Antilles." The announcement of "land in sight," calls him to the deck; presently there looms up upon the clear atmosphere, a number of snowy white spots, which rapidly gain solidity, and take shape. First are made out the frowning walls of Moro Castle and Light House. To the right is the Punta, in front of which was executed the unfortunate Lopez. Beyond is the fortress of Cabana, one of the strongest in the world. Such are the individual peculiarities of the entrance of the port of Havana. Every vessel entering is telegraphed, and such houses as do not command a view of the Moro, reflect the signals by means of looking-glasses affixed to some lofty part of the premises.

A SYNOD of the Rabbis of France and Algeria is about to be held in Paris shortly, with the object of examining the propriety of transferring the observance of the Jewish Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday.

THE Tribunal of Berne has just granted a woman a divorce from her husband, on the ground that he has joined a sect called the Antonians, which entertains loose notions respecting matrimonial ties.

REVIVAL AFTER EXECUTION.—"Nov. 29, 1740: William Dewell was carried to Surgeons' Hall in order for dissection, when he came to himself, and was the same night again committed to Newgate.—Dec. 6, 1740: The case of Dewell, the malefactor, who, after hanging came to life again, is left to the Recorder.—February 14, 1741: The condition of Dewell's pardon, who revived after execution, is transportation for life.

It is very remarkable, that not one English officer was married in Turkey, though it abounds with handsome rich women.

THE Nightingale Fund, according to the seventh advertised list of subscriptions, amounts to upwards of 30,000l.

GEOLOGY.—Geology supplies us the medals of the past; the world's history is written on stones; link by link we unite the chain which assures us of a divine architect.

THE TRULY BRAVE.—That man only is truly brave who fears nothing so much as committing a mean action, and undauntedly fulfils his duty, whatever be the dangers which impede his way.

CATHERINE HAYES is said to have accumulated a fortune of 75,000l.

fully proved, she was sentenced to receive the old punishment of being ducked, which was accordingly executed upon her in the Thames, by the proper officers, in a chair for that purpose preserved in the town; and to prove the justice of the court's sentence upon her, on her return from

ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF HAVANA, FROM FUERTE DEL PRINCIPLE.



PUNISHMENT OF A SCOLD.—The following extracts are from the *Universal Spectator*—"Saturday, Oct. 14 1738. Last week at the Quarter Sessions at Kingston-on-Thames, an elderly woman, notorious for her vociferation, was indicted for a common scold, and the facts alleged being

the water side she fell upon one of her acquaintances, without provocation, with tongue, tooth, and nail, and would, had not the officers interposed, have deserved a second punishment even before she was dry from the first."

Cheaters are never beaters.

Extraordinary Waterspout. See page 137.

Our engraving represents an extraordinary waterspout which was, on March 20, witnessed in lat. 37° 14' N., long. 8° 40' E. The weather was just what one might have expected in the Mediterranean at that time of the year—the sea smooth, the sky cloudless, and the atmosphere calm. At one P. M. a large spreading cloud arose in the north-east, sprinkling a few drops of rain in passing, and then gradually contracting, it settled down low in the horizon astern. The two centre waterspouts (of enormous size) formed first, the others followed in rapid succession, and in five minutes no fewer than ten were distinctly visible at the same time, and proceeding from the same cloud. Their distance from the spectator was six miles. They were visible a quarter of an hour, and then passed away to the south-west, two of them bursting on the land. The island to the right in the sketch is Galita, and the point of land to the left, C. Senat, Africa. The base of the cloud was very dark, gradually shaded off towards the top.

Extraordinary Fight with a Panther Cat.

(See page 181.)

A MR. SIMMONS, armed with a double-barreled shot-gun, one of the barrels being useless, not dreaming for an instant of meeting such formidable game, was sauntering leisurely along the Autumn woods, depending upon a brace of hounds to arouse any game that might be in reach. Suddenly the deep bay of one of the dogs broke the silence of the forest, and soon was joined by the answering voice of the other. Mr. Simmons quickened his steps in the direction of the hounds, expecting to find a coon, possum, or squirrel, the object of his dogs' alarm. As he came in sight and glanced upward he observed, at a height of about forty feet from the ground, lying along a limb of an oak tree, an animal which he first supposed was a domestic cat. He stood doubtingly, watching its movements for a short period, and then concluded at all events to try the effect of a load of shot in its body. Simultaneously with the report of the gun, which reverberated far and wide through the woods, down tumbled the game, which no sooner had struck the ground than both hounds attacked it with great courage. The charge of shot had lodged in its sides, and its fall had also broken its back, yet its natural strength and ferocity were so great that in a moment or two both dogs quit the contest, and came cowardly and crouching to their master's feet.

Mr. Simmons, while the fight was raging, had been reloading his gun, and when ready fired another charge into the animal's body, which proved a death-shot. He now went forward and was surprised to behold the size and character of the animal that lay dead at his feet. As he was reloading, and while his dogs were taking fresh courage and smelling around their once powerful enemy he was startled by a crash in the leaves and dry brush in front of him, and looking up beheld at a distance of about thirty feet, another animal, which he at once thought to be the mate of the female he killed. It was crouching, as if ready to make a spring, while its tail was lashing the ground behind, its hair erect on its back, and its eyes flashing with rage. The situation of Mr. S. was very critical. He knew his dogs were worthless against such a foe, and he felt certain that a charge from his shot-gun, instead of relieving him of his enemy, would aggravate its wrath and render the contest one of still greater desperation and danger. Excepting the putting on of a cap, his gun was loaded. As he lifted up the butt of the piece to do this, the animal made a huge bound, and alighted within fifteen feet of where he stood. The dogs had fled. At this moment Mr. S. remembered the popular belief that the only way to conquer a ferocious beast was to look it full in the eyes, and accordingly returned the fixed gaze of his enemy with all the resolution he could command. He then slowly stooped down, and seizing the dead wild-cat by one of its legs, began a slow and deliberate retreat, not quitting for an instant his gaze, and depending solely upon his feet to guide him to an open field which lay at a short distance. The male wild-cat followed, inch by inch, maintaining, however, a respectful distance, and awed, as it seemed, by the superior look of Mr. S. The skirt of the wood reached, the animal pursued no further, and the hunter took his way with a brisker step and a lighter heart for home. Ar-

iving at his place of destination, the hunter took the dimensions of "his game," and found that it measured in the body two and a half feet long, was twenty inches in width, black and white spotted ears, greyish hair and long heavy limbs, the feet of which were armed with long claws as sharp and apparently as poisonous as the fangs of the rattlesnake.

Romance in Real Life.

A FRENCH writer details the following tragic story, the incidents of which occurred recently in Paris. The story is a good one, illustrative at once of the goodness and weakness of woman, and could have occurred nowhere else but in Paris:

"Jules Lecompte furnishes an extraordinary story in his *Courrier* of last week. He calls it a drama, not of the theatre, but of the world, and of its most select portion too. The personages were well known in the quartier Beaujou, l'Elysee Paris, as Leon Gozlan has baptised it, where there are never any lampions or baptismal bon-bons, but a city of verdure and villas, which already promises to extend itself far into the handsome country that follows the course of the Seine. The hero was an old man of seventy; the heroine a young girl of twenty-two. He had married her two years since, but the union was excusable, for he was an old count absolutely without family or relations, and a millionaire. He had almost seen the young girl born, had known her from her childhood, and, acquainted with her good heart and charming mind, he one day said to her mother—'Let me paternally marry Nathalie—for a few years she will take care of me, and then'. The marriage was accomplished, and Nathalie, at the age of twenty-two, found herself at the head of a mansion, whose owner enjoyed an income of a clear two hundred thousand francs. Eventually her mother had said to her in speaking of the marriage, 'With this great fortune you will make the happiness of the poor young man whom at present you love. Meanwhile honor and respect this noble heart which makes you heiress to such a sum while it exists!' And Nathalie, comprehending the mission, accepted it, and became the tender and loving child of the old man, sacrificing to him some years of her youth, the pleasure of society, toilettes, amusements, &c., and in their stead filling his abode with amiable distractions, and quiet and peaceable friendships. But soon after the poor Count de V— became blind! Previously, Nathalie had been only charming; from that instant she became sublime. She established herself in a chair near the sofa, where an attack of paralysis retained her husband, and passed there the long hours of the day, solacing him by reading, singing, or conversing upon whatever topics were best calculated to cheer and console his darkness. Months flew by and her cares never ceased. She was constant in her attendance and companionship, and it was only at his most urgent persuasions that she was induced to absent herself for a few hours to visit her friends or promenade in the city. But she seldom remained long away, returning cheerfully to his side to receive his chaste embrace and listen to the blessings he invoked upon her head for her more than loving kindness to him. But soon the count remarked in her actions a grievous change, which astonished him at first, and finally caused him the keenest affliction. Nathalie kept away from his person, and although still assiduous in her attentions, she seemed to avoid any contact with him, no longer seated herself by his side or approaching her forehead to receive the paternal kiss which morning and evening had been his salutation. For some weeks he noticed this difference, and though touched to the quick by the most sorrowful suspicions, he refrained from any mention, until one evening, when but a short distance away from him, she was reading aloud for his amusement, he reached forth his hand in the direction of her voice, seized her by the arm and forcibly drew her towards him, reproaching her bitterly for the change which had taken place in her habitudes for some time past. She resisted slightly, and a cry of fright escaped her; the count, carried away by his suspicions, took her by the waist A terrible cry issued from his lips, and he fell from his chair, fainting from wrath and emotion, to the ground, at the feet of the guilty wife. Then Nathalie lost her reason. She fled towards the grand staircase, mounted to the highest story of the hotel, threw up a window, and in an instant her bruised and broken body

served as a tomb to her child! The count died a few days after the transaction, unconscious of the fate of the unhappy person whom he had desired to enrich by widowhood. The affair," says the feuilletonist, "created a sensation in the world in which the parties were known, and people who keep an account of everything remark upon the bitter pangs which the mother-in-law must suffer; for the old count having survived his wife six hours, by the laws of France her relations can inherit none of his vast property."

Lord Howth's Rat.

TOM SHERIDAN was shooting on the moors in Ireland, and lost his dog. A day or two after, it made its appearance, following an Irish laborer. It was restored to Sheridan, who remarked that "the dog seemed very familiar with him." The answer was, "Yes, it follows me, as the rat did Lord Howth." An inquiry about this rat drew forth what is now to be told.

Lord Howth, having dissipated his property, retired in very low spirits to a lonely chateau on the sea coast. One stormy night a vessel was seen to go down; next morning a raft was seen floating toward the shore. As it approached the bystanders were surprised to find it guided by a lady, who presently stepped on the beach. She was exquisitely beautiful, but they were unable to discover who she was, for she spoke in an unknown tongue.

Lord Howth was struck with great pity for this fair stranger, and conducted her to his chateau. There she remained a considerable time, when he became violently enamored of her, and at length asked her to become his wife. She—having now learned the English language—thanked him for the honor he had intended her, but declared in the most positive terms that she could never be his. She earnestly advised him to marry a certain lady of a neighboring county. He followed her advice—paid his addresses to the lady, and was accepted.

Before the marriage, the beautiful stranger took a ribbon from her hair, and binding it round the wrist of Lord Howth, said, "Your happiness depends on your never parting with this ribbon." He assured her that it should remain constantly on his wrist. She then disappeared and was never seen again.

The marriage took place. The ribbon was a matter of much wonder and curiosity to the bride, and one night when Lord Howth was asleep, she removed it from his wrist, and carried it to the fire that she might read the characters inscribed upon it. Accidentally, she let the flames reach it, and it was consumed.

Some time after, Lord Howth was giving a grand banquet in his hall, when the company were suddenly disturbed by the barking of dogs. This, the servants said, was occasioned by a rat which the dogs were pursuing.

Presently the rat, followed by the dogs, entered the hall. It mounted on the table, and running up to Lord Howth, stared at him with its bright black eyes. He saved its life, and from that moment it never quitted him; wherever he was, alone or with his friends, there was the rat. At last the society of the rat became very disagreeable to Lord Howth, and his brother urged him to leave Ireland for a time, that he might get rid of it. He did so, and proceeded to Marseilles, accompanied by his brother. They had just arrived at that place, and were sitting in the room of a hotel, when the door opened, and in came the rat. It was dripping wet and went straight to the fire to dry itself. Lord Howth's brother, greatly enraged at the intrusion, seized the poker and dashed out its brains.

"You have ordered me!" cried Lord Howth, and instantly expired.

ACQUA.—A friend, to my knowledge, has cured persons of this disease by administering a pinch of candle-snuff, not as a charm, but as a potent medicine. In the last visitation of cholera, a paragraph went the round of the papers, recommending charcoal from a burnt cork as an efficacious remedy. Carbon may prove a very powerful drug when properly administered.—*Notes and Queries.*

HEALTH is the greatest of all bodily pleasures, but the least thought of.

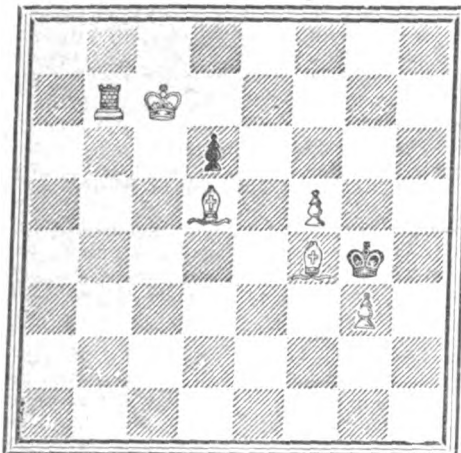
EVERY man is the architect of his own fortune, for character is fate.

A short needle makes the best expedition in plain sewing.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. XIX.—By a young Amateur.—White playing first, mates in 4 moves

Black.



White.

GAME No. XIX.—Played at the London Chess Club, (and being one of the still pending match,) between Mr. G. W. MEDLEY and Mr. HARRWITZ, the latter giving the odds of Pawn and Move. (Remove Black's K B P from the Board.)

White—Mr. Medley.

Black—Mr. Harrwitz.

1 K P 2
2 K Kt to B 3
3 K B to Q B 4
4 Q Kt P 2 (a)
5 Q B P 1
6 Q P 2
7 Q to Q Kt 3
8 Castles
9 Q B to Kt 2
10 B takes P
11 Q to Q B 2
12 Q B P 1
13 Q to Q B 3
14 K P 1
15 Q B P 1
16 Q to Q B (b)
17 K B to Q B 4 (ch.)
18 Q takes Kt (ch.)
19 Q to Q B 2
20 Kt takes K P
21 P takes K B
22 K to R (d)
23 K B P 1 (e)
24 Q to K B 2

1 Q Kt to B 3
2 K P 2
3 K B to Q B 4
4 B takes P
5 B to Q B 4
6 P takes P
7 K Kt to K 2
8 Q B to Kt 3
9 P to Q 6
10 Kt to Q R 4
11 Castles
12 Q P 1
13 R to K B 3
14 P takes P
15 Kt to Q 4
16 K Kt to K B 5
17 Q Kt takes B
18 Q B to K 3
19 Kt takes K Kt P (c)
20 Kt to K B 5
21 R to K Kt 3 (ch.)
22 Q to K Kt 4
23 B to K B 6
Mates in two Moves.

Solution to Problem XVIII.

WHITE.

1 R to Q 5
2 K to B 2
3 K takes Q
4 B to K Kt 3
5 B to K B 2. Checkmates

BLACK.

1 K to B 5 (best)
2 P queens (ch.)
3 K to K 6
4 P moves

NOTES TO GAME XIX.

(a) This makes it a kind of Evans's gambit, which, as Black's K is so exposed, gives White a most powerful attack.

(b) Q takes K P would have strengthened the attack considerably, but White was too anxious to win the B.

(c) Perfectly sound; for if K takes Kt, Black plays—

21 Q Kt to Q 3
22 Kt takes R
23 K to R 3 (best)

20 Q B to Q 4
21 R takes Kt
22 Q to K Kt 4 (ch.)
23 B takes Kt and wins

Or suppose

20 P takes B
21 K takes Kt
22 K takes R

20 R takes Kt
21 Q to K Kt 4 (ch.)
22 B to K Kt 5 (ch.)

And play where he may, he will lose his Q or be mated.

(d) If he had taken the R with Kt, mate would have followed in two moves.

(e) The only move to save the mate

FAMILY PASTIME.

TO LET A PERSON CHOOSE SEVERAL NUMBERS OUT OF A BAG, AND TO TELL HIM WHAT NUMBERS WILL EXACTLY DIVIDE THE SUM OF THOSE HE HAS CHOSEN.—You produce a bag of tickets, and draw out a handful to show the company, which you put into the bag again. You then desire any one to take out as many tickets as he thinks proper. This done, you desire him to take out only one ticket, and this proves the number by which the amount of all the other numbers he has chosen is divisible.

Explanation.—Provide a small bag divided into two parts, into one of which put several tickets, numbered 6, 9, 15, 36, 63, 130, 315, 309, &c., and in the other part put as many other tickets marked with the number 3 only. Draw a handful of tickets from the first part, and after showing them to the company, put them into the bag again, and having opened it a second time, desire

any one to take out as many tickets as he thinks proper. When he has done this, you open privately the other part of the bag, and tell him to take out of it one ticket only. You may then safely pronounce that the ticket shall contain the number by which the amount of the other number is divisible; for as each of these numbers can be divided by three, their sum must evidently be divisible by that number.

N. B.—An ingenious mind may easily diversify this trick by marking the tickets in one part of the bag with any numbers which are divisible by 9 only; the properties of both 9 and 3 being the same; and it should never be shown to the same company twice without being varied.

TO CAUSE FIRE TO BURN UNDER WATER.—You call for a pail of water, and having a certain composition in your hand, which you apply fire to, you throw it into the water, and, to the great astonishment of the company, it will burn under the water till quite spent.

Explanation.—For the performance of this curious trick, by which many a wager has been won, take three ounces of powder, one ounce of saltpetre, and three ounces of sulphur vivum, beat and mix them well together; then fill a pasteboard or paper mould with the composition, and it will burn until entirely consumed, under the water.

Arithmetical Problem.

Two different sums are to be divided, whose products are the same, although the divisor of one is 2,371, and the other 2,320; name each sum, and give the fractions of a penny in cents.

Charades.

1.
My first can dim the sun's meridian ray,
In hardest iron my second eat a way;
My whole indulged will have their powers combined
To cloud the judgment and corrode the mind.

2.
My first and second both abound,
Much valued in the British sea;
Nor many orchard fruits are found,
In England better known than we.

3.
My first an Indian realm denotes,
My second what they live upon;
My whole a sordid vice which dotes
On dust, and clings to earth alone.

Enigmas.

1.
I am a jewel rich and rare,
And oft employed to deck the fair.
If you compel me to lay down
My head, I then shall wear a crown.
If you prefer to lop my foot,
I grow a sweet and wholesome fruit.
But most I profit every one
When both my head and foot are gone;
Though some, despising solid gains,
With more of vanity than brains,
Will hang my whole on what remains.

2.
I may be framed of stone or tree,
Of iron or of brass;
Of pearl or ivory I may be,
And have been seen of glass.

In every shape I may be found,
All fashion, form, and air;
Am squat, or taper, corner'd round,
Am oval, or am square.

Met in all places, used by all
Of every age and stamp,
In hut or palace, nursery, hall,
The cabin and the camp.

A back I have, but not a breast,
Have arms without a hand;
I am for sitting made and rest,
Yet nothing do but stand.

I have no head, no tongue, no brain,
No power to know;
Yet half the knowledge youth attain
Is said from me to flow.

Of too as umpire I decide
When parties disagree,
And disputants on either side
Must bow to my decree.

Riddles.

1.
Perfect with a head, perfect without a head, perfect with a tail, perfect without a tail, perfect with either, neither, or both.

2.
My head and tail both equal are,
My middle slender as a bee,
Whether I stand on head or heel
'Tis all the same to you or me;
But if my head should be cut off,
The matter's true, although 'tis strange,
My head and body sever'd thus,
Immediately to nothing change.

3.
One syllable I am, and bring to mind
No meaning, or a meaning ill defined;
But when curtail'd, two syllables I grow,
And what that means I hope you ne'er shall know

4.
Two syllables I was before,
And then I shiver'd, or I burn'd,
And could not fail to move your pity;
But when I gained a letter more,
A monosyllable I turn'd,
And you admire me as a city.

5.
One syllable only, whose letters are four,
I always mean two, and can never mean more;
But my seconds and firsts are so jumbled in one,
You must take them together or let them alone.

6.
Most frequently we're tall and straight,
Though various we appear;
In olden times we showed in state
But one day in the year.

Now in long files we often stand,
Some yeoman's dwelling near,
From us are plucked by many a hand,
The bitters of good cheer.

There is a land where we are born,
E'en in its sorrow dear,
Where our dependence we must mourn,
Though all unused to fear.

Two spots the farthest in degree,
Both cold, remote, and drear;
A spot on you you cannot see,
Not far behind the ear.

A badge of trade some people still
Outside their windows rear;
A tax that brought both grief and ill—
Say! is my meaning clear?

7.
A small conjunction, and a coin
Of western lands, if you will join
Correctly, that at once is shown
Which you or I can ne'er go down.

8.
A little verb repeat twice over,
And you a river will discover
That almost boasts a classic name,
Its course not wild, nor far from Thame.

Answers to Family Pastime.

CHARADES.

1. Prim-rose. 2. Mur-mur. 3. End-less. 4. Earwig. 5. A second of time. 6. Justice. 7. Hackney.

CURIOUS LETTER.

"Sir—Between friends, I understand your overbearing disposition; a man even with the world is above contempt, whilst the ambitious are beneath ridicule."

ENIGMAS.

1. Die. 2. A door. 3. The eye. 4. Chronometer. 5. Bar. 6. Mint.

RIDDLES.

1.
Good Friend, I like to puzzle out your oddities,
And no enigma or charade despise;
Here you produce a set of strange commodities,
Letters assuming such a quaint disguise
That few could recognise them; odd it is
That such Protean power within them lies.
But we will pass them quickly in rotation,
And give their claims a due examination.

A delays talent, for it makes wit wait,
And B, though first in baldness, we rely on
For *Albion's* cowardice. From this noble state
Take it away, and there stands forth *A hon.*
C makes that crooked which before was straight,
Put it in time, incline you glance your eye on;
And D and T give a death-like thrust,
For 't is their province to turn us to dust.

E makes the last the least, F makes all fall,
Therefore's a stumbling-block by sad fatality
When from *regality* the G we call,
And only then, we look upon *reality*.
H on a child has influence not small,
Since it can make it *As if*. (Oh, sad morality!)
Moreover it can much improve your cat
As a companion, for *As if* makes her *chat*.

Young ladies surely patronise the J,
Because the fairest *maid* is *mad* without it.
K from a *spar* will cause a *spark* to fly;
L makes a *peasant* *pleasant*—do not doubt it!
Within the *masses* *asses* we decry,
Thus M has masquerading power about it.
N with confectioners will have a price
While it retains its power to make *ice nice*.

Your *pen* will O make *open*, have a care
Lest in its bounds your poultry will not tarry;
And we must own a brewer P can spare,
When he would make *pale ale*; the R will carry
A mate in all respects for *Polly fair*,
When it in proper place makes *Mary marry*;
While S makes the *team steam* on any day,
Therefore it may be like the sunny ray.

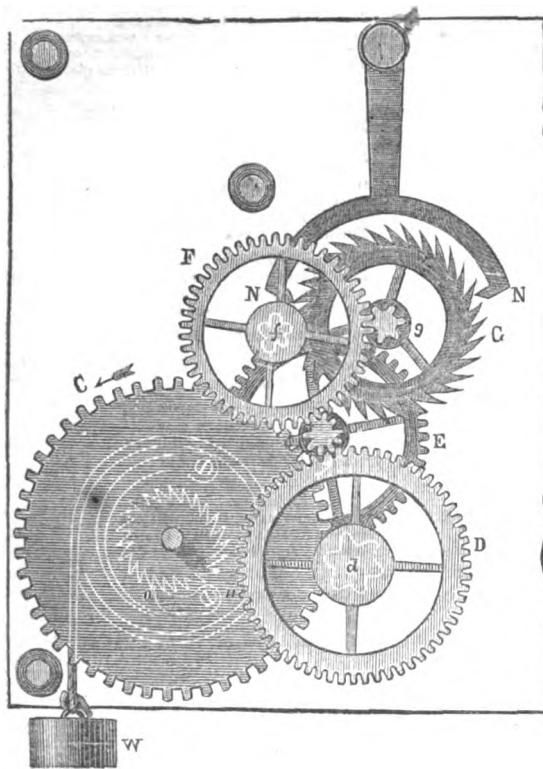
Without T *night* is *nigh*, therefore the day
It lengthens; V a *pour* make *vapour*,
And W we detest in every way,
Making *ill will*, it lights up discord's taper;
Sans X *th' explainer's plainer*; we may say
That Y makes one *man* into *many* caper;
And Z attach'd to *any* makes a fool,
While the word *sans* is not out of rule.

Thus can our alphabet a moral tell,
That P and B extravagance induce;
No one can doubt if he considers well
That those of *of use* without they make *profuse*.
Now, having run my course, I say farewell,
Hoping the Friend will kindly not refuse
To make allowance for the rugged verses,
Or pen, that thus the letters' claims rehearse.

2. Thousand. 3. Pit. 4. Leek, keel. 5. Tide. 6. Wick. 7. Dotage.

REBUSSES.

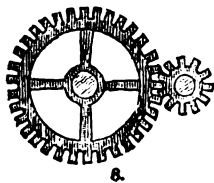
1. H here, O tway, N ightingale, E den, Y ork, Honey.
2. R od, I rony, C hristianity, H ound, M erey, O se,
N avigation, D ebt, Richmond.



18

Clocks and Watches. CHAPTER II.

If the action of the anchor of the pendulum upon the escapement-wheel be attentively considered, it will be perceived that one tooth only of the escapement passes the anchor for each double vibration made by the pendulum. Thus, if we suppose that when the pendulum is at the extreme left of its range, the right-hand pallet is



8.

between the teeth *m'* and *n'*, the tooth *n'* will escape from the pallet *c* when the pendulum, swinging from left to right, comes to the vertical position, which is the middle of its swing. While it rises to the extreme right of its range, the tooth *n'* advances to the place which *m'* previously occupied, and at the same time the tooth *m* advances to the place which *n* previously occupied; but, at the same time, the pallet *a*, carried to the right, enters between *m* and the succeeding tooth, and arrests the further progress of the wheel. When the pendulum then swings to the left, the wheel continues to be arrested until it arrives at the middle of its swing, when the tooth below *m* escapes from the pallet *a*, but at the same moment the pallet *c* enters below the tooth which is above *n'*, and receiving it at the end of the swing, stops the motion of the wheel. Thus it appears, that tooth after tooth, in regular succession, falls upon the pallet *c* upon the arrival of the pendulum at the extreme left of its play after each double oscillation.

If the pendulum be so constructed that it shall vibrate in a second, and that it be desired that the escapement-wheel shall make a complete revolution in a minute, that is during sixty vibra-

tions of the pendulum, the wheel must have thirty teeth. In that case, one tooth passing the anchor during each double oscillation from right to left, and back from left to right, thirty teeth, that is the whole circumference of the wheel, will pass the anchor in thirty double oscillations, or in sixty single swings of the pendulum, the time of each swing being one second.

The manner in which different rates of revolution can be imparted to the different hands of a clock or watch, by tooth and pinion work, is easily rendered intelligible.

The wheels commonly used in watch and clockwork are formed from thin sheets of metal, usually brass, which are cut into circular plates of suitable magnitude, upon the edges of which the teeth are formed. The edges of the wheels thus serrated are brought together, the teeth of each being inserted between those of the other, so that if one be made to revolve upon its axle, its teeth pressing upon those of the other, will impart a motion of revolution to the other.

When a large wheel works in the teeth of a much smaller one, which is a very frequent case in all species of wheelwork, the smaller wheel is called for distinction a **PINION**, and its teeth are called **LEAVES**.

The method of manufacturing the pinions and smaller wheels used in watch and clockwork is very ingenious. A rod of wire, the diameter of which a little exceeds that of the wheel or pinion to be made, is drawn through an aperture cut in a steel plate, having the exact form and magnitude of the wheel or pinion to be formed. After being forced through this aperture by the ordinary process of wire-drawing, it is converted into a *fluted wire*, the ridges of the fluting corresponding exactly in form and magnitude to the edge of the aperture, and therefore to the teeth or leaves of the pinion or wheel.

This fluted wire, called *pinion wire*, is then cut by a cutter, adapted to the purpose, into thin slices, at right angles to its length. Each slice is a perfect wheel, or pinion; and it is evident that all of them must be absolutely identical in form and magnitude.

Such a wire-drawing plate, with apertures of different forms and sizes, is represented in fig. 6.

Two wheels of unequal magnitude, working one in the other, are represented in fig. 7. It will be easily perceived, that in this case their motions must be in contrary directions. Thus, if the wheel *a* move in the direction of the hand of a watch, the wheel *b* must move in the contrary direction.

Also, the rate at which they revolve on their axles will be in the inverse proportion of the number of their teeth. Thus, if the wheel *b* have fifty teeth, while the wheel *a* has only ten, it is evident that one revolution of *a* must be accompanied by five revolutions of *b*, since an equal number of teeth of each wheel must necessarily pass the point of contact *c* in the same time.

Now, in clock and watchwork, one of the objects to be attained is to cause certain wheels to revolve in a given numerical proportion to others. Thus, that upon the axle of which the seconds hand is fixed must make sixty revolutions, while that upon which the minute hand is fixed makes

one. This would, therefore, be accomplished if the two wheels worked one in the other, the one having ten teeth and the other six hundred. But it is not necessary or convenient that the two wheels should thus be immediately in connection.

Two or more wheels, or pinions may be interposed between them, so that their relative velocities of rotation may result from the combined relations of the numbers of teeth or leaves in all the intermediate wheels and pinions.

A wheel working in a pinion is represented in fig. 8. When a very slow motion of rotation is to be converted into one many times faster, or *vice versa*, this expedient is usually adopted.

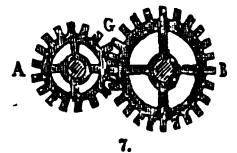
A wheel and pinion are often fixed upon the same axis at more or less distance asunder. The pinion in this case may drive or be driven by a smaller wheel at a distance from the first, which is often convenient in clockwork and other machinery.

Thus in fig. 17, the wheel *c* drives the pinion *d* which is fixed upon the axle of *b*, and drives it. The wheel *b* drives the pinion *e*, which drives the wheel *x* on the same axle, and the wheel *x* drives the pinion *f*, which drives the wheel *r*, and so on. In this way combinations of wheels and pinions may be arranged so as to modify in any desired manner the rate of rotation, and to transfer the rotation from axle to axle, according to any proposed conditions.

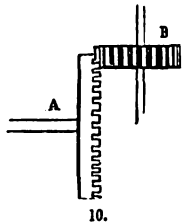
In all these cases, the axes round which the motion of rotation is produced are parallel one to another. In many cases, as well in clockwork as in other machinery, it is required to produce a motion of rotation round an axis at right angles to that upon which the motion already obtained is produced.

This is very simply and beautifully effected by either of two expedients, one of which is called **BEVELLED**, and the other **CROWN** wheels.

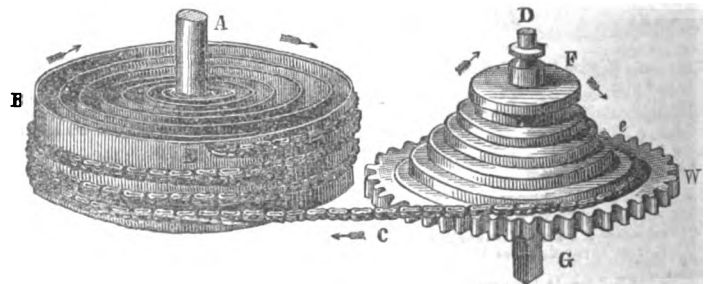
The manner in which the object is attained by



7.



10.



14.

bevelled wheels will be evident by inspecting 9. The teeth in this case are formed upon a surface inclined to the axis at an angle of 45° , and the two axes make with each other consequently an angle of 90° .

In the crown wheel *a*, fig. 10, the teeth are raised upon the edge parallel to the axis, and work in the teeth or leaves of a wheel or pinion *b*, whose axle is at right angles to that of *a*.

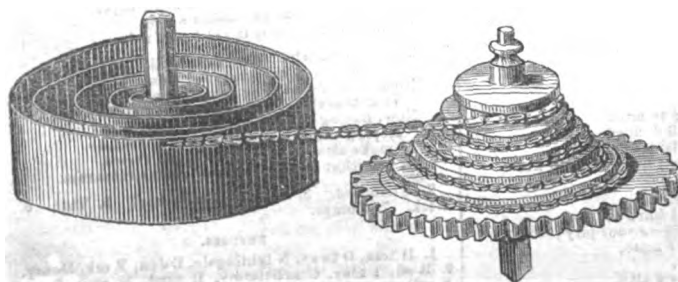
In clockwork, the crown wheel is the expedient used for this purpose, bevelled wheels being generally preferred in larger and heavier applications of wheelwork.

It has been already stated that the moving power applied to clock or watchwork is either a weight or a mainspring.

If a weight be the moving power, it is sus-



6.



15.

pended to a cord which is coiled upon a drum fixed upon an horizontal axis, the first wheel of the train which gives motion to the hands being

fixed on the same axis, so that it shall turn when the drum turns.

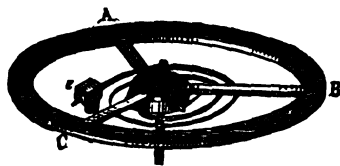
Such an arrangement is represented in fig. 11, where *a* is the drum, *c* the wheel attached to it and moved by it, *w* the weight which is the moving power suspended to the cord *m*, which is coiled upon the drum *a*. The end, *r*, of the axis of the drum projecting beyond it, is made square, so as to receive a key made to fit it, by which it is turned, so as to coil the cord upon the axis, when it has been uncoiled by the descending motion of the weight.

The direction in which the wheel *c* is turned by the force of the descending weight is indicated by the arrow, and in that direction it will continue to turn so long as the weight acts upon the coil of the cord upon the drum. But so soon as the cord, by the continued descent of the weight, shall have been discharged from the drum, the rotation imparted to *c* must cease. It is then that the key must be applied to the square end, *r*, of the axis of the drum, and turned continually in the direction contrary to that in which the weight would turn the drum in descending.

It will no doubt be perceived by the attentive reader, that, in this case, the hands of the clock would be always turned backwards while the clock is being wound up, unless some special provision were made against such an effect; for it is evident, that if the wheel *c*, when turned by the descent of the weight *w*, in the direction of the arrow, gives a progressive motion to the hands, the motion imparted to *c*, by the ascent of the weight *w*, while the clock is being wound up, must necessarily impart to the hands a motion in the contrary direction, that is a backward motion.

In all clocks this is prevented by an expedient called a ratchet wheel and catch, the one being attached to the barrel *a*, and the other to the face of the wheel *c*, the effect of which is to

revolve, it will receive from the reaction of the spring a motion of revolution contrary in direction to that which was given to the arbor in coiling up the spring, and such motion would be imparted to a wheel fixed upon the axle, and might from it be transmitted to the hands in the same



16.

manner as it the arbor-wheel received its motion from the power of a weight.

But between such a moving force and that of a weight there is an obvious difference. The tension of the cord by which the weight is suspended, and consequently its effect in giving revolution to the barrel upon which the cord is coiled, is always the same until the clock altogether goes down. The moving force of the spring, on the contrary, is subject to a continual decrease of intensity. At first, when completely coiled up, its intensity is greatest, but as it turns the arbor *a* it becomes gradually relaxed, and its intensity is continually less and less. It exerts, therefore, a continually decreasing power upon the wheel fixed upon the arbor, and therefore upon the hands to which the motion is transmitted.

As a varying power would be incompatible with that uniformity and regularity which are the most essential and characteristic conditions of all forms of clockwork, such a spring would be quite unsuitable if some expedient were not found by which its variation could be equalized.

This has been accordingly accomplished, by a very beautiful mechanical contrivance, consisting of the combination of a flexible chain and a conical barrel arranged to receive its coils, called a *FUSEE*.

This arrangement is represented in fig. 14. The mainspring is attached by its inner extremity to the fixed arbor *a*, and by its outside end at *x*, to a barrel *b*, which is capable of being turned round the fixed axis *a*. A jointed chain is at-

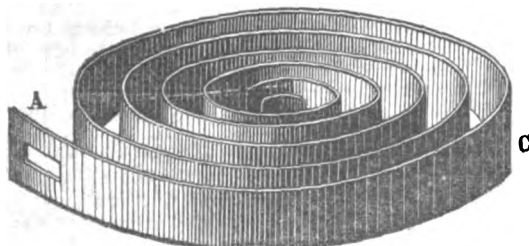
tached by one extremity to the barrel *x*, and being coiled several times round it, is extended in the direction *c*, to the lowest groove of the fusee *e*, to which its other end, *e*, is attached. This fusee is a conical-shaped barrel, upon which a

spiral groove is formed, continued from the base to the summit to receive the chain. The base is a toothed wheel, by which the motion imparted by the mainspring and chain to the fusee is transmitted to the hands through the wheelwork. The fusee is fixed upon an arbor, *r*, the lower end of which, projecting outside the case containing the works, is formed square to receive a key made to fit it by which the clock or watch is wound up.

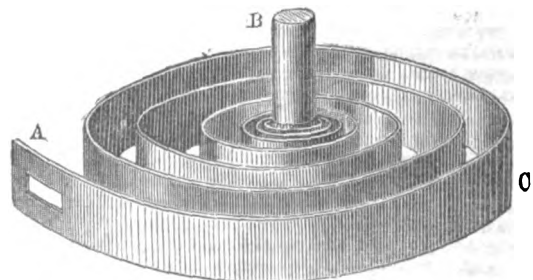
The action of the spring transmitted by the barrel to the chain, and by the chain to the fusee, has a tendency to impart to the fusee a motion of rotation in the direction of the arrows. The fusee is connected with the wheel, *w*, by means of a ratchet-wheel and catch similar to that described in the case in which the moving power is a weight, by means of which the fusee *r* imparts rotation to the wheel when it turns in the direction of the arrows, but does not move it when turned in the opposite direction.

These arrangements being understood, let us suppose the key applied upon the square end *o* of the arbor *r* of the fusee, and let it be turned round in the direction contrary to that indicated by the arrows. The fusee will then be turned, but will not carry the wheel *w* with it; the chain *c* will give to the barrel *a* a motion of revolution contrary to the direction of the arrows, the chain will be gradually uncoiled from the barrel *a*, and will be coiled upon the spiral groove of the fusee, winding itself from groove to groove, ascending on the spiral until the entire length of the chain has been uncoiled from the barrel *a*, and coiled upon the fusee *r*, as represented in fig. 15.

During this process, the external extremity of the mainspring, attached to the barrel at *x*, is carried round with the barrel, while the internal extremity is fixed to the arbor *a*, which does not turn with the barrel. By this means the spring is more and more closely coiled round the arbor *a*, until the entire chain has been discharged



12.



13.

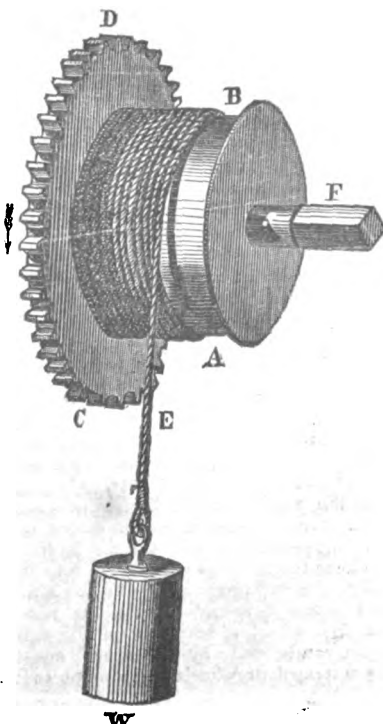
allow the barrel *a*, to be turned while the clock is being wound up in the direction contrary to that indicated by the arrow without turning the wheel *c*; but when the barrel *a* is turned by the descent of the weight *w*, in the direction of the arrow, the catch acting in the teeth of the ratchet-wheel, the motion of *a* is imparted by the action of the catch on the ratchet-wheel to the wheel *c*, and by it to the hands.

The form and mode of application of the ratchet-wheel will be presently more clearly explained.

The moving power of a weight can only be applied to time-pieces where the space necessary for the play of the weight in its descent and ascent can be conveniently obtained. This condition is obviously incompatible with the circumstances attending pocket watches, all portable and moveable timepieces, chimney, table, and console clocks, and in general, all time-pieces constructed on a small scale.

The moving power applied to these universally is a mainspring, which is a ribbon of highly tempered steel bent into a spiral form, as represented in fig. 12. At one end, *a*, an eye is provided, by which that extremity may be attached either to a fixed point or to the side of the barrel to which the spring is intended to impart motion. In the centre of the spiral an arbor, or axle, is introduced, to which the inner extremity of the spring is attached. Supposing the extremity *a* to be attached to a fixed point, let the arbor *b* (13), be turned in the direction indicated by the arrow. The spring will then be coiled closer and closer round the arbor *a*, while its exterior coils will be separated one from another by wider and wider spaces.

After the spring has been thus coiled up by turning the arbor, it will have a tendency to uncoil itself and recover its former state, and if the arbor *a* be abandoned to its action and be free to



14.

from the barrel to the fusee, when the spring will be coiled into the form represented in fig. 15, and in this state the intensity of its force of recoil, and the consequent tension of the chain *c*, extended from the barrel *a* to the fusee *e*, is greatest.

The clock being thus wound up and left to the action of the spring, the tension of the chain *c*, directed from the fusee to the spiral, will make the fusee revolve in the direction indicated by the arrows. This tension at the commencement acts upon the highest and smallest groove of the fusee. As the chain is gradually discharged from the fusee to the barrel, the tension is gradually decreased by reason of the relaxation of the spring, and at the same time the chain acts upon a larger and larger groove of the fusee. In this way the tension of the chain is continually decreased, and the radius of the groove on which it acts is continually increased, until the entire action has passed from the fusee to the barrel, and the clock goes down.

Now the power of the chain to impart a motion of revolution to the fusee depends on two conditions—first the force of its tension, and secondly the leverage by which this tension acts upon the fusee. This leverage is in fact the semi-diameter of the groove, upon which the chain is coiled at the point where it passes from the fusee to the barrel. Without much mechanical knowledge it will be easy to perceive that it requires less force to turn a wheel or barrel if the force be applied at a great distance from the axle than if it be applied at a great distance from it. Upon this principle generalised, it follows that the power of the tension of the chain to impart revolution to the fusee is augmented in exactly the same proportion as the magnitude of the groove on which it acts is increased.

The form given to the fusee is such, that as the chain is gradually discharged from it, the diameter of the groove on which it acts increases

in exactly the same proportion as that in which the tension of the chain decreases. It follows, therefore, that the power of the chain upon the fusee gains exactly as much by the increase of its leverage as it loses by the decrease of its tension, and consequently it remains invariable.

Complete compensation is therefore obtained by this beautiful and simple expedient, and a variable force is thus made to produce an invariable effect. It may be useful to state that this is only a particular application of a mechanical principle of great generality. In all cases whatever, the varying energy of a moving power may be equalized by interposing between it and the object to be moved some mechanism, by which the leverage, whether simple or complex, through which its force is transmitted, shall vary in the exact inverse proportion of the variation of the power—increasing as the intensity of the power is decreased, and decreasing as the intensity of the power is increased.

Whatever be the moving power, whether it be a weight or mainspring, it would, if not controlled and regulated, impart to the hands a motion more or less accelerated, and therefore unsuitable to the measurement of time, which requires a motion rigorously uniform. It is on that account that the moving power must be controlled and governed by some expedient, by which it shall be rendered uniform.

How the combination of a pendulum and escapement-wheel accomplishes this has been already explained. But this expedient requires that the time-piece to which it is applied shall be stationary; the slightest disturbance of its position would derange the mutual action of the pendulum and the escapement-wheel, and would either stop the movement, or permanently derange the mechanism. It is evident that a pendulum is not only inapplicable to all forms of pocket time-piece, but that it cannot even be used for marine purposes, the disturbances incidental to which would be quite incompatible with the regularity of its action.

The expedient which has been substituted for it with complete success in all such cases is the balance wheel.

This is a wheel, like a small fly-wheel, having a heavy rim connected with the centre by three or more light arms, as shown at *a b c*, in fig. 16. Under, and parallel to it, is placed a spring resembling in form the mainspring, but much finer and lighter, and having much less force. This spring is formed of extremely fine and highly tempered steel wire, so fine that it is sometimes called a hair-spring. One extremity of this spring is attached to the axis of the balance-wheel, and the other to any convenient fixed point in the watch. The spring is so constructed that when at rest it has a certain spiral form, to which it has a tendency to return when drawn from it on the one side or the other. If we suppose it, therefore, to be drawn aside from this position of rest and disengaged, it will return to it, but on arriving at it, having acquired by the elasticity a certain velocity, it will swing past it to the other side, to a distance nearly as far from its position of rest as that to which it had been originally drawn on the other side. It will then swing back, and will thus oscillate on the one side and the other of the position of rest, in the same manner exactly as that in which a pendulum swings on the one side or the other of the vertical line, which is its position of rest.

The balance-wheel thus connected with a spiral spring, like the pendulum, is isochronous, that is, it performs all vibrations—long and short—in the same time. It will be recollected that this property of the pendulum depends on the fact that the wider is the range of its vibrations the more intense is the force with which it descends to the vertical direction, and consequently wide vibrations are performed in a short a time as more contracted ones. Now the vibrations of the balance wheel are subject to like conditions. The wider the range of its vibrations, the more intense is the force with which the recoil of this spring carries it back to its position of rest, and consequently it swings through these wide vibrations in the same time as through more contracted ones, in which the force of the spring is proportionally less intense.

The oscillation of the balance-wheel regulates the motion of watchwork in the same manner by means of an escapement-wheel, as that in which the pendulum regulates the motion of clock-work. The pallets and the escapement-wheel are, however, very variously formed in different watches.

Having thus explained generally the powers

by which clocks and watches are moved and regulated, it now remains to show how the necessary motions are conveyed to the hands by suitable combinations of wheels and pinions.

In fig. 17, are represented the works of a common watch, moved by a mainspring *a*, and regulated by a balance-wheel *m*; the wheels and pinions, however, being changed in their relative positions, and the fusee being omitted, so as to show more visibly the connections and mutual dependency of the many parts. The external extremity of the mainspring is attached to the base, *o*, of a column of the frame. Its internal extremity is attached to the lower end of an axle, of which the square end, *r*, at the top enters a hole in the dial-plate into which the key is inserted when the watch is to be wound up. The ratchet-wheel *a* is fixed upon this axle so as to turn with it, but the other wheel *c* under the ratchet-wheel is not fixed upon it, the axle being free to turn in the hole in the centre of *c*, through which it passes. A catch *n o* is attached by a pin on which it plays to the face of the wheel *c*, and its point *o* is pressed against the teeth of the ratchet-wheel *a*, by a spring provided for that purpose. When the key is applied upon the end *r*, and turned in the direction in which the hands move, the ratchet-wheel is turned with it, and the point *o* of the catch—pressed constantly against the teeth while it turns—falls from tooth to tooth with an audible click, and thus produces the peculiar sound, with which every ear is familiar, while the watch is being wound up. During this process the wheel *c* does not turn with the axle, which only passes through the hole in its centre without being fixed upon it, but the mainspring, *a*, being attached to the axle is coiled more and more closely round it, re-acts against the fixed point *o* with greater and greater force.

If the fusee, which is omitted in this figure, were introduced, it would occupy the place of the spring, and would be turned by the axle imparting a like revolution to the axis of the spring by means of the chain.

When the watch is wound up, the re-action of the spring, rendered uniform in its force by the fusee, imparts a motion of revolution to the ratchet-wheel *a*, in the direction of the arrow. By this motion the tooth of the ratchet-wheel in which the point *o* of the catch is engaged, presses against the catch so as to carry it round with it in the direction of the arrow; but the catch being attached to the face of the wheel *c*, at *n*, this wheel is carried round also in the same direction, and with a common motion.

The teeth of the wheel *c* act in those of the pinion *d*, which is fixed upon the axle *d v*. Upon the same axle is fixed the wheel *b*, so that the wheel *b* and the pinion *d* receive a common motion of revolution from the wheel *c*.

The wheel *b*, in precisely the same manner, imparts a common motion of revolution to the pinion *e*, and the wheel *x*; and the wheel *x* imparts a common motion of revolution to the pinion *f* and the wheel *r*.

This last wheel *r* is of the form called a crown-wheel, and acts upon the pinion *g*, imparting to it, and to the escapement-wheel *c*, a common motion of revolution. This escapement-wheel is acted upon and controlled by the pallets or other contrivances attached to the axis of the balance-wheel *m*, so as to regulate its motion by the oscillations of that wheel in the same manner as the escapement-wheel of a clock is regulated by the anchor of the pendulum.

It may be asked why so long a series of wheels and pinions are interposed between the mainspring and the balance-wheel? and why the first pinion *d* may not act directly upon the escapement-wheel? The object attained by the multiplication of the wheels and pinions is to cause the mainspring, by acting through a small space, to produce a considerable number of revolutions of the escapement-wheel, for without that the spring would be speedily relaxed, and the watch would require more frequent winding up. Thus by the arrangement here shown, while the mainspring causes the wheel *c* to revolve once, it causes the pinion *d* and the wheel *b* to revolve as many times as the number of teeth in *c* is greater than the number in *d*. Thus if there are ten times as many teeth in *c* as in *d*, one revolution of *c* will produce ten of *d* and *b*. In like manner if *b* have ten times as many teeth as *e*, one revolution of *b* will produce ten of *e* and *x*, and so on. In this way it is evident that one revolution of the first wheel *c*, which is on the axis of the fusee, can be made by the mutual adaptation of the intermediate wheels and pinions, to impart as

many revolutions as may be desired to the escapement-wheel *c*.

The wheels which govern the motion of the hands are those which appear in the figure between the watch face and the frame *xy*. The relative power of the mainspring and balance-wheel must be so regulated that the wheel *b* shall make one revolution in an hour. The axle upon which this wheel is fixed passing through the centre of the dial, carries the minute hand, which therefore revolves with it, making one complete revolution on the dial in an hour.

Upon this axle of the minute hand is fixed a pinion *k*, which drives the wheel *l*, on the axle of which is fixed the pinion *m*, which drives a wheel *p*, through the centre of which the axle of the minute hand passes without being fixed upon it. Upon the axle of the minute hand a small tube is placed, within which it can turn. Upon this tube the hour hand, as well as the wheel *p*, is fixed. The pinion *k*, therefore, fixed upon the axle of the minute hand, imparts motion to the hour hand by the intervention of the wheel *l*, the pinion *m*, and the wheel *p*. Since the hour hand must make one revolution while the minute hand makes twelve, it is necessary that the relative numbers of the teeth of these intermediate wheels shall be such as to produce that relation between the motions of the hands. An unlimited variety of combinations would accomplish this, one of the most usual being the following:

Pinion <i>k</i>	8 teeth,
Wheel <i>l</i>	24 "
Pinion <i>m</i>	8 "
Wheel <i>p</i>	32 "

By this arrangement *p* will make eight revolutions, while *m* and *l* make thirty-two; or, what is the same, *p* will make one revolution, while *m* and *l* make four. In like manner, *l* will make eight revolutions, while *k*, and therefore the minute hand, makes twenty-four; or, what is the same, *l* will make four revolutions, while *k* and the minute hand make twelve. It follows, therefore, that *p*, and therefore the hour hand, makes one revolution, while *k*, and therefore the minute hand, makes twelve, which is the necessary proportion.

In this case there is no second hand: but, if there were, its motion would be regulated in like manner by additional wheels and pinions.

The manner in which the moving power of a weight, and the regulating power of a pendulum are applied in a clock to produce the motion of the hands, does not differ in any important respect from the arrangement explained above. Nevertheless, it may be satisfactory to show the details of the mechanism. The train of wheels connecting the weight with the anchor of the pendulum is shown in fig. 18.

A side view of the mechanism, showing the wheels which more immediately govern the motion of the hands, and also the pendulum, with its appendages, is given in fig. 19.

The weight *w* acts by a cord on a barrel, already explained. This barrel and the ratchet-wheel, with its catch, are mounted upon the axis of the great wheel *c*, and are behind it, as represented in fig. 18, their form and position being shown by the white lines. The catch is attached to the wheel *c* by the screw *n*, and its point *o* acts on the teeth of the ratchet-wheel, which is attached to the barrel on which the rope is coiled. The spring which presses the catch against the teeth of the ratchet is also shown. When the clock is wound up by the key applied to the square end *r* (19) of the axis of the barrel, the barrel is turned in the direction opposite to that indicated by the arrows, and the catch falls from tooth to tooth of the ratchet-wheel, making the clicking noise which attends the process of winding up. When the clock has been wound up, the weight acting on the barrel presses the tooth of the ratchet-wheel against the catch, and thereby carries round with it the wheel *c*. This wheel transmits the motion to the escapement wheel *c*, fig. 17, through the series of wheels and pinions, *d*, *b*, *e*, *x*, *f*, *r*, and *g*, in the same manner exactly as has been already described (fig. 35); and the pendulum, by means of the anchor *nn*, regulates the motion in the manner described in fig. 19.

The wheels which more immediately govern and regulate the motion of the hands are those which appear in fig. 19 in front of the plate *xy*.

The pendulum consists of a heavy disc of metal, seen edgewise at *v* in fig. 19, attached to the end of a metal rod, *xx*, represented broken, to bring it within the limits of the figure. This rod is suspended by various means, but often, as in the figure, by two elastic ribbons of steel, *ss*, which

permit its swing right and left. It passes between the prongs of a fork *u*, by which a rod *rr* is terminated, so that this rod swings right and left with the pendulum. Upon the axis of this rod, and over the escapement-wheel *o*, is fixed the anchor *x* of the escapement.

Whether the movement be regulated by a pendulum or a balance-wheel, it is necessary to provide some means of adjustment by which the rate of vibration may be increased or diminished at pleasure within certain limits, for although in its original construction the regulator may be made so as to oscillate *nearly* at the required rate, it cannot be made to do so *exactly*. Besides, even though it should vibrate exactly at the required rate, it will be subject, from time to time, to lose that degree of precision, and to vibrate too fast or too slowly from the operation of various disturbing causes.

It has been already shown, that the rate of vibration of the pendulum is rendered more or less rapid by transferring the centre of gravity nearer to, or further from, the point of suspension. Upon this principle, therefore, the adjustment of the rate of vibration depends. The heavy disc *v*, fig. 19, is made to slide upon the rod *rr*, and can be moved upon it, upwards and downwards, by a fine screw attached to it, which works in a thread cut in the rod. In this manner the centre of gravity of the disc *v* may be transferred nearer to the suspension *ss*, so as to shorten the time of its vibrations, or removed farther from *ss*, so as to lengthen the time. If the clock is found to go or go too slowly, it is screwed *up*, and if it runs or go too fast, it is screwed *down*.

In chimney and table time pieces, the pendulum is regulated in a different manner. It is usually suspended upon a loop of silken thread, which can be drawn up or let down through a certain limited space, by means of a rod, upon which one end of the thread which forms the loop is coiled. This rod passing through the dial-plate, has a square end, upon which a key can be applied; by turning in the one direction or the other, the loop is drawn up or let down.

Miscellaneous.

SUPERSTITION RESPECTING HUMAN HAIR.—Among the English peasantry it is considered very unlucky to leave lying about, or to throw away any, even the smallest scrap of human hair. I have often noticed the careful anxiety of countrywomen in picking up and consuming "each particular hair," and even sweeping up the place where hair had fallen or been cut, and scrupulously burning the sweepings in the fire. The only explanation they would give of this unusual care was, that if left about the birds would build their nests with the hair—a fatal thing for him or her from whose head it had fallen; and that if a "pyet" (Anglice magpie) got hold of it for any such purpose—by no means an unlikely circumstance, considering the thievish propensities of the bird—the person's *death*, within "year and day," was *sure*. The solemn looks and head-shakings accompanying these explanations, convinced me that the speakers were in earnest. This appears to be a fragment of very ancient "lore," and I am desirous of knowing if it is to be found "alive" at the present day in other localities. In La Motte Fouque's romance of "Sinttram," a lock of the hero's hair cut off with his dagger, and thrown by the dwarf afloat over the sea, causes the violent storm by which Folko and his wife are detained at castle of Biorn. I presume from Fouque's employment of this incantation in his romance, that some such superstition did actually exist in Norway at one time. That referred to as existing here may possibly derive its existence from the old Norse one in a changed form.

Notes and Queries.

ORIGIN OF PANTOMIMES.—Pantomime was known to the Greek and Roman stages, being introduced on the latter by Pylades and Bathyllus in the time of Augustus Cæsar. From that time to the present different modifications of this kind of representation have taken place, and the lofty scenes of ancient pantomime are degenerated now to the adventures of harlequin, pantaloons, &c. The first pantomime performed by grotesque characters in England was at Drury Lane Theatre in 1702; it was composed by a Mr. Weaver, and called "The Tavern Bilkers." The next produced was "The Loves of Mars and Venus." In 1717 the first harlequinade, composed by Mr. Rich, was performed in the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and called "Harlequin executed." This performer, who acted under the name of

Lun, was so celebrated for his compositions, and skill as a harlequin, that they soon became established in public favor. The harlequin of the French stage differed from ours, for he had license of speech. Many of the witticisms of Dominique, a celebrated harlequin in the time of Louis XIV., are still on record. The old character of zany was similar to our clown. The name of pantaloons is said to have been derived from the watchword of the Venetians, *piantaleone*; and that of harlequin has originated, as some say, from the following event: A young Italian actor came to Paris in the time of Henry III. of France, and having been received into the house of the President, Achilles de Harlai, his brother actors called him *harlequin*, from the name of his master. Others, that there was a bad knight named Harlequin, who was saved from perdition by fighting against the infidels, but condemned to appear nightly.

Facetia.

THE PLACE FOR BLACKBROS.—What a blessed change for society it would be if all the numerous rascals upon the turf were under it instead.

JUVENILE PARTY.—At a grand juvenile party given recently in the neighborhood of London, the following rules to enforce order were issued by the master of the establishment:—"Servants to be ordered at eight o'clock. Nurses to turn their perambulators' heads towards Kensington Gate."

SAD ACCIDENT IN HIGH LIFE.—We regret to state that Lady Montpelier Brompton Pelham was prevented attending her Majesty's last drawing room by the fact of her ladyship's dress having been, by the fearful pressure of the crowd, pulled completely off her back, which necessitated a rapid retreat homewards. This calamity occurred fortunately in the first crush-room of St. James's Palace, so that there was less difficulty than was anticipated in finding her ladyship's carriage. The value of the dress destroyed is estimated at not less than 123*l*. It is with extreme pain we add that Lady Pelham has been confined to her bed ever since.—*Punch*.

"Though lost to sight to memory dear," as the maiden said to her lover, when his face was buried in beard and whiskers.

"Why don't you buy a thingumbob, and what-do-you-call-it your sidewalk with it every morning?" asked one neighbor of another. "Because I haint got no what's-his-name to buy it with," replied the neighbor.

"REMEMBER, sir," said Burnham, proprietor of Burnham's Hotel, to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying his bill—"remember, sir, that if you lose your purse, you didn't pull it out here."

A FELLOW down in Mississippi, who does not have confidence in the honesty of postmasters, wrote the following warning on the back of one of his letters, directed to a post-office in Kentucky: "Now, look here, all you postmasters! I want you to be very particular with this document; it is a cash letter. Now, look here! I see you! Don't break the seal!"

"PAR, I planted some potatoes in our garden," said one of the smart youths of this generation to his father, "and what do you think came up?" "Why potatoes, of course." "No, sir-ee! There came up a drove of hogs and eat them all."

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—While a worthy individual was "laying down the law," the other day, to a knot of acquaintances, he caught the eye of a carter hard by who had been vainly endeavoring to raise a sack of potatoes to his cart, and who appealed to the man of knowledge. "Come awa, Mr.—; knowledge is power, ye ken; gie us a lift wi' this sack o' tatoes."

A country clergyman was boasting of having been educated at two colleges. "You remind me," said an aged divine, of an instance I know of a calf that sucked two cows." "What was the consequence?" said a third person. "Why, sir," replied the old gentleman, very gravely, "the consequence was that he was a very great calf."

HORSE CHESNUT AND A CHESNUT HORSE.—Wideness of difference between things nominally the same.—In one of Queen Anne's parliaments there were two members named Montague Mathieu and Matthew Montague. Some one having attributed opinions to the first gentleman, which ought to have been ascribed to the second, the latter, in repudiating the charge, stated that, notwithstanding the similarity of name, there was as much difference between them as between a horse chesnut and a chesnut horse.

ROSES AND THORNS.—Milton, when blind, married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied Milton, "but I daresay you are right, for I feel the thorns daily."

A COUNTRYMAN entered Whipple's daguerreotype saloon recently, and wished a daguerreotype of his uncle. "I can do it sir, but where is he?" "O, he's dead!" was the simple reply; "but I've got a description of him in an old passport."

A NOVEL SIGN.—A soldier of the French army, who had his leg shot off in the Crimea, has opened a shop at Lyons, suspending the ball which struck him as a sign before his door, with the inscription, "Au boulet de Sebastopol: Flamaud, Epicier Faencier."

A LADY riding in a carriage a few weeks since, found herself seated by the side of an old matron, who was exceedingly deaf. "Ma'am," said she, in a high tone, "did you ever try electricity?" "What did you say, miss?" "I asked you if you ever tried electricity for your deafness?" "O, yes, indeed I did; it's only last summer I got struck by lightning, but I don't see as it did me a bit of good."

INGENUITY.—A weaver took to his employer the first cloth he had woven since his arrival in this country. Upon examination, his employer detected two holes within half an inch of each other, and told him he must pay a fine of a shilling for each hole. "An, please your honor," said Sandy, "is it the number of holes, or be the size uv um, that yez put the fine on us?" "By the number of holes, to be sure, sir." "And a big hole and a little one is the same price?" "Yes, a shilling for every hole, big or little." "Then give me a hould of the pace," replied Sandy. It was handed to him, when with his fingers he deliberately tore the two small holes into one, triumphantly exclaiming—"By the pipe o' Moses, an' that'll save me one shilling!" The good natured employer laughed heartily at the odd experiment, and gave poor Sandy the fine.

A COLORED DUEL.—A duel between two colored gentlemen, conducted according to the most strict and punctilious provisions of the code of honor—came off last week. We have learned from one who was present at the combat, the particulars as they transpired. They are substantially as follows: After having taken their stand, one of seconds noticed that, owing to their positions, the sunbeams set his principal to winking and rolling his eyes. This was sufficient ground for interfering, and he calls out to the other second, with, "I say, I puts my weto on dat posishun—it's again de rules ob all de codes ob hona dat I see. De traction ob de sun shines rader too sewere, and makes my principal roll his eyes atogedder too much." "Wy, wy, look here, didn't we chuck a dollar for de choice ob ground, and didn't I get him myself?" "You, I know you did; but den fair play is a jule, and I see no notion of seein my friend composed upon, and lose all the vantage." "Well I see no notion as you is, and 'sists on settlin the matter just as we is—and—" At this juncture a friendly cloud settled the matter at once, by stepping in between the sun and the belligerents. The first two causes took their position, and all the little preliminaries being settled, each one took his pistol, ready cocked, from his second. Both manifested a terrible degree of spirit, although a sort of blueish paleness spread itself over their black cheeks. The second, who was to give out the fatal order which might send them out of this world, now took his ground. Raising his voice, he began, "Gemmen, your time am come." Both signified their assent. "Is you ready!—one—two—three. Bang, pop, went both pistols at once, one ball raising the dust in the middle of the road, while the other took a "slantindicular" course among the bystanders, fortunately without hitting any one. It was now time to interpose, and one of the seconds set himself about it. After a little conversation the challenged darkey stepped forward and said to his antagonist, "Nigga, is you satisfied?" "I ja." "So is I, and I s glad to get off so. Next time dey catches dis child out on such a foolish exhibition as dis, dey will fotch me, dat dey will do, for sartin." "Dem's my sentiments, edzackly," retorted the other. "When your onmortal instrument of def went off, I declare I thought I was a gone child, but I s so happy now—gosh, let's shake hands, and go back to our avocation." In five minutes' time, all hands—enemies, black friends, white and all—were on the road home to work, perfectly satisfied with the sport of the morning.

Hunting the Elephant.

AFTER three or four days' unsuccessful hunting, I resolved, there being good moonlight, to try what might be done with elephants by night shooting at the fountains, and I determined to make Carey—one of my servants—shoot with me, he using the big rifle of six to the pound, and I my single barrelled two grooved of eight to the pound.

On reaching a fountain, which is called by the natives "Paapaa," I found the numerous footpaths leading to it covered, as I had anticipated, with fresh spoor of elephant and rhinoceros. I then at once proceeded to study the best spot on which to make our shooting hole for the night. It would be impossible to prevent some of the game from getting our wind, for the footpaths led to it from every side. The prevailing wind was from the east, so I pitched upon the south-west corner of the fountain. The water was not more than twenty yards long and ten yards broad. The west side was bounded by tufous rock, which rose abruptly from the water about five feet high. The top of this rock was level with the surrounding valley, and here all the elephants drank, as if suspicious of treading on the muddy margin on the other three sides of the fountain. I made our shooting-box within six or eight yards of the water, constructing it in a circular form of bushes packed together so as to form a hedge about three feet high. On the top of the hedge I placed heavy dead old branches of trees, so as to form a fine clear rest for our rifles; these clean old branches were all lashed firmly together with strips of thorn bark. All being completed, I took our steeds to a shady tree, about a quarter of a mile to leeward of the fountain, where we formed a kraal and off saddles. This day was particularly adapted to bring game to the water, the sun being extremely powerful, and a hot dry wind prevailing all the afternoon.

Four old bull elephants drew near from the south. They were coming right on for the spot where we lay, and they seemed very likely to walk over the top of us. We, therefore, placed our two big rifles in position, and awaited their forward movement with intense interest. On they came, with a slow and stately step, until within twenty yards of us, when the leading elephant took it into his head to pass to leeward. We let him come on until he got our wind; he was then within ten yards of the muzzles of our heavy metalled rifles; on winding us, he tossed his trunk aloft, and we instantly fired together. I caught him somewhere about the heart, and my

big six pound rifle burst in Carey's hands, very nearly killing us both. The elephant, on being fired at wheeled about, and retreated to the forest at top speed. I now directed "Stickinthemud" to make use of his single barrelled twelve to the pound, in the event of more elephants coming up, and thanking my stars that the old Dutch rifle had not sent us both to the land of the leal, I sat down and watched the dark masses of trees that cut the sky on every side, in the hope of seeing a mass as high and wide come towering forward into the open space that surrounded the fountain.

We had not proceeded far from the white rock when we entered a forest frequented by elephants, and we very soon came upon a fresh spoor of a troop of about ten fine bulls. The spooring was conducted very properly, the old chief taking the greatest care of the wind, keeping his followers far back, and maintaining silence, extending picquets in advance, and to the right and left, and ordering them to ascend to the summits of the tallest trees to obtain a correct view of the surrounding forest. Presently the mighty game was detected. Old Schwartzland was led along-side of me, and my dogs were all in the couples, eight in number. I quickly mounted, and riding slowly forward, obtained a blink of one of the elephants. I called to the natives to slip the dogs, and then dashed forward for a selection. I chose the last, and gave him a shot as he passed me, and then riding hard under his stern, I yelled like a demon to clear him from his comrades and to bring the dogs to my assistance. The dogs came, as I expected, to my elephant, and I shot him from the saddle in a business-like style, loading and firing with great rapidity; he took from fifteen to twenty shots before he fell.—*Gordon Cumming.*

A LARGE PILE.—The national debt of Russia is six hundred and twenty-five million roubles.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SHIP AND A MUSKET.—One is entered for loading, and the other is loaded for entering.

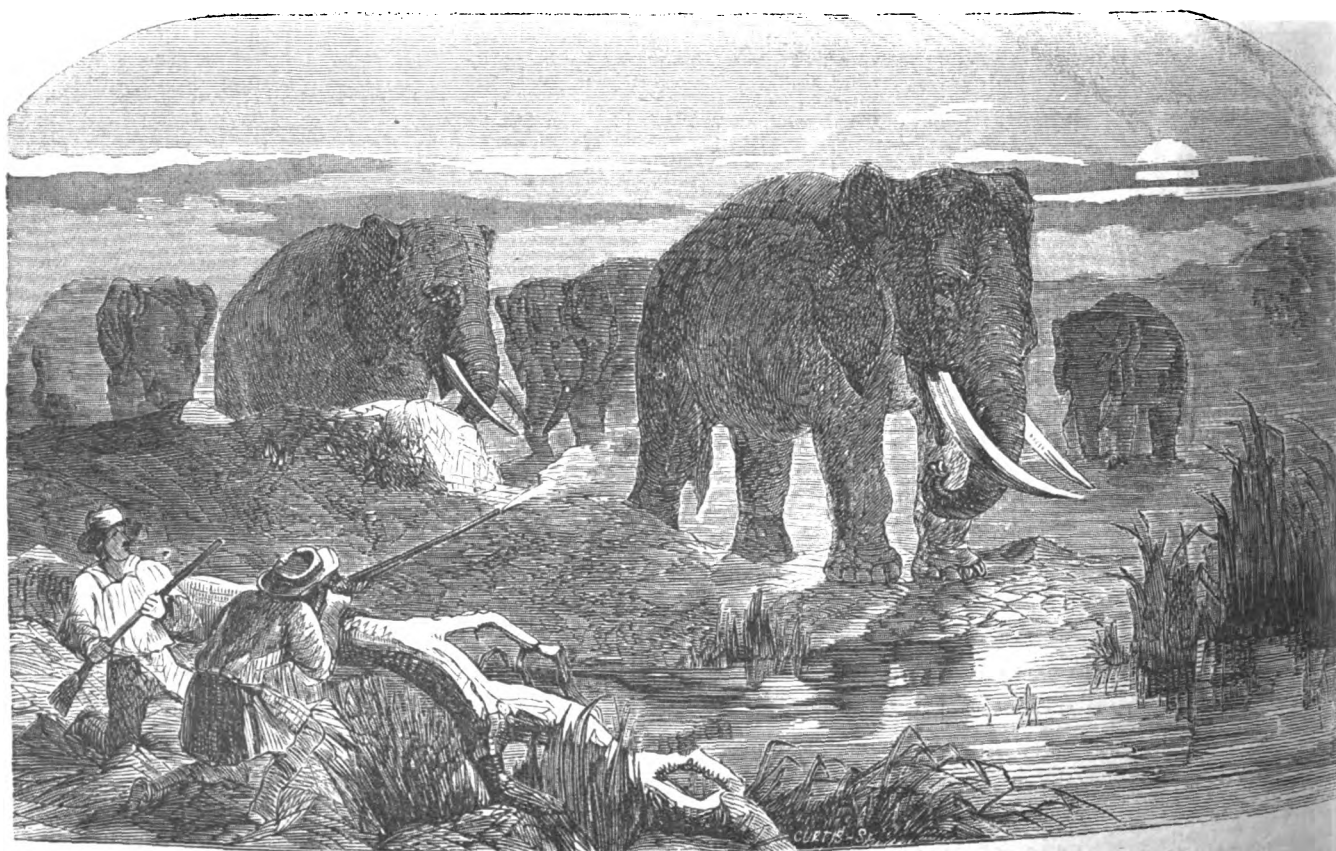
HAPPY TEMPER.—Dr. Hugh, Bishop of Worcester, had a weather glass which cost thirty guineas; his servant was ordered to bring it into the room to show it to some company, who, in handing it to his lordship, let it fall, and broke it in pieces. The good old man desired they would not be uneasy about the accident. "I think," said he, "it is a lucky omen; we have had a long dry season, now I hope we shall have rain, for I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low before."

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.—"Madam," said the keeper at the gate of Kensington Gardens, "I cannot permit you to take your dog into the gardens." "Don't you see, my good friend," said the lady, putting a couple of shillings into the keeper's hand, "that it is a cat, and not a dog?" "Madam," said the keeper, instantly softening the tone of his voice, "I beg your pardon for my mistake; I now see clearly that it is a cat and not a dog."

"It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate," says Dryden; "and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness."

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.—Cromwell was thinking of marrying his daughter to a wealthy gentleman of Gloucestershire, when he was led to believe that one of his own chaplains, Mr. Jeremy White, a young man of pleasing manners, was secretly paying his addresses to Lady Frances, who was far from discouraging his attentions. Entering his daughter's room one day, the Protector caught White on his knees, kissing the lady's hand. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "May it please your highness," replied White, with great presence of mind, pointing to one of the lady's maids, who happened to be in the room, "I have long courted that young gentlewoman, and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, praying her ladyship to intercede for me." "Why do you refuse the honor Mr. White would do you?" said Cromwell to the young woman. "He is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." "If Mr. White intends me that honor," answered the woman, with a very low curtsy, "I shall not be against him." "Sayest thou so, my lass?" said Cromwell; "call Goodwin; this business shall be done before I go out of the room." Goodwin, the chaplain, arrived, and White was married on the spot to the young woman.

STAMMERING may depend on various causes. It may be attributable to partial paralysis of the lingual muscles, or it may be the mere result of indecision of utterance, caused by timidity, or a torpid flow of ideas. A strong will is generally efficient in curing stammering arising from all causes but the first. Many persons who naturally stammer in speaking their own language, speak foreign languages coherently enough, thus proving that careful reflection on the subject of conversation will generally conquer the impediment. It is also by no means unfrequent to find people who can sing fluently, though their conversation is labored and intermittent as the flow of water from a bottle.



HUNTING THE ELEPHANT.

FRANK LESLIE'S. NEW YORK JOURNAL

Of Romance, General Literature, Science and Art.



NEW SERIES.—VOL. IV.—PART 4.

OCTOBER, 1856.

18 $\frac{1}{2}$ CENTS.

MARGARET: OR, THE DISCARDED QUEEN.

A TALE OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

(Continued from page 243, vol. IV.)

CHAPTER IX.—THE CHALLENGE.

THE appearance of such a figure at such a moment had a ghastly and awful effect. While the storm was raging without, and heaven's anger seemed to be proclaiming itself with the blaze of the lightning and the roar of the thunder—and when within the building human minds were full of

agitation and suspense—there, into the midst of that scene, burst one who looked like an apparition from the dead. And inasmuch as the fearful word *murder* was already ringing in every ear, and the ruddy glare of the torches had seemed to be illuminating as it were a blood-mist—while all such associations as these, we say, were present to the fancy, it almost seemed as if every tragic circumstance should have combined to enhance the melodramatic effect with which the ghastly apparition thus burst upon the view.

We should here observe that four persons only had been previously cognizant of the resurrection of the Knight of Liddesdale; these were the Lord Abbot, Sir Casimir D'Este, Father Cyrus, and Father Peter. Thus, upon all the rest of the

assemblage did the spectacle produce its effects more or less varied and startling, according to dispositions and circumstances. The astonishment which seized upon Fleming Fitz-Allan was speedily mingled with joy; while the Earl of Caithness, so soon as he recovered from the first shock of bewilderment, gave vent to a fervid ejaculation, and grasping Sir Casimir D'Este's hand, murmured in accents of deep devotion, "The blessed Virgin be thanked! everything must now be cleared up!"

All the monks crossed themselves piously and began telling their beads; and amongst them there were a few who believing that it was really an apparition from the dead, sank upon their knees. As for the Earl of Douglas, who sat



"The door communicating with the dead-house was thrown open; and the Knight of Liddesdale, with ghastly countenance and dressed in the garments of the grave, made his appearance on the threshold."

upon the dais, he appeared to be for an instant stricken in a manner which scarcely admits of description; for his swarthy countenance became ghastly—he half started from his chair—he endeavored to speak—but in silence he sank down again. On the bench of the witnesses there seemed likewise to be feelings as conflicting as those which prevailed amongst the rest of the assemblage: for while young Seton was inspired with the liveliest joy, (as he was all along convinced of his master's innocence,) the two Squires of the Knight of Liddesdale scarcely dared give way to their own delight on account of a feeling of superstitious dread—the landlord looked on in stolid wonderment—and Magnus Balveny seemed to be affected in precisely the same sense as his master the Black Douglas upon the dais.

But during the time which it has occupied us to give this sketch, rapid and imperfect though it be, of the various emotions conjured up by the sudden appearance of Sir William Douglas of Liddesdale, events were progressing in the Chapter House. There was a solemn pause for nearly a minute after the supposed victim of assassination revealed himself as the ghastly possessor of life and breath; and then that ominous, that awful silence was broken by the voice of Father Cyrus exclaiming, "Behold, my lord! the witness has answered my summons!"

"Yes, I am here," said the Knight of Liddesdale, whose voice, though low and feeble, was yet clearly audible; and his white hair and beard seemed to be streaming like a meteor, while the glare of the torch-light was reflected fearfully in the eyes that were half glazed with the recent death-like trance: "I am here to proclaim to this assemblage and to the world as foul a deed as ever disgraced humanity!"

"Speak then, Knight of Liddesdale!" exclaimed the Lord Abbot, in a tone of solemn adjuration: "speak, and say—was the accused youth guilty of the crime of attempted assassination?"

"No!" responded the ghastly witness, his voice acquiring power for enunciation of the denial. "On my soul and before God he was innocent of that crime!"

The words were still vibrating through the spacious Chapter House, when the lightning again blazed in with vivid glare; and then the thunder pealed through the entire edifice of Melrose with a din so awful that even the boldest heart was smitten with awe—for it seemed as if the stupendous pile, shaken to its very foundation, must fall, crashing in and burying its inmates in a general destruction. At the same time there was a clang of a chain upon the stone pavement of the hall; and at the moment when the thunder was dying away growlingly in the distance, Father Cyrus exclaimed in a loud but solemn voice, "Behold! the prisoner is free!—the manacles have fallen from his hands!"

"A miracle! a miracle!" murmured the numerous monks, as they crossed themselves devoutly: and besides the holy brotherhood there were many others present who were also impressed with the superstitious belief that the chain had fallen of its own accord—or rather, we should say, had been stricken off by heaven's invisible hand: for none save Sir Fleming himself, the Abbot, Father Cyrus, and Sir Casimir D'Este, knew that the manacles had never been fastened at all, but had merely been carried loosely in the hands.

Our youthful hero had no inclination on such an occasion, nor amidst the joy of his own complete acquittal, to say a word that might afford the natural explanation for an incident to which Father Cyrus, with the Abbot's full connivance, chose to give a miraculous complexion: but hastening to the spot where the Earl of Caithness and Sir Casimir D'Este were seated, he was warmly congratulated and affectionately embraced by them both. Then he grasped the hand of the faithful Seton, who had likewise sped thither; and in tones of exultant joy he said to the youth, "Hasten and bear this happy intelligence to my sister and the Lady Albertina!"

All the incidents which we have detailed occurred far more rapidly than it is possible for words to convey the idea, because as yet only a few minutes had in reality elapsed since the appearance of the Knight of Liddesdale in that hall. But already among the great mass of the assemblage the bewildering question was being mentally asked—"Who, since Sir Fleming is innocent, can the guilty assassin be?"

"Knight of Liddesdale," said the Lord Abbot of Melrose, again in a voice of solemn adjuration, "you have pronounced the accused to be inno-

cent, and heaven itself has ratified your words. Whom, then, do you accuse as guilty?"

For a moment there was an awe-felt, almost fearful silence of suspense—hearts themselves appeared to have ceased to beat with the suspended breath—and straining eyes were fixed upon the ghastly death-like spectacle of the Knight in the garments of the grave. Slowly raising one arm as if with the intent of pointing with ominous finger to the guilty individual who was present, the Knight of Liddesdale said in a voice which though hollow, was nevertheless powerful, "I accuse of this most foul crime—I charge with this most unnatural and unknighly deed—the man who sits *there!*"—here the outstretched finger pointed towards the culprit alluded to—"my own kinsman the false Earl of Douglas!"

"A truce to such vile jugglery as this!" exclaimed the Earl starting up to his feet! "My poor kinsman raves!—he knows not what he says—he repeats words that have been put into his mouth by treacherous priests!"

But now again flashed in the blinding lightning; and the glittering casque of the Earl of Douglas enframed a countenance that was absolutely hideous in its ghastly swartheness. Then the thunder burst as if just above the very roof of the Chapter House itself; and the landlord of the Unicorn, as he devoutly crossed his breast, felt the form of Magnus Balveny quivering like an aspen leaf by his side. He glanced at Balveny's countenance, and his regards were shudderingly withdrawn—for the conscious guilt of the trembling criminal was depicted as plainly upon the haggard, distorted features as if it were printed in a book!

"My lord," said the Abbot of Melrose, addressing himself, as the pealing thunder rolled away, to the Earl of Douglas,—"heaven is giving its own testimony with signal effect against you!"

"Such language as this," vociferated the Earl fiercely, "might serve to work its impression on the silly and superstitious mind; but the soul of the Douglas is not thus to be overawed! The storm rages elsewhere as well as here—"

"And the innocent mind," said the Abbot with solemn impressiveness, "bows and trembles while it also has hope and faith!"

"If my kinsman," said the Knight of Liddesdale, "choose to shut his eyes and ears to the portents of heaven, let the tribunal descend to earthly facts: and of these will I adduce a sufficiency to prove him a false and foul assassin. Yes!" added Sir William Douglas, now turning abruptly toward the bench of witnesses, and pointing with his long bony finger towards the shuddering Balveny,—"this is the vile accomplice of my kinsman's guilt!"

Magnus Balveny started to his feet, and seemed as if he were about to proclaim a denial of the accusation: but so terribly were the looks of the Knight of Liddesdale rivetted upon him—so awful was the spectral appearance of that tall gaunt form, wrapped in the garments of the grave—that the wretched man gasped for utterance; the power of articulation failed him, and he sank back pale, quivering, and overwhelmed, upon his seat.

The Earl of Douglas again made a fierce imperious gesture as if about to speak: but the Abbot of Melrose said, with all the dignity of his high spiritual and temporal offices of prelate and judge combined, "I command your silence, my lord! Let the accusation be first made: you shall then respond in your defence. 'Tis you yourself who have invoked the cognisance of this solemn tribunal: and to its authority shall you submit!"

"Who dares speak of submission to the Douglas?" thundered forth the voice of the Earl. What, ho! my followers!—sit ye there like frightened children while your lord and master is thus being accused by a poor half-dead lunatic, and bearded by a proud priest?"

There was a movement amongst the Borderers at this speech: they however did little more than rise from their bench and place their hands upon their weapons. Sir Casimir D'Este, springing up, had already half drawn his own ponderous sword from its sheath; and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan was about to snatch a weapon from one of the retainers of the Earl of Caithness—but the aspect of incipient hostility quickly changed.

"Man of blood! silence, I command you!" cried the Abbot in a loud voice as he rose from his seat and thus addressed himself to the Earl of Douglas: then extending his crozier in the direction where the fierce Borderers sat, he said,

"My sons, desecrate not the holy pile of Melrose with violence and strife! The pain and penalty of excommunication would attend upon ye if obedience were given to the mandate of your lawless lord! Ye have heard the thunders of heaven this night:—they are typical of the thunders which the Church would fulminate against ye from the high altar of Melrose!"

This speech, so solemn as well as commanding—so adjuring and impressive, produced all its most potent effects upon the Borderers. Their minds, already under the influence of superstitious awe from a variety of circumstances, succumbed in a moment to the mingled mandate, appeal, and threat conveyed by the words of a prelate whose character itself gave an additional power to his language. A solemn silence pervaded the hall—the Borderers had sank down upon the bench from which they had half started—and their hands, dropping from their sword-hilts, devoutly made the sign of the cross. Terrible was the scowl which passed over the countenance of the Earl of Douglas; he saw in a moment that he could not rely upon his followers to back him under existing circumstances in any deed of violence; and he dared not for the instant give vent to the fury of rage and disappointment which agitated like a pent up volcano in his breast.

"Speak, Knight of Liddesdale," said the Lord Abbot of Melrose: "how support you the charges which you have brought against your kinsman?"

"Already have I proclaimed, my lord," responded Sir William Douglas, "that I have facts sufficient to substantiate the charge. For eighteen long years have I been a prisoner at the English Court. For the last few years my kinsman the Earl of Douglas has possessed himself of my estates in Liddesdale and Teviotdale, as well as my Castle of Hermitage. The pretext was specious by which he occupied my castle with his own retainers. It was to keep it in safety against my return, forsooth!" exclaimed the Knight with bitter irony. "But full well did I comprehend his motives!—full well did I penetrate his designs and his character! Let him deny that by means of agents he secretly intrigued at the English Court that my captivity might be perpetuated. Yes, my Lord Abbot! it is the truth which I am telling! Thus, on regaining my freedom, and on returning to Scotland, I went not straight to the portals of my ancestral castle. And why not? Because the instant that my feet should have passed the threshold of Hermitage, instead of being welcomed by my own loyal and faithful vassals, I should have found myself in the midst of the creatures of my kinsman—such wretches as *this*, whom you may take as their type and specimen!"—and the Knight of Liddesdale again extended his long thin skinny finger towards the trembling, quailing Magnus Balveny.

There was a brief pause, during which the Earl of Douglas again made an impatient gesture as if he were about to speak: but the Abbot Benedictus checked him with a commanding look—and the fierce nobleman scowled with mingled hauteur and defiance.

"But this is not all!" resumed the Knight of Liddesdale. "Let my false kinsman deny if he dare that for the last six or seven years of my captivity he hath received the revenues of my estates. No! he cannot deny it! And therefore my sudden release from captivity and my return to my native soil indicated that the day of reckoning had come! But when was the Black Douglas ever known to disgorge the coin, which, no matter by what means, had found its way into his treasury? See then, my Lord Abbot, how inconvenient my presence in Scotland was to my kinsman—but on the other hand how convenient to him would be my death! Widower and childless as I am, my broad lands and my proud castle would become the heritage of the Earl of Douglas, and there would be no reckoning for the revenues which under the guise of friendly carefulness on my behalf he has duly gathered from my tenants and my vassals! And it was my death, Lord Abbot of Melrose, which that false Earl sought to compass!"

The Black Douglas gave vent to a scornful ejaculation—but he said not a word: and the Abbot made a sign for the Knight of Liddesdale to proceed.

"I am told," said the latter, "that Magnus Balveny was at the hostelry of the Unicorn last night. Doubtless the rumor had for some little time past reached my kinsman that my return

to Scotland might be daily and hourly expected; and doubtless he calculated that if in a false confidence I went straight to the Hermitage, I should fall into the lion's den. But on the other hand he may have reflected that my suspicions might have been awakened—that I should avoid the snare—and that I should adopt a prudential course. Was he not on his side prepared? How happened it that at the very period when my return was anticipated, he should be hunting in Etrickdale and Liddesdale, afar from his own Castle of Tantallon in East Lothian? Was all this mere accident? Was it by accident likewise that he should have established his quarters at Closeburn Tower, which commands all the roads and pathways in these districts?—or again, was it by accident that his creature, Magnus Balveny went to the Unicorn hostelry last evening? No! in all these proceedings there were motives! I repaired not straight to Hermitage: it was my resolve to tarry a brief space at the hostelry, so as to communicate secretly with my faithful tenants and bondsmen, name a trying-place, make the beacons blaze for a gathering, and at the head of my people march to the occupancy of my Castle of Hermitage. Such were my designs, but circumstances suddenly transpired to turn the course of events into another channel. I allude to my encounter and dispute with Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, followed by the challenge which he sent me, and which in bounden duty I accepted. I went forth at an early hour this morning to meet my young opponent, little dreaming that in the broad daylight the fiends of murder would cross my path. But it was so: for in the copse I was suddenly set upon by that false Earl and his treacherous creature Balveny! From a thicket they sprang upon me; not a moment had I to defend myself ere their weapons levelled me to the ground! And now, my Lord Abbot, my tale is told. I demand justice at your hands! I know that in your integrity you will pronounce it; but should you be powerless to force it, my appeal shall be made to the King and Parliament of Scotland!"

"Lord of Douglas," demanded the Abbot, "what have you to urge in your defence?"

"Did it please me," responded the Black Douglas, with mingled scorn and hauteur, "I might deny the competency of this tribunal—I might affirm that a belted Earl holds a loftier rank than a mitred Abbot, and that I can therefore be tried only by my peers. But of this quibble I will not avail myself—"

"And a quibble it would indeed be, my lord," interrupted Father Benedictus, with a noble and imposing dignity, "a quibble as futile as the tongue that might utter it would be false! For the mitred Abbots of Melrose rank with the proudest Earls of Scotland; and I, my lord, am in every sense your equal and your peer!"

The Black Douglas knew that this was the fact, and did not therefore dare question it further. For an instant he bit his lip with rage and chagrin; and he fiercely exclaimed, "It ill becomes the Douglas to imitate priests, schoolmen, or diplomatists in length of speech or subtlety of defence; but the tongue of a Douglas should be as trenchant as his sword; and therefore I say to the Knight of Liddesdale—in every syllable spoken against me thou hast lied!"

"False Earl and unnatural kinsman," exclaimed the old Knight, "I hurl back the lie in thy teeth!"

"By St. Bride, this defiance to the Douglas!" thundered forth the Black Earl, starting up from his seat and laying his hand upon his sword.

"Coward, as well as traitor, plunderer, and assassin!" retorted the Knight of Liddesdale; "wouldst thou seek to provoke me to the combat, knowing as thou dost only too well, how the blood has already flowed in profusion from my veins?"

"Am I to understand?" inquired the Lord Abbot, making a gesture for the Knight of Liddesdale to be silent—"am I to understand, Earl of Douglas, that from this tribunal you appeal to the trial by arms and to the ordeal of battle?"

The Black Douglas drew himself up to his full height, and exclaimed in a loud, sonorous voice, "I repel with indignation the charge that has been brought against me—I give my kinsman the lie—and I hurl defiance against every one who shall dare repeat the foul accusation that has been levelled at the Douglas!"

Thus speaking, the Earl drew off his gauntlet and dashed it with such violence upon the stone pavement that the steel glove raised a din which

reverberated through the portals of the Chapter House into the adjacent cloisters.

Sir Casimir D'Este at once sprang up from his seat to rush forward and seize the gauntlet; but light as a fawn Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan bounded past the Teutonic warrior; and lifting up the steel glove, he exclaimed, "On behalf of the Knight of Liddesdale, I accept the challenge which the false Earl of Douglas has thrown down!"

There was a murmur of applause throughout the spacious hall; and numerous eyes, beaming with admiration, were fixed upon the intrepid young knight. Nothing could exceed the Apollo-like beauty of his appearance at that moment. His heroism—his lithe slender form was drawn up to its full height, his attitude displaying all the gracefulness of its symmetry, as with extended arm he held up the gauntlet which he had lifted from the floor.

"By St. Jude!" said Sir Casimir D'Este, thus speaking to the Earl of Caithness, "your lordship has reason to be proud of the youth whom from infancy you have reared! He forestalled me—or else had it pleased me well to do battle with the Black Douglas."

"How say you, Knight of Liddesdale?" asked the Lord Abbot, who could scarcely restrain the emotions of mingled admiration and misgiving as he thus beheld his nephew standing forward to proclaim his readiness to meet the terrible Douglas in hostile encounter; "do you accept of Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan as your champion?"

"Generous youth!" said the Knight of Liddesdale, seizing our hero's hand and pressing it with the warmest enthusiasm, "how can I do otherwise than accept thy noble championship? Yes, my Lord Abbot, I accept him as my substitute, my vindicator, and avenger—for such will he indeed become if there be justice in heaven!"

The Black Douglas smiled with haughty scorn as he surveyed the stripling knight who had dared to lift his glove; but the attention of all present was now suddenly directed to another scene which occurred in the Chapter House.

"Inasmuch as my master," exclaimed young Seton, "is to meet the arch-traitor in deadly fray, it is for me to chastise the accomplice and creature of the greater villain. Magnus Balveny, I dare thee also to the combat!"

"Insolent boy!" exclaimed Captain Balveny, measuring Seton with almost as haughtily scornful a regard as that which his master the Black Douglas had ere now bent upon Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan; "hold you your life so lightly—"

"Ah! does Magnus Balveny," cried Seton, "need sterner provocation to raise his flagging mettle? Were not this a sacred place, I would bestow upon thee such a buffet as should make thy cheek tingle. But regard it as if the chastisement were inflicted!"

"Then have thine own way, wilful boy!" said Balveny; "and within the same hour that beholds the defeat of thy presumptuous master, shall thine own life pay the penalty of this rashness!"

And now there was another incident which suddenly attracted all attention; for the Knight of Liddesdale, worn out by the excitement through which he had passed, sank down exhausted upon the pavement, whence he was immediately lifted by Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan and Father Cyrus. In a state of unconsciousness he was borne from the Chapter House to an apartment provided for his reception; and the Lord Abbot declared the present proceedings to be terminated, the Earl of Douglas having appealed to the law of arms as the means of vindicating his aspersed fame and honor.

CHAPTER X.—ROSLIN CASTLE.

The reader will remember that the supposed corpse of the Knight of Liddesdale had been deposited in the dead-house of the Abbey. There the insensible form was stripped of its garments and was enveloped in the grave-clothes. Father Cyrus intrusted the body to the keeping of Father Peter, ordering him to remain alone in the dead-house and to allow none else to enter. The body was stretched upon a large wooden bench, with lighted tapers at head and foot; and throughout the day did Father Peter tarry by its side. The long hours passed—the evening came—and as Father Peter was kneeling to breathe a prayer for the welfare of the supposed dead one's soul, it struck him that the body moved and he heard a low faint sound like a moan. At first he was seized with a supersti-

tious terror; but being naturally a strong-minded man, he soon regained his courage, and in a very few moments discovered that life was not extinct in the form that lay stretched before him. He quickly administered restoratives—for like most of the monks of that age, Father Peter had some knowledge of medicine; and when he found that the Knight of Liddesdale was regaining his consciousness, he hastened to fetch Father Cyrus. This holy priest at once hastened to the dead-house, where, sure enough, he found Sir William Douglas sitting up on the bench, a ghastly spectral-like object, in his grave-clothes. When the old Knight was enabled to give utterance to a few intelligible words, he revealed the astounding secret that it was his own kinsman the Black Earl who treacherously attempted his assassination. Father Cyrus bade Father Peter keep silence in respect to the whole extraordinary occurrences, until the will and pleasure of the Lord Abbot should have been ascertained; and then, as we have seen, the good monk sped to the Abbot's private apartment, where he burst in somewhat unceremoniously upon the interview that was taking place between the reverend prelate and his warrior brother. We need not say how astonished were the Abbot and Sir Casimir on receiving the intelligence that the Knight of Liddesdale still lived—how shocked they were at the iniquitous conduct of the Earl of Douglas—or how delighted they felt that circumstances should have so transpired as to render the innocence of their beloved youthful nephew manifest beyond even the slightest lingering taint of suspicion. The mind of the Abbot was quickly made up in respect to the course which should now be pursued. He foresaw that the Earl of Douglas and his vile creature Balveny would deny the crime, and that as the Knight of Liddesdale's character was now thought lightly of in Scotland, his unsupported testimony would scarcely obtain general belief. He therefore resolved to prepare a scene the dramatic effect of which he hoped would take the Earl of Douglas and Magnus Balveny so completely by surprise, and produce such a startling impression, that they might confess their iniquity. Hence the strict secrecy which was maintained in reference to the resuscitation of the Knight of Liddesdale; and hence the suddenness of his appearance, enveloped in the grave-clothes, before the assemblage in the Chapter House. The reader may now likewise understand how it was that the Lord Abbot decided upon holding the trial that very night; and if the intelligence of the supposed dead man's resuscitation were kept back from the knowledge of even the youthful prisoner himself, it was that he might enter the tribunal with the air of one who felt himself accused of a fearful crime, instead of presenting himself with a look of joy and triumph which would have perhaps excited suspicion, or at all events to a certain degree marred the solemn effect intended to be produced.

Who can describe the delight of Margaret Fitz-Allan and the Lady Albertina Roslin when young Seton suddenly rushed into their presence and announced the complete vindication of Sir Fleming from the foul charge which had been brought against him? But when the entire proceedings had terminated, Margaret was dismayed and Albertina was stricken with grief and consternation, on learning that the object of their interest had accepted the challenge of the Black Douglas. For the Earl was as formidable and as famed in battle as his kinsman the stout Knight of Liddesdale himself; and the two ladies trembled at the idea that the comparatively inexperienced stripling should have to encounter the stalwart practised warrior. Margaret's natural strength of mind, however, soon came to her assistance; and even Albertina was somewhat consoled, when the Abbot of Melrose, on paying his respects to the ladies in the morning after the trial, solemnly remarked "that the youthful David, when inspired and sustained by heaven, slew the mighty Goliath, champion of the Philistines."

The Earl of Caithness and his party, with Sir Casimir D'Este, now took leave of the Abbot and the monks of Melrose, to set off for Roslin Castle. It had been already arranged that the trial by battle should take place in the immediate neighborhood of Roslin, on the third day thence, so that the Earl of Caithness might have leisure to have the lists duly prepared, and to make whatever other arrangements were required for the solemn ordeal. The Teutonic Knight, in consequence of recent occurrences, postponed his visit to Edinburgh, and agreed to become the Earl's guest at Roslin Castle, in order that he might be

present at the contest. The Abbot of Melrose gratified, without revealing, his feelings as the kinsman of Fleming and Margaret Fitz-Allan, by presenting them both with several valuable gifts, on the plea that he admired the youth for his chivalrous conduct, and that he sympathized with his sister for all the anxiety she had sustained and was even still sustaining on her brother's account. We should observe that the Earl of Douglas and his party had quitted Melrose for Closeburn Tower, immediately after the trial, in the middle of the night—the Earl having pledged himself and passed his word for Magnus Balveny that they would both appear in the lists near Roslin Castle on the appointed day. As for the Knight of Liddesdale he remained in a very precarious state, but under the kind ministering care of the holy fathers of the Abbey.

The distance between Melrose and Roslin Castle being only about twenty miles, was accomplished in a few hours; and early in the afternoon the Earl of Caithness once more set foot within the halls of his ancestors, after an absence of seven years. A faithful steward had directed the Earl's affairs during that interval: no confiscation of the estates had taken place; and the vast domain was as flourishing as when its noble owner was compelled to flee from it. A princely establishment had the Earl of Caithness, following the example of his forefathers, being accustomed to keep up; and by his special command was it maintained during his absence. Messengers had been dispatched to Roslin to announce the hour of his return; and a joyous welcome did the nobleman and his friends experience. The great banner floated over the proud towers of Roslin; the feudal vassals, having assembled, equipped as if for warlike service, formed a guard of honor; their wives and families, all bedecked with their holiday apparel, were congregated to express their joy and to welcome the wanderers home. A bevy of beautiful maidens selected for the purpose, presented bouquets of flowers to the Earl of Caithness, Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, Sir Casimir D'Este, the Lady Albertina, and Margaret; and with flowers likewise was the pathway strewn through the glen leading to the Castle. The numerous members of that establishment—with Hepburn, the faithful steward, at their head—came forth to greet their lord and his companions; and the very welkin rang with enthusiastic shouts as well as with the thrilling sounds of music and the shrill screaming of the bagpipes.

Roslin Castle is now, like the once glorious Melrose, but a mere ruin: we shall briefly describe it as it appeared at the time whereof we are writing. From the midst of a deep glen rose up a mass of lofty detached rocks, on the summit of which the palatial fortalice stood. Overlooking the river North Esk, which rolled its rapid foaming course round two sides of the base of the hill, the Castle commanded a view unequalled for the mingled grandeur, sublimity, and picturesque beauty of the scenery. On the two sides which precipitously overhung the river Esk, the fortalice was naturally impregnable; while on the other sides the deep glen constituted a vast dry moat crossed by a narrow stone bridge,—the sole entrance into the Castle consisting of a huge arching gateway, protected by a drawbridge and portcullis. The summit of the rock was inclosed by irregular lines of strong stone ramparts; but so spacious was this inclosure that not merely did it contain the immense Castle with all its numerous outhouses, but likewise gardens, pleasure-grounds, and orchards. The glen was clothed in the depths of its hollow as well as on its sides, with a thick wood; and masses of the richest foliage covered with their verdant garments the precipices overlooking the Esk as well as the numerous towering heights which existed in the neighborhood, and which being inaccessible to the foot of man, served as natural outworks or barriers against the approach of an enemy. The Castle itself consisted of a variety of irregular buildings, looking as if they had been thrown as it were at different times together, but still having a uniformity of appearance in consequence of the prevailing Gothic style of the architecture. The entrance-gate was half-way up the acclivity from the glen: and when once the huge portals were passed, a gradually ascending road, cut out of the rock, led up into the principal court-yard, where the mighty donjon in its massive and gloomy isolation towered high above all the surrounding structures.

The court-yard being reached, the Castle had the appearance of a little town divided into ir-

regular streets, the main building containing spacious suites of apartments furnished in the handsomest style which could possibly characterize the age whereof we are writing. At least two hundred retainers of the Earl of Caithness dwelt within those walls, forming the domestic establishment, and totally distinct from the occasional garrison of feudal warriors, who were only summoned thither in times and cases of need. The steward, pipers, cupbearers, butlers, carvers, and henchmen, were all richly dressed and wore chains of gold. The female dependants attached to the service of the Lady Albertina and of Margaret, were a dozen in number (though only four had accompanied them to France); and they belonged to the most respectable families amongst the tenantry of the Earl's domain. There were numerous pages, lacqueys, torch-bearers, grooms, stable-men, and gardeners. For his own personal service the Earl ordinarily had ten valets or pages of the bed-chamber, likewise belonging to a respectable grade of life. The kitchen-offices swarmed with menials belonging to that department: the cellar, the dairy, the pantry, and the store-rooms likewise had their special officials. In short it was a splendid establishment of which we are speaking, and one which could only be maintained by a nobleman of immense wealth.

But to continue our narrative. Once again was the Earl of Caithness in the halls of his ancestors: again too was Fleming Fitz-Allan in his own suite of apartments: again were the Lady Albertina and Margaret in their respective "bowers," as the ladies' boudoirs in those times were designated. Sir Casimir D'Este was escorted by the Earl himself to the apartments that were used only for the most honored guests; and in addition to his own squire, Jassent, the Knight had four pages appointed to attend upon him.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when the party thus reached Roslin Castle, amidst the welcomings and rejoicings which we have only briefly glanced at, but which were of the most enthusiastic description. These were to be followed by great festivities: for Hopburn, knowing his lord's will in such matters, had made ample preparations. The day being remarkably fine after the storm of the preceding night, numerous tables had been arranged in the orchard for the accommodation of the tenantry; while the banqueting-hall had been fitted in a worthy manner for the joyous occasion. In their respective apartments the principal personages made suitable changes in their apparel; and we should observe that the Teutonic Knight's mail-trunks had been brought from Melrose to Roslin. Presently those personages to whom we have alluded, were assembled in what may be termed the state drawing-room—a spacious and sumptuously furnished apartment. The Earl of Caithness was now apparelled with a richness becoming his rank and wealth; and in every sense he looked the great Scottish noble of the feudal age,—dignified as a peer, affable as a host, cordial as a friend, and gracious as a master. Sir Casimir D'Este was attired with what may be termed an elegant simplicity: but a gem of incalculable worth flashed in the ring which he wore upon his finger; and around his neck was suspended the massive gold chain, with the elaborately-worked cross symbolic of the chivalrous Order to which he belonged. Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan was handsomely apparelled; and the joyousness of his manner, natural and gushing with youthful enthusiasm, proved with what courageous hopefulness he looked forward to the issue of the combat that in three days was to take place. The Lady Albertina wore a light dress, which set off her delicate beauty to the utmost advantage; while the more stately Margaret appeared in a robe of dark velvet, which imparted an air of almost queenly grandeur to her fine countenance and handsome person.

Scarcely were these personages assembled in the drawing-room, when a cavalcade of some twenty horsemen was seen to enter the court-yard from up the winding ascent of pathway; and at the head rode a tall, handsome, dark-haired young man, whose age might be about five-and-twenty. This was Roland Mountjoy, now Earl of Bassentyne—one of the wealthiest peers of Scotland, and who maintained at his own neighboring castle a state as sumptuous as that which we have been describing in respect to Roslin. He was elegantly dressed; and his followers were apparelled with a suitable richness.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Earl of Caithness, hastening to one of the windows which looked

upon the court-yard; "here is Roland come to welcome us—and in full time to join us at the banqueting-table! Seven years have elapsed since last I saw him; and the elegant youth of the other day has grown into the fine young man. He may rest assured that his greeting here shall be a cordial one!"

Margaret had as yet said nothing to her brother in reference to the design of the Earl of Caithness to bestow the hand of Albertina upon Lord Bassentyne; she was naturally unwilling to excite in his mind a cause of vexation and annoyance, standing as he was upon the threshold of a conflict for which he would require all his energies alike mental and physical. She had implored Albertina to exercise a complete command over her own feelings, and not betray to Fleming that her bosom experienced any secret source of affliction. She felt assured that from motives of becoming delicacy the Earl of Caithness would for the present abstain from any pointed allusion to the intended nuptials—because it was to be supposed that he would afford his daughter and the young Lord Bassentyne an interval of leisure to become better acquainted with each other (for their former acquaintance was that of a mere boy and girl) ere he threw out a single syllable in respect to the wedding ceremony. Besides, as a combat was to take place the result of which might possibly remove for ever a member of the circle and plunge the house into mourning, Margaret knew that this reason alone would prevent the Earl of Caithness from dropping so much as a hint relative to the gay circumstances of a bridal. Thus, all things considered, she felt confident that the Earl's matrimonial design in respect to his daughter might be concealed, at least for the present, from Fleming. Should he survive the approaching combat, it would be time enough to whisper the circumstance in his ear—and time enough for Margaret likewise to reflect how the Earl's project might be frustrated, and the cause of the lovers succeeded.

The Teutonic Knight was likewise thinking at the same moment of Fleming's love for Albertina; and as he furtively contemplated his nephew's countenance, as the young Earl of Bassentyne's name was mentioned, he saw that it underwent no change; and he therefore felt convinced that Fleming was as yet ignorant of Lord Caithness's matrimonial projects. For the same reasons which had occurred to Margaret, Sir Casimir not only thought that it would be better to leave the youth still in ignorance upon the point, but that this might very well be done under existing circumstances.

Seven years had elapsed since the young Earl of Bassentyne last saw Albertina and Margaret. Albertina was then a sweet pretty child of ten years old—Margaret was a handsome and already well-grown girl of eleven. Now, as Roland entered the apartment, he beheld at a glance the exquisitely lovely but bashful and retiring young lady of seventeen—and at another glance the superbly handsome young woman of eighteen. His looks for a moment expressed a feeling of interest on beholding Albertina; but they lingered with admiration on the countenance and the noble form of Margaret. High-minded, generous-hearted, frank in his manners, and cordial in his disposition, the young Earl of Bassentyne warmly welcomed the exiles back to their native land; it was even with a species of fraternal enthusiasm that he encountered Fleming who was often the playmate of his former years; and he seemed proud to make the acquaintance of Sir Casimir D'Este, not only as a member of the noblest order of European chivalry, but likewise as a warrior of whose extraordinary prowess with the Borderers at the Unicorn Inn he had already heard full details.

We pass over the festivities which now ensued, and we may also observe that during the next two days nothing of any consequence transpired. Roland paid his attentions alike to Albertina and Margaret with the courtesy of a gentleman and the affability of a guest; but these attentions were in no way marked with any preference; and thus Fleming Fitz-Allan continued utterly unsuspecting of the design harbored by the Earl of Caithness in respect to his daughter.

The day fixed for the combat dawned and from the earliest hour crowds from all the adjacent parts of the country came pouring in to the spot where the lists were laid out. This was upon the large plain which lay beyond the glen, numerous carpenters having been kept at work to construct the barriers forming the inclosure, and the amphitheatrical ranges of

seats for the accommodation of the most distinguished spectators. Noblemen, knights, and wealthy gentlemen from all parts arrived to witness this passage-of-arms, the report of which had already been bruited far and near. The Earl of Douglas and a party of his retainers had arrived on the previous day at a house in the immediate neighborhood, in order that a short mile's ride might on the memorable morning take him to the scene in which he was to figure as the principal.

By half-past eight o'clock in the morning the lists were almost completely surrounded by the crowds that had flocked from all parts. A little before nine the Black Douglas, sheathed in complete armor, attended by Magnus Balveny and two squires, and followed by a dozen Borderers, was seen riding slowly towards the large tent placed for his accommodation at one extremity of the lists. The Earl was mounted upon a strong grey horse richly caparisoned and covered with armor from head to tail. As there were many of the retainers, vassals, and bondsmen of the Douglas amongst the crowd, a tolerably loud cheer greeted his presence; and it was sustained until alighting from his steed he entered the tent provided for him.

But far louder and far more genuine in its enthusiasm was the cheer which greeted Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, as the youth made his appearance, accompanied by Seton, and attended by two squires, one carrying his shield and the other his spear. Fleming was mounted on a handsome black charger also richly caparisoned. His bright steel casque was surmounted with crimson plumes; his armor, partially of plated steel and partially of exquisitely manufactured chain-mail, set off the graceful symmetry of his shape. His vizor was raised: his countenance beamed with a noble heroism; and he bowed gracefully in acknowledgment of the enthusiastic plaudits with which he was received. Indeed, those plaudits were prolonged after he had entered the tent prepared for his reception.

Sir Casimir D'Este followed by Jassent and four pages, rode into the midst of the lists to fulfil the part of umpire and marshal of the field—an office which he had accepted with the full concurrence of the Earl Douglas. He also was clad in complete armor; and his presence elicited a loud cheer as a tribute of the prowess he had displayed at the Unicorn Tavern. And now the raised seats speedily began to receive their occupants,—handsomely dressed nobles and knights and beautifully appraised ladies. Last of all appeared the Earls of Caithness and Bassentyne, with the Lady Albertina Roslin and Margaret Fitz-Allan. Loud and prolonged cheers greeted them as they ascended into what might be termed the grand stand, and took their seats beneath a velvet canopy richly fringed with gold.

On a sign being given by Sir Casimir D'Este, the trumpets proclaimed the signal for the combatants to issue forth. In a few moments the Earl of Douglas, with his two squires, appeared in front of his tent; while at the other extremity of the lists Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan similarly attended, came from his own tent. Then forth from the first-mentioned tent proceeded Magnus Balveny, attended by a single Borderer, both being on foot; while on the other side the brave young Seton, followed by a stripling page, issued forth from Sir Fleming's tent.

The trumpets again sounded, as a signal that Sir Casimir D'Este, Marshal of the Lists, was about to make the usual proclamation,—when a numerous cavalcade of splendidly appraised horsemen was seen galloping across the plain towards the lists; and now the universal cry arose—"The King!" the King!"

CHAPTER XI.—THE KING.

KING DAVID II., of Scotland was, at the date of which we are writing, in his fortieth year. He was tall, well-formed, and of noble appearance. Strongly built, but without the slightest inclination to corpulency, his well-knit frame was a model of mature manly symmetry—while it had that elasticity which fitted it either for the courtly ceremonies of palatial saloons, or for the martial exercises which the monarch loved and in which he excelled. His hair was of a dark brown—his eyes were blue and exceedingly expressive: he had a high forehead and a fine Grecian profile. His character has been accurately though succinctly described in the statements made by the Earl of Caithness to Sir Casimir D'Este, when they were passengers on board

the Dutch ship. Indeed, the Scottish monarch, though possessing the qualities of a warrior, and the polished manners which fitted him to shine as the leading star in the Court galaxy, had many vices and failings, amongst which a profligate extravagance, an intense selfishness, and an addiction to voluptuous pleasures, were the principal. Because he inherited the name and the crown of the great Bruce, he fancied that Scotland owed him as immense a debt of gratitude as that which it had acknowledged to his illustrious father; and he therefore thought that whatsoever taxes were levied to raise funds for the maintenance of his expenditure, ought to be paid without the slightest grumbling. The eleven years' imprisonment which he had endured in England as the result of his own headlong rashness in hazarding the battle of Nevill's Cross, he was wont to regard as an immense sacrifice personally made, and a veritable martyrdom experienced on behalf of the Scottish people; and therefore he considered that on his restoration to the throne, he was justified in lending a life of pleasure and indulgence at the expense of his subjects.

The great nobles, wearied of a warfare which had devastated their estates and impoverished their revenues, were inclined to humor the King so long as he showed an inclination for peace; for they feared lest if they manifested discontent, he would seek to create a diversion of the public feeling by having recourse to fresh hostilities and hazarding another catastrophe like that of Nevill's Cross. So long, therefore, as the powerful feudal barons submitted to his pecuniary exactions and displayed no very virulent opposition to the King in the parliament, he practised the negative virtue of forbearance from tyranny, and thus considered himself entitled to the character of a merciful monarch. Yet in his heart he was vindictive, and even cherished rancor against those who gave him offence. He clung with tenacity to the *prestige* of his illustrious father's name; and for this reason he was inexorable in the maintenance of all the laws which had been made or the decrees which had been promulgated during the time of Robert Bruce. Amongst his courtiers and friends he was what in the present day would be termed a boon companion; and through ostentation, whim, or caprice, he lavished honors, pensions or titles upon those who pleased him or who rendered him a service; so that the interested persons who benefited thereby loudly proclaimed his generosity, and superficial observers were led to believe that he was really generous. His conversation was gay and sprightly; he was an adept in paying happy and well-turned compliments to the fair sex; he excelled in the dance as well as in the tournament; he had a taste for music, and was exceedingly skilful in all gymnastic exercises, in which he frequently condescended to indulge on certain occasions; so that altogether with certain sections of society he was by no means unpopular. He was a widower, his wife Joanna having died a couple of years previous to the date of our narrative's commencement. Being in the prime of life and fond of the sex, it was no wonder if the rumor had been whispered that his Majesty would most probably marry again, if his tastes should happen to settle upon any lady possessing the qualifications sufficient to enmesh him with the silken chains of love.

When the cry arose of "The King! the King!" Sir Casimir D'Este suspended the proclamation of the usual formulas which in his capacity of Marshal of the Lists he was about to make; and thus the proceedings were stayed that the royal presence might be awaited. The monarch's cavalcade advanced at a rapid pace—the outskirts of the crowd were soon reached—and a way was at once opened in the midst of the assemblage to allow the royal party to proceed towards the principal stand. The cheering was moderately loud and continuous, but by no means enthusiastic nor even general: it might be compared to that which had greeted the appearance of the Earl of Douglas, but it lacked the fervor which had been displayed towards Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, Sir Casimir D'Este, or the Earl of Caithness. Nevertheless the King seemed well pleased with his reception, or at least affected to appear so: he raised his plumed cap and bowed with an air in which the patronising dignity of the self-sufficient monarch was mingled with that courtly grace which so eminently distinguished him. He was dressed with exceeding richness; and all his followers—about thirty in number, amongst whom were several personages bearing

the proudest Scottish titles, such as Mar, Lennox, Argyle, Athol, and Buccleugh—were appraised in a style of corresponding sumptuousness.

The Earl of Caithness, accompanied by the Earl of Bassentyne and several other distinguished noblemen, had hastened to descend from the principle stand the instant the approach of the King was announced; and as he rode up to the spot they made obeisance in the usual manner. In the meanwhile the champions were stationary at their posts—Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, on his black steed, at the extremity of the lists nearest to the grand stand—the Earl of Douglas, on his grey charger, at the end of the inclosure. Near what might be termed one side of the lists—the palisade being erected in an oval form—young Seton and Magnus Balveny, who were to fight on foot, had halted in front of each other, with an interval of about twenty paces between. Sir Casimir D'Este sat motionless on his steed, waiting the signification of the royal pleasure in reference to the proceedings.

We must remind the reader that eighteen years had elapsed since the Earl of Caithness last saw the Scottish King, which was at the battle of Nevill's Cross, where the Earl had distinguished himself, and where he was fortunate enough to avoid being taken prisoner. The *then* stripling monarch had grown to be a man in the prime of life: the nobleman was now a personage of mature years. For a few moments they looked at each other as if the changes which they thus respectively beheld irresistibly forced upon their minds the effects of the lapse of time; and that temporary silence was broken by the King, who, extending his hand, exclaimed, in the blindest tones which he could adopt, "My Lord of Caithness, I greet you on your return to Scotland—and may I hope that no untoward circumstances will again alienate you from our territory."

The Earl, as in duty bound, kissed the hand which was thus proffered to him; and the King hastened to add, "Not a syllable upon the past! let it all be forgotten!"—for whenever it suited the purpose of David to forgive any one who had happened to offend him, it was his policy to adopt the most friendly demeanor, in order to secure the pardoned personage amongst the number of his supporters.

David now flung a hasty glance over the lists: thence his looks were immediately turned up towards the fair occupants of the tiers of the grand stand; and as all the ladies had arisen from their seats in token of respect for the presence of Majesty, he again doffed his plumed cap, this time bowing with all the courtly ease and grace which he was in the habit of adopting towards the higher grades of the fair sex.

"Would your Majesty deign to occupy a seat in the amphitheatre?" inquired the Earl of Caithness; "or if my liege's royal pleasure were otherwise signified—"

"Most ungracious and unknighly were it, as well as demonstrative of execrable taste on my part," interrupted David, with another glance towards the ladies, "were I to hesitate a moment in accepting your lordship's courtesy."

Thus speaking, the King lightly descended from his saddle, tossed the reins to a page who was in readiness to receive them, and ascended into the stand, followed by the Earl of Caithness and the other nobles who had descended to greet him. He passed into the front tier, and quickly found himself in the presence of the Lady Albertina and Margaret Fitz-Allan. He bent a glance expressive of pleasure and interest upon Albertina, whose delicate yet exquisite style of loveliness had thus impressed him: but it was a look of surprise and fervid admiration which the monarch turned upon the superb beauty of Margaret. The Earl of Caithness hastened to perform the ceremony of introduction—thus presenting in the first place his daughter, the Lady Albertina, and in the second place Mistress Margaret Fitz-Allan: for the term "Mistress" was in that age used alike in reference to spinsters and married women amongst those grades which were not entitled to the prefix of "Lady." In introducing Margaret, the Earl of Caithness briefly described her as the daughter of a dear deceased friend who had been reared with his own daughter as her companion.

Having spoken some courtly words to the two young ladies, the King took a seat between them, and with a graceful gesture, indicated permission for all the rest to be seated. He then said, addressing the Earl of Caithness, "The sad tidings of all that has lately taken place at Melrose, and

this pending combat, reached our ears at Edinburgh: and our curiosity has thus led us to be present at so remarkable a passage of arms. Yonder we recognize our faithful Earl of Douglas; and this well-looking stripling—now motioning towards Fitz-Allan—"we take to be his antagonist! But yonder stalwart knight, who, with his attendant pages, seems to hold authority over the lists—"

"That, sire," responded the Earl of Caithness, "is the valorous Sir Casimir D'Este, member of the high and noble Teutonic Order."

"By my troth!" exclaimed the King, "it is a good sight to behold a warrior of his prowess—unless indeed the rumor which reached us be exaggerated, and that instead of dealing with some dozen of the Borderers at the tavern—"

"The feat was veritably performed, sire—and I see that the tale has been truthfully reported to your Grace," answered the Earl of Caithness: for we should inform our readers that in the times of which we are writing, and even down to a much later period, the titles of Majesty, Grace and Highness, were indiscriminately addressed to crowned monarchs.

David was making some further comment upon the recent proceedings which had led to the present encounter of hostile opponents—and he was just on the point of desiring that the ceremonies which his arrival had temporarily interrupted might be continued, when a fresh incident occurred to delay them. This was the appearance at a little distance of a species of vehicle or small covered wain, drawn by two horses, and which was advancing slowly, as may be supposed, when we add that, in addition to the driver, an elderly priest was walking by the side. As this equipage reached the outskirts of the crowd, it was quickly ascertained for what purpose it served; and the report was brought to the Earl of Caithness, who quickly communicated it to the King. The covered cart was indeed nothing else but a litter upon wheels, bearing the form of the Knight of Liddesdale, who, though in a dying state, was anxious to be a witness of the combat. The remonstrances of the worthy monks of Melrose having proved unavailing, arrangements had been made to transport the wounded old Knight in the most convenient manner to the scene of the conflict; and the monk who walked by the side of the equipage was Father Cyrus.

An immense sensation prevailed amongst the multitude when the rumor of the Knight of Liddesdale's presence was rapidly circulated. The reasons have already been stated for which the veteran's character had fallen into disrepute amongst the Scottish people; but now, with characteristic generosity, the masses who were there assembled chose to put aside whatsoever motives of political prejudice they might have entertained towards the Knight of Liddesdale—they only thought of him as a man who had been most fully dealt with by some assassin hand. Thus, as the equipage passed amidst the crowd, expressions of deep sympathy fell from many a lip; and there were not wanting voices to proclaim the hope that Sir William Douglas would, through the medium of his youthful champion, Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, be avenged upon his kinsman the Earl.

But amidst all the sympathy which was shown towards the Knight of Liddesdale, there was a certain sentiment of curiosity to mark how the King might act. For the old Knight had been David's intermediary and creature in negotiating with Edward III. of England certain arrangements most dishonoring to Scotland, and which the Scottish Parliament had accordingly rejected with scorn. How, then, would the Knight of Liddesdale now be treated by the King, who had repudiated him as an agent, and had disavowed him altogether when he found that the Parliament was determined to display such a spirit in the matter?

David, like all selfish persons, possessed no small amount of astuteness and craftiness; and he at once perceived that he had a somewhat difficult part to play. He knew the hasty, haughty, impetuous temper of Sir William Douglas; he fancied that this temper on his part might be still further embittered by mental and physical sufferings—and he foresaw that nothing was more probable than that the old Knight would tax him with ingratitude, or reproach him with political perfidy, in the presence of the entire assemblage. The King therefore, after a few moments' reflection, suddenly made up his mind how to act; and glancing around upon the no-

bles who were nearest to him, he said, "Although, my lords, I had much cause for anger against the Knight of Liddesdale, inasmuch that he exceeded the license accorded unto him in his intercourse on my behalf with Edward of England—yet is his present condition such as to disarm all resentment, and inspire sympathy in its place. He fought and bled by my side on the day from which dated all the sacrifices I have made on behalf of my beloved Scotland; and therefore will I now treat him as a grateful Prince should treat a veteran warrior who in most things was faithful, though in a few things he erred!"

Having thus spoken, and making a sign for the Earl of Caithness and his friends to remain where they were, King David descended from the stand and approached the litter, which by this time had advanced nearly to the front of that amphitheatrical pavilion. Father Cyrus, at once recognizing his Majesty, pronounced the usual benediction; and the King said, "Lift the covering, holy friar, that I may grasp the hand of my veteran servitor, the stout Knight of Liddesdale!"

The curtain forming the side of the covering of the litter, was at once raised; and Sir William Douglas was discovered lying in the couch which had been conveniently arranged for his accommodation. His face was ghastly pale, and the impress of death was already upon his features.

"My gallant friend," said the King, now speaking in a very low voice, which vibrated tremulously, either with an affected emotion, or else perhaps with some genuine concern on the dying warrior's behalf; "it pains me infinitely to behold you in this plight!"

"If your Majesty have really any regard for one who has ever served you faithfully, and who in his latter days considered your Grace's mandates and wishes in preference to his own fair fame and honor," said the Knight of Liddesdale, speaking feebly and with painful efforts, "your Highness will grant me the boon which I am about to crave."

Although there was a certain degree of humility in the phrasing of this speech, yet there was an unmistakable significance in the Knight's looks, which King David could not fail to understand. It was as much as to imply that if the monarch refused the boon about to be demanded, the Knight would make certain revelations in respect to his recent negotiations with King Edward, which would expose all the duplicity and double-dealing of the Scottish sovereign to the world. David did not, however, choose to show either by word or deed that he felt that he was thus being menaced or coerced; but with an air of the most friendly sympathy, he said, "Speak, my faithful servant! How is it possible that in existing circumstances your King can refuse you aught which in honor he may grant?"

"Tis well, sire!" responded Sir William Douglas; "and the gratitude of a dying man is now sincerely given unto your Highness. Holy father,"—thus addressing himself to the monk of Melrose—"take forth your tablets, and in clerly style record the boon I am about to ask, together with the solemn affirmative assurance which his gracious Majesty will presently give."

Father Cyrus did as he was requested; and the Knight of Liddesdale proceeded in the following manner:

"Inasmuch as I, a dying man, have no heir of my own body to inherit my estates—and inasmuch as by the laws of feudal heritage they would at my demise pass into the possession of my kinsman the Earl of Douglas—but whereas I have suffered and sustained the foulest wrong at the hands of this kinsman of mine—I demand that the King in the exercise of his prerogative shall ordain that my estates be otherwise inherited, according to the will and testament I am about to make. Have you written this, holy father?"

"I have, my son," responded the monk of Melrose.

"These, then, are my last desires and wishes," proceeded the veteran warrior. "Whatever be the result of the combat about to ensue, the Earl of Douglas is to be excluded from all right and title of heritage in respect to my estates in Liddesdale and Teviotdale and my Castle of Hermitage. Furthermore, should the gallant young Knight, Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, survive the pending combat, it is my desire to bequeath unto him, as a token of admiration and gratitude for his noble conduct, my said estates in Liddesdale and Teviotdale, and my Castle of Hermitage. Is this duly written, holy father?"

"It is, my son," responded the monk. "Have you aught more to record?"

"Yes—a few last words," said the old Knight; "for it is needful that I should make still further provision touching and concerning the bequeathment of my domains—having in view the possibility (though heaven forbid it!) that the chivalrous youth may perish in the battle which he is about to dare as my champion! Therefore, should such a deplorable catastrophe ensue, it is my will and desire that my estates in Liddesdale and Teviotdale, and my Castle of Hermitage, shall devolve upon the gallant youth's sister, Margaret Fitz-Allan; so that she may be thereby assured of the gratitude which I, William Douglas, bore towards her gallant brother, and that she may be in some sense comforted for his loss, should it please heaven this day that the champion of truth and justice succumb and perish in the conflict. Is all this written, holy father?"

"It is written, my son," rejoined the reverend monk, "precisely as the speech itself has flowed from your lips."

"Gracious monarch," said the Knight of Liddesdale, "the moment is now come for you to fulfil your royal pledge that my boon shall be granted. Without your Grace's assent these bequeathments of my domain cannot take place: but your royal autograph will in a moment legalize them."

King David, though maintaining a serene expression of countenance, was inwardly much troubled and perplexed as the Knight of Liddesdale went on dictating his testamentary wishes and instructions. The King would rather have made enemies of any dozen Scottish peers than take a step which could not fail to render the formidable Earl of Douglas his irreconcilable foe. It was true that the Earl might possibly succumb in the approaching combat—in which case the Knight of Liddesdale's testamentary instructions could be easily and readily carried out. But on the other hand the Earl of Douglas might come off victorious, a result which the King deemed to be far the more probable, considering his hitherto unconquered prowess as a warrior, and considering likewise the inexperience of the stripling Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan. In this case the Earl of Douglas would be held by the law of battle to have absolved himself of the charge of assassination brought against him; and his ire would be terrible on finding that the King had prejudged him, so to speak, as a guilty person, by assenting to his utter exclusion from the heritage of his dying kinsman's estates. This was the difficulty which the King rapidly and painfully envisaged; but on the other hand there was the solemn pledge he had given to grant the Knight of Liddesdale's boon—and what to David himself was still more important, there was likewise the necessity of placing a seal upon the old Knight's lips in respect to all the secret negotiations at the Court of the King of England. True, however, to his usual policy of selfishness and astuteness, not unblended with rashness, the King made up his mind to avoid the present and immediate evil, and leave the prospective one either to the current of chances or for future consideration. He therefore, with every outward show of the most friendly readiness, affixed his signature to the words which Father Cyrus had written down in his tablets.

"And now," said the Knight of Liddesdale, "let these tablets, holy father, be forthwith consigned to the keeping of the Earl of Caithness, who is an upright and honorable nobleman, and in whom I have the fullest faith."

The King for an instant bit his lip and the color flushed his countenance, as the Knight of Liddesdale thus seemed to imply a certain suspicion of the royal integrity by establishing a guaranty for the carrying out of his instructions: but it did not suit the monarch's purpose to give expression to his transient anger. A solemn silence had prevailed around the litter while the preceding scene took place: and those who were nearest, not only on the part of the crowd but likewise in the front seats of the great pavilion, overheard what passed. Margaret Fitz-Allan revealed not by her countenance whatsoever feelings she might in reality have experienced on learning the generous design of the perishing Knight of Liddesdale to enrich either her brother or herself, as the case might be; Albertina watched her with anxiety depicted upon her features; while the Earl of Caithness for a moment had a troubled look—but he quickly composed his countenance. There was something passing in the minds of those three individuals which was unsuspected

by the friends who were about them, and which we shall not here pause to explain. Father Cyrus proceeded to consign the tablets into the keeping of the Earl of Caithness, who received them in silence, but with a low bow in homage to the autograph of Majesty.

"Now, sire," said the Knight of Liddesdale, "I shall die contented—and I pray heaven to sustain me yet for a brief space, until I behold the issue of the combat which naught need now delay!"

The King grasped the hand of the dying Knight: and once more ascending to his seat between the Lady Albertina Roslin and Margaret Fitz-Allan, he waved his hand as a signal to Sir Casimir D'Este to perform his duty as Marshal of the Lists.

Before concluding this chapter, we should observe that those within the lists remained completely ignorant of what was passing in front of the great stand; and though the lips of those who were nearest, whispered the circumstances, which were speedily rumored throughout the assemblage of spectators, the report was not borne to the ears of the champions nor of any one within the vast inclosure.

CHAPTER XII.—THE COMBAT.

The trumpets again sounded the signal for silence, while the Marshal to the Lists made the usual proclamation. Raising his powerful voice so that its sonorous tones were everywhere audible, Sir Casimir D'Este spoke to the following effect:

"There stands the noble and mighty lord the Earl of Douglas, prepared to defend himself by the ordeal of battle against certain grave charges which have been proclaimed against his dishonor! There stands the gallant and worshipful Knight Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, of the Order of St. Michael of France, ready to maintain on behalf of Sir William Douglas of Liddesdale, the truth of the charges so advanced. May God defend the right!"

"Amen!" said Father Cyrus in a loud and solemn tone.

"There stands," proceeded Sir Casimir D'Este, "Magnus Balveny, Captain of the Horse, in the service of his feudal lord and master the Earl of Douglas! And there stands Malcolm Seton, a right trusty page in the service of the good Knight Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan! They are to do battle respectively in the same causes and for the same reasons as those which have placed their superiors in hostile antagonism. Therefore, again do I say—May God defend the right!"

"Amen!" was once more spoken from the lips of Father Cyrus; and then a dead silence fell upon the scene.

On the one hand the Squires of the Earl of Douglas now presented the shield and spear to their master; while on the other hand Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan received similar ministrations from his own Squires. Both the champions closed the visors of their helmets; and as all eyes were fixed upon them, it was easy to perceive that they settled themselves firmly in their saddles. On a sign being given by Sir Casimir D'Este, the trumpets again blew a signal; and this was for the champions to couch their lances. Then, almost immediately, another signal was blown; and both champions, striking the rows into the flanks of their steeds, dashed against each other in full career. At the same time Magnus Balveny and Malcolm Seton rushed on each other with drawn swords.

There are circumstances in which a thousand conflicting ideas are summed up in the space of a few moments, as if thought itself corruscated in a rapid continuous series of vivid lightnings flashing through the brain. So it was with Margaret and Albertina as they beheld the object of all their interest dashing in full tilt against one of the most redoubtable warriors of the age. Everywhere around the lists an immense and painful degree of suspense prevailed; but on the part of those who favored Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, hopefulness suggested that the righteousness of his cause would compensate for his inexperience as a stripling warrior—while the adherents of the Earl of Douglas dreaded lest heaven should weaken his arm and depreciate his energies because of the foul deed of which hardly any one doubted that he was veritably the perpetrator.

Away sped the steeds!—the two champions, with their lances couched, leant forward almost to the saddle-bow, each holding his shield before him to receive the shock; and in a few moments

they met with a thundering din. Their steeds reeled backward almost upon their haunches: the shattered flinders of the spears flew about in all directions; and shouts of applause burst from the assemblage—for it was amongst the highest feats of true chivalry to break the lances at the first encounter. Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan had skilfully raised his shield so as to receive the point of his opponent's spear and thus protect his helmet: but so tremendous was the shock thus sustained, that it made the young Knight reel backward, and for a moment seem as if he were about to fall from his saddle. A deadly pallor seized on the countenance of Albertina, and she hastily compressed her ashy lips as if to keep back the scream which had risen up to her very throat. A tremor for an instant swept through the frame of Margaret: but in other respects she sat motionless, the complete mistress of her feelings. The temporary apprehension vanished; for the brave young Fleming lost not his seat. On the other hand, the point of Fitz-Allan's lance had been held somewhat low, as if he meant to strike in the very midst of his opponent's shield: but just as they were about to close, the young warrior elevated the spear, and glancing from the uppermost part of the Earl's shield, it struck him on the visor of the helmet. The visor was completely lifted by the upward tilt of the lance; and so powerful was the shock that the spear fell in shivers to the ground.

To strike the visor in this manner was deemed to be one of the most dexterous feats of chivalry; and thus the instant the eyes of the vast assemblage could perceive the respective results of the first encounter, it was universally admitted that the young Knight had the better of it. On dropping the remnant of his shivered lance, Sir Fleming grasped the handle of his sword: and not more quickly does the eye wink than it flashes from its sheath. At the same moment the Earl of Douglas drew his own sword likewise: but with his left hand loosened for an instant from its hold upon his shield, he endeavored to close the visor of his helmet. It had however been in some way bent, disordered, or otherwise injured by the shock sustained from the youth's spear; and the visor remained immovably fixed. At a glance Sir Fleming beheld the circumstance, and he exclaimed, "Heed not your visor, my lord! In this way will we fight on equal terms!"—and he at once threw up the aventail of his own helmet.

This chivalrous deed, so noble and magnanimous, at once elicited thunders of applause on the part of the crowded assemblage; but the eyes of the Black Douglas flashed fierce fires at the thought that his antagonist should thus find an opportunity of displaying so much knightly courtesy. In a moment their weapons crossed; and now that the combat had drawn them to closest quarters, and that it was hand to hand, man to man, and horse to horse, the most fearfully interesting portion of the conflict was entered upon.

The Earl of Douglas at first calculated upon his herculean strength as the means of overpowering his opponent; and suddenly raising himself in his stirrups, he levelled a tremendous blow at Sir Fleming's head. Had it taken effect, it would have assuredly cut through the steel casque and cloven the head in twain down to the very neck; but the quickness of eagle-sight was in the eyes of the youthful champion—and well aware that such a blow would prove irresistible, even though his shield were raised to receive it, he dexterously wheeled his horse aside, made a complete curve, and then spurring the animal quickly forward, he dealt the Douglas a blow upon the right arm, just as that arm was descending with the sword that had cleaved the air in the space from which the youth had so abruptly glided away. The Earl's armor was proof against the sharpness of Fitz-Allan's weapon: but the violence of the blow for an instant seemed to paralyze the arm, and it was a wonder that the Earl did not drop his sword from his hand. Another instant, however, and that mighty weapon was again upreared—a terrible threat burst from the lips of the Earl—and this time the blow came crashing down upon Sir Fleming's shield; for he had not a moment's leisure to make his steed perform another manoeuvre. The shield, broken in twain, fell from Sir Fleming's left arm; and the Earl of Douglas, pressing on to follow up the advantage, aimed another terrific blow at his opponent. Sir Fleming however so skilfully parried it that the Earl's brand, sweeping along the opposing blade, struck with a loud clang

against the hilt and almost shook the weapon from Sir Fleming's grasp. But the youth retained it; and the next instant he became the assailant in his turn, making his sword play with an almost lightning rapidity hither and thither, upward and downward, cutting and thrusting, and thus for several minutes keeping the Earl continuously engaged in a position of self-defence.

It now became apparent to all the spectators that while the Earl of Douglas had an immense advantage on the score of gigantic strength, Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan was by far the more skilful swordsman. He was likewise in every sense more nimble and active; he managed his steed with singular quickness and dexterity; and his entire form appeared elastic and supple in its armor, as if it were a mere silken garb which clothed him; whereas, on the other hand, the movements of the Earl of Douglas were comparatively slow and heavy, as if his armor prisoned and encumbered him, and likewise as if the motions of his body were utterly deficient in the quality of imparting suppleness and quickness to the movements of his steed. But then the Earl still possessed his shield, while Fleming's was lost; and thus, all things considered, the advantages were either equally balanced, or else slightly preponderating on the side of the Black Douglas.

Everywhere around the lists the most intense anxiety prevailed: with lightning speed did all eyes follow each phase, change, feature, and incident of the combat, which absorbed so much of the general interest that comparatively but little attention was paid to the fight that was being waged on foot between Magnus Balveny and young Seton. Still was this latter combat progressing simultaneously with the other; and there was also this resemblance between them, that Malcolm Seton's superior skill in the art of fence and greater activity of movement counterbalanced the physical strength and power of arm which characterized Balveny.

"Fight on, brave Knights! beauteous eyes survey your prowess! kerchiefs are waving by fair hands!" These and similar ejaculations were continuously bursting forth from various parts of the crowd, mingled with an occasional word of encouragement to the inferior pair of combatants,—such as "Ye have stout hearts, good sirs! ye are worthy of the masters whose prowess ye emulate!"

"Hurrah for the Douglas! Glory and honor for the Black Earl!" were the cries which frequently resounded from the lips of that nobleman's retainers, partisans, or supporters.

"Bravely done, gallant Knight! Glory to the youthful chivalry!" were the exclamations which perhaps even still more frequently burst forth in honor of Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan from the partisans and followers of the Earl of Caithness.

We need hardly again inform our readers that the intensest anxiety agitated in the bosoms of Albertina and Margaret; and these feelings were still displayed with a more lively effect on the part of the former than on that of the latter. The Earls of Caithness and Bassentyne, as well as the other nobles, knights, and gentlemen who had been invited as guests to Roslin, all grew more hopeful as the combat progressed: while King David himself gave verbal expression to the ideas which the others entertained in silence.

"By St. Andrew, the youthful champion is well skilled in fence!" said the King, whose enthusiastic admiration of the prowess displayed on both sides went on increasing. "His weapon plays like vivid flashes of lightning before the eyes of the Douglas! Ah! now the Black Earl raises his brand! By my sceptre, 'twas well parried, Sir Fleming! And now the youth assumes the offensive again! Bravely does he manage his steed! Well done, Sir Fleming!—that blow hit hard upon the casque of the Douglas!"

Meanwhile the old Knight of Liddesdale, supporting himself on one arm, in his litter, surveyed the martial scene with indescribable interest: the eyes which ere now had seemed to be glazing beneath the cold touch of Death, were lighted up with the fires of mingled anxiety and heroic enthusiasm: the countenance which a little while back appeared to be changing into marble under the ice-breath of the Destroyer, became animated with a hectic glow; and the ejaculations to which ever and anon he gave vent, were in a voice of power and energy.

"Bravely done, Sir Fleming! 'Tis a gallant Knight! He does honor to golden spur! This display of fence is brilliant." By St. John: my

Castle of Hermitage will be his! Heaven itself fights on his side! Father Cyrus, look!—'tis David pitted against Goliath! And the giant will fall! Press on, Sir Fleming! On, on, brave Fitz-Allan! Ah! gallantly done!—follow up that blow! What reck he for the loss of shield? 'Tis valor inimitable!"

Sir Casimir D'Este was also watching the fray with the keen eye of one accustomed to draw presages from the preliminary feats of prowess displayed, so as to estimate what the catastrophe may be; and he likewise was full of hopefulness on young Fitz-Allan's account. But calm and cool sat the Teutonic warrior on his steed, the horse itself remaining perfectly tranquil, as if rider and animal together formed a dark marble statue. The pages and squire of the respective parties rode slowly about the lists, anxiously watching the progress of the two combats, so that they might be ready for the performance of any duty which the results should necessitate.

The Earl of Douglas was infuriated at the delay which he experienced in inflicting (as in his pride and self-sufficiency he was certain of doing) a signal chastisement upon his youthful opponent. He felt that every instant that the combat was prolonged became more and more derogatory to his own honor; and his blood boiled with fury at the idea that his foe should be enabled to set upon the offensive. He therefore resolved to attempt another tremendous blow which might have the effect of putting an end to the fight at once, even though in dealing it he might himself for the instant be exposed to a rapid onslaught on the part of Fitz-Allan. Letting drop the reins upon his horse's neck, and raising his shield so as to cover himself to the best of his ability, the Black Earl suddenly spurred the animal furiously against Sir Fleming, at whose head he levelled his weapon with all the power of his mighty arm. Quick as thought itself, Fitz-Allan raised his sword to parry the blow: it nevertheless struck his helmet—but its violence was broken by first coming in contact with the youth's sword. Then, the next instant, Sir Fleming made his weapon describe a semi-circle over his head; and with a desperate downward cut he struck the Douglas on the shoulder of the sword-arm. Through the plated armor the youth's brand cut its crashing way; the Earl reeled in his saddle—Fitz-Allan spurred his steed with overwhelming force against his opponent's animal—the latter fell back upon its haunches—another well-aimed blow on the youth's part—and down fell the proud Earl of Douglas on the ground!

A tremendous shout of applause burst forth from myriads of lips; but, oh! how infinite was the relief experienced by the fair Albertina!—how thrilling was the joy which glowed in the heart of Margaret! Light as the fawn bounding down a slope, or as the mountain-goat skipping from a crag, did Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan spring from his steed; and in the twinkling of an eye he strode across the form of the Earl of Douglas, just as the latter was about to raise himself up from the ground. Then, with one foot planted upon the breast of the discomfited nobleman, the heroic youth waved his sword in triumph above his plumed head; and as he thus stood there, in all the natural enthusiasm of his triumph, he presented a spectacle of the noblest personification of Scottish chivalry.

And now came Sir Casimir D'Este, careering upon his steed across the enclosure, attended by his pages, towards the spot where the catastrophe had occurred.

"Well and bravely done, gallant youth!" exclaimed the Teutonic Knight. "But now, as Marshal of the Lists, I claim the Earl of Douglas as my prisoner, convicted as he is by the laws of battle of the foul crime laid to his charge!"

At that very instant a shout of triumph arose on the part of the retainers and supporters of the Earl of Douglas; for the brave but unfortunate Seton, happening to trip, fell upon the grass, and Magnus Balveny, striking him a savage blow, strode across his form, waving his sword in token of triumph.

Incidents were rapidly accumulating in the narrowest space of time, and if not absolutely simultaneous, at least so quickly consecutive, that they left not the smallest interval for the abatement of the general excitement. The Knight of Liddesdale—who throughout the combat had seemed to be galvanized with new life—gave vent to one loud joyous ejaculation when he beheld his kinsman the Black Earl roll from his steed beneath the blows of the youthful

champion; and Father Cyrus, crossing himself devoutly, said in a solemn voice, "Heaven has well sustained the arm of the young Knight!"

As he thus spoke, he turned round towards the litter—for he was addressing the words to its veteran occupant; and just at that moment he caught the last flashing of the old Knight's eyes ere the latter fell back and without a groan rendered up his life.

"Peace be to him!—he is no more!" said the monk solemnly; and he instantaneously closed the curtains of the litter, so as to shut out the corpse from curiosity's prying vision.

There was a momentary sensation of awe on the part of all who were nearest, when those solemnly spoken words of Father Cyrus's part announced that the old Knight of Liddesdale was no more; and then the King, breaking the temporary pause, said, "Holy father, bear the corpse to Melrose—and see that the obsequies be worthy of one whose good qualities shall now only be remembered!"

The monk bowed—the litter began to move away, and King David, again directing his rapid attention towards the lists, exclaimed, "Ah, by St. Andrew! there is alike success and discomfiture on the same side! Sir Fleming is victorious—but his page Seton is vanquished. A difficulty arises which I in person must look into. Follow me, my lords!"

The King quickly descended from the stand—but not before he had bowed courteously to the ladies and had flung a look of admiration upon the superb Margaret: and he forthwith mounted his steed. The Earls of Caithness and Bassentyne, with several other Peers and Knights, hastened to follow, their own steeds being in readiness close at hand. They were speedily in their saddles—the gates of the lists were flung open—and the King rode at the head of the brilliant cavalcade into the midst of the enclosure. There the position of affairs may be briefly described. The Earl of Douglas had been conveyed to his tent by the attendants of Sir Casimir D'Este, that his armor might be taken off, and the severe wound he had received in the right shoulder might be dressed by the surgeon, who was at hand for the purpose. But at the entrance of that tent Sir Casimir D'Este was himself mounting guard; while Sir Fleming, resuming his seat upon his steed, was about to ride towards the spot where his page Seton lay. Balveny still remained astride the prostrate form of this youth, of whom, according to the law of battle, he could dispose according to his will, and whose life he might take without incurring the imputation of cowardice.

The King at the head of the cavalcade was now galloping into the lists; and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan met the cortege.

"Gallant Knight," exclaimed David, "thou hast borne thyself most valiantly this morn; and thou shalt henceforth wear thy spurs in honor of it. Andrew of Scotland as well as of St. Michael of France! Come with us."

Fitz-Allan bowed and obeyed; and as he rode along with the cavalcade, he received rapid but fervid congratulations from the Earl of Caithness and other friends. Towards the spot where Magnus Balveny was still astride over the prostrate form of young Seton, did the cortege proceed; and the King, reining in his charger, demanded, "How mean you to treat that vanquished youth?"

"Life for life, or death for death, sire!" answered Balveny, with a stern ferocious doggedness, as he drew his dagger from its sheath.

"If my noble master, the Earl of Douglas, be given to the heads-man or the gibbet, young Seton dies! If the Douglas live, Seton shall be spared! What is the decision of the King?"

"Wretch!" ejaculated Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, spurring his horse forward; "so foul a deed—"

"Hold!" exclaimed the King: "it is for me to arbitrate in this matter! On the one hand the ordeal of battle has proven the Earl of Douglas to be an assassin; on the other hand it has acquitted Magnus Balveny. But what was the charge laid by the Knight of Liddesdale? That master and man did jointly and together assail him. If therefore the Douglas be guilty, how can Balveny be innocent? Or again, if Balveny be innocent, how can the Douglas be guilty? Riddle me this my lords!"

There was perplexity depicted upon every countenance and not a syllable was spoken. The King was anxious to save the life of the Earl of Douglas, so as to avoid making enemies of the powerful family to which he belonged;

and he hastened to take advantage of the bewilderment which his last speech had excited.

"The ordeal of battle," he resumed, "has evidently proved false in one sense—"

"Sire," ejaculated Sir Fleming, "I proclaim the Earl of Douglas to be an assassin—"

"My young friend," interrupted the monarch, "do you wish to behold your faithful page Seton murdered in cold blood, by that fierce Borderer, before your very eyes?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the youthful Knight enthusiastically. "Seton must live!"

"And that he may live, the Douglas must likewise live!" responded the King. "Hear you not the terms enunciated by the pitiless Magnus Balveny? Then let it be so! Our decision is given, Balveny, our royal word is pledged! Your master is spared: let Seton be saved!"

"Willingly, sire!"—and Magnus Balveny strode away from the prostrate form of the youth, who in a half senseless condition was now raised from the ground by Sir Fleming: for the young Knight sprang from his steed for the purpose.

"Let the proclamation be made of the royal decision!" said the King, in a tone which showed that he would not brook a single syllable of remonstrance; and then, suddenly altering his voice to accents of the blandest courtesy, he turned to the Earl of Caithness, adding, "And now, my lord, I will become a self-invited guest in the banqueting-hall of your castle."

CHAPTER XIII.—THE LISTS.

THE scene which we have described at the close of the preceding chapter, took place with a rapidity which prevented the Earl of Caithness or any of his companion nobles from offering a single syllable of comment. Indeed, as we have stated, they were perplexed by that subtle reasoning which the King adduced as a pretext for saving the life of the Earl of Douglas; and before they could well recover from their bewilderment, the affair was finished—the King's judgment was made known—and the trumpeters were already beginning to proclaim the royal decision.

"My poor Seton!" said Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, sustaining the vanquished page in his arms: "cheer up! You fought valiantly—I have already heard numerous voices declare the fact: and if your foot had not made that luckless trip, ill would it have fared with Magnus Balveny!"

"Oh, my gallant young master!" exclaimed Malcolm Seton, now completely recovering himself; "what laurels have you gained! but what disgrace has fallen upon me!"—and the tears gushed out from the youth's eyes.

"Disgrace? No! by heaven it is not so!" cried Fitz-Allan. "I repeat, you fought so valiantly that henceforth all men will respect your courage!"

"And I echo the assurance!" exclaimed the Earl of Caithness. "Thou art a brave youth, Malcolm—and none can gainsay thy valor!"

King David, with his usual dexterity of mind, saw that this was a favorable opportunity for saying something generous—or at least apparently so—and putting into a good humor those who might be disposed to cavil at the decision which he had just rendered. He therefore exclaimed, "What! weeping, good youth? By St. Andrew! proud smiles ought to be upon your lip; for all who had eyes to see, know full well that the victory was your own, had it not been for that ill chance which made your foot stumble! Cheer up therefore!—it is your King who proclaims that you have acted worthily this morning!"

Such a speech from the lips of Royalty, in an age when a certain degree of sacredness invested the crown, no matter by whom worn, was sufficient to dispel the clouds of grief from Seton's countenance and render it all beaming with joy. The grateful youth threw himself on his knees before the monarch's steed, and murmured forth broken syllables of thankfulness.

"Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan," exclaimed David, "wear this chain for my sake! And you, Malcolm Seton, carry in your belt this dirk as a token of your Sovereign's approval and favor. Rise, youth—rise!"

While thus speaking, the King presented a massive gold chain to Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan and a richly chased dagger to the young page, both of whom received the gifts with suitable obeisances and acknowledgments.

"And now," cried the King, "let largesse be distributed amongst the multitude. What,



"Through the plated armor the youth's brand cut its crashing way * * * another well-aimed blow on the youth's part—and down fell the proud Earl of Douglas on the ground."

ho! Lindsay—Crawford—Wardlaw—Boyd!—where be your purses?"

It was thus David summoned some of his own personal retainers, who immediately pressed forward at the royal bidding: and receiving the requisite instructions, they forthwith began galloping round the lists, flinging handfuls of small coin over the barriers amongst the crowded assemblage. The royal decision in reference to the Earl of Douglas was already being proclaimed: murmurs of disapprobation were arising on the part of many persons; but these were now quickly drowned in the cries that burst forth, "Long live the King! Glory to our generous King! Honor to the son of the great Bruce!"

It was thus by several little strokes of policy, but all rapidly accomplished, that David disarmed resentment, stifled disapprobation, and even won approval. As a matter of course, the retainers and partisans of the Earl of Douglas himself were loud and enthusiastic in the shouts with which they welcomed the royal decision; and thus in a few minutes it seemed as if David had accomplished a deed which was all but universally popular.

Meanwhile Sir Casimir D'Este remained motionless on his steed at the entrance of the tent to which the Earl of Douglas had been borne; for he thought it probable that the fierce Borderers who were present outside the barriers, might attempt a rescue of their vanquished chief—in which case the redoubtable Teutonic Knight was resolved that he would keep possession of his prisoner so long as he had power to wield his weapon. He was at too great a distance from the spot where the Royal cavalcade had halted, to hear what took place; he beheld young Seton raised up from the ground by Sir Fleming, and Magnus Balveny hasten away; but it was not until the trumpeters began making proclamation that Sir Casimir D'Este understood the compromise which had been effected. Rage for a moment took possession of him; and he mentally ejaculated, "By St. Jude! this is too flagrant! The royalty of Scotland plays pranks which are intolerable!"

But another moment's reflection showed Sir Casimir that after all it was indeed the only course which the King could adopt, as being apparently consistent with common sense, as it was assuredly most in accordance with humanity for young Seton's sake. The results of the two combats had proved the Earl of Douglas guilty

and Magnus Balveny innocent; but this inconsistency was in contradiction with the very accusation on which the two combats had been waged—namely, that Douglas and Balveny together had attempted the same crime of assassination. Thus, though there was every moral certitude upon the point, the results of the appeal to arms had left what might be termed a legal doubt; and of this doubt, under all circumstances, it was proper that the Earl of Douglas should have the benefit. Moreover, the salvation of young Seton's life had been rendered dependent on the safety of the Earl; and Sir Casimir said to himself, "Better is it that even a villain like the Black Douglas should escape, than that as the condition of his punishment a chivalrous youth like Seton should be sacrificed!"

Having rapidly revolved all these things in his mind, Sir Casimir D'Este alighted from his steed and entered the tent, where he found the Black Earl disencumbered of his armor, and attended by his pages; while the surgeon was dressing his wounds. A fierce sombre scowl sat upon the swarthy features of the discomfited nobleman; it was an expression indescribably dark, gloomy, and portentous. The nature of the proclamation which was being made had already been communicated to him—but he had listened in moody silence; his proud heart was wrung by the thought that the hitherto unconquered Douglas had been borne to the ground by a stripling arm, before the gaze of a vast assemblage!

"My lord," said Sir Casimir D'Este, as he entered the tent—and he spoke with a cold severity—"it is his Majesty's will that you be freed from all the consequences, so far as human laws are concerned, of your recent defeat. Whether or not you have an account to settle with your conscience, you best know. Your kinsman, according to the rumor which has just reached me, is no more——"

At this instant Magnus Balveny burst into the tent, exclaiming, "Oh, my noble master! fortune has played you a sorry game to-day!"

"But the star of the Douglas shall yet be in the ascendant," said the Black Earl, bending fierce sullen looks on Sir Casimir D'Este; "and there shall yet be vengeance against those who by deed or word have displayed a hostile bearing!"

"I know not whom you threaten, my lord," said the Teutonic Knight, with the noblest dignity of mien; "but if the menace be intended

for my ears, I hold it as lightly as Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan may now account the chivalry of Douglas."

A sound expressive of rage, resembling the half stifled growl of a wounded wild beast, came from the Earl's lips at this point; but Sir Casimir D'Este, disdaining to bestow any further attention on the nobleman, issued from the tent and remounted his horse.

"Are the wounds serious, my lord?" hastily inquired Balveny.

"Mere scratches," responded the Earl; "and in a few days not even the scars will be left."

"By St. Bride of Bothwell, 'tis well!" ejaculated Balveny; "for if I mistake not, there will be sharp work for us all upon the Borders!"

"What mean you, Magnus?" demanded the Earl.

"The rumor has just reached me, my lord," replied Balveny, "that the Knight of Liddesdale——"

"I already know it," interjected the Earl; "he is no more—and the estates of Teviotdale and Liddesdale are mine!"

"Yours, my lord, so long as you can hold them by force of arms," rejoined Balveny quickly,—"which I hope will be forever! But it was not precisely your kinsman's death which I came to communicate; it is the rumor which only reached my ears a few minutes back, when having granted young Seton his life, I spoke to a few of our partisans on my way hither——"

"And that rumor, Magnus?" demanded the Earl impatiently; "what is it? Speak, speak, man!"

"'Tis said, my lord—and I believe only too truly—that while there was that delay soon after the King's arrival, and when the litter containing your lordship's kinsman drew up in front of the principal stand,—'tis said, I repeat——"

"Now, by St. Bride! will you come to the point, Magnus?" vociferated the Earl, whose soul was terribly chafed and irritated. "You are playing with my patience——"

"Not so, my lord. I at once come to the point. 'Tis said, then, that during that delay which I have specified, the Knight of Liddesdale willed and bequeathed his estates, including his Border Castle, to Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan."

"What?" exclaimed the Douglas, starting up from his seat with such sudden violence that the surgeon retreated a few steps in terror, dropping his lint and bandages. "But this is ridiculous! The heritage is inalienably my

right!—a thousand such wills are but as worthless rags and tatters—for the King only—

"My lord," interposed Balveny solemnly "the King has given his assent—the bequeathment is legalized—the royal sign manual is appended to the writing—the estates of Teviotdale and Liddesdale belong to the Fitz-Allan!"

For a moment the Earl of Douglas literally reeled and staggered with the fury that had seized upon him at this announcement: but suddenly collecting himself, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "Never!"

Then followed a dead silence in the tent for nearly a minute—during which the Earl of Douglas stood with folded arms and fiercely scowling countenance, the personification of all the evil passions which render humanity deplorable or which might make Lucifer himself terrible.

"Never!" the Earl at length repeated, in a tone that was lower but not a whit the less energetic than that in which he had first ejaculated the word.—"The King of Scotland himself shall not wield this power over the Douglas. To horse, my men! Muster our partisans, Balveny! Ride quick to Hermitage! Spare not steed, stint nor spur, and draw not bridle until my mandate be thither borne! It is that the Earl of Douglas will hold the Castle of Hermitage though David himself with all his armies come against it! Speed, Magnus! I follow anon!"

Balveny bowed, and at once issued from the tent.

"Hasten and finish with these bandages, Sir Leech! Assist him, ye lazy varlets!" continued the Douglas, thus addressing the surgeon first, and then his pages; and he spoke with terrible fierceness, as if having cause of anger against all around. "Be quick, I say!—and let me don my armor again!"

"Your armor, my lord?" said the mediciner, meekly and timidly. "Permit me, with all possible respect, to observe to your lordship that if the wound on the shoulder be chafed—at least I mean for a day or two—serious consequences—inflammation and mortification—"

"Ah! is it so?" demanded the Earl, who was not so completely blinded by rage as to be utterly reckless of his own personal safety. "Now answer me, Sir Leech! May I in easy costume ride hence to the Border?"

"You may, my lord—provided it be also by easy stages; for 'tis a good fifty miles from hence to the Castle of Hermitage," was the surgeon's response.

"Well, be it then by easy stages!" exclaimed the Earl. "And now again, answer me, Sir, Leech! Provided I thus far fulfil your injunctions, when may I again don my steel panoply?—and when will this arm be fit to wield a weapon?"

"In a few days, my lord," replied the mediciner: "let us say a week at the outside."

"Tush! a week!" ejaculated the Earl. "By St. Bride! if there be work to do in the meantime, this right arm of mine shall be raised to do it!"

We must now return to Sir Casimir D'Este, who on issuing from the tent, had remounted his steed that he might advance to pay his respects to the King of Scotland. The monarch awaited the Knight's approach; and as the warrior drew near, David exclaimed, "Welcome, Sir Casimir! We have heard of your prowess the other morning; and although it was displayed against the persons of some of our subjects, yet we cannot but admire, and therefore chide not, the deed! How fares it with the Earl of Douglas?"

"I have communicated your Majesty's proclamation," responded Sir Casimir; "and have signified to the Earl that he is free."

"Doubtless he chafes at his defeat?" said the King.

"The Black Douglas, sire," rejoined the Teutonic Knight, "wears not the aspect of a nobleman who can endure aught with seemingly patience."

"I shall presently find an occasion," said the King, "to have farther speech with you, Sir Casimir. Ah! by the way," he inquired, with an air of half-carelessness, "you doubtless failed not to recognize the necessity under which we labored to spare the Earl of Douglas?"

"Sire," answered the Teutonic Knight, "I perceive that necessity."

"And now," cried King David, "let us approach yonder amphitheatre; for doubtless this brave young champion"—glancing with a smile

towards Fitz-Allan—"is anxious to receive the meed of praise from the eyes of Beauty?"

While the cavalcade rode towards the great stand, the Earl of Caithness informed Sir Casimir D'Este of the bequeathment made by the Knight of Liddesdale and to which the royal assent had been given. It was however only in a conversational way that the Earl thus made the communication; for little did he suspect the kinship which existed between Sir Casimir and the Fitz-Allans—or little did he imagine that the Teutonic Knight was as well acquainted with the private history of the orphans as was the Earl himself. Nevertheless, the Earl could not help thinking that it was with a strange expression of countenance Sir Casimir received the intelligence, and that there was some degree of coldness in the tone in which he curtly said, "I will presently offer my congratulations to Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan."

Lord Caithness could not possibly conjecture why the Knight spoke with such an air of indifference: but the subject was speedily banished from his mind amidst the scenes of bustle which were to characterize the next few hours of the day.

The cavalcade rode towards the great stand, amidst the flourish of trumpets and the continuous outburst of enthusiastic shouts on the part of the crowd. Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, as the victorious champion, rode forward and bowed his plumed head to the assemblage in the stand. With what pride and admiration did the ambitious Margaret contemplate her chivalrous brother!—with what a fluttering heart, and with what glowing blushes, did the beautiful Albertina bend her sweet blue eyes upon her lover! Were it not for the general excitement that prevailed, these blushes and those looks on the high-born damsel's part would have proved a tell-tale revelation of the secret love her soul cherished. But the eyes of all the ladies present were fixed upon Sir Fleming; and towards him were crowding many of the noblest peers and most gallant knights of Scotland to proffer their congratulations on the glory he had achieved.

Meanwhile Magnus Balveny had hastily mustered his partisans; and he was soon on his way, in a southerly direction, for the Castle of Hermitage. In less than half-an-hour afterwards the Earl of Douglas, dressed in a travelling-suit, and with his right arm in a sling, was proceeding in the same direction, attended by his pages—but at a slower pace than that adopted by Balveny's precursory party.

The crowds began to melt away from the vicinage of the lists; while numerous steeds and palfreys were brought forward by splendidly-dressed grooms and pages; and there was now a general mounting into saddles on the part of the nobles and ladies who were to banquet within the walls of Roslin Castle. From the plain the brilliant cavalcade descended into the glen; the stone bridge was crossed—the gate of Roslin was entered—and up into the court-yard went the long procession. In the meanwhile Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan had learnt from the Earl of Caithness a few hurried details, and from his sister some additional particulars, in reference to the bequeathment made by the perished Knight of Liddesdale: but for the present we must defer any description of the effect produced on our youthful hero's mind by this announcement.

The banqueting-hall in Roslin Castle was arranged with three long tables, laid out in the most splendid manner known to that age and to the existing civilization. After some changes of toilet had been made in the chambers to which the guests were respectively shown, the company proceeded to the spacious hall where the grand festival was to take place. The walls of the immense apartment were hung with suits of armor, martial weapons, the antlers of deer, and other emblems of war and of the chase. Banners, pendant to sloping lances, appeared at short intervals; and the whole array of these spears, from point to point, was a series of festooning flowers. For the instant the tidings of Fitz-Allan's victory had been conveyed to Roslin, the active and intelligent steward Hepburn ordered these floral decorations to be suspended—a cheerful substitute indeed for the sable hangings that would have been brought into requisition if the youthful Knight had fallen! But he had conquered—and all was joy within the walls of Roslin.

According to the court etiquette of that period, the King was accustomed on all such occasions as these to eat apart from the general

company, having with him only the highest dignitaries of his household. Thus his Majesty was now escorted by the Earl of Caithness to the head of the table which stood on the right hand side of the hall; and there David seated himself, with some dozen of his principal retainers. Between the royal party and the huge salt-cellar in the middle of the long table, there was consequently left a considerable interval; but below the salt-cellar the guests thronged at that part of the lengthy board. The Earl of Caithness seated himself at the head of the central table—having on one hand his daughter Albertina and the Earl of Bassentyne, while on the other hand sat Margaret and Fleming. Below, on either side of the table, numerous guests placed themselves—male and female alternating with the usual propriety of courteous arrangement. At the head of the third table Sir Casimir D'Este presided, not only in his capacity of Marshal of the Lists, but also as a guest towards whom the Earl of Caithness sought to display distinguishing honor. The feast itself consisted of all the luxuries which the earth, the air, and the water could furnish—flesh, fowl, and fish in the most liberal profusion. The wine was supplied with a corresponding hospitality; and countless pages in elegant costumes attended upon the company.

Though the Earl of Bassentyne sat next to the Lady Albertina, yet often were his looks flung furtively across the board at the superb Margaret; and she, with her natural keenness of perception, failed not to notice the circumstance, though by her manner she affected to perceive it not. The King likewise flung frequent looks towards the upper extremity of the central table; but whether they were intended particularly to survey Albertina or herself—or whether they were merely cast in an indifferent way for the purpose of seeing how the quiet progressed in that quarter—Margaret did not know.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE ABBOT'S LETTER.

THE banquet which had commenced soon after the hour of noon, terminated at about three o'clock, for the King was compelled to take his departure, he having important affairs which required his presence in the evening at Edinburgh. He said not a syllable to the Earl of Caithness in reference to the bequeathment made by the Knight of Liddesdale; it was one of those matters which David deemed it politic to leave to take its own course, at least for the present. He said a few words apart to the Teutonic Knight—but these it is not necessary to record in this place. He made at leave-taking a last complimentary speech to Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan for the prowess which he had displayed in the morning; and he in graceful language expressed to Albertina and Margaret particularly, and to the ladies generally, his regret at being compelled to separate so soon from such fair company. He forgot not to throw in a word to the effect that this was one of the sacrifices he so often found himself forced to make on behalf of his regal duties toward his beloved Scotland; and before he rode out of the court-yard he distributed coin freely with his own hand amongst the assembled retainers of the Earl of Caithness. In a word, the wily monarch flattered himself that he had this day passed with consummate skill through several positions of difficulty—that he had popularized himself with the masses gathered at the lists—and that he had made a most favorable impression upon all whom he had left behind at Roslin Castle.

The King's departure was the signal for most of the guests to take their leave likewise; and thus by five o'clock in the evening the occupants of the state drawing-room were limited to the Earl of Caithness and his daughter, Fleming and Margaret Fitz-Allan, the Earl of Bassentyne and the Teutonic Knight. Sir Casimir D'Este conceiving that the Earl of Caithness might wish to deliberate with the Fitz-Allans as soon as possible on the subject of the deceased Knight of Liddesdale's bequeathment, invited the Earl of Bassentyne to ramble with him through the pleasure-grounds attached to the castle. The young nobleman complied; and the Earl of Caithness remained in the drawing-room with his daughter and the Fitz-Allans.

Sir Casimir had rightly conjectured that Lord Caithness was desirous of touching on the important topic with the least possible delay, and accordingly, no sooner had the door closed behind the Teutonic Knight and Lord Bassentyne,

than the Earl said, "We have now a grave matter for our deliberation."

"Yes—grave indeed, my noble benefactor!" said Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan; for full well do I comprehend to what your lordship alludes. There are the estates which I may step forward to claim!—but here am I," he added bitterly, "the scion of a proscribed race—compelled to exist under a feigned name—incurring the direst penalties if it were known that my foot rests on Scottish soil—and incompetent as an outlaw to lift up a handful of Scottish dust and call it my own! How, then, shall I dare put forward a claim to those broad lands in Teviotdale and Liddesdale, and to that proud castle on the bank of the river Hermitage?"

"It is indeed a difficult point to be settled," said the Earl of Caithness, his countenance wearing an expression of deep and painful thought. "If you assert not your claim, the world will say that the Earl of Caithness fears to back you against the powerful and mighty Douglas; and this must not be said of me! On the other hand—"

"On the other hand," exclaimed Fleming bitterly, as he took up his benefactor's speech, "if I do claim these broad lands, and if I gain possession of them, the Earl of Douglas would ask, 'Who is this hitherto unknown youth that has deprived me of my heritage?'" and then that question loudly proclaimed by the chief would set all his servile and willing hangers-on at the busy task of making inquiries; and who can tell but that the chapter of accidents might turn up something to furnish a clue and ultimately lead to the elucidation of the secret?"

Margaret sat listening to this conversation with the deepest inward uneasiness; for she dreaded lest the result of the discussion should be the abandonment of her brother's claim to large estates and a baronial castle, the possession of which would enable him to seek, without the impute of presumption, the hand of Lady Albertina Roslin. There was a brief pause in the discourse; and it was broken by Margaret, who inquired in a low but earnest tone, "Does your lordship believe that it is utterly impossible to procure the revocation of that terrible decree of the Black Parliament?"

"It would be cruel as well as useless, my dear young friends," replied the Earl of Caithness, with a sad expression of countenance, "to buoy you up with a hope of whose realization I perceive no earthly chance!"

"Then perish all my claims to the estates and castle bequeathed by the dead Knight!" cried Fleming fervidly. "It is not for myself I speak—because I would dare everything—and I know that my sister likewise would dare everything—"

"Yes, yes," said Margaret, with nervous agitation.

"But it is for your sake, my noble benefactor! my more than father!" continued Fitz-Allan, seizing the Earl's hand, "that these claims shall be abandoned! I would sooner perish than implicate you in whatsoever difficulties or dangers might overtake myself! And in abandoning these claims I will do it in a manner which shall prevent the world from daring to assert the calumny that the Earl of Caithness ventures not to cope with the proud Douglas on my behalf: I will plead that I labor under some vow against the acquirement of riches—or I will assert a feigned reluctance to accept so vast a boon from one who was a stranger—I will do anything sooner than compromise your lordship and the daughter whom you so dearly love!"

"Generous youth!" exclaimed the Earl, embracing Fitz-Allan with as much warmth as if they stood in the relationship of father and son. Albertina had surveyed the young Knight with looks of admiration until her eyes had become dimmed with tears; for her sensitive nature was deeply affected by a generosity of conduct which was even calculated to move dispositions that were callous and worldly-minded. As for Margaret, she bit her lip with vexation; but fortunately for her sake this little display of selfishness passed unnoticed.

"No, my dear boy!" continued the Earl of Caithness; this noble sacrifice shall not be made entirely for my sake! If it be needful to make it all, it shall be only on considerations personal to yourself and Margaret. We will come to no hasty conclusion—we will think over the matter—"

At this instant the door of the apartment opened; and a page entered bearing a letter,

which, as the menial stated, had just been delivered by a messenger who had ridden fleet and fast from Melrose Abbey. The missive was secured with a silken string and a seal; and it was addressed thus:—"To the high and mighty Peer the Earl of Caithness, Baron of Roslin, and Lord of the Orkney Islands—these in haste! Ride, ride, until they be delivered!"

The page withdrew: the Earl opened the letter—and as he glanced at its contents, he ejaculated, "Ah, by my troth! the missive bears relation to the very points we were mooted!"

He then read the document, the contents of which ran as follow:

"Benedictus, by the Divine Grace Abbot and Prior of Melrose, to the Earl of Caithness, Greeting.

"Whereas, through the information brought us by our well beloved the devout and reverend Father Cyrus, a brother of this Priory, we have learnt of certain bequeathments this day made by the whilom Sir William Douglas, Knight of Liddesdale—and whereas in our friendly interest towards the young warrior the good Knight Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, we have certain salutary council to give touching and concerning the said bequeathment—we earnestly pray and enjoin that no step be taken in the enforcement of the claims now established to the estates of the unquihle Knight of Liddesdale, until we have leisure to send further communications, or do that which may seem needful in our eyes. And this shall be done within the space of a few days from the date hereof. We invoke blessings upon the heads of those beneath the roof of the noble Castle of Roslin.

"† BENEDICTUS." "This is strange!" ejaculated the Earl of Caithness; "but perhaps even more important than singular! The Abbot of Melrose is not a man to trifle with matters, nor to meddle in concerns through the midst of which he hath not a clear perception. The aid which he seems to promise will therefore prove most valuable. I will send his reverend lordship a suitable reply, promising him that we will await further communications. Come, Albertina—you shall pen the response for me!"

The Earl of Caithness, though much better educated than most of the Scottish peers of that time, was nevertheless but an indifferent penman; and thus, whenever it was needful to enter into epistolary correspondence, the chaplain or his daughter acted as his secretary. But the chaplain was not now present; and therefore it was of Albertina's services that the nobleman proceeded to avail himself. They retired together to an apartment where there were writing materials: Fleming and Margaret remained alone in the drawing-room.

"Heaven send, my dear brother," said Margaret, the instant the door closed behind the Earl and Albertina, "that you may obtain possession of these estates, and that you be not called upon to make the sacrifice of your claims!"

"Doubtless, my dear sister," replied Fleming, who in his fraternal love was blinded to the selfishness of Margaret's disposition,—"doubtless it were infinitely preferable to succeed than to fail: but we must resign ourselves to the latter alternative if our position continue to be such as to render success impossible."

"Perhaps, Fleming, I could tell you something," said Margaret, "which would more than ever prove to you the necessity of risking almost everything—"

"What do you mean, dearest sister?" exclaimed Fleming. "There is in your words—yes, and likewise in your looks—a degree of meaning—"

"Listen, Fleming!" interrupted Margaret gravely; "listen to something which I have known ever since the morning when those momentous incidents occurred at the inn—but I could not tell you before—No, not for worlds would I have said aught to distress your mind, standing as you were upon the threshold of a deadly combat!"

"For heaven's sake speak, Margaret!" exclaimed Fleming; "you almost frighten me!"

"Nay—there is nothing to be frightened at," responded his sister, a trifle more cheerfully; "for who that aspires to climb to a great height can hope to ascend it as easily as if he were walking on level ground? No!—the bold spirit is prepared before-hand for certain obstacles; and therefore he is not frightened when they present themselves—but he does his best to hurl them down and clear them from his path."

"There is sound sense in your words, Mar-

garet," said Fleming, half puzzled what to think, and yet half suspicious of the channel in which her thoughts were flowing. "But pray be explicit! You are keeping me in suspense!"

"In a word, Fleming," rejoined Margaret, "I would speak to you of Albertina."

"Ah!" ejaculated the youth; for the half suspicion which he had conceived was now confirmed. "You will not tell me that her love has undergone any change—"

"Change? No!" emphatically answered Margaret. "That love of hers has, if possible, been enhanced into worship by the grand deed which you have this day performed, and with which Scotland will soon ring from end to end: But though Albertina loves you, yet her father knows not—"

"True," exclaimed Fleming, pressing his hand to his brow: "and I almost feel as if I had been guilty of a crime in thus loving his daughter in secret, without frankly and boldly avowing it. But it was your advice Margaret—"

"I know it, Fleming," responded his sister; "it was the advice suggested by prudence—and I cannot regret that I gave it. Yet listen!—one word explains all! Know you wherefore the Earl of Bassentyne is here? You are startled—it is nevertheless the truth—to that young nobleman is the hand of Albertina promised by her sire!"

Fleming Fitz-Allan staggered and became very pale: the fond fervid hope which he had more than ever cherished since his gallant achievement of the morning, seemed to be suddenly blighted within him.

"Despair not, my dearest brother!" Margaret hastened to exclaim; "despair not!—for there are many chances in your favor!"

"Ah! say you so?" ejaculated the youth, again clutching wildly at the hope which an instant before appeared to be gliding away from him like the floating spar from the grasp of the shipwrecked mariner.

"Yes—many chances!" repeated Margaret emphatically. "In the first place Albertina loves you: in the second place you have become famous, and already worthy by knightly prowess of aspiring to be an Earl's son-in-law—"

"But does not Lord Bassentyne love Albertina?" inquired Fleming, with feverish anxiety.

A slight flush flitted across Margaret's features; and it was in somewhat altered voice that she said, "No. I am confident he does not."

"Ah! then this is the best chance of success on my part!" exclaimed Fleming. "But—"

"And now therefore, my dear brother," continued Margaret, speaking rapidly, as if to escape from the embarrassment into which she had been temporarily thrown a few instants back when she expressed her conviction that the Earl of Bassentyne did not love Albertina,—"you must perceive the necessity of rendering your position as excellent as possible—you must not lightly sacrifice the broad lands and the stately castle bequeathed you by the perished Knight of Liddesdale—"

"Hush!" suddenly ejaculated Fleming: "footsteps are advancing! Let us be calm."

The Earl and his daughter now returned to the room: the brother and sister at once composed their features; and as the party was shortly afterwards joined by the Teutonic Knight and the Earl of Bassentyne, the conversation turned upon general topics. Throughout the remainder of that evening Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan watched the demeanor of the Earl of Bassentyne towards Albertina; and he thought from this survey he had reason to believe that his sister was right in the assurance she had given him; yet on the other hand he failed to perceive aught which might lead him to imagine that the young nobleman's affections were rapidly flowing in another channel.

It was eleven o'clock at night; and Fleming Fitz-Allan was alone in his chamber. Half an hour had elapsed since he retired thither; and yet not the slightest preparation had he made towards seeking his couch. He was evidently awaiting some one; for while seated in a pensive mood at the table, on which his elbow rested, with his hand supporting his head, he ever and anon listened as if he caught the sound of footsteps in the stone corridor. At length he heard in reality the expected tread which hitherto he had only heard in fancy; the door opened—and a somewhat grim-looking man made his appearance. He was an elderly person, partly dressed in armor; and he had a martial look. His name was Redman; and he was lieutenant of Roslin Castle. In times of peace he had scarcely any

duty to perform: but in periods of trouble he acted as commandant of the garrison. He now carried a bunch of keys in one hand, and a torch (which was not however lighted) in the other.

"Thanks, my good friend!" exclaimed Fleming, hastening towards the lieutenant—"thanks for this punctuality, as well as for the readiness with which you consented to gratify my whim!"

"I am sure, Sir Fleming," answered Redman, who was blunt and good-humored—a practised warrior, but not otherwise particularly bright or lively in his intellect—"every one must be anxious to render you a service: for though you do not actually belong to the family by blood and kinship, yet do we all look upon you as if you were a Roslin; and your deeds shed honor upon the Earl's house. After all, it is no great favor you have demanded."

"Come then, worthy Redman," said Fitz-Allan; "and let us proceed noiselessly. Shall we take the lamp with us?"

"Yes; for we will light the torch at the top of the stone steps in the chapel. The lamp would shed a ray too feeble to throw out the features of the vaults; and it is for this reason I have brought the torch in readiness."

Fleming took the lamp in his hand; he and Redman then threaded the stone corridor—they diverged into another passage—and they reached a high arched door at the extremity. This door was opened by one of the keys on the bunch which Redman carried: they crossed the threshold—and the lieutenant unlocked the door behind them. They were now in the chapel, or oratorio, of the castle. The place was high and spacious: there were two altars, handsomely decorated; the pulpit and the seats were formed of a wood so dark that they seemed as if made of ebony. The moon was dimly shining through the tall narrow windows; but its rays were sufficiently powerful to make the lamp pale into sickliness.

Redman led the way across the chapel, and opened a low narrow door deeply set in a sort of recess. Though from his childhood Fleming had known that this door led into the vaults, yet the thought which now flashed into his mind had never struck him before.

"How is it possible," he asked, "that those deceased scions of the family who were buried in coffins, as well as the vast marble monuments sculptured to their memory, could be borne through this narrow opening?"

"They were not," answered Redman. "This is the private entrance for the priests when descending into the vaults to pray for the souls of the departed, or to light tapers over their resting-places. Is it possible that intimately acquainted as you are with Roslin, you have never known or that you have forgotten?"

"Ah! I remember," said the youth, "that large dark arched entrance in the corridor at the bottom of the flight of steps at the other extremity of the wing—"

"Yes," rejoined Redman, "that is the main entrance into the vaults. But Hepburn the steward keeps the key of that gate—"

"It is a matter of no consequence," observed the young Knight, "by which means of access we reach the vaults."

The Lieutenant now lighted the torch; and leaving the lamp just within the doorway at the head of the stone steps, he began the descent. Fleming followed; and in a few moments they were in the solemn, gloomy, sepulchral subterranean of Roslin Castle.

CHAPTER IV.—THE VAULTS.

THE reader may perhaps have been somewhat surprised at a remark which Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan made to Redman, respecting some of the deceased scions of the Roslin family who were buried in coffins, as if he meant to infer that other members of the same race had been consigned coffinless to those vaults. And such indeed was precisely what our young hero did mean; and in his allusion he was pointing to nothing more nor less than a literal fact.

The subterranean beneath the oratorio was divided into three compartments, separated by massive iron gratings, the bars of which crossed diagonally and were so close together that they formed as it were a veritable network of iron. In the middle of each barrier were two large stone pillars, between which were ponderous doors covered with iron knobs or nails; and there were two pass-keys—one being in possession of the steward Hepburn, the other being attached to the

bunch which was in the keeping of the lieutenant Redman.

In the first compartment to which our young hero and Redman descended, were several monuments, some of stone and others of marble, raised to the memory of different scions of the Roslin family, which was a very ancient one, and whose lineage could be traced back to the earliest periods of Scottish history. Rude and uncouth indeed were the sculptured effigies of warriors in armor and ladies in their robes on which now fell the light of the torch borne in Redman's hand; while in respect to some of the oldest monuments, time had reduced almost to shapeless blocks the marble on which the sculptor's art had been laboriously exercised. A solemn silence prevailed in that subterranean; but there were loop-holes high up, which admitted the fresh air; and thus there was no noxious vapor nor offensive odor. The application of this remark will be better understood, when we inform our readers that in the second compartment of the subterranean eight scions of the Roslin family had been stretched coffinless on as many marble slabs arranged for the purpose. Those eight warriors had there been laid, each clothed in the armor which in his lifetime he had been accustomed to wear. There they had been stretched out on their marble resting-places, just as if they were reposing each upon the couch where he died! A strange spectacle was it which Fleming Fitz-Allan thus contemplated. In his boyhood he had once or twice visited those vaults; but he had not then lingered for any length of time to inspect the relics of humanity which lay stretched in that secluded compartment—for at that boyish age the superstitious feeling was strong, and his young blood had congealed in horror at the thought of being in such close vicinage with the dead. But now it was different. A curiosity of a solemn and manly nature possessed him; and although the object of his present visit to the subterranean was not to inspect either the monuments in the first compartment or the forms of the coffinless warriors in the second, yet did he avail himself of the opportunity to become better acquainted with the subterranean mysteries of Roslin Castle.

It was curious to note the effects of time's progress in that second compartment, by the study of the array of eight forms which lay there, like sculptured effigies, on the marble slabs where they respectively reposed. A century had elapsed since the first of those corpses was deposited there, and some fourteen or fifteen years since the last was stretched on his marble bed beneath the vaulted roof of that subterranean. The others had been laid out there at different intermediate dates. Each had been carefully embalmed, according to a particular secret which was treasured in the family; and thus, as the decay of mortality had gradually taken place, it was unaccompanied by the exhalations of noxious gases—or else whatsoever little exhalation there might have been, and which the aromatic spices used in the embalming process could not absorb, was carried off through the medium of the loopholes already mentioned. But in respect to the ravages of time, we may observe that on pausing to gaze upon the first form which had been stretched out there, Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan beheld an empty helmet, the head having mouldered into dust, which the currents of air had blown away. The coat of mail and whatsoever portions of the attire were not formed of steel or iron had rotted into blackness, or had disappeared altogether. On the second slab some bleached bones might be discerned amongst the articles of panoply and of dress: but the two or three forms which were the latest in finding a resting-place there, were comparatively in a good state of preservation. We should observe that some of the helmets had visors which were closed, and the armor of these particular forms was a complete suit of steel panoply; so that naught within could be discerned. But the aventails of others were raised—or else the casques themselves were visorless; and this being the case with the three last to which we have referred, their countenances were revealed. One was already blackened and disfigured with the effects of time: the next resembled shrivelled parchment; but the last was perfectly preserved in respect to its lineaments, and seemed like a face of wax of whitish sallowness, enframed by the warlike helmet. Against the walls leant the spears which had once been wielded by the hands of those perished ones that lay stretched upon their marble beds, and there were tatters of pennons still hanging to the points of the lances

which had pertained to those whose dates of coffinless consignment to that place were the most recent.

Such was the spectacle which our young hero surveyed, and which in detail he inspected by the light of the torch that Redman carried in his hand. It threw forth a strong lurid glare; and the warlike countenance of the last-mentioned scion of Roslin seemed to smile in its dead ghastliness as the ruddy glow was thrown upon it.

"Tell me, Redman," said Sir Fleming—"think you that there is any faith to be reposed in the legend which is cited to account for the strange fact the evidences of which we have before us?"

"There can be no doubt that the legend is strictly true, Sir Knight," answered the Lieutenant, in a voice of solemnity which seem awefelt and was in itself awe-inspiring. "My grand-sire occupied at the time the post which I now hold; and often and often have I heard from his lips the tale whereof you speak."

Our hero retraced his steps to the first slab, whereon lay the mouldering armor out of which the form it had once encased had vanished in fleeting dust.

"And it was here," he said, "that Lord Randolph of Roslin was laid!—the first whose remains rested coffinless above the ground!—and it was he whose crime entailed the penalties upon himself and upon the scions of his race for two generations!"

"Yes—it was here," said the Lieutenant. "The three slabs immediately following form the resting-places of his three sons; and the four slabs which next ensue in due order, constituted the biers where his grandsons were laid out."

Fitz-Allan stood and gazed upon the first-mentioned slab and the mouldering objects which lay on it, while his mind revolved the details of the legend to which he had been alluding in his discourse with the Lieutenant. The tale was, however, brief, and may be described in a few words. Lord Randolph of Roslin (for the title of Caithness did not then exist) had wooed the Lady Blanche, the daughter of a neighboring chieftain; she had, however, rejected his suit, and in this refusal was supported by her father and her six brothers—for her hand was promised to one whom she loved and who had gained the esteem of her relatives. The bridal of the youthful lovers was to be celebrated, when Lord Randolph, smarting with rage at his disappointment, and fired with passion for the charming and beautiful Blanche, was resolved by a desperate blow to gratify his vengeance and his love at the same time. At the head of his followers he stormed the neighboring chieftain's castle; and there was a terrific fight, in which the father, the six brothers, and the affianced husband of the Lady Blanche were all ruthlessly slain. The hapless maiden was borne off by the savage conqueror to Roslin Castle, where a hurriedly performed ceremony made her his wife. But she never occupied the bridal couch; for within an hour after those forced nuptials she was found dead in her apartment to which she had retired. Some said that she had died of a broken heart—others that she had taken a subtle poison which by some means she had procured. She was interred in the vaults of Roslin: Lord Randolph appeared to mourn her loss for a time—and then he wooed and won another bride. But a gloom had fallen upon his mind—remorse had laid fast hold upon him—and in the prime of life he found his end prematurely approaching. It was rumored by some persons at the time that the spirit of the Lady Blanche had appeared to him, and that from this apparition he had sustained a shock from which recovery was impossible. Other persons, however, who were less prone to superstition than those who believed and propagated this report, averred that Lord Randolph was a prey to a wasting and incurable disease which he had long kept secret. Certain, however, it was that in his forty-second year he found his end approaching; and tortured by all the horrors of remorse, he had recourse to his father confessor for consolation and absolution. He dreaded lest the curse of his own crimes should be visited upon his offspring and should cling to them; and he demanded what might be done to propitiate the spirits of those who had met their death through his stupendous iniquity? The priest, at a loss to answer the question, recommended that a holy hermit who dwelt in Roslin woods should be consulted. The anchorite was accordingly brought to the castle; and having bitterly reproached the dying Lord Randolph for his crimes,

he addressed him in some such strain as the following:

"Forasmuch as thou didst foully murder the father, the six brothers, and the affianced bridegroom of the Lady Blanche, thou and seven of thy scions shall not rest in hallowed graves! The curse shall not depart from the house of Roslin until thou and seven of thy descendants shall have paid the debt of nature and found resting-places above the soil. And this shall be done that a memorial of thy crimes as well as of the atonement made for them may ever exist within thine ancestral castle as a warning to thy posterity. Swear that it shall be so; and on this condition only mayst thou receive absolution!"

The dying Lord Randolph took the oath required of him; and he received absolution. By the most solemn injunctions he bound his sons to consent, for themselves and for their own sons, (when such should be born unto them,) that the stipulation should be fully carried out as the only means of averting a terrible curse from the Roslin family. And the injunctions were obeyed; and thus was it that eight scions of that race slept not in hallowed graves, but were laid above the soil in the subterranean of the old castle,—eight members of that family thus paying absolutionary penalties for the foul murder of the eight relatives, including the bridegroom, of the unfortunate Lady Blanche!

Such was the legend the details of which Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan revolved in his mind as he stood contemplating the slab on which the remains of Lord Randolph had been deposited a century back. He had heard it whispered in his boyhood that the spirit of the Lady Blanche had been seen in the castle; and at that period of his life he had more or less believed in the superstitious rumor; but of late years, when he had thought of it, during his sojourn in France—but still more especially on this evening when he had made up his mind to visit the subterranean for an object which has yet to be explained—he had treated the rumor with the disregard that an enlightened intelligence generally bestows upon such stories. Now however, as he stood in that vault, entombed as it were in its stupendous silence—gazing upon the relics of the eight forms which lay stretched before him—with Redman standing motionless by his side, holding up the torch which threw out all those objects into the fullest relief, but beyond the glare of which utter obscurity prevailed,—Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan felt a certain superstitious awe stealing over him, like something that was creeping with a colder and colder sensation upon his very form itself. He slowly turned his eyes upon the Lieutenant; and he was instantaneously struck by the aspect of this individual's countenance. It plainly and unmistakably denoted the same feeling, only that it was evidently experienced to a much stronger extent.

"Redman," said Fitz-Allan, in a low voice, "you tell me that your grandsire corroborated the truth of the legend in your hearing?"

"Often and often, Sir Knight!" replied the Lieutenant, whose voice struck our hero as having a glooming and sepulchral sound.

"And what belief did that grandsire of yours entertain," proceeded Fleming "in respect to Lord Randolph's death?"

The Lieutenant did not immediately answer; but he looked at Fitz-Allan with a sombre significance of countenance; and at length he said in a low deep tone, "My grandsire had every reason to believe that the spirit of the unfortunate Lady Blanche appeared to the destroyer of her happiness; for the old man assured me that he himself had more than once seen the same apparition."

"And you believe that your grandsire spoke truly?" asked Fitz-Allan, with the creeping sensation of superstitious awe coming still colder and colder over him.

"I know that my grandsire," answered Redman, positively, "was incapable of deception. But I will tell you more, Sir Knight! My father himself—he too is gone, poor man, to his account!—assured me that he had seen the same white beautiful shape—and this also I believe."

"But in this case, Redman," said our hero, struggling hard to reason himself out of the superstitious ideas and even apprehensions which he felt to be gaining upon him—"in this case how happened it that you so willingly accompanied me to these vaults to-night?"

"Oh, Sir Fleming! that is easily explained," answered the Lieutenant. "In the first place, as I said just now up in your own chamber, I

am only too anxious to render you a service; and when you asked me to suffer you, unknown to any one, to descend this night into the vaults, I cheerfully gave my assent. Besides, the Lady Blanche was virtuous as she was beautiful; and her spirit cannot be an evil one. If it make its appearance, it must be for some wise or good purpose, though perhaps it may not be understood at the time. Look you, Sir Fleming! I have no misdeeds upon my conscience—I have faithfully served the family whose bread I eat—I have wronged no man—and if I have shed blood it has been in fair fight where my own has likewise been spilt. I confess regularly to the priest—I tell my beads—I know my *ares* and *credos* by heart; and is it likely, therefore, that a spirit would come from the grave to do me an injury? Nevertheless, I frankly avow that if I fancied a midnight ramble, it would not be precisely to these vaults that I should by choice direct my steps. And you, Sir Fleming, can, I am sure, lay your hand upon your heart and speak with equal certitude of the clearness of your own conscience!"

"The blessed Saints be thanked, this can I do!" said Fitz-Allan, in a fervent tone.

"Amen!"—the word seemed to be faintly breathed, yet in a feminine voice of silvery clearness, throughout the subterranean: it floated as if it were an angel tone that had given utterance to it—soft, liquid, musical, and yet with a solemn fervor in it.

Redman started, and for a moment seemed as if he were about to drop the torch; but shifting it to his left hand, he made the sign of the cross with the right. Fitz-Allan remained motionless: he was rivetted to the spot—and yet it was not actual terror that thus paralyzed him; it was a species of holy amazement, mingled with a beatific feeling such as one might experience when smitten with the conviction that the voice of some good angel had spoke cheerily and encouragingly from the sphere of its own invisibility. There was a long pause: all remained in utter silence; and at length Fitz-Allan said, in a low, tremulous tone, "You heard something, Redman? What was it that you thus heard?"

"As I have a soul to be saved," replied the Lieutenant, "I heard a sweet voice murmur *Amen*!"

Sir Fleming was now convinced that it was no delusion on his own part; and the incident had all in a moment banished from his mind his former scepticism in reference to the tale of the occasional appearance of the spirit of the Lady Blanche. Yet still he was not frightened; and his sensation was such that he could confidently say within himself, "If the vision should appear to me, I will assuredly question her, and ask why she comes!"

"Let us proceed, Sir Fleming," faltered forth Redman,—"unless indeed you now wish to retrace your steps—which perhaps—"

"No!" answered the youth firmly; "I will proceed, good Redman; and all things considered, I would rather continue my way alone. Do you retire to the summit of the staircase where we have left the lamp—or into the oratorio!"

"And then," interrupted Redman bluntly, "you will think within yourself that the Lieutenant of Roslin Castle is a coward, and that in a dastard manner he abandoned you at a moment when his companionship was most needed!"

"By all the Saints, Redman—and by that spirit which may be hovering around us—as well as by the shades of the departed amidst whose memorials we now stand, I swear to you," cried the youth solemnly, "that I shall entertain no such thought,—for it is easy to separate the idea of the courage which one shows in the ranks of danger, from that mental power which is requisite for such moments as this. In a word, Redman, I would rather be alone."

"Tis well, Sir Fleming," rejoined the Lieutenant: "But I cannot thus leave you. What if you were to behold something, and you were to proclaim it to-morrow to the Earl, to your sister, or your friends,—would it not then transpire that I, Redman the Lieutenant, dastardly abandoned you—"

"I swear, my worthy friend," interrupted the youth, "that the seal of silence shall remain upon my lips in respect to my visit to these vaults to-night. Whatever I may see or hear—and I assuredly anticipate the occurrence of nothing more to startle or amaze me—but if in this idea I be deceived, I tell you, Redman, that whatever I may see or hear shall be confined within my own breast. And now, my friend, leave me! Give me the torch—I will light you

to the staircase—and you can await me in the oratorio."

"Since such is your will, Sir Fleming, it shall be obeyed," answered Redman.

It was however still with an air of reluctance and hesitation, as if the sturdy warrior was ashamed of himself for thus yielding to the youth's entreaty, that he surrendered up the torch together with the pass-key for the gates of the iron barriers. Fleming lighted him as far as the ascent of stone steps; and he then slowly retraced his way through the compartment containing the monuments, into that where the coffinless forms were stretched. Here he lingered not; but unlocking the gate of the inner barrier, he passed into the third compartment. This, like the first mentioned, contained tombs; but it was devoted to the sepulture of persons unconnected with the Roslin family and who might happen to die in the Castle. At the extremity were the great doors which constituted the main entrance into the subterranean, and the keys of which, as already stated, were kept by the steward Hepburn. It must not, however, from these remarks be inferred that every death which took place in the Castle was followed by an interment in the vaults of the edifice. This honor was only reserved for friends of the family or for individuals of distinction whom death might happen to overtake during a sojourn at the fortalice. For the inferior persons of the household there was a cemetery, with a chapel attached to it, on the slope of an adjacent hill beyond the glen.

Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan opened the gate of the last barrier, and entered the third compartment of the subterranean. It was there that his father was buried. When a boy he had knelt by the tomb; but now that he was touching upon manhood, and after a seven years' absence from Scotland, he deemed it a pious duty to revisit that sacred spot. As the reader is aware, it was only very recently that the youth had learnt who his father really was; and this was another reason why he came to weep and pray over the remains of that parent who had experienced such sorrows and misfortunes. The youth was deeply imbued with a sense of religion—and indeed most persons were in the age of which we are writing, when sceptical propagandism was almost utterly unknown: and in addition to the motives at which we have already glanced, Fitz-Allan had sought this as the first convenient opportunity of offering up his prayers to heaven for his safe deliverance from the combat's danger and for the triumph he had experienced in the morning. Where could he better do this than by the tomb of his deceased father?—that tomb to which his own filial piety apart from all other causes would have led his steps on his return after a long absence from his native Scotland!

That softly-whispered word "*Amen*" seemed to be still vibrating like a gentle zephyr-breath in his ear, as he approached the stone monument which the friendly kindness of the Earl of Caithness had caused to be placed over his father's remains. The youth fixed the torch in one of the openings of the iron barrier, so that his hands might be free to clasp in the fervor of devotion; and he knelt down by the side of the tomb. All was silent in reality: it was a stupendous silence too, which reigned in that subterranean—though, to the young knight's fancy, the angel voice, as he had deemed it to be, was still whispering the sanctifying word in his ear. He commenced his prayer: it was in silence that he prayed—it was not with the lips audibly, but with the heart inwardly. Thus several minutes elapsed—when it suddenly struck him that he heard the sound of a footstep somewhere behind, apparently in the middle compartment, which was that where the eight forms rested on their marble slabs. The youth listened—but all was still: he thought that it must have been his fancy, and he resumed his prayer. Two or three more minutes elapsed; and then all in an instant the torch fell from the place where he had placed it. It was immediately extinguished; and utter darkness succeeded.

Fitz-Allan sprang up to his feet; and now it was a real superstitious terror—an awful dread that seized upon him; for the idea smote him that it was scarcely possible for the occurrence to be accidental: he knew that he had so well fixed the handle of the torch in the iron-work it could not have fallen unless by some agency, either human or preternatural. And situated as he then was—in that subterranean place of tombs—with the unburied dead in close vicinage—with the conviction likewise that he had al-

ready received a sign of some supernatural presence—it is not to be wondered at if Fitz-Allan, heroic and strong-minded though he were, should have been seized with a mortal dread.

He had started up to his feet, as we have already stated: but he was transfixed to the spot, and his very breathing was suspended with terror. Just as he was beginning to recover himself—just as he was inwardly saying, "It was an accident!"—and just as he was experiencing a sense of shame at the fright to which he had yielded, a new cause of wonderment and excitement began to develop itself. A glimmering appeared at the farther extremity of the compartment where he was: it seemed to be in the immediate neighborhood of the principal doors. At first it was only a faint feeble glimmer: but it gradually expanded—and as it thus grew brighter, it revealed the snowy-white dress of a female form that seemed to be emerging unaccountably from the depths of the darkness, as the light itself was doing. Fitz-Allan looked on with that species of bewildering wonderment which rivets the feet to the ground, and which concentrates the attention upon the object, leaving the individual in uncertainty whether it be a reality or a dream. Gradually as the figure developed itself, it took the shape of a lady clothed in white, and with a white veil thrown over her head—the folds of this veil being so thick as to neutralise the transparency of the texture, and to prevent the countenance from being seen through. Fitz-Allan's terror yielded by degrees to that species of solemn rapture which had possessed him when the word "Amen" had whisperingly and vibrantly reached his ear; and remembering the resolve which he had made but a short time back, he said, "I adjure thee, whosoever thou art, to speak! Why appearest thou before me?"

The form—whatever it were, whether of this world or of another—made a motion with its hand as if to command the youth to remain where he was: and then in a low, soft, musical voice—the same voice which had ere now breathed the sanctifying word—she proceeded to half-chant, half-recite the following lines:

"Knight of St. Michael's cross of gold,
Knight of St. Andrew's Order bold,
Beneath whose spear in tourney rolled
The Paladin of France!
Hero, without ancestral name!
Despite a heritage of shame,
Dost thou create thine own fair fame
With falchion and with lance!"

Young warrior! who in grand career
So bravely bore the quivering spear,
And met with heart that knew not fear
The Douglas in his rage!
Be thou the chief on Liddell's side,
Of Teviot's chivalry the pride,
Ranger of Eskdale's forests wide,
And Lord of Hermitage!"

"Assert thy right and brook not wrong,
Be ever in thy purpose strong,
And avert not as thou spead'st along
In this career of thine:
Then brighter yet, O youth! shall be
The day-star of thy destiny;
And Roslin's virgin rose for thee
Shall with thy laurels twine!"

With breathless attention our young hero listened; not a single syllable did he lose; and indeed it was scarcely possible to do so, for the voice, though low, was of silvery clearness. Each line as it was given forth with a flow of most exquisite melody, became imprinted on his mind and impressed on his recollection, as if he had known them all before and had learnt them by heart. When the poem—whether adjuring or prophetic, or both, the bewildered and raptured youth scarcely knew how at the moment to decide—was finished, there was a pause; and then, as he was about to address some question to the form before him, and from which he was about twenty paces distant, another singular scene took place. For one leaf of the folding-doors opened—a light shining without, commingled itself with the mysterious one that was shining within—and a tall form, which at once struck Fitz-Allan to be that of Sir Casimir D'Este, appeared upon the threshold. What followed was the work of an instant. The white-clad lady approached Sir Casimir—laid her hand upon his arm—or at least appeared to do so; and then the entire scene vanished from our hero's view. The light disappeared—and utter darkness again prevailed in the subterranean.

In the midst of that darkness stood Sir Fleming, bewildered and astounded, but not afraid. That he had seen a vision—that the Lady Blanche had appeared to him—he entertained not the slightest doubt. The lines she had recited were

indelibly imprinted on his memory; and it seemed as if he could embrace their full meaning at a glance. Wealth, honors, and the hand of Albertina, were promised him as the reward of a constant and persevering pursuance of the career on which he had entered. All this was intelligent enough; but what meant the sudden appearance of that other form?—was it really the Teutonic Knight? or was it a spectral shape? If the latter, what was the significance of its appearance?—but if it were really Sir Casimir D'Este, why did he speak not? what had the white-clad lady to do with him? and why did he disappear at the same time? Fitz-Allan was bewildered: and when all these rapid reflections had swept through his mind, he again sank down by the side of his father's tomb: and in the utter darkness he again prayed fervently.

All continued still—no new vision appeared to him; and he rose to depart. Happening to kick his foot against the extinguished torch, he picked it up, and groped his way to the gate of the nearest barrier. This he closed and locked; but it was now with a still greater degree of carefulness that he had to make his pathway amidst the marble resting-places of the eight defunct scions of the lordly house of Roslin. He however succeeded;—and we should observe that there was no longer the slightest terror in his mind. Superstitious awe there was commingled with a beatific rapture on account of what he had seen, and a thrilling hopefulness in consequence of what he had heard. He closed the gate of the other barrier; and now he was guided by the glimmering light of the lamp which stood on the summit of the ascent of stone steps. The door at the top stood open, and on reaching the oratorio, Sir Fleming found the Lieutenant kneeling in front of one of the altars.

"Ah! you have come at last?" said Redman, rising up as the young Knight approached him. "May I hope that all has passed well?"

"Yes—all has passed well," responded our hero. "Come, my worthy friend! let us go hence and separate to our respective chambers; for I am afraid that I have already kept you too long from your couch."

"Make no apologies, Sir Fleming," rejoined the Lieutenant; "and believe me that I am at all times delighted to serve you."

The youth expressed his gratitude for this assurance; they quitted the oratorio together; and having bidden each other "Good night," they sought each his own apartment, Fitz-Allan to ponder all the wondrous things that within the last hour had occurred.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

So solemnly had Fleming Fitz-Allan sworn to the Lieutenant Redman that he would keep secret their visit to the subterranean, that he felt he could not in honor and truthfulness make an exception even in favor of his sister. But there was one point which he was most anxious to ascertain; and this was, to clear up the mystery that appeared to attach itself to the appearance of the form of Sir Casimir D'Este in the vault at the moment when the last tones of the voice of silver melody were still softly vibrating in his ear. On that point the youth knew not what to think. The impression was strong in his mind that he had seen one leaf of the folding-doors open and that the Knight had entered as any other human being might have done; whereas the apparition of the white-clad lady had revealed itself in an altogether different manner. Sir Fleming naturally argued within himself that if the form which he had mistaken for that of the Teutonic Knight was verily a phantom shape of the same aerial nature as he believed the white-clad lady to have been, that form would not have needed the human process of opening a door, but would have emerged from the midst of the thin air itself. Yet on the other hand, if it were indeed Sir Casimir—and if he had burst suddenly and unconsciously upon the wild and wondrous scene that was taking place—how was it that no ejaculation of surprise had issued from his lips on beholding that radiant spectacle? Still it was quite probable that Sir Casimir's lips might have been sealed by amazement, if not by consternation: or a preternatural spell might have been placed upon them. There was yet another hypothesis which suggested itself to the youth's mind. A vision from the other world might be only apparent to the view of the special individual for whom it was intended; and thus the Teutonic Knight, if he

it really were in substantial flesh and blood, might after all have seen naught of the radiant spectacle; the ethereal figure might have approached him without the slightest suspicion of her presence—and when her hand was laid upon his arm, the touch might have been by him unfelt. If he had brought a light with him, as Fleming believed must have been the case, its sudden extinction by a current of wind at the very moment when the preternatural halo itself vanished, would sufficiently account for the abrupt supervening of total darkness.

As a matter of course the intelligent mind of Fleming Fitz-Allan endeavored to account by natural means for as much as possible of the night's wondrous spectacle; but that some portion of it must be looked upon as preternatural, he had no doubt. The vision was one thing—the appearance of the form which he had believed to be that of Sir Casimir, might be altogether another: the former occurrence admitted of no farther inquiry or investigation—but it was different with the latter, and he resolved that he would lose no time in the morning in satisfying himself upon this second point.

He lay upon his couch revolving all these things in his mind, and repeating over and over again the verses which had floated so melodiously upon his ear. The signification of the various salient points of the mystical rhythm was unmistakable; and line by line did he scan the poem with all the solemn fervor of one who felt that the accomplishment of a particular destiny depended entirely on himself. He was a Knight of the French order of St. Michael, and in the lists the King had bidden him consider himself a member of St. Andrew's Order likewise. At the tournament at Versailles Sir Gilles De Vericourt, one of the noblest paladins of France, had been unhorsed and vanquished by his spear. A hero the world already considered him, while the name of Fitz-Allan which he bore was not his own, and his ancestral name was lost to him, perhaps for ever. Thus circumstanced, and in consequence of the decrees of the Black Parliament fulminated against his family, his was indeed a heritage of shame: but was he not creating for himself a renown entirely his own, by his good sword and his lance? He had conquered the Douglas in fair fight; and the estates of the deceased Sir William Douglas on the banks of the rivers Liddell and Hermitage, in Teviotdale, and in Eskdale, were apparently within his grasp. Was he, in obedience to the injunctive words of the vision, to stretch out his hand, despite all considerations, and take possession of the deceased warrior's bequeathments?—did it not seem as if the crowning hopes of his destiny depended upon thus acting? If he asserted his right and claimed those estates, and if he brooked not the wrong which would dispossess him—if he proved strenuous in his purpose thus to aggrandize himself,—then, and then only, might he aspire to the hand of Albertina!—then, and then only, in the figurative language of the poem, would the virgin rose of Roslin be twined with the laurels gained by his own heroism!

These were the readings of the prophetic lines; and while in one sense they inspired the rapture of hope, yet in another sense they bewildered the youth's mind as to the mode in which it was all to be accomplished. At length he said to himself, "It is vain and useless for me to perplex myself with conjectures! If it be heaven's purpose to smile upon me, the same supernal power which thus sent the vision for my encouragement, will by its own inscrutable means develop the circumstances requisite for the realization of everything. It therefore remains for me to seize upon those circumstances—to be daunted by no dangers—but amidst all perplexities to keep the one point steadily in view, at the same time resolutely pursuing my pathway towards it!"

Sleep stole upon Sir Fleming's eyes in the midst of his reflections; and it was a balmy slumber in which he became wrapped. When he awoke in the morning, he experienced a lightness of heart, an elasticity of mind, a strength of purpose, and a confidence in himself which produced influences acting as it were upon his physical nature. His countenance was animated—there was a manly decision in his look; and without conceit, vanity, or pride, his whole bearing seemed to have experienced a transition from the fiery reckless impetuosity of youth to the more sedate and calm determination of manhood. Morally, he was likewise changed—or rather, he should say, improved. He felt that in a few hours he had grown wiser as if by the expe-

riences of several years; and there was something within him which seemed to make him aware that the recklessness of youthful impulses had given place to a more manly sagacity.

Having accomplished his toilet, Sir Fleming descended from his apartment; and in the passage leading to the room where the morning meal was to be served up, he found Sir Casimir D'Este contemplating with a warrior's admiration an admirably wrought suit of armor which stood upon a pedestal. Warm were the greetings betwixt the elder Knight and the younger one; and after the interchange of the usual morning compliments, Fleming said:

"Then it appears that you slept well, Sir Casimir, and that you enjoyed an unbroken slumber?"

"Yes, my young friend," responded the Teutonic Knight: "from the instant that my head touched the pillow until an hour ago, did sleep seal mine eyes. It is my habit to slumber well and soundly when opportunity serves: for who can tell in this troubled world how soon stirring adventures may transpire to produce nights of activity instead of slumber?"

"True, Sir Casimir," said Fitz-Allan, who had been gazing steadily upon the Teutonic Knight's countenance, which continued perfectly calm. "Yet methought that I heard some one stirring just before midnight in the neighborhood of your chamber—"

"Indeed?" said the Knight carelessly. "It assuredly was not myself whom you heard; for long before midnight sleep had overtaken me—and as I have already told you, it was interrupted not."

Sir Fleming was now convinced that it was not Sir Casimir D'Este, in the actual flesh and blood, whom he had seen in the subterranean, and that therefore the apparition of that form must have been as much a vision as that of the white-clad lady herself. Yet the impression was strong on his mind that the form wore the similitude of the Teutonic Knight; and therefore he was smitten with the idea that the destiny of this warrior was in some mysterious and inscrutable manner connected with his own. How this might be he could not conceive: but he felt that preternatural circumstances were interweaving themselves with his own fortunes—he resolved to abstain from bewildering himself with conjectures—but to abandon as it were the bark of his career to the unseen tide which was floating it onward and to the invisible winds which were fanning its sails.

After breakfast he found himself for a few minutes alone with his sister Margaret.

"Our conversation, my dear brother," she said, "was yesterday evening interrupted by the sudden return of the Earl and Albertina to the drawing-room. Doubtless you have since reflected on all that had passed between us!"

"I have reflected, Margaret,—profoundly reflected!" answered the young Knight. "I see that there is a crisis in one's fortunes which, according to the decision that is taken, may influence the whole of one's after-career!"

"True, my dear brother!—true!" said Margaret energetically. "And what is your decision?—for you are now experiencing such a crisis as that whereof you speak?"

"If it be possible, Margaret—if circumstances can by any probability so combine themselves that in honor to myself, in safety for you, and without hazard to the security of our noble benefactor who has been to us as a father—if in such a way, my dear sister, I may claim and take possession of the broad lands and the proud castle bequeathed to me by the Knight of Liddesdale, I assuredly shall not reject the recompense which the deceased warrior intended me to earn as the champion of his cause."

It was with the light of a firm decision in the large clear dark eyes, and with a kindred glow upon the handsome countenance, that the young Fitz-Allan thus spoke. Margaret gazed upon him with an enthusiastic admiration; her nobly handsome form literally quivered with delight, and her voice vibrated with joy, as she threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming, "Well done, my brave and gallant brother! Now thou art worthy of thyself!—worthy of the lofty renown which you have already won! But tell me—how do you mean to proceed?"

"We will first await the promised communications from Melrose," responded the youth. "If they be suggestive of some course favorable to my views, we may trust to the Abbot's wisdom and we will adopt them. If otherwise, it will then be needful that we hold

fresh counsel with the Earl of Caithness, and my proceedings shall be regulated accordingly."

A little more conversation passed between the brother and sister; and then their discourse was interrupted by the entrance of the Teutonic Knight, who came to bid them a temporary farewell—for he was about to leave Roslin Castle and proceed to Edinburgh. He however intimated that his sojourn in the capital would not be protracted to any lengthy period, and that when the business that took him thither should be completed, it was his intention of again availing himself of the hospitalities of Roslin. It was with the utmost kindness that he took his leave of the brother and sister, who little suspected that it was their own uncle that thus displayed so much affectionate interest on their behalf. They descended into the court-yard to witness the Knight's departure; the Earl of Caithness and Bassentyne, as well as the Lady Albertina, were already there; and Sir Casimir D'Este bade them all farewell with the assurance that he should esteem the interval a long one until he could rejoin them within the same hospitable walls.

Upwards of a fortnight now passed away; and in the meanwhile a second communication was received from the Abbot of Melrose, desiring that patience might still be exercised in reference to the subject of his former letter, as certain delays had arisen which prevented the holy father from entering into particulars so speedily as he had at first hoped and intended. Sir Fleming was constrained by prudence to submit to this procrastination; and Margaret uttered not a syllable indicative of impatience.

But during this lapse of something more than a fortnight, the young Earl of Bassentyne had more than once been led to look into the depths of his own heart, and question himself relative to the true nature of the feelings which had found a place there. He could not disguise from himself that while he entertained a brotherly interest on behalf of Albertina, yet that it was Margaret who had inspired him with a sentiment of love. Be it borne in mind that this was no acquaintance simply of the three weeks which had dated since the young Earl's arrival at the castle; but in his boyhood he had known them and he had been their frequent playmate. Looking back to those times, he recalled a thousand little incidents which proved to him that even then he had given the preference to Margaret, and now he found that this preference was perpetuated and that it had expanded into love. When he thus comprehended the channel into which his affections were flowing, he resolved, as an honorable young man, to act with that promptitude and decision which circumstances seemed to demand: he could no longer allow the Earl of Caithness to suppose that he was the willing suitor for the hand of Albertina. It had moreover struck him that Albertina and Fleming secretly loved each other, and he was rejoiced at the idea, as if it should prove the case, he felt that it would materially alleviate the difficulties of his own position. Were it not for the sort of engagement which subsisted between himself and the Earl of Caithness that he should espouse the Lady Albertina, he would not have precipitated matters nor have sought an opportunity of declaring himself to Margaret; he would have paid his addresses to the latter for a longer period, and would have extended his suit to an interval that was more becoming and proper ere he declared it. But he felt that in existing circumstances explanations could not be too speedily entered upon.

But in the meanwhile he had not openly shown any marked preference for Margaret Fitz-Allan. He had continued so to divide his attentions between the two ladies, that they assumed the aspect of the proper courtesies bestowed by a guest, with nothing pointed nor conspicuous in them. Yet with the instinct of a loving heart, he felt convinced that he was not an object of indifference to Margaret. Occasionally, on bending a furtive look upon her, he had unexpectedly encountered her gaze; and there was a tell-tale significance in the manner in which her dark eyes were instantaneously cast down and in the blush which mantled upon her cheeks. When he took her hand on greeting her in the morning or on bidding her "good night" when the hour for retiring came—or when he assisted her to mount her palfrey for riding or hawking excursions—he felt that hand tremble in his own, and a secret sympathy made him aware that the thrill which the contact sent to his own heart was reci-

procally felt. In a word, the thousand little indications of love which are perceptible to those who thus love, but which pass unnoticed by others who are present, had inspired Roland with the hope and the belief that his suit would not be unacceptable to the superb and handsome Margaret.

The Earl of Caithness entertained not the slightest suspicion of the different channels in which flowed the affections of the young people. That the Earl of Bassentyne paid no marked attentions to Albertina, scarcely struck him, and assuredly did not trouble him; for if he thought of it at all, he attributed it to diffidence on Roland's part, or else on the other hand to a manly abstention from what might seem to be the sentimentality of a boy-lover. Indeed, that the Earl of Caithness should entertain this latter notion, was perhaps the more natural, inasmuch as Roland was five-and-twenty years of age, and had therefore arrived at years of complete discretion—that period of life when a manly sedateness begins to subdue the impetuosity of youth. While thus speaking of Roland, we may remind the reader that he has already been hastily glanced at as a fine, tall, handsome, dark-haired young man. We may now add that he had well formed features, an intelligent countenance, and a noble frankness in his looks. Contrary to the usual custom of the age, he wore no beard; but a moustache relieved his face from an air of youthfulness and effeminacy. His manners were polished; his bearing, without affectation, was that of a courtly noble. In a word, possessed of a handsome person, a proud title, vast riches, and immense estates, he was in every way calculated to win the regards of such a mind as Margaret's, which was impassioned in its feelings and which cherished the loftiest ambition.

Returning to the immediate thread of our narrative, we must proceed to state that the Earl of Bassentyne, in pursuance of the considerations already specified, determined to take an opportunity of declaring his love to Margaret Fitz-Allan. When once a lover thus makes up his mind, the opportunity which is sought fails not to present itself speedily. So it was in the present instance. The Earl of Caithness was one forenoon occupied in directing some repairs to be made on the bridge across the glen—Fleming and Albertina were walking together in the pleasure-grounds attached to the Castle—but Margaret had remained in the usual sitting-apartment. Was it that she herself felt anxious to bring matters to a crisis with Roland of Bassentyne?—was it that she, with the instinct of woman, penetrated his desire to obtain an opportunity of declaring his passion? And was she now seeking to furnish it? It might be so: for she was calculating and astute, worldly-minded and selfish, although her true disposition was concealed beneath the elegancies of manner, the graces of bearing, and the general art of dissimulation which with her was natural.

The young Earl, having first sought Margaret in the pleasure-ground, and on hearing from her brother Fleming that she was indoors, hastened with beating heart to the room where he hoped to find her; and there she was, apparently occupied with some embroidery, and looking as if she little anticipated any interruption at the moment. But when the door opened and Roland entered the room, the warm blood mantled to her cheeks—her dark eyes, after flashing their light upon him, were instantaneously bent down; and never in his estimation had she seemed more handsome or more worthy of becoming his Countess than at that instant!

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.—Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws; they interpret and try to enforce them.

INTEGRITY is the first moral virtue; benevolence the second, and prudence is the third.

ERROR does not so often arise from ignorance of truth as unwillingness to receive it.

DEBT is that which the more it is contracted, the larger it becomes.

He that does nothing renders himself incapable of doing anything.

He that waits for good luck to come to him, is destined to die in poverty.

A fool generally loses his estate before he finds his folly.

A QUIET mind, like other blessings, is more easily lost than gained.

The Commercial Capital of Canada.

THE commercial capital of this great country is Montreal—a creation, it may be said, of yesterday; for it is not many years since the whole territory around its locality was a wilderness of forests and wild beasts. But man can accomplish almost anything. Emigrants founded Upper Canada, built Montreal, and, from its advantageous position on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence, it has grown into its present importance. Montreal is an island in the river St. Lawrence, of considerable fertility. The city is on the south of the island. It is divided into the upper and lower town, in the former of which the principal merchants reside. The lower is of not less importance, because it is there the principal traffic on this part of the St. Lawrence is carried on, and scarcely anything can be more picturesque than the passage of vessels and boats, and immense rafts of timber, floated down from the vast regions behind Montreal.

The institutions of this already populous city are numerous, and admirably conducted. There is a museum, several educational establishments on a large scale, numerous private schools, and altogether a well organized system of instruction, although each particular religious sect has a discipline in conformity with its peculiar views.

Amusements are not neglected, for the theatres are handsome structures; and as to the performances, the custom of the mother country is followed. Shakespeare is allowed. The churches of Montreal are numerous. The Roman Catholics have a fine cathedral with a towering spire, and other religious denominations have equally attractive and suitable edifices of Divine worship.

The population of Montreal, as may be readily imagined, is of a very miscellaneous description. It is composed of English, Irish, Scotch, Welch, French, Germans, and contributions from the United States, and of not a few of those sable sons of Africa whose ultimate destiny seems to our present apprehension an inscrutable mystery.

Her constitution is a free one, and as the age of colonization has gone, the presence of a British governor may only be considered as a kind of link between the mother country, and a protection to its youthful and loyal offspring. The time will come when the connection will be dissolved, for the people of England, if their voices were canvassed, would decide to be relieved of the expense of protectorates, for trade has become an established principle, and it is the most enterprising and industrious nations that will succeed

in the great ultimate struggle for supremacy as regards commerce. As to morals, intellect and religion, they may be safely left to their own developments and vigorous constitutions. Until within a few years past, the whole of her coast by Lake Superior and the country lying adjacent was either wholly unknown, or regarded as a bleak and barren wild, presenting no inducements to the settler. Even now the knowledge of the natural features and capabilities of that portion of British territory lying within the northern shores of Lakes Huron and Superior is confined to but a small number of hardy adventurers, who have been attracted to its coasts by the reports of mineral wealth said to exist there. A mistaken opinion seems to prevail that the country, however it may abound in mineral resources, is not adapted to agricultural pursuits. But in many places the heavy and luxuriant growth of vegetation sufficiently attests the fertility of the soil; the various grasses, oats, barley, and all the esculent roots, grow with rapidity, and attain an excellence not inferior to similar productions in regions reputed to be much more favorable to agriculture. There can be but little doubt that when the application of industry and skill shall develop the latest virtues of the soil, portions of this region will prove to be as desirable for agricultural settlement, as many of those points which have more largely attracted the tide of immigration from the old world.

It is not alone to agriculturists, however, that this north shore of the great lakes offers inducements. The timber is, in some places, not quite so large as that to be found further to the south; yet great forests are not wanting, and it is evident that the demand for timber in the eastern cities and on the prairies will compel the lumberman to seek food for his ax wherever it is to be found. The fisheries, too, along the shore, are as valuable as any in the world. They are resorted to by Americans in large numbers, and must ultimately prove a source of great wealth to the country.

A Wicked Hindoo.

THE religion of Brahma obliges the Hindoos of both sexes to make their ablutions in the Ganges or some other sacred river, several times a day. The women are accustomed to meet in large numbers at particular places: these spots are surrounded by bamboo thickets interlaced, and with linen screens. With these precautions, they are not only sheltered from the gaze of man, but likewise

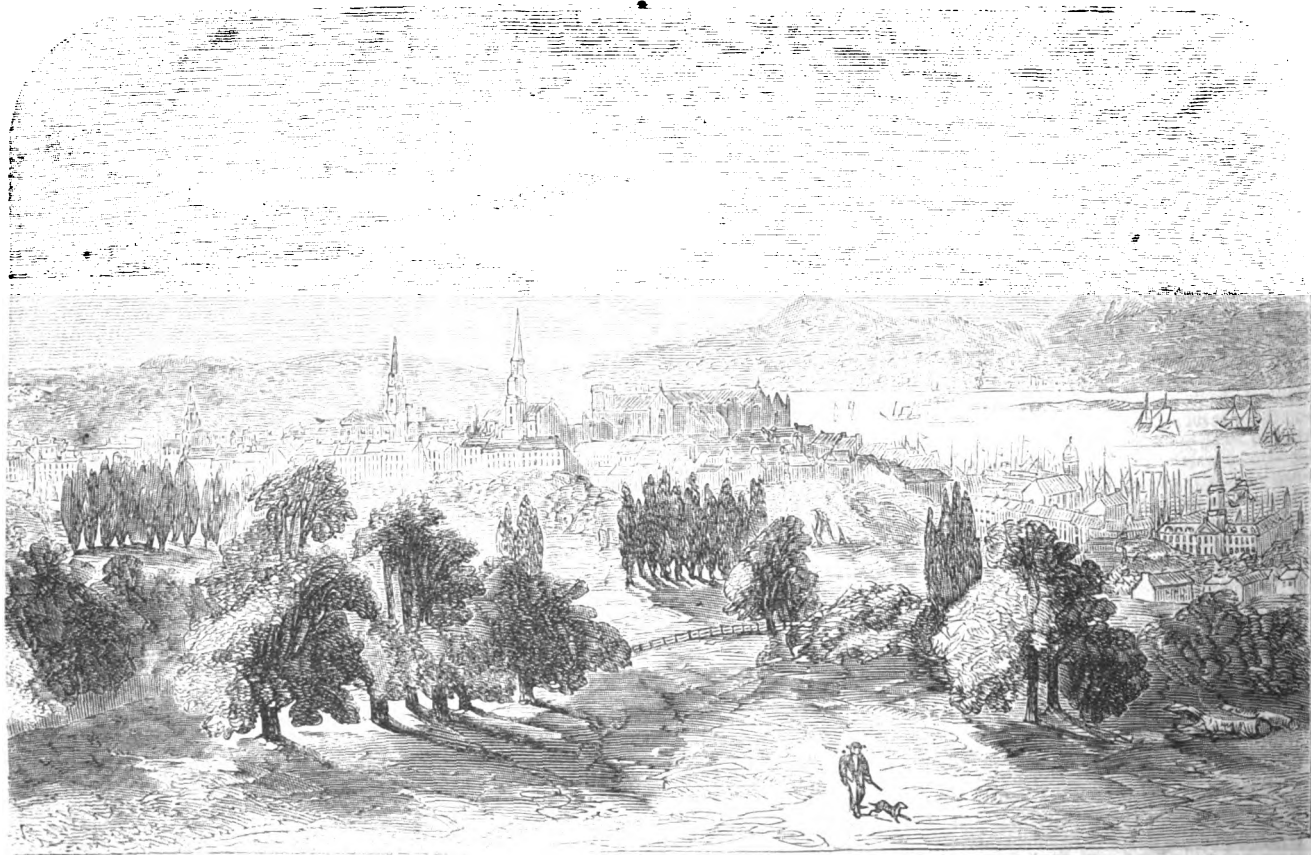
from every possible accident or surprise from the dangerous swell of the water.

Some years ago, the authorities of Benares, had suddenly brought to their notice the disappearance of several women drowned at the public bathing places; from that time, daily, for seven years, four or five disappeared from the midst of their companions, dragged away by a violent and apparently irresistible force. A thousand efforts to discover the cause, and a thousand suppositions were made, but ended in nothing. Some averred that a crocodile had entered the bath as a wolf in a sheep-fold; but an examination proved that no opening existed for the passage of this terrible and ferocious brute. Others thought it the work of a shark or some other voracious fish; but sharks do not live in fresh water, and are not accustomed to ascend the course of rivers so far.

The Brahmins, when consulted, referred the matter to the actions of evil genii. The police, unable to discover the cause of these daily disappearances, boldly denied their truth; still they had the river closely watched in its circuits round the city, yet nothing suspicious appeared—nothing, in short, excepting a few earthen pots floating upon the water, and following its current. But as it is the custom of India to expose the dying on the Ganges, with similar vessels under the armpits, no attention was paid to these.

The women yet continued their ablutions, being careful, however, to keep close to the shore or the bamboo hurdles. One day, in the month of April, 1855, one of their number, with a loud, wild shriek, suddenly disappeared, but, as she was young and robust, she succeeded, by struggling vigorously, in disengaging herself from the grasp of her enemy. Her companions, among whom she suddenly reappeared, from the boiling and turmoil of the water, suspected the presence of a monstrous crocodile, and had fled in affright.

But hardly did she recover from her emotion, when she related to their great astonishment, not that she had been attacked by a crocodile, but by a man—a real man. In fact, this man, assisted by his skill as a diver, had glided daily into the baths, covering his head with a vase, through which he had drilled a couple of holes. From amid the river foliage he watched the bathers, to discover which among them was most richly ornamented, for the Indian women always bathe with their jewelry upon them. These he then seized, drowned and robbed. Justice finally succeeded in arresting this villain. He was hanged on the quay of Benares, to the very great satisfaction of the women of that city.



THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

Burning Joss Paper.

"WELL, there appears to be a great waste of paper in this place. It's a pity we haven't got it in America; we could there change its color and make it useful." Such was the utilitarian remark of a young merchant, who had but lately arrived in Canton, and who was looking with some interest, and not a little wonder, at a Chinaman, who, in a narrow and crowded street in the vicinity of the foreign factories, was burning several large sheets of paper, and making many genuflections before a little recess in the brick wall, which abutted from the house of which he seemed the owner, or at all events the inhabitant; for after the fire had burnt the paper to ashes, and the winds had scattered the ashes in the street—wafting some heavenward, and some on the clothes of the passers-by—he walked quietly in at the door, which he closed after him.

I had seen this done so many thousand times during a long residence in Canton, that it had ceased to be a matter in the least interesting to me, or to excite that surprise which it would naturally engender in the mind of a newcomer; and yet, in truth, the act was one of importance; for it was an act of worship—a sacrifice by fire, and an oblation of the body in conformity with that sacrifice. Besides the Chinaman who had entered the house, there were in the same street many others engaged in the same rite; indeed, over the whole of this great country, at the same hour, millions had offered, and were offering, this service to their household gods, before partaking of their evening meal.

This ceremony is generally known to the foreign residents by the definition of burning "joss-paper;" but this term, to those who at a distance may happen to read it, and are unacquainted with the *patois* commonly spoken by the foreigners resident in Canton, would convey no meaning, because they could not understand the word "joss," though it is one frequently to be found in English writings on matters relating to the Chinese, and has thus become an adopted English word. It is first of all necessary, therefore, that we should explain what it means.

This word is derived from the Portuguese word *Deos*. The Portuguese were the first of the western people who had a permanent settlement on the shores of China. For services rendered by them, three centuries back, to the Chinese government, the peninsula of Macao—then a barren and tenantless rock, but now the site of a populous and ancient city—was ceded to them; the introduction there of the Romish faith was necessarily a consequence of this cession; and hence, in speaking of anything connected with worship, the Portuguese language would be the dominant one among the foreign languages spoken. The Chinese have great difficulty in speaking any language save their own; their pronunciation of such foreign words as they occasionally use is, therefore, corrupt and inaccurate; and thus it is that the word *Deos* has become changed into "joss," and, in English, is always used when describing any place having reference to the religious ceremonies of this singular people. Hence the burning of the sacrificial paper is called burning

"joss-paper," the sanctuaries of their priests, which in China are literally "on every high hill and under every green tree," are called "joss-houses."

But this word, though generally used by the foreigners in the *patois* spoken by them in China, is only known by the few natives there, who by their commercial avocations are brought into antagonism with resident foreigners; their own definitions are far more expressive.

When the act is the same as that which is illustrated by the accompanying engraving, it is called *Pai-shur*, which means to worship by fire. But the offerings which are made by the Chinese are restricted to the burning of paper; there is a large consumption of an article which is called "joss-stick." The best joss-sticks are made from the sawdust of cedar-wood, and are to be purchased in Canton in any quantities; they are packed in bundles about nine inches

end-all" of their religious sentiments; so that if, in remote times, they have had some glimmering of the truth, during the lapse of centuries their minds have become darkened, and but faint scintillations of its origin is left with them; and even that which they possess is misunderstood and perverted. Nay, so frequently in the lapse of ages do effects in their turn become causes, that I make no question that in some cases where the Chinese now use the joss-stick with some religious observance, it was originally introduced from its sanitary benefit only.

The burning of this joss-paper is not confined to the inhabitants of cities; it is a nightly ceremony with its vast boat population; and in the darkness there is something at once mysterious and picturesque in watching the burning paper floating with the stream, hurrying swiftly forward with the tide, casting around a wild and lurid brightness, which, in a twinkling extinguished, is like—

"The snowdrop on the river,
One moment seen, then lost
forever!"

MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION.

—An extraordinary instance of providential preservation has recently occurred at Dowlais, Glamorganshire. A collier, named W. Davies, while working at the Dowlais collieries, had the misfortune to extinguish his light, and in his endeavor to grope his way to the point by which he had entered, he lost himself amidst the labyrinth of cuts and levels which abound in the colliery, and while making, as he thought, for the pit's mouth, got into an old part of the work, where no one had been employed for a very long period. The poor fellow was missed, and searched for, but without effect, and there he remained day after day. On the Thursday following his disappearance, and after he had been there nearly seven days, some workmen were induced to go through a hole in the old workings, where, with the aid of their lights, they found the wretched sufferer. Upon seeing them he faintly exclaimed, "Thank God you have brought me a light. I lost my light last night." It had been one long night with him. The poor fellow was taken out and placed under the care of the surgeon to the Dowlais Company, and although very weak and emaciated he is progressing towards recovery. He states that

during the whole of the time that he was buried in the pit he did not taste bit or drop. The rats were continually surrounding him, but as he slept very little, he was enabled, by moving about, to scare them away from him.

The light of a young maiden's first love breaks dimly but beautifully upon her, as the silver lustre of a star glimmers through a thickly woven bower; and the first blush that mantles her cheek, as she feels the primal influence, is faint and pure as that which a rose-leaf might cast upon marble. But how rapidly does that light grow stronger, and that flush deeper, until the powerful effulgence of the one irradiates every corner of her heart, and the crimson glow of the other suffuses every feature of her countenance.

POVERTY is the nurse of manly energy and heaven-climbing thoughts.

TRUTH is an important stone in the foundation of human happiness.



BURNING JOSS-PAPER BY THE CHINESE.

long, and of a catty weight,* and vary from the thickness of a small pinion to the size of a little finger, and are made more easily consumable by being prepared with a slight infusion of salt-petre.

Now, in looking at these acts of pagan worship, one cannot but be forcibly impressed with the strong indication they bear—strange though it may seem—that they have a divine original, and be led to the belief that the Chinese of today, like the Greeks of two thousand years ago, are alike conscious of an unknown God. The genuflections of the Chinese of the present time, and the incense they burn, are acts of worship in form as old as the days of Cain and Abel; but the end which the Chinese have in view in the observance of these rites is a material one alone. Good luck and dollars are the "be-all and the

* A catty is a Chinese weight equal to one pound one third English avoirdupois, that is, a little over twenty-one ounces.

GRACE CLARENDON'S ADVERTISEMENT;

OR,
HOW AUNT DEBBY CAME TO MARRY.
BY HELEN BRUCE

GRACE CLARENDON was but eighteen years of age when she found herself the happy possessor of a "true lover."

Grace was a sprightly, agreeable girl, with what one beloved and honored by the writer calls a "luminous countenance."

She was no ways observable while she sat still, and said nothing. Her modest features, pale complexion, and wavy brown hair, hardly hinted of the flashing creature to whom they belonged, but her form, in motion, was worthy of the name of "Grace," and to watch her talk and laugh, no mortal could help admiring her—few could know her long and not dearly love her. But it must be confessed our heroine was not blessed with a very large share of that "grace" which casteth out all wickedness. There was more of human, than of angelic, or saintly grace in the light-hearted girl.

"The Rider that tameth youth" had not yet laid his heavy hand on the young heart of Grace Clarendon. The nearest approach to trouble she had ever known, was that caused by an old maiden aunt, who resided in her family. Aunt Debby was a good woman, and a kind relative, and what in the world Mrs. Clarendon would have done without her kindly care and faithfulness, no one can tell. She had been, for many years, the mainstay of the household, and never was maiden aunt loved or respected more than was Aunt Debby. But Aunt Debby did not, and would not approve of girls in their teens encouraging the attentions of young men, and as her voice was never raised in vain in the house of her brother, both the father and mother of Grace looked rather cloudily upon the visits of Mr. Eber Clark.

Young Mr. Clark was a prosperous merchant of undoubted integrity, and of noble nature. There was no possible objection to him—no reason why any parents should look coldly on his visits to their child.

"But," said Aunt Debby, "'tis absurd for Grace, the child, to have a lover."

Grace didn't think it in the least absurd. She found it exceedingly pleasant.

"I wish Aunt Debby had a beau herself, she'd let me alone then, for she'd have plenty to do to think of her own affairs."

So thought Grace; and then she began to laugh heartily, and up stairs she ran with sudden speed.

In about an hour afterwards, a young lady walked into the reception-room of Mr. Fowler, and handed him an advertisement, and the pay for one insertion of the same in the "Water Cure Journal."

The man of bumps glanced over the advertisement, and then, with a smile at the blushing girl—

"Oh, it is not for myself," said she quickly.

"I should judge not, Miss. I think such a step in your own behalf would be altogether superfluous."

Grace, for it was she—vanished.

The next number of the "Water Cure" contained the following advertisement:

"A maiden lady, between the age of 40 and 45 years, desires the blessing of a good-principled, good-tempered, and well-conditioned husband. She can give in a wife all that she here requires in a husband. She is not handsome, but she looks as well as women of her age usually look, and she wishes her husband to be neither better nor worse looking than herself. Address H. E. B., this office."

In the course of two or three days, ten or a dozen letters were received by H. E. B., and each letter was carefully answered thus:

"Your letter has so far pleased me as to lead me to appoint a meeting at the 'Art Union,' on the 15th of this month, at 11 o'clock, A. M. Be so kind as to wear a white rose-bud in your button hole. I will dress in brown silk, and carry in my hand a bunch of white rose-buds. If any one is with me, I shall make strange of your addressing me. Otherwise, I will speak more freely; but prefer you to abstain from the mention of the steps I have taken."

"Aunt Debby, don't you want to take a walk to-day?" asked Grace Clarendon, on the morning of the 15th of —

"I don't care if I do, my dear. Where do you want to go?"

Oh, we'll go wherever you say. But there!

I've an errand to do in Broadway. Would you like to walk down with me?"

"Yes, it is a fine morning; a walk in this fresh air would do us both good. We'll go."

"It is a good day for your new brown silk, aunt. Will you wear it, if I'll put on my green plaid one?"

"Yes, dear."

Grace shook her shoulders, and held both hands tight over her mouth, as she ran up stairs. The wicked monkey! Oh, how excited she was. She had grown nervous as the time set for the grand event drew near.

"What if it should storm, or aunt should be sick, or what if she should not want to wear her brown dress!" she thought, and a thousand other doubts and fears beset her. She knew very well she was doing that which her parents would severely condemn, and which might result in some very disagreeable affair. But some unknown spirit urged her on, and the way was made easy for her, poor Aunt Debby falling, without one struggle, into the snare laid for her.

The errand in Broadway was done, a beautiful bouquet of white rose-buds purchased, and then Miss Grace was suddenly seized by a violent desire to see the paintings in the Art Union.

"There is a new one here—at least one which I don't think you ever noticed, and I must show it to you."

They walked in just as the brazen tongues of the city told the 11th hour.

Grace, being busy arranging her gloves, undersleeves, veil, &c., had begged Aunt Debby to carry the rose-buds.

And thus they walked up the long building.

"Child, why do all those men stare at you so?" asked the maiden lady of Grace, upon observing the attention of quite a number of elderly gentlemen directed towards either herself or her niece, she was hardly clear which.

"I think they are looking at you, aunt. Perhaps they know you, or think they do; but there comes one this way."

And a grizzly-haired coxcomb tripped up to the tawny, bowed, grinned, and passed on.

Before the astonished Aunt Debby had time to think, a second and a third and fourth man performed pretty much the same operation.

They all wore a white rose-bud stuck in some one of their breast button holes.

Several persons, also wearing the mysterious emblem, passed leisurely by the ladies, looking hard in the face of the now really alarmed woman.

"Let us get out of here, child," she said, nervously, grasping the arm of Grace, who trembled in every limb, and the muscles of whose face twitched convulsively.

"I can't walk, aunt; I'm so agitated I'm afraid I shall go into hysterics, or faint—let me sit down."

A white rose-bud was at hand, politely offering a seat. Grace threw herself into it, and covered her face with her hands.

Two or three other rose-buds stood looking on; but seeing that the one already engaged in it was sufficient for the business, and quite probably being a little perplexed by the plainly unassuming confusion and distress of the elder lady, they soon withdrew.

Through her fingers Grace had satisfied herself that the one who hung over her was the most desirable looking rose-bud of them all; and that he was quite pleased with her aunt's appearance she argued from his zeal to lend his aid, and his evident determination not to be easily driven off.

Grace resolved to be very helpless—she acted her part well.

"Will the ladies allow me to see that they reach home in safety?" questioned the bland voiced stranger

"If you please—I would thank you greatly," said the bewildered aunt.

Grace was soon able to walk; and on reaching her father's door, when the polite stranger handed his card in taking leave, she invited him to call in the evening and receive the thanks of her father for his kind attention.

"How thankful I am to get inside of this house once more!" exclaimed Aunt Debby, as she threw herself upon the sofa, and proceeded to relate to her sister-in-law all that had passed.

"Singular enough! what could it all mean?" ejaculated her astonished listener. "Why, Grace, what a mercy you was not out alone."

"Yes, indeed—I wouldn't have been alone there for ten thousand dollars!" cried Grace, and she spoke the truth. "Here is the card of the gentleman who came home with us,

mamma;" she added, handing it to her mother.

"Captain Roger Headman," read Mrs. Clarendon; "why, your father knows him."

Grace caught in her breath suddenly—she came near screaming, but controlled herself—"murder will out," thought she—"he'll tell papa all about the advertisement, and they'll all know it must have been my work." The mother talked on without noticing her daughter's change of expression. Aunt Debby was employed with much thinking.

"He is a queer old bachelor—rich and good-humored, as the summer-day is long. Debby I wish—something. Did you say he was to call here to-night, Grace?"

"Yes, mamma, I asked him to call, for I thought that the least I could do; but I forgot to tell him our names, or papa's name either, so he may not come."

"I hope he will come—Debby—he told Charles, last week that he was tired of a single life, and I meant to get married just as soon as he could find a good woman who would love him."

"What's that to me? I should like to know," said Aunt, rather shortly; and reddening very much.

Ah! ha! ha! she soon found out what it was to her, and she found out very much to her satisfaction, too. The white rose-bud came that evening, and was most agreeably surprised to find that he had been so providentially (if the naughty girl was the instrument through which Providence worked) introduced to the family of his friend.

To end my story, which has become already too long, I must inform my readers that Grace took the first opportunity to confess to Captain Headman her agency in the trick which brought him to her father's house. Upon her earnest entreaty the kind-hearted Captain promised never, without her permission, to reveal her secret. He was, however, so much amused by it, that he found great difficulty in keeping his promise.

Miss Debby Clarendon is now Mrs. Captain Headman, and the happiness of Grace and her young lover, to whom she never spoke of the trick she had played until it was all over, has an unimpeded flow. Their marriage day is still unfixed; as no one even tries to prevent them from "paying attention" to each other, they are not impatient at the delay advised and desired by parents and guardians. Aunt Debby, dear woman! wouldn't object the first word, now, if they were to marry to-morrow.

A LIFE RAFT was exhibited here lately, on its way to Philadelphia, intended to be used by the Gloucester Ferry. It consists of large elastic tubes of rattan, divided into longitudinal compartments, which is impervious to air and water by a covering of canvas. The raft is eighteen feet in length, arranged in an elliptical form, with an extreme breadth of seven and a half feet, and possesses a buoyant power of 7,000 pounds, or a capacity sufficient to sustain 150 persons.

CIGAR ashes will be found an invaluable remedy for the bite of the mosquito and other insects. Wet the ashes and rub them on the part, and the stinging sensation will be extracted almost instantly. The reason of this is that ashes contain alkali, which neutralises the acid of the poison.

A GUNMAKER in Liverpool has invented a rifle capable of discharging four hundred rounds per hour.

CONFIDENCE may not be reciprocal, but kindness should be so always.

MEN find self-congratulation more agreeable than self-examination. It is too often forgotten that better does not necessarily imply good.

A LIFE of full and constant employment is the only safe and happy one.

HUMAN destiny is a nut, of which life is the shell and reputation the kernel.

HOME comprises all the space that a woman should desire to shine in.

THE faculty of genius is the power of lighting its own fire.

NOTHING elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit, similar, yet superior to our own.

KINDNESS, like the gentle breath of Spring, melts the icy heart.

STRONG passions work wonders when there is stronger reason to curb them.

A MAN that is content with a little has enough; he that complains has too much.

THE WALL STREET SCHEMER:

OR,

THE IRON HEART:

FOUNDED ON INCIDENTS OF ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

BY MATTHEW MAIZE, ESQ.

(Continued from page 157, vol. IV.)

CHAPTER XV—THE RAILROAD CATASTROPHE.

It was a lovely evening, just after sunset; the country far and near around—Creek looked as quiet and peaceable as a sleeping child. There was not a breath of air stirring, so the waters were unrippled, and altogether, the drawbridge, the high hills around, and the railway winding along until lost in the distance, afforded a picture such as a landscape painter would love to copy.

Yet withal it was a lonely spot—there was no house near save the small frame dwelling, occupied by the drawbridge man and his family, and the only life afforded to the place was the constant passing to and fro of vessels through the draw on their way to or from the village, situated some distance up the creek.

On the evening of which I speak, Thomas Heartwell, the functionary upon whom devolved the entire charge of the drawbridge in question, together with the signals appertaining thereto, was sitting by his window, watching out in case his services might be required, when he was accosted by a man who appeared travel-soiled and weary, with the question, "How far is it, friend, to D—?"

"Oh! it's good five mile," answered Heartwell. "If you mean to get there to-night, you'd better rest yourself a bit."

At first the wayfarer rather declined; but being pressed by Heartwell to sit a while he consented, and entered the house; and his host forthwith called his good wife and bade her prepare the evening meal in order that his guest might partake of it with them before proceeding on his way.

Then Mr. Heartwell resumed his seat and took a deliberate survey of the stranger; he was a man about six feet tall, stout, with very red hair and whiskers, and a bluff, good-natured manner, that at once won Mr. Thomas Heartwell's heart.

As the reader would never recognize him thus disguised, I may as well state at once that the individual I have described, was no less a personage than the renowned Mr. Hounslow.

The pair had not been long together when Hounslow, complaining of feeling unwell, took from his capacious pocket a large travelling flask, and was about to raise it to his lips, when, as if just recollecting himself, he first offered it to his companion.

"Try it," he said; "it's the very best brandy in New York State; mum's the word, but I got it from a friend of mine who smuggles it."

Nothing loth, Mr. Heartwell put the flask to his lips and took a draught, which he found so good, that before returning it he took another.

Presently they were summoned by the good wife to tea, which being despatched, they once more resumed their seats by the casement, and in the intervals of talking and smoking some very excellent segars, (also furnished by Hounslow,) they managed to empty the flask of brandy between them, Mr. Heartwell certainly being favored with the lion's share.

It had commenced to grow quite dark, and Mr. Hounslow was making preparations to leave when a sloop came rapidly down the creek with the tide, and the skipper called aloud for the draw to be opened.

After muttering a series of curses, Heartwell obeyed the summons, and when he arose Hounslow remarked, with ill-concealed satisfaction, that his walk was decidedly unsteady.

The draw open, Heartwell returned to the house to prepare his signals, for it was nearly time for the night express from the city to come along.

"Red light open, green shut," he muttered, "so red's the light, I want," but just as he had lighted the lamp, and was about to leave for the signal post, he was once more summoned to the draw, the vessel had in some unaccountable way become fastened.

No sooner had he left the house than quick as thought Hounslow changed the lamps, and followed him to the bridge; he had scarcely

reached it when away in the distance was heard the sound of the locomotive. Heartwell dropped the ropes he held and, half-dead with fear, rushed back to the house, and without once looking at it, he seized the lamp, dashed full speed to the signal-post, and hoisted it, and hardly had he done so when the train was in sight.

Great heaven! how it broke on the still night, the red fires glaring, the steam puffing, and the wheels revolving like mad.

On, on it came, crashing through the darkness, no diminution in the speed, no whistle sounded—on, on, on.

Heartwell turned cold as ice, and looked up at the signal; then he uttered a loud, wild shriek—he had raised the wrong light.

Half mad with fear he screamed and shouted, as though with his voice he could ward off the impending destruction.

An instant more and there was an awful crash; headlong the locomotive had dashed into the water, followed by tender, baggage, and three passenger cars, while far and wide the startled hills echoed the shrieks of the wounded and dying.

Chuckling with fiendish malice over the success of his foul scheme, and never offering to assist in rescuing the unhappy victims, Hounslow stood at some little distance and contemplated the scene, and so wrapped was he in his occupation that he did not notice a figure enveloped in a cloak that, gliding from tree to tree and from rock to rock, approached him, and the first intimation he had that any human being was near, was a strong, rough hand round his throat, and a dagger gleaming over him.

Completely taken by surprise the ruffian struck a random blow; the only effect it had was to strike the hat back from the face of his antagonist, and he saw with a shudder the livid features of Robert Vernon.

At that very instant the dagger descended; he felt it pierce through his breast, the blood gushed forth, and then, exerting all his strength, Vernon dashed him backwards into the dark waters; he saw the body sink, and he watched intently, but he did not see it rise.

"I am wholly safe now," he muttered; and turning away from the sickening scene, he dashed into the woods, untied a horse that was fastened to a tree, mounted it, and rode back quite coolly to the city.

Scarcely had the banker left the spot, before Hounslow, with considerable pain, dragged himself up the rough embankment which he had wet with his blood as he proceeded; the blow he had received, though aimed with remarkable skill, was not fatal, the point of the weapon having just been turned aside from the heart, and the sudden plunge in the cold water so far restored Hounslow to consciousness as to bring instantaneously to his mind the necessity of letting Vernon believe him numbered among the dead; for, weakened by loss of blood, he was utterly powerless to cope with him, and he well knew the iron heart of his would-be assassin; so he managed to rise in the deep shadow of the shore, some distance from the spot where he had disappeared, and remained concealed until Vernon had retired from the place.

Almost exhausted by the efforts he had made to rescue himself from a watery grave, Hounslow scated himself on the ground, and proceeded as well as he was able to dress his wound. This done, he amused himself for a moment or two by gazing at the result of the fearful catastrophe he had caused.

The wailing and shouting had ceased now, and a death-like silence reigned around, broken only by the low-toned words of those engaged in searching the dark waters for the dead and dying, or the feeble groans of the wounded as they were borne past to the only dwelling near the spot. Mr. Hounslow only remained long enough, however, to recover his strength for his journey home; and then rising to his feet, he made his way, as well as he was able, to where he had a horse and light wagon concealed, and springing into it he drove quickly in the wake of the banker toward the great metropolis.

It was nearly midnight when he arrived, and leaving his conveyance at a stable where he was apparently well known, he proceeded directly towards those quarters in which his sway was absolute.

"Yes, yes; I will be well revenged for this," he muttered; "high though he be in place, I will drag him down; he shall die upon the scaffold even if I have to hang beside him."

He ground his teeth together in rage, and kept on heaping fierce imprecations upon the banker's head.

"This very night," he continued, as he approached the destination towards which he was bound; "this very night I will free this son of his from the dungeon, that he may aid me in my revenge."

He had reached the alley-way we have before spoken of on more than one occasion, and passing up the entrance by means of his pass-key, and without waiting to wash the blood from his face or garments, or even to properly dress his severe wound, the pain of which kept on increasing, he went straight onward towards Percy's dungeon; but what was his astonishment on entering the vault next to the prison, at perceiving the door thrown open and hearing the sound of voices from within.

"So I am again betrayed," he said inwardly, as he at once recognized the sound of Renshaw's voice. "Curse it! do my own hounds turn upon me!"

He looked around him for a weapon; there was nothing at hand, so he stole cautiously forward, reached the door, and was about to close it upon his traitorous confederate and his companions, when Renshaw sprang forward and intercepted him as described in the latter portion of the preceding chapter.

"Great heaven, we are lost!" cried Lucretia, as her eyes rested upon the face of Hounslow.

But, almost as she spoke, Renshaw sprang like a tiger full at the throat of the ruffian, and dashed him headlong to the floor. Weakened by the loss of blood no less than by the weight of the fall, Hounslow lay quite stunned, and quick as thought Renshaw dragged him within the vault that had been Percy's prison, and closed the door upon him.

"Now," he said, when this was accomplished, "follow me without a word."

They did so, and groping their way along the narrow passage and up the dark stairs, at last reached the tap-room, through which they were obliged to pass.

"Hold your very breaths," Renshaw said, in an almost inaudible voice; "if we should awaken old Mother Devil, who always sleeps in this room, nothing could save us from instant death."

Lucretia took a pistol from her bosom, and then said to Percy, "Are you quite ready?"

"I am," he replied.

"Then lead on!" she whispered to Renshaw, whose hand was on the latch.

Slowly he opened the door and they passed in. The room was lighted by a lamp suspended from the ceiling, and by its rays they perceived the figure of the guardian hag of the premises stretched upon a cot bed not two feet from the door through which they must find egress.

They removed their shoes, and stepped as though shod with felt.

Unfortunately, just as they reached the middle of the room Arthur stumbled over a loose board; in a second Mother Devil was standing upright on the floor, and her hand was on a bell that communicated with every quarter of the crib. But Lucretia was right in front of her, and on her brow was written the desperation of despair.

"Stir one muscle," she said in a low voice, "move but a hair-breadth, and you die!"

She held her pistol within three feet of the hag's head, with a hand as motionless as marble. "On, on!" she said to Renshaw; "Open all the doors. Don't mind me. Only when you reach the street, whistle."

He comprehended her intention at once, and sprang forward to do her bidding, but Arthur refused to follow.

"I will share your fate," he replied in answer to Lucretia's entreaties. "I know you not, brave youth, but you have risked your life to save mine. I will never leave you to perish."

It was no time for words then, for just at that instant Renshaw whistled from without.

"Fly, then, fly! I am with you!" Lucretia cried, and seizing him by the arm, they dashed through the open door together.

Scarcely was the pistol dropped than clear and loud, through all the building, sounded the warning bell, and in almost instantaneous answer to its summons at least a dozen half-dressed men rushed into the room.

"Stir your dancers lively; the Cap.'s prig is gone off with Tom Renshaw," shouted Mother Devil; "quick, quick, and jerk the peacher through and through."

Meantime the fugitives had reached the street, but the pursuers were close behind. On, on they ran through dark and filthy lanes, and gradually the sound of following footsteps began to die away in the distance, and when they paused to take breath they found they had outstripped pursuit.

CHAP. XVI.—MR. HOUNSLOW PLANS HIS REVENGE.

STRAIGHTWAY, on finding that they were safe from pursuit, Lucretia led the way to her own residence, and having reached it, she proceeded, the first thing, to place in Renshaw's possession all the documents she had previously shown him.

When he had duly examined them, and placed them safely in his pocket, she said, "Now follow me; I will show you where you can sleep for an hour or two, and I, myself, will call you by daylight, for you must lose no time in secreting yourself on board the vessel."

"This, then, is the last time I will ever sleep in America," Renshaw said, as he followed her, and something very like a tear gathered in the rough man's eye as the thoughts of youth and a home deserted, a mother bowed down to her grave by grief, crowded upon his mind. He brushed the drops away, however, with an angry "Pshaw!" and passed out of the room.

In a moment Lucretia returned, and then motioning Arthur to sit beside her on the sofa, told him the long sad story of his life, save only the secret of his father's name and the stain upon his birth; she could not bring herself to relate that, for when she acknowledged that she was his mother, he had cast his arms so lovingly around her neck, and wept with delight at having at length a parent on whom to lavish his affection, that she dared not risk losing her son as soon as found by confessing her guilt; so to all his eager questions she would answer, "You will know soon, very soon; do not question me more now." And very soon "tired nature's sweet restorer," sleep, commenced to weigh down Percy's heavy eyelids; in vain he fought against it, in vain he cried, "No, no, I must not sleep, I have a fearful task to perform, a fearful retribution to bring about." As he sank back, his beautiful head fell upon his mother's lap—he was buried in utter oblivion, his over-tasked faculties were at rest.

Hour after hour Lucretia watched over him, now smoothing his tangled locks, now bending down to kiss his long unshorn cheek; but at length the grey dawn began to streak the horizon, so she gently raised his head, and placing a pillow beneath it, left the room to arouse Renshaw.

She found him also buried in deep slumbers; but at the first sound of her voice he sprang to his feet and looked wildly around him.

"Where am I?" he cried, but recognizing Lucretia, he continued, in a calmer voice, "Oh! I remember now; but I had such a fearful dream—I thought I stood upon the scaffold and the rope was around my neck; but no matter, I am safe now, quite safe."

"You will be so when you are once on board the vessel; so lose no time," Lucretia answered. "I promised you safety, and I would see my promise fulfilled."

"Then farewell forever," returned Renshaw, "and if ever you think of me again, try to think of me as of one better than I seem; if you ever hear of me again, it will not be as a felon; I swear it."

"I believe you; good-by." She took his hand, which he offered, and pressed it quite warmly; then he left the house and hurried swiftly to the pier.

It was so early that scarcely any one was astir yet; but not many moments elapsed before he found a boatman to carry him to the ship which had already hauled out into the stream, and in less than an hour after leaving Lucretia he stood upon the deck of the Australia packet.

He stood there for some moments looking longingly at the domes and spires of the great city as they gleamed in the rising sun; but at length he went below, and kept himself entirely out of sight until the last farewell had been said, and the steamer which towed the craft down to the Hook had cast off the last line, and turned its prow once more towards the city; then he again sought the deck, but no trace of New York was visible. The canvas was slowly spread to the favoring breeze, and when the shades of evening came, the last glimpses of his

native land fled forever from the vision of the half-penitent burglar.

As my story draws towards a close, events crowd so thick and fast upon me that I scarcely know how to arrange them in order to preserve in some measure the dramatic beauties; but I think that the best I can do is to return to Hounslow.

It was not until some time after they had returned, baffled from the pursuit, that Mother Devil said to her companions, "Come, let's take a peep into the den, and see how they managed to slip the halter."

"Good for you, old lass," answered the leader of the gang, and seizing a lamp he led the way.

Arriving at the spot it was some moments before they succeeded in discovering the spring by which the door was forced open; but Mother Devil at last pressed against it almost by accident and the door moved slowly open.

As it did so the rats fled away in swarms from a dark object that lay upon the floor—they fled away squeaking and howling as though they had been scared from some rich banquet.

The ruffians hastily entered and approaching the apparently lifeless mass, discovered in it the yet living form of their chief.

"It's the Cap," cried one.

"Is my Prince of Devils dead," asked another.

They dragged him forth from the dungeon, and bore him along to the tap-room where the lights burned brightly, and found that the rats had not only rent his garments almost to tatters, but had even gnawed away the clothes that covered his wounded breast.

They placed him carefully in the cot that served the presiding hag as a bed, and kept on bathing his brow and hands with gin, until he exhibited signs of returning consciousness; first he opened his eyes very feebly and tried to speak, but it was some moments before he could articulate; at length, however, words came. "I know I am dying," he said, "but I shall live to denounce him; brandy, brandy, brandy, nothing else can aid me now; so if you ever loved me, pals, give me brandy, brandy."

They complied with his wishes, and held a glass, at least a quarter full, to his lips; he drained it to the dregs, and dragged himself into a sitting posture. "I am better now," he murmured, "much better; is it morning yet?"

"Old yaller face is just a showin' himself," was the answer he received to his last question.

"More brandy," he continued; "more brandy—I will not die till I'm avenged." He once more drained the goblet, and then staggered upon his feet; he could hardly stand at first, but by degrees he managed to walk once or twice round the room.

"So, so," he muttered, "all's well; I have strength enough left to crush him."

He threw himself on the bed again, and remained there very quiet until late in the morning, probably ten o'clock or after; and when he rose the second time, his step was quite firm, and his eye glared with the ferocity of a tiger's. Washing the blood away from his face, he dressed himself with unusual care, and despite the entreaties of Mother Devil, sallied out into the street, and walked on until he reached a coach stand; then entering one of the vehicles, he ordered the coachman to drive with all speed to the office of the Chief of Police.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE DEMON FATHER.

It was indeed a lovely morning that broke over New York after the night of the fearful railroad catastrophe I have described. The sun shone with a warm mellow light, ill suited to the anxious countenances that gradually began to congregate at the street corners, and on the hotel steps, to discuss the nature of the awful accident, as various and contradictory reports kept continually arriving from the scene of the disaster.

A rich harvest the newsboys reaped that day, for extra after extra was issued, purporting to contain a full and authentic account of the killed and wounded; and they were bought up almost as fast as printed.

But nowhere did the consternation reach so high a pitch as in Wall street, for it was not life and limb alone that was perilled there, but that far more valuable commodity in that quarter, stock!

"There will be no dividend," were the foreboding words that passed from mouth to mouth; and as they were uttered, the speaker would shake his head mournfully and pass on, cursing

his luck which had induced him to speculate in railroad stocks. At as early an hour as it was possible to collect them, a meeting of directors was held to receive the reports from the scene of the fell catastrophe, and to place under consideration the proper steps to be taken (not to alleviate the misery and distress caused thereby) to prevent, as far as possible, a depreciation of their stock.

It was about ten o'clock that some dozen of them were assembled in Mr. Vernon's private office, anxiety painted on every face, save only that of the President; he sat erect at the head of the board, and spoke deliberately and calmly. He represented that with due care on their part the worst that could accrue to them would be the non-payment of the expected dividend; and though that of course would tend to depress the stock, still, with a more economical administration of the road, and a little closer financial management, he hoped to see it touch par again in less than four months. Mr. Vernon's remarks were of course listened to with breathless attention; and when he concluded, a murmur of approbation and admiration circled around the table.

The great banker had never stood higher in Wall street than he did at that moment, for every eye was bent upon him as the only person capable of piloting the company through the endless tissue of troubles that would necessarily grow out of so fearful a casualty, for at the very lowest computation, not less than fifty lives had been sacrificed, while the number of maimed and wounded amounted to hundreds.

There was pride then in the President's flashing eye, there was firmness in his compressed lip; but at his heart a nameless terror that strive as he would, kept continually crying, "Beware! oh, beware!" and continually before his vision, the awful scene of the previous night would rise, especially the last glance of Hounslow as he fell into the dark black waters. No outward emotion showed what was going on within. Oh, no! His brow was calm, his manner gracious, and his voice as mild as a summer day; but once or twice he was obliged to press his hand firmly over his heart to still its loud throbbing lest it might betray his agitation.

They had remained some time in session, and were about to separate in order to meet again at a later period in the day, when, just as they arose to their feet, the door was thrown open, and the Chief of Police, followed by two subalterns, stood on the threshold.

The directors looked at each other in silent amazement, but Vernon felt every drop of blood in his body turn icy cold, and his heart, which but a moment since beat as though it would burst through his bosom, now almost stopped its pulsation entirely.

"Let no one leave the room," the Chief said, closing and locking the door.

"What means this outrage?" Vernon asked with pallid lips, but at the same time with a self-control absolutely miraculous.

"It means, sir, that I arrest you, Robert Vernon, banker, on the charge of forgery, robbery, and murder," answered the Chief.

"You are mad!" cried the directors in one voice.

"Officers, do your duty!" said the Chief sternly.

Vernon had gained a moment to recover himself; so drawing his figure to its full height, he said in a steady voice:

"I know whence the charge proceeds; it comes from a poor lunatic woman who has been threatening to publish this absurd falsehood in order to extort money from me, and finding that I would not yield, has imposed upon the credulity of our friend here. Do not be alarmed, gentlemen, I will simply request our worthy Chief to produce the witness upon whose testimony I am thus gravely accused."

Thus addressed, the Chief stamped upon the floor twice, and then folding his arms said, "Your request is reasonable; it shall be granted."

Almost as he spoke, the secret panel by the banker's desk moved slowly open, and Hounslow, white as a corpse, stepped within the apartment.

"Behold the witness!" he said. Robert Vernon stepped back as though struck blind, and quickly clasped his hands over his eyes.

"Does the grave give up its dead?" he muttered. "Do the waters vomit forth corpses? Away, away! this is some illusion of the overwrought brain."

"It is no illusion, murderer!" Hounslow answered. "The blow was not as successful as the one that sent the watchman to his account. It has left me life enough to bring you to the scaffold, and you shall hang there by the neck until you are dead, if I have to hang beside you."

"Fiend! villain! I defy you; the law requires two witnesses; think you that your brazen lies will avail anything against Robert Vernon?" The banker cast upon the ruffian, as he spoke, a look of such withering hate, that he even cowered before it.

One of the officers who had previously, after whispering a few words to the Chief, left the room, threw open the door and ushered in Lucretia and Arthur Percy.

"The banker staggered back now, and fell helplessly into the chair.

Slowly Lucretia drew from the folds of her dress a pistol, and placing it on the table, said, "Behold the weapon of the murderer."

Vernon fixed his eyes upon the pistol with a strong stare, and great drops of cold perspiration swelled out on his brow and trickled down his white cheek; his lips quivered as though he was about to speak, but no sound came from them.

"I am avenged!" said Lucretia; "Avenged, avenged, avenged!"

"Can you explain this, Mr. Percy?" asked one of the directors who was acquainted with Arthur. "What is the meaning of all this mystery, this strange change, your own no less startling disappearance and return?"

"Ask yonder demi-devil, and see if he will answer you," said Percy, pointing to Mr. Vernon. But suddenly came the thought—he is Mary's father—and Arthur's tongue began to falter, and his color changed.

"No, no," he went on, "I did not mean that; I know not what I say."

"Young man, this is no time to pause," said the Chief. "Speak, did you not overhear the plot arranged by which this most fearful railway disaster was brought about?"

"I did."

Mr. Vernon looked up now and gazed full into Percy's face in a beseeching, humble manner.

"Do you recognize the man here," continued his interrogator, "who was the contriver of that fell scheme?"

"I do; he stands before me. His name is Robert Vernon." The words almost choked Arthur, but there was no escape; stern justice demanded that he should speak, even though by so doing he crushed his own happiness down into the dust at his feet.

Vernon moved now straight across the room and placed himself beside Percy. "Do you know this being you have described by no other name?" he asked, in a low, hissing voice.

"What do you mean?" Arthur returned, shrinking back from his touch.

"Do you know this being by no other name, I ask?" the banker reiterated; the foam had gathered round his mouth, and his eyes were wild and bloodshot.

"No, no!" Percy said, trembling.

"This fiend, whom you have denounced; this murderer whom you would drag to justice; this wretch from whose touch you shrink as from pollution. Look upon him, and imprint his features on your heart, that they may be a curse to you to your dying hour. Boy, I am your father!" A long loud laugh followed—a laugh that chilled every heart.

The laugh died away, and was followed by a fearful silence. Arthur had recoiled at the awful intelligence which had been thus thrust upon him; and now, pale and trembling, he gazed as though fascinated upon the demoniacal countenance of him to whom he owed his existence.

Suddenly, however, a gleam of light flashed over his brow, and starting forward, he cried, "This is false, this is false, I say; if I am your son, you never would have consented to receive me as a son-in-law."

"I did not know who you were then," Vernon answered moodily. "Your doting mother had not told me then how she had reared and cared for you; I thought you dead—you would have been, if curses could have killed you; but when at length she did vouchsafe me the pleasant information of your not only being alive, but about to be married to my daughter, I promised her to take care of you—you know the sequel. I'll speak no more; away with your harlot mother."

He hissed the last words out, and then folded his arms across his breast.

"The child of shame, too," murmured Percy, and he sank back, overcome, into a chair.

"Officers do your duty," said the Chief of Police, determined to put an end to this painful scene. "Remove the prisoner."

Two of the men obeyed the orders, and held him firmly by each arm.

"On," said the Chief.

And at mid-day, full in the glare of the noon-tide sun, was Robert Vernon, the great banker, dragged through his own offices charged as a burglar and a murderer.

As they moved along, the clink of pickaxes and spades plied very diligently met the ear, but as they reached the door opening to the street the noise ceased suddenly.

Without, the thoroughfare was densely crowded, and not only the ground, but the windows and house tops, and every available space from which a glimpse could be caught of a certain excavation that was being made in the centre of the street immediately opposite the banker's office, fairly swarmed with human beings.

Mysterious hints, coming whence no one knew, of a fearful sight that would be seen there that day, had gathered curiosity mongers from far and wide. Old men and young women, children, and infants on their mother's breasts, helped to make up the throng; and what was rather singular for such a neighborhood, the police noticed that by far the larger portion of the crowd was from those purlieus of filth and crime that lie far in the heart of the city. How should they know what was to happen in Wall street that day perhaps, however, Mr. Hounslow had taken care of that; at all events, when that gentleman was seen supported by two policemen, emerging with the rest of the party from the banker's office, there was a terrible commotion among that portion of the assembly, and more than one sign was made inquiring whether he would be rescued; but as he gave them to understand that he was acting of his own free will, no demonstration was attempted in his behalf.

I have said before, that just as those who were leading the banker away to a felon's cell reached the door opening upon the street, the noise of pick and spade suddenly ceased, but the crowd pressed forward so densely that the officers found it almost impossible to force a passage between the building and the carriages in waiting. At length, however, they succeeded; but just as Vernon was about to enter the coach, he uttered a wild shriek and would have sunk powerless to the ground had he been unsupported; for through an opening in the crowd, (that appeared almost to have been formed purposely,) held upright by two men, who had just drawn it from the excavation, his glance encountered the figure of the murdered watchman. The clothes looked scarcely soiled, and the flesh was remarkably preserved, only it had commenced to assume a greenish cast. One arm had become distended, and was pointing full at the face of the murderer when his eyes first rested on the corpse. And thus the banker and the watchman met again.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE DISCOVERY.

WHILE these scenes were being enacted, another of a very different nature, but no less interesting, was transpiring at the banker's mansion in the Fifth Avenue.

It is a long time since we have seen anything of Mary Vernon, for the bustle and rapidity of events have crowded her lovely figure off the canvas; but it returns now, so let us watch the picture.

In the same apartment in which we last saw her, we again greet her; there are two present only beside the sick girl—the good nurse and the physician. The physician and nurse are talking apart in low whispers, while Mary, whiter and frailer than ever, lies upon the bed picking at the tufts of the snowy counterpane with her thin and almost transparent fingers. Her eyes have lost much of their former fullness, too, and the cheek has become so hollow, and the voice so feeble, that life's tenure appears frail indeed.

The colloquy between Mrs. Malvern and Dr. — was not of long duration, for presently it was interrupted by a low groan from the sufferer: in an instant both were beside her. A strange change was commencing to take place in Mary's features as they drew close to her, and Mrs. Malvern scarcely dared raise her eyes

to Dr. —'s face to mark how he was affected thereby.

She did look though, and said in a low voice, "What does this mean—this sudden illumination of the countenance?"

"It may be the life-spirit struggling anew," Dr. — answered evasively.

"Or it may be the light of an angelic life, displacing the last tinge of clay," said Mrs. Malvern.

"Am I going? am I going?" Mary murmured, taking the nurse's hand in hers. "What is the meaning of the sweet music I hear afar off—afar off? Listen!" she listened eagerly, as though endeavoring to catch some distant sound. "And yet," she continued, as if suddenly recollecting herself, "I would not die until I have seen Arthur once more. Oh, no! I must see him again! I will live for that, I know I shall!"

Dr. — shook his head doubtfully, and Mrs. Malvern stealthily wiped away the tears from her eyes. A moment or two of dead silence followed, and then Mary, who seemed to have been dozing, slowly opened her eyes and fixed them with a deep, earnest gaze upon Mrs. Malvern.

"I have had such a strange, strange vision," she said; "shall I tell it you?"

Just then there was a low rustling of silks heard, entering the room. It was Mrs. Vernon; but no one saw her, for hearing Mary's remark she concealed herself in the folds of the bed-hangings, in order to let her finish the recital.

"Certainly, dearest, if you please," Mrs. Malvern answered, and she folded the little hands still closer in her own.

"I thought," Mary continued, "that she whom I have always called mother, was not my mother."

Mrs. Malvern's face grew like marble, and her entire frame seemed convulsed by some fearful excitement.

"And who do you think, dear Mrs. Malvern, was my mother?" Why, you!"

There was a long, low cry, and the nurse falling on her knees at the bedside, threw her arms completely around the invalid. "Heaven has revealed it you, and can I longer stay quiet, my child! my child! my child! God knows I did not think of myself when I tore you away from your own mother's heart, my Alice, my own sweet Alice! Mine—mine—why should I not claim you for the little time you have left on earth!"

"Yours, yours! What do you mean, Mrs. Malvern?" Mary asked, trembling. "This was but a vision that I told you of."

"It was a vision sent by heaven then!" Mrs. Malvern went on very hurriedly but very earnestly. "Oh how I have longed and longed to hear your dear voice call me mother! Yes, you are my child, my daughter!"

The hangings at the foot of the bed were agitated violently, but no one noticed it.

"Do, do explain what you mean," Mary said, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Listen and you shall know all," the nurse said, folding her closer and closer to her bosom.

"When you were born I was rich. My husband was living, and surrounded me with every luxury; but scarcely had you uttered your first feeble wail when your father was stricken down in the prime of manhood. At morning he left home well and happy, and at night was brought back a corpse; he had died almost instantly of apoplexy. From apparent wealth I was by this reduced to absolute penury, for on settling up his business the proceeds were found utterly insufficient to satisfy one quarter of the claims against him. Something must be done: I must earn my own bread, but how? A friend applied on my behalf to Mrs. Vernon. She heard the story, and said that I would be just the very person to nurse her infant—I could put my own out somewhere and take hers home with me, for she did not like to hear it cry—in fact she did not want to see it until it was at least two years old. At first I was horror stricken at the thought, but actual starvation was staring me in the face, and I had no choice. I took the child, and when I got it home then it was that an awful crime suggested itself to me and kept on growing upon me: I would retain my own child, but clothe it in the stranger's clothes, call it by the stranger's name, and send the stranger away to be cared for by others. Well, guilty creature that I was, I did so, and not many months elapsed before the infant I had thus neglected died; of course I gave out that I had lost my own child, and from that moment determined that you should usurp the place in its parents'

household it should have filled, that thus you would never know want, but always be rich and happy and I could toil and struggle on alone. I had seen enough of poverty. Can you blame me if I desired to secure your young life from its bitterness? I have told you all. Can you forgive me, my daughter, my dear, dear daughter?" Poor Mrs. Malvern sobbed as though her heart would break, and even the physician (though he had previously been made acquainted with the secret) found it necessary to draw a very large yellow India silk handkerchief from his pocket and pass it several times before his eyes.

Again the bed hangings were violently disturbed, and this time dashed passionately back too, and Mrs. Robert Vernon strode out into the room; her countenance exhibited signs of suppressed rage, and her hands were firmly clasped.

"So," she said, "I have been imposed upon and deceived all these long years; have lavished my affection and wealth on a beggar's brat. Mrs. Malvern you shall pay dearly for the deceit: leave this house, you and your darling child there; go both of you this very day."

"Madam, madam, in heaven's name forbear. The dear girl is so weak that I fear this excitement may cause her death as it is. Do not, I implore you, increase it," said Dr. —, endeavoring to draw the unfortunate woman from the room.

"And what should I care whether she live or —"

Her sentence was interrupted by a sudden tumult in the street before the house, and rushing to the window, she perceived to her utter astonishment and dismay that the space immediately surrounding the mansion was completely blockaded with a noisy, clamorous crowd, who appeared to be with difficulty restrained by the police from rushing forward and bursting into the building.

Half wild with fright, she rushed into the hall, and looking over the baluster, she perceived that the whole lower floor was filled with police who appeared to be ransacking every drawer and closet.

She hurried to her own room and rang the bell violently, in order to summon a servant that she might ask the meaning of this strange intrusion; but though she rang and rang and rang until the wire broke, not an answer came. The servants had discovered the true state of things, and each and all had fled from the ruined house with such plunder as they could carry off in a precipitate retreat.

Mrs. Vernon turned once more towards the door, and just as she was about to go forth a policeman entered.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion into my house," she asked, drawing herself up to her full height, and looking very queenly.

"Don't ask me, madam—you will know too soon," the man answered with a sigh of sympathy. "But I must examine every room, every closet, every drawer in this building."

"You cannot, sir, in my husband's absence."

"Your husband, madam, will never come home again."

"What do you say! never come home again—is he dead?"

Just then there was a long loud shout in the street—a shout that was echoed and re-echoed until the heavens resounded with it, and that shout was—"Death, death, to Vernon—murderer!"

Mrs. Vernon listened an instant as if spell-bound, but as the shouts grew loud and louder, she clapped her hands wildly over her ears, and rushed up stairs again to the room in which she had left Mrs. Malvern and Mary.

They were still there locked in each other's arms; but Dr. — had left in order to inquire into the cause of the disturbance; and he returned almost at the same moment that Mrs. Vernon entered the apartment.

"In God's name," cried the excited woman, "tell me what has happened; where is my husband?"

Dr. — knew that she must be told all some time, and thought that the sooner it was over the better; he felt perfectly well aware, too, that it was her pride and not her heart he was about to crush, so he experienced still less compunction at repeating what he had heard.

So drawing her to one side in order to be out of the hearing of Mary, he told all that had occurred, and how Robert Vernon, that morning the rich and respected banker, now filled a dungeon cell in the city prison.

She listened to him throughout without a word or sound of any description; and when he had concluded, she sat there staring at him—staring at him with a fixed and almost mindless expression of countenance.

He became alarmed, and endeavored to arouse her, when she started up and laughed—laughed loud and long. "What a pretty story this," she said, looking vacantly around, "and how nice it will be to read in the papers, and for one's friends to read." Again the strange, wild laugh was repeated over and over; then she relapsed into silence, burying her head in her jeweled hands. In the meantime the police, having made a thorough search throughout the dwelling, and having found many papers of great importance, left it in charge of two of their number, and returned to the City Hall, the motley crowd following them, loading the air with imprecations upon the head of Robert Vernon.

CHAPTER XIX.—BEFORE THE TRIAL.

NEVER was a city thrown into such a state of excitement as New York was on the morning of the banker's arrest, when far and wide the papers had scattered the story of his crimes; it was the theme of every tongue, the thought of every mind; business was utterly neglected; shopkeepers, in some instances, forgot entirely to take down their window shutters, but collected in groups, talked and read, and read and talked, about the awful crimes of the great banker.

In Wall street it was precisely the same. Stocks had no power that day; no one thought, talked, or dreamed of anything but the "Vernon murders," as they were already called; and numerous were the conjectures offered as to his final end. Some mysteriously hinted at power behind the scenes to aid his escape, others alluded to suicide; but one and all concluded that he would not meet his deserts in being publicly hung, unless the people themselves took the matter in hand and brought the cause before Judge Lynch.

However, days rolled on, and the excitement had commenced in some measure to die out, when it was fanned into a sweeping flame again by the announcement of the "Trial." And the interest became so intense that it was found necessary to keep a company of military constantly stationed at the Tombs to repel any popular outbreak that might occur.

It was the day before the trial, and Robert Vernon was alone in his cell. A great change had taken place in his appearance; his eyes were sunken and his cheek hollow; his hair had become almost white, and his figure, once so straight, was now contracted.

He sat alone on his miserable pallet, and thought busily, oh, how busily of the past; not, not alas, how it might have been improved, but how, had he only had his present experience, he could have so plotted, and planned, and covered up his footsteps as he walked onward so as to have defied earth and hell combined to entrap him as he was now entrapped.

His thoughts were interrupted by the grating of a key in the lock, and presently the door opened, and Lucretia entered the cell.

"Half an hour," said the turnkey, gruffly, as he shut the door behind her; "remember."

"Yes, yes," Lucretia answered, and then turning towards Vernon, she stood before him.

He looked up at her with all the ferocity of a tiger, and ground his teeth as he would have liked to grind his heel into her heart.

"Woman! what want you here? do you come to gloat over your triumph?" he asked.

"No," she returned very mildly, seating herself on the pallet beside him. "No, my revenge is completed, and recollections of early days come back upon me; I could never, never feel one throb of affection for you again. Ah, no! you are too loaded down with crimes for that; but I desire for revenge has gone."

"Well, well, but what does that avail me now?"

"It will avail you much, madman, for it will prevent your dying a felon's death." She looked at him steadily, a bright light broke over his countenance, he clasped his hands passionately, and cried: "What do you mean? Is there any faint hope of escape?"

"You may escape the gallows if you will."

"How?"

"Thus!" she drew from beneath her cloak a small but very sharp dagger. "Here is your only chance; have you the courage to take your own life?"

Heavens, how the light died away from his countenance again as he said:

"You are mocking me! Why come here with offers of escape, and then only show me another grave?"

"I thought you would falter," she answered with a sneer. "I thought I would try you and see if you were equal to the alternative. Now listen, but keep your hopes down, down at the lowest ebb; escape is possible but by no means probable."

Again the bright light broke over the haggard brow; again the thin white hands were clasped eagerly.

"But if all else fails, then you must use this." She placed the dagger in his hand, but recollecting that of course it would be taken from him, she took a chisel from her pocket and proceeded deliberately to unfasten one of the smallest stones in the floor of the cell, and she had scarcely raised it and placed the dirk beneath and reset it in its place again, when the door opened and the turnkey called loudly:

"Half hour up; visitor must leave."

"I will see you immediately the trial is over," Lucretia said, as she drew the veil over her face; "now farewell," and without waiting for him to reply, she glided hastily out of the cell.

Vernon threw himself back on his miserable cot, and at first began to build airy castles from what Lucretia had said, but gradually his thoughts reverted to the morrow, the day of trial; he pictured to himself the crowded courtroom, the stern-browed jury, the remorseless lawyers, and the jeering crowd, and his soul shrank indeed from the dread ordeal.

CHAPTER XX.—THE TRIAL.

THE day that was to witness the trial of Robert Vernon, for the murder of Michael Martin, (that having been the first charge made against him, of course on that he must be first tried,) was dull and cloudy, the wind blew too, fitfully and mournfully, and the old trees around the City Hall waved their giant arms, solemnly to and fro, to and fro.

From a very early hour crowds had commenced gathering around the building, and almost any sum was offered to constables and other public functionaries for admittance to the court-room; but the officers strange to say were inflexible, and would not allow a single person to enter until after the court was organized. Very soon, however, the attention of the crowd was attracted from its endeavors to force an entrance by a rumor that the prisoner was coming. Away in the direction of the Tombs, there was heard a rumbling noise; it increased, and grew louder, and very soon a carriage was seen slowly approaching, surrounded by an eager, excited crowd, that was with the utmost difficulty kept back by the strong police force that surrounded the vehicle.

Yells, jeers, and execrations from all sides, loaded the air, and several missiles were cast at the prisoner, but the prompt arrest of the offenders soon put a stop to that department of the mob's revenge; still it was with a feeling of intense relief that the Marshal having charge of the prisoner found that they had stopped before the City Hall.

A double line of police having been formed from the carriage to the very door of the court-room, it was deemed perfectly safe to conduct the prisoner in, so he was taken from the carriage and placed between two officers; but the instant the crowd caught sight of him, the tumult which had been stilled for a moment, broke out with renewed violence. "Down with him at once!" "What's the good of a trial!" "Hang him up to the first tree!" and various other similar exclamations were vociferated in chorus, the mob swaying backwards and forwards like the waves of a mighty ocean; but still all would probably have passed off in noise, had not one brawny fellow, bolder than the rest, breaking suddenly through the line of police, struck Vernon a heavy blow in the face. "You killed my brother at — Creek, fiend, and I'll have some revenge," he cried, as he struck the blow. That was enough; in a single instant the infuriated mob was pressing on in all directions, shouting aloud for the life-blood of the wholesale murderer. In vain the police strove to keep their lines—they were swept away like chaff before the wind. On, on pressed the howling mob, their passions aroused to madness, and their minds bent on accomplishing a sudden retribution. Some twenty policemen, headed by the

Chief, had surrounded Vernon, and they had almost managed to reach the court-room when they found they could advance no further; on every side they were hemmed in, on every side greeted with the cries, "Give up the murderer!" "Give up the incarnate fiend, or your blood be on your own heads." Closer and closer the crowd pressed in vain, the men plied their clubs, one by one they were disabled, until Vernon stood almost alone before the fierce rabble; his blood turned icy, as he met their awful looks, and his heart almost ceased beating; but suddenly he espied the stock of a pistol protruding from the pocket of the officer nearest him. Seizing it, he hid it in a moment in his breast.

"Where is he? where is he? Don't let him escape," the people kept on shouting.

The last policemen were put to rout; the murderer stood unprotected, but he had managed to place his back against the wall.

"Which is he?" tried one who was foremost in the riot.

"I am Robert Vernon, let who will take me!" the banker answered, at the same time bringing his pistol slowly to a level. It had the effect that firearms invariably do upon a promiscuous crowd; they all recoiled a moment, and that moment saved Vernon from being torn limb from limb; for a military company that had been sent for at the commencement of the disturbance, arriving just at that time, quickly dispersed the rioters, and conducted the prisoner in safety to the court-room.

I shall not dwell upon the trial with all its fearful incidents, for during the investigation nothing was elucidated with which the reader is not already familiar, and I should therefore only weary him by recapitulating them now; so I shall only speak of the testimony of Mr. Hounslow, and not of his testimony either, but of what followed at the conclusion thereof.

It was the second day of the trial before he was examined, and when he took his seat on the stand his strength was so far exhausted that it was some moments before he could speak; but at length, having swallowed a glass of water, he replied quite clearly and distinctly to everything that was asked him, looking full in the prisoner's face all the while; but when the cross examination and all was over, every one noticed with what difficulty he rose from his seat, and how he pressed his hands convulsively over his breast. He stumbled from the witness-box muttering—"It is all over! Death just gave me time enough and none to spare. Heavens! what fearful pains!" He bit his white lips till the blood came, and there passed over his face an expression of agony so terrible as to cause every eye that saw it to turn away in horror.

Two officers were supporting him, and endeavoring to lead him to the door; but just as they passed before Robert Vernon, Hounslow said, "Stop, stop, I can go no further; I am dying." They paused, and he stood still a moment gazing at the banker.

"Your treachery brought us both to this pass," he said, scowling fiercely at the prisoner. "But you will die on the gallows. I—" he paused and threw his head suddenly back—his face was of the hue of ashes.

Then with hurried hand he wrenched the bandages from his breast, and the red blood flowed forth and trickled down upon the floor. "Oh God, I die—I die!" he cried. "All is black, black, black; not one single ray of light! take me away, take me away." He threw his hands convulsively up over his head, gave one more loud groan, and fell heavily forward directly at the feet of Robert Vernon. The banker started up horror struck, and drew back as far as he was able from the body.

They raised him up very quickly, but the pulse had ceased to beat—life was gone. And thus perished he, who among his companions was known as the great Captain Hounslow. They bore the body from the room, and as he had no relatives to claim it, I very much fear that it found its way to one of those self-same colleges which he had in life so frequently supplied with subjects, little thinking how soon it would be his turn to submit likewise to the surgeon's knife.

One day longer still the trial lasted, and the same deep earnest interest on the part of the public continued to the end; and when at length the case was given to the jury, not a spectator left the Court room, though it was late in the afternoon; the crowd outside kept on increasing, although a drizzling rain was falling, and a chilling wind moaning and wailing round.

Heavens! how deathly still it was in that closely packed room, during the time that the jury were absent.

Not a breath, not a sound, save only the deep monotonous tone of the large old-fashioned clock striking off the minutes solemnly, grandly, as though it well knew how heavy a slight each one of them bore along with it.

Tick! tick! tick! no other noise in all that vast assembly for a long half hour, and then an officer came into Court and announced that the jury had agreed upon a verdict.

"Bring them into court then, Mr. Clerk," said the presiding judge.

There was a movement among the crowd now, and the prisoner passed his hand rapidly over his eyes.

The door opened and the jury entered and took their seats; just as they did so, the rain beat down faster than ever, and the wind howled and shrieked like an army of demons.

"Gentlemen of the jury stand up and face the prisoner. Prisoner stand up and face the jury," said the judge.

They did so.

"How say you, gentlemen; is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty!"

Again, with a wild howl, the wind swept over the venerable pile.

Vernon, as he heard the fatal word, suddenly tore open his shirt bosom as if for air, and sank back, almost fainting, into his seat, and to the usual questions of the judge, as to whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he only bent his head still lower, and uttered a scarce audible groan.

When told at length to stand up to receive his sentence, his knees trembled so that he was obliged to hold firmly by the rail for support.

In few but thrilling words his honor commented upon the peculiar horrors of this case—of the birth, education, refinement, and position of the criminal, and also of his own feelings, in being thus called upon to pass the last sentence of the law upon one at whose board he sat so often, whose festal halls he had so often trod, and whose friendship he had prized as one of heaven's choicest gifts; tears came into his eyes as he spoke, and his aged hands trembled. Calming himself, however, he continued: "It becomes, now, my sad and solemn duty to conclude this trial. The sentence of the law is, that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

How fearfully loud the clock sounded for a moment or two after that, and it kept on remorselessly numbering minutes and seconds with time past.

The trial was over, and the crowd dispersed in solemn silence through the drenching rain, pondering over what had passed.

Vernon, half stupefied, was led back to his cell, and left alone with his thoughts.

CHAPTER XXI.—AFTER THE TRIAL.

So the trial was over, and the public pulse beat rather more tranquilly; they felt that the outraged laws would be vindicated, and they could do no more.

But a great and strange change had taken place in Lucretia; she had consummated her vengeance, and now she wished she could undo all she had done. True, she had testified at the trial clearly and distinctly as to the murder, but she felt as the words left her lips as though she was signing her own death warrant.

She could not account to herself for the strange, chaotic state of her incomprehensible mind. Up and down her room she wandered, pale as a ghost, now beating her lofty brow, and tearing her long dark hair. In vain even Arthur strove to still the tumult; in vain he adjured her by the endearing name of mother to calm herself, and be convinced that she had but done her duty.

"I, too," he would say, "was obliged to ascend the witness stand, and if I escaped uncommitted, it was but through the courtesy of the district attorney. I will never forget how generously he forbore to press a single question."

"Yes, yes," she answered, "I know it, Arthur. I know I should be happy, too happy with you, my dear, dear boy; but I cannot tell what it is that haunts me thus—that will not let me sleep, nor eat, nor think, save only of him, of him. O God! how all the past crowds back upon me; tramp! tramp! tramp! It moves on,

backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, but never standing still a moment—never gives me time to face it."

"Mother, you will kill yourself if you allow these sick fancies to have such unbounded sway," Percy (for so we will still call him, he having himself determined to retain the name) answered, taking her by the hand, and endeavoring to draw her to a seat.

"I would I were dead," she cried, catching eagerly at the word. "I would I were lying deep, deep beneath the sod, and that the grass was waving green and cool above me, but I feel now as though I should never die."

She buried her head in her hands, and sank down upon a couch, muttering unintelligibly to herself.

And so days passed; but at length the storm seemed to have expended itself; for suddenly a calmness, almost as strange and unaccountable as the preceding passion, took possession of her. She passed hour after hour at the prison with the convict, and when she was not there the greater part of her time was spent away from home; but how no one knew.

Arthur made several attempts to discover her whereabouts, but obtaining merely evasive replies to his questions, and perceiving that they evidently annoyed his mother, he discontinued, and she followed out her occupations, whatever they were, alone and unmolested.

But how did Robert Vernon bear himself, now that he was under sentence of death, and that his hours on earth were numbered? Why, instead of despair and agony attaining the ascendant, a new life seemed infused in his veins; he ate heartily, his form had recovered its erectness, and his eye lost that dull and vacant stare that had characterized it during the trial. Was it that he rejoiced that life with its heavy burden was so soon to be laid aside? Did he feel no horror of "that bourne from whence no traveller returns"? I know not, I only speak of him as he was, nor pretend, in this instance, to read the secret causes that led to the result.

One evening, not many days from that appointed for the execution, Lucretia was admitted to his cell. As soon as the door was firmly closed behind her she seated herself on the rude pallet beside him, and speaking almost inaudibly, said, "Are you quite sure your courage will remain steadfast to the end?"

He looked at her scornfully at first, but then taking her hand in his, answered:

"Do not doubt me; can you suppose I would hesitate when the alternative is death on the public scaffold?"

"One blow will do it," Lucretia continued, half in reverie.

"I have spilled blood before," he said, gloomily; "I do not fear the sight of it."

"The dagger is where I placed it?"

"It is; I look at it every night in order that the sight of it may make the act more familiar." Vernon shuddered a little in spite of his pretended hardihood, and instinctively pressed his hand over his heart.

"What a terrible life I have passed through," he continued. "Oh, God! what a hell it has been to me—a hell that can never be surpassed in agony."

"Don't talk so, Robert," Lucretia said kindly.

He started, and looked wonderingly round; it was the first time she had called him by that name in years.

"Lucretia, why do you call me by that name? Would you mock me with the memory of the only happiness I ever enjoyed on earth?"

"I was thinking of those days," she answered. "I think of nothing else now. Oh that we could blot out all the long, long years of anguish that have passed since then."

She covered her face with her hands, and large tears came forcing their way through her white fingers.

Terribly, indeed, must the depths of that soul have been shaken when it showed itself in such messengers.

"I have heard nothing of my wife," Vernon said at length, breaking a long pause. "Do you know what has become of her?"

"She is almost an idiot, they tell me," Lucretia replied; "the loss of wealth, and position, and friends, was more than her weak mind could stand."

"If it had only been my death now," the banker suggested.

"She would never have shed a tear unless the

black proved unbecoming," Lucretia said, sneeringly.

"And Mary," Vernon continued, his guilty lips trembling as he pronounced her name."

"She is not your daughter."

"Not my daughter! what do you mean?"

"She was palmed off on you by the nurse, Mrs. Malvern, whose child she is, that she might enjoy your wealth; your own daughter died in infancy, and this one was thrust in by her ambitious mother to supply her place."

"Great Heaven! how you amaze me; but is she still living?" Vernon looked wonderingly at her, as though uncertain whether he was awake or asleep.

"Yes, she—she is alive; and what is more—much better. She has retired to some quiet place with both her mothers: there—that is all I know of them; let us talk of something more interesting." She waved her hand as though to dismiss the subject for ever.

"Time is up," cried the jailer, and the door of the cell swung slowly open.

"Already!" Lucretia sighed a deep sigh, and then pressing Vernon's hand, she whispered in a deep voice, "Remember, and let not your courage fail; if possible, I will see you once more."

"Trust me I will yet cheat the gallows," he answered in as guarded a tone, and returning the pressure of her hand as they parted.

It was only eight o'clock when she took leave of the prisoner; but it was long past midnight before she reached her home.

When she arrived there she found Arthur waiting for her. He took her hat and shawl and laid them aside for her, and then smoothed back the matted hair from her damp brow, but asked her never a question. The lamp was waning and flickering in the socket, for it had burned nearly out, and strange and fantastic were the shadows that it caused to dance around that pair.

They were dim ghastly shadows—such shadows as lie darkly along a life-time.

CHAPTER XXII.—MARY AND ARTHUR MEET.

I PRESUME that some of my readers, especially if I am so far honored as to boast many ladies among them, will be anxious to know whether Arthur Percy and Mary have met since the release of the former from his incarceration.

As yet they had not; for although he had of course heard the strange history of her birth—and it had sent a thrill of delight through every fibre of his being to know that she was not his sister—still her health had been in such a precarious state, that the physician found that the least excitement might precipitate death, which indeed he had almost given up the hope of being able to baffle.

But after the discovery of the manifold curses of Mr. Robert Vernon, a strange notion forced itself upon the good doctor's mind; he never breathed his suspicions to a mortal being, but to him came with a suddenness and reality that bore conviction along with it the idea that his patient had been poisoned, and was slowly sinking under the effects of some baleful drug.

As I have before said, he never even hinted to a human being the suspicion that haunted him; but quietly proceeded, in the first place, to make inquiries as to whether the father had secured any policies on his daughter's life, and on discovering that such was the case, his surmises became certainties.

Feeling that it would be utterly useless to appeal to Vernon as to the poison used, he preferred trusting to his own medical skill; and what was his delight to find, that under the remedies he administered his gentle patient rapidly awoke as it were from the strange lethargy in which she had lain ever since the morning on which her mother discovered herself to her, and by the time that it became necessary that they should remove from the palace house in Fifth Avenue to more humble quarters, she had so far regained her strength as to bear the fatigue of being removed almost without its costing her a single throb of pain.

So day by day she continued to regain health, until at length they considered it safe to break to her the intelligence of Arthur's safety.

Then, for the first time in months, a faint color stole over her cheeks and brow; but for a moment or two she was so completely overcome with joy, that they began to fear the result. But happiness is a marvellous physician after all; its shock may be frustrating at first, but my word for it, the reaction always makes

ample amends for whatever damage may have been done at the start.

So it was with Mary; smiles took the place of sighs, and the faint tinge of color kept on increasing until a delicate and permanent carnation once more glowed on her transparent cheek. Her only prayer now was that she might see him.

They told her how, day after day, and sometimes even hour after hour, he had called to inquire after every passing change of her health—and oh, how her young heart beat as she listened.

So they sent, at length, and told him he might see her.

With what mingled feelings Arthur received that message to see her. Oh, it would be ecstasy beyond imagination! but then came the thought of his own forlorn, outcast position, the natural son of a convicted murderer and thief; would it not be almost desecration to enter the presence of so much purity? But the temptation was too great to be resisted; he would see her once, if it was only to part with her for ever.

So very soon after receiving the message, he set out for the humble abode they had chosen.

It was a raw, gusty evening; the wind moaned round the street corners, and the thick, black clouds were ominous of a coming storm. But what to Arthur, at that moment, were exterior objects? His world was, for the time being, concentrated on the mind.

He arrived, after walking some half a mile, at a very small and unostentatious tenement, and with trembling hand pulled the bell.

Mrs. Malvern herself answered the summons, saying, as she invited him to enter, "Oh, I am glad you've come, Mr. Percy! I've been watching for you this hour."

Arthur grasped her hand and pressed it warmly, and then followed her into the small parlor.

"How is dear Mary, to-night?" he asked, mechanically, for he felt himself unable to converse.

"She is well, only nervous-like waiting for you, sir; won't you come up?" Mrs. Malvern answered.

With emotions which it were utterly impossible to describe, Arthur rose from the seat into which he had fallen, and followed the good lady up stairs.

Having reached the top, she gently opened a door and motioned him to enter; then closing it, she quietly withdrew and left the lovers to themselves. And well she must have remembered her own young days, to have managed things so dexterously and so delicately.

Arthur found himself in a small but exquisitely neat apartment, and drawing near the bed on tip-toe, he stood in an instant beside his love.

She was too weak to sit up yet, but was supported in a sitting position by a quantity of snowy pillows; smoothly over her pale brow her hair was parted, and her hands were eagerly stretched forth to meet her lover.

"Oh, Arthur, dear Arthur, have you come at last," she cried, and in another second they were locked in each other's arms; the very soul of each appeared to gush forth to greet the other. Moments passed, and still not another word was spoken, only they remained with arms entwined, the heart so full that words could not translate its desires.

At length, however, Arthur murmured in a low voice, "Oh, how I have dreamed of this moment, Mary! it has lighted up many a dark hour in my loathsome dungeon; but then the thought would obtrude itself—it will never come, it will never come."

"You doubted that we should meet again," Mary said. "I never did; I knew we should Arthur, sooner or later, for it was revealed to me in a vision."

"A vision, what mean you, dearest?"

"I was lying quite awake, Arthur, when you came to me and told me not to grieve—that we would meet again, and be happy—Oh, so happy!"—she looked up in his face with her sweet calm smile, and he felt its heavenly influence through his entire being.

"And now that time has come," she continued, "we will never part again."

She took his hand in hers, and held it very tightly, as though she would thus retain him ever at her side.

"You forget, Mary," Arthur murmured bitterly, "that happiness and I have shaken hands and parted company forever. Look at me! Is not

my very brow scarred with shame—a murderer's son born out of wedlock! Oh that I had died, and never known that fearful truth!"

"Arthur, Arthur, do not talk thus; I know everything, indeed I do," Mary said, tears starting to her eyes. "But do you think I could love you the less for that? Oh no! more, ten thousand times more than ever. It is yourself I love, yourself I adore. What do I care for all the world beside?"

She hid her face in his bosom and wept long, passionately.

"My own dear love," he answered, as he wound his arm around her, "would you indeed take me, though the finger of scorn followed me throughout the world? How have I deserved love like this?"

He kissed her white brow tenderly, and folded her still closer to his heart.

"Take you! Oh, Arthur, with you the future stretches out in unclouded glory. Without you there is only the grave, the grave, the grave!"

"Then I am thine! Oh, if I stoop from stern duty in linking my dark, poor life to thine, forgive me—Oh, God forgive me! the temptation is more than man can bear."

There was a fearful crash of thunder just at that moment, and the storm beat furiously down.

Arthur shuddered. "Hark," he said, "how nature curses me!"

"Silence, Arthur, you are mad to speak thus," Mary said.

"It is an omen of what is to be," he answered still trembling. "Let me go, let me go, lest God smite the innocent with the guilty!"

"Arthur, dear Arthur, you are giving way to a fearful excitement. Oh, calm yourself, beloved—for my sake, calm yourself."

She put both arms around his neck and looked up so lovingly, and at the same time so pleadingly in his face, that his fears were again dispelled, and sinking down beside her, they passed long hours together planning out pleasures for the future.

And when he arose to depart Mary pointed towards the casement; the clouds had broken away, and the stars had commenced to shine. "See," said she, "Heaven is smiling now."

"I accept the omen," Arthur answered quite gaily; "and now once more good night." And once more he bent over her and pressed his lips to hers.

"Good night, dearest. You will come to-morrow?" Mary replied.

At the word "to-morrow" Arthur shuddered violently. "No, not to-morrow, love," he answered. "I shall not leave the house to-morrow."

"Not leave the house! Why not?"

"Do not ask me."

"Nay, but you must come; I cannot live without you."

"Every day but to-morrow."

"Then tell me why not to-morrow, or I shall imagine something fearful."

"Not more fearful than the reality."

"What is it, what is it?"

"You will regret it if I tell you, love."

"No, no. I must know."

"To-morrow is the day for the execution."

Mary covered her face with her hands, and fell back on the bed, trembling in every limb.

"You forced me to tell you, dearest," Arthur said, as he raised her upon the pillows.

"I know it, I know it," she answered. Oh! it is too terrible. And we have been planning happiness, with that fearful event close upon us!"

"I cannot think that a sin, dear Mary; for God knows we have known little enough of happiness. But again, good-night. To-morrow we will spend in silent thought, and the next day I will be with you again."

So Arthur left the house, and when he reached the street he bared his brow to the cool night wind, for the brain within was so overwrought that it throbbed almost to bursting.

He reached home. Lucretia had not returned; that was nothing strange, however, so without waiting for her he retired to his own room.

Finding he could not sleep, he arose after some little time, and drawing a chair to the window, looked out. It was a lovely night; every trace of the storm had disappeared, and the stars shone down in unclouded brilliancy.

He had not remained long in this position before a carriage drove up, and Lucretia stepping out ran hurriedly to the house, and the vehicle rattled away.

Feeling disinclined to talk, and convinced that his mother would look for him, Arthur quickly sought his bed, and closing his eyes pretended to be buried in deep sleep.

Presently he heard her step in the hall. She apparently listened a moment at the door, and then entered on tiptoe. Approaching the bed, she gazed long and steadily at her son, and then stooping over him kissed him many times.

All this time she appeared almost choked with sobs, and kept continually wiping the tears from her eyes. At length she turned away, and left the room very hastily, and a moment after Arthur thought he heard her pass out of the street door.

Springing up he found his surmise correct, for he was just in time to see her form running down the garden walk, and disappear down the street in the direction of the river.

Scarcely wondering what it could mean, so used had he become to her vagaries, Arthur returned once more to his couch, and very soon was dreaming happy dreams of Mary Malvern, as I suppose I must hereafter call her.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE NIGHT BEFORE THE EXECUTION.

In his cell sat the murderer, and he could almost count the minutes move that intervened between him and the scaffold.

He was half-sitting, half-lying on his miserable pallet; but strange as it may appear, the same expression of hope that I have before alluded to still continued triumphant on his brow.

There was no muttering, no groaning, but he appeared to await almost calmly for the appointed hour.

At length he starts, however, and a fearful pallor overspread his countenance.

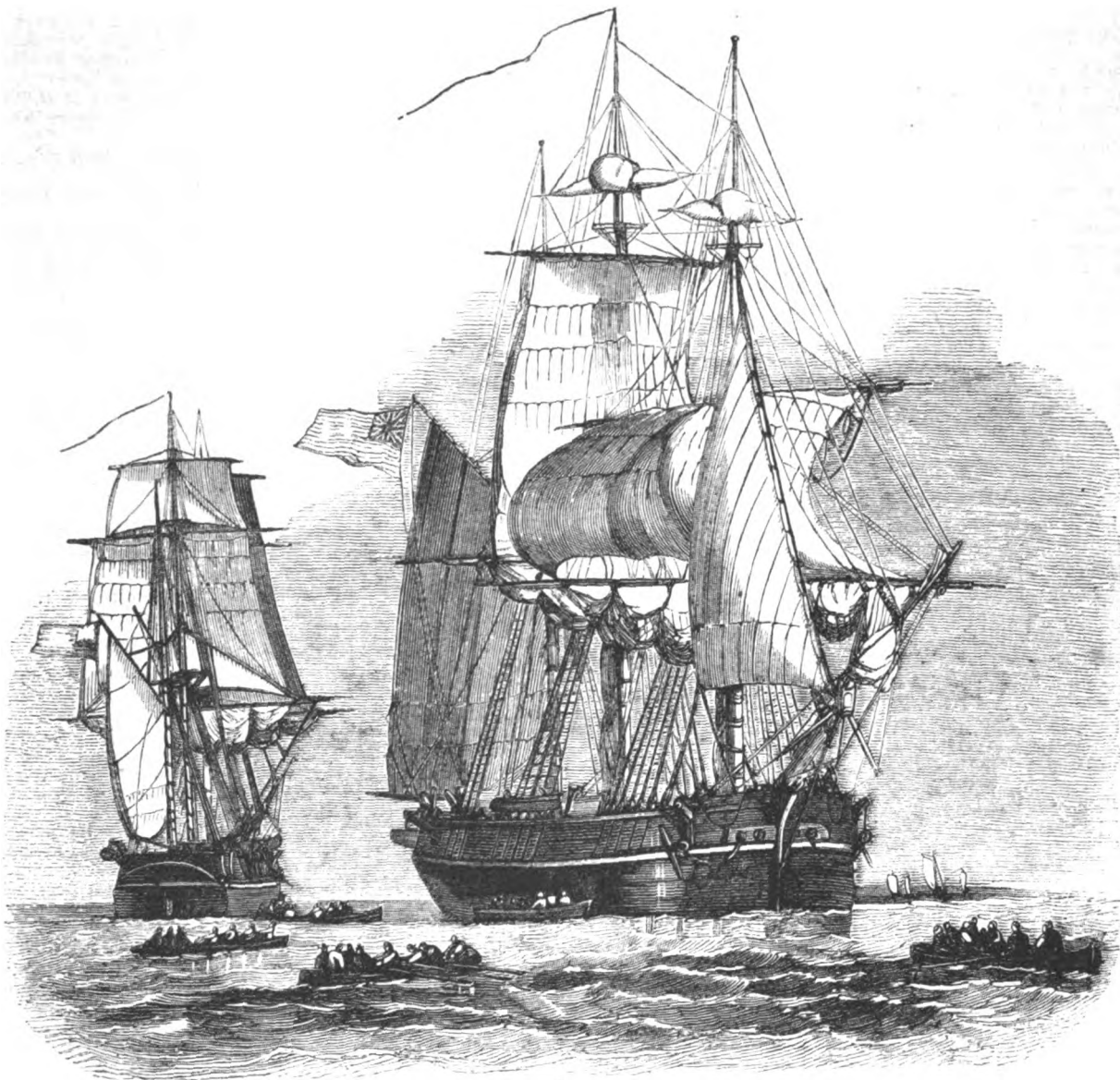
What was it aroused him thus.

Listen! stroke after stroke of a heavy hammer—they are raising the gallows in the prison yard.

For a moment his lip quivered, and his entire frame seemed convulsed with agony; but suddenly recollecting himself, as it were, he laughed a short, mocking laugh and returned to his seat on the bed again.

"Let them build their scaffold, poor fools," he muttered, "but if they think to see me hang there, their hopes are doomed to a bitter disappointment; no, no, this will save me!" As he thus soliloquized he took from its place of concealment the small dirk that Lucretia had given him, and examined the blade minutely.

"Not a flaw," he said, "not even a spot of rust; it cannot fail, and why should I hesitate; it will not be the first blood I have spilled."



ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—SHIP "RESOLUTE."

He passed his fingers along the well-set edge, and smiled a grim smile.

"Yes, I will do it," he said, and then once more returned the blade to the hiding place he had prepared for it.

Scarcely had he done so when the dungeon-door turned slowly on its hinges, and Lucretia entered the cell.

"I can allow you but five minutes alone," the jailer said, as he shut them in.

"That is sufficient," Lucretia answered; then seizing Vernon by the hand she said:

"Is your pulse firm, Robert?"

"Like iron," he replied.

"It is well, we will cheat the gallows! never, never shall it claim a victim like to thee!" she looked up at him almost proudly, and then imprinted a kiss upon his brow.

"Lucretia, the sight of you gives me new

courage. Hark! do you not hear them erecting the scaffold? even that sound brings not one thrill of fear." Vernon passed his arm around that strange woman's form, and drew her towards him; and the caress appeared to send an emotion of joy to her very soul. Could it be that all the love of early life had returned again now that life was closing.

However that may be, certain it is that she returned the caress, and seemed quite happily lying there in his arms.

But the five minutes passed quickly—far, far, too quickly—and she was forced to leave.

"Farewell," she said, and again her manner presented a strange anomaly; there was no passionate embrace, no tears, no token of any kind by which you might judge that they were parting to meet no more, save only her final words. "Farewell till we meet hereafter."

"Till we meet hereafter," he echoed, and so they parted.

Scarcely had she gone ere the storm began to rage, the vivid lightning flashed into the gloomy cell, and the loud thunder reverberated with fearful clamor.

Still Vernon sat there unmoved, seeming to laugh at and mock the very elements. At length he again took the dagger from its concealment, and grasped it firmly in his hand; as he did so a distant clock struck twelve.

"It is the hour," he muttered, and he stood with his arm uplifted, and the keen blade glittering in the dim light.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE MORNING DAWN.

NIGHT passed and the gray dawn began to streak the horizon: presently the gray began to change

to gold, and the bright sun shed its early beams upon the house-tops. Here and there a milk-cart rattled through the streets, a few ragged news-boys with the morning papers commenced their ear-splitting cries, and the workmen, with their tools, began to repair to their several occupations. The lazy officials about the city prison, too, yawning themselves awake, commenced their rounds.

The turnkey who had charge of Vernon the murderer was later than the rest, but at length he likewise made his appearance, and rubbing his eyes, slowly proceeded to unlock the cell of the condemned, in order to see what state of mind he might be in, and to ask, as he jocularly expressed it, "whether he would take coffee or tea for breakfast!"

He opened the door, but started back horror-struck; the prisoner was lying on his back on the floor, the stones were clotted with blood, and the handle of a small dirk was visible protruding from his breast, immediately over the heart.

Trembling so that he could scarcely stand, the jailor approached the body and felt it: it was quite cold, life had evidently been extinct for some time.

Summoning aid, they raised the corpse and placed it on the bed, and then at once dispatched a messenger with the intelligence to the authorities.

Twelve o'clock, the hour for the execution, came round, and immense crowds began to assemble in the neighborhood of the Tombs; house-tops were loaded, windows were filled to suffocation, and the streets around presented an unbroken mass of human beings, men, women and children, all eager to catch a glimpse of the notorious criminal.

At length it began to be noised abroad that he had committed suicide in his cell, and by degrees, as hour after hour passed by, the rumor changed into a certainty.

Then began low murmurs of discontent, which kept on growing louder and louder, and threatened to end in a serious disturbance, when the angry passions were quelled by the announcement that the body would be exposed to the public view.

The corpse having been placed in a plain coffin and decently arrayed for the grave, was raised upon a table in the vestibule of the prison, and the crowd allowed to enter in single file and gaze upon it.

Many there were who had known him in life who availed themselves of this opportunity, and not one but noticed how strange a change had taken place in his appearance; they could not tell precisely what it was, but felt that had they seen the corpse by accident they would never have known it to be what was once Robert Vernon.

It was late in the evening e'er the crowd ceased to seek admittance, and even after the gates were closed, hundreds went away disappointed. The body was then delivered to those who claimed it; but, before proceeding, it is necessary to go back to the morning of that eventful day again.

Arthur Percy rose very early that morning, for he could not sleep, the fearful event that was about to transpire engrossing every thought. For a while he sat by the open casement and let the cool morning breeze fan the hair back from his brow; but at length he hastily dressed himself and descended to his mother's apartments; he knocked gently, not an answer came; he repeated it more loudly, still all within was silent, so he carefully opened the door and entered.

The room was vacant, the bed had not been slept in, and there was nothing to show that the room had been recently occupied. Passing on quickly to the sitting-room attached to the bed-chamber, he found that, too, deserted; but on the centre-table was a note, directed to him, written in his mother's hand.

Tearing it hastily open, he began to read, but scarcely had he done so when his brain commenced to swim, and he was obliged to totter to a chair for support.

The letter was indited with a trembling hand and ran thus:

MY DEAR, DEAR SON: When you read this I shall be far beyond the reach of care. You must have noticed how strangely I have acted of late, and how my whole life seemed changed. I confess to you that remorse for the part I took in bringing your poor father to the scaffold has preyed upon my mind until reason tottered on her throne. Thoughts of the past came thick and fast upon me; of the days when we were

all in all to each other, and all the intense love of youth rushed back, like a long pent-up cataract, upon my heart. The agony is more than I could bear, and ever and ever two words burned into my brain—they were, "the River!" "the River!" When you read this I shall be lying beneath the dark cold waters, at rest! at rest!

I would ask God's blessing upon you, my dear dear boy, but fear a blessing sought by me might prove a curse. I can only say farewell, and entreat you when you think of me to remember how much I loved you. Good bye, good bye for ever. *The clock strikes twelve, it is the hour.* Again good bye; to the River! the River!

LUCRETIA.

Cold dews started out on Arthur's brow as he read and re-read this strange epistle, and he sat for a long time almost palsied by the accumulation of horrors that surrounded him. How long he might have remained there perfectly motionless, there's no saying, had he not been aroused by the entrance of Stephen Armstrong, who had come to break to him the fearful catastrophe that had terminated his father's life.

"Great heaven, how startling," Arthur said, when he had listened to the tale; "read this," and he handed his mother's farewell letter to his friend.

"This is indeed most strange," Stephen said. "It almost seems as though it was arranged between them that they should leave the world together; but let us make some effort to discover if she has indeed committed this terrible act."

They went out and walked down the street together in the direction which Arthur had seen Lucretia take the night before.

Arrived at the pier, they looked around a moment, when suddenly Percy's gaze lighted upon something fluttering from a rail half way down the side of the wharf; clambering down he secured it, and returned. Upon examination it proved to be part of a lace mantilla which he well knew that Lucretia had worn the previous night; what more proof could they ask; their worst apprehensions were confirmed.

"You must bear up stoutly, Arthur. Remember, despair can do no good," Stephen said, seeing how very pale his friend had become, and how his whole frame trembled. "You have another sad duty to perform to-day."

"What is it?" Arthur asked mechanically.

"You must claim the body of Robert Vernon, and see it decently interred. Nay, don't tremble so; I will be with you. I have already made every necessary arrangement; you will only have to go through the form."

"Thank you, thank you, Stephen. What should I be without you?" Arthur said.

So when evening came they went together and claimed the corpse of the murderer. Arthur never looked at it, but Armstrong did, and his first exclamation was, "How changed! I should never have known him."

Every arrangement having been made for its removal, it was soon accomplished, and followed only by Arthur, Stephen, and the clergyman, they wound their way to a quiet burial ground, and there consigned the body to the earth, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

And when after many days of fruitless search a body was found far down the bay, that from the dress (no single feature was left untouched by the decaying element) was identified as Lucretia's, they placed her there beside him, and covered both graves with a soft green turf, then turned away in some measure relieved; but on the heart of one at least a weight rested that time alone could lighten.

But my faith in "Time, the infallible physician," is large.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE SUN SHINES AT LAST.

It is scarcely more than justice to those who have travelled thus far with me through storm and tempest, that the clouds should rise at last and permit a gleam of the golden sunset to shine for a moment over the picture.

It is but fair that so dark a day as I have been obliged to record, should end at last in a glow of glad light and warmth. So it shall be.

I have done with the fearful and terrible elements of crime and passion, and turn gladly away from them to the fair fields of happiness. And if by so doing, I am able to mellow down the dark tints that have gone before, so that only the moral may stand out in bold relief, I shall be satisfied.

Two years have passed away and even the re-

collection of the "Vernon crimes," had almost died out. Wall street has another potentate as mighty as he, and let us hope not quite so unscrupulous, and stocks have their rise and fall as usual, but not with them have I to do more.

As I said, let the sunshine have a moment's time to glow over the closing scenes.

It was Spring, and New York wore its loveliest dress; everything seemed waking up from the lethargy of winter; overcoats were cast aside, furs wrapped carefully up by economic housewives, to keep the moth out, and in fact every preparation made to enjoy the balmy breath of May.

The grass in the parks was as green as emerald and soft as velvet; the trees commenced to bud and blossom, and before the upturn residences the glorious clusters of the prairie rose already shook their carnation leaves to the breeze.

On the morning of which I speak, at about nine o'clock, two young men were sitting together in an elegantly furnished apartment of the Union Place Hotel.

The elder, from his stately bearing, and noble mien, we find no difficulty in recognizing as Stephen Armstrong, nor does it require a much closer scrutiny to see in the younger, albeit he has changed somewhat, the handsome features of Arthur Percy. Armstrong was dressed in a full suit of unexceptionable black, and wore even at that early hour of the day, a dress-coat, so that one might readily judge that some important event was on hand.

Arthur had not completed his toilet, but so much of it as was accomplished, was very similar to that of his friend; in fact it only needed the coat, and that was lying ready on a chair beside him.

The buoyancy of youth had passed away from Arthur, probably never to return, but still at the time of which I speak there rested on his countenance the unmistakable stamp of a happiness greater than words can describe. It was a calm, still joy, and for that reason, more earnest, more enduring.

"How thankful I should be, Stephen," he said, breaking a silence that had lasted some moments; "how thankful I should be that God has led me through so many trials, to such unmingled joy at last."

"You should indeed, Arthur, and I am sure you are thankful; better, far better, the gratitude, though unexpressed, of an overflowing heart, than all the wordy prayers that were ever uttered."

Stephen took his friend's hand in his, and pressed it warmly, "I congratulate you, dear Arthur, indeed I do," said he.

"After all, what should I have been without you," Arthur went on. "You, Stephen, first woke me from the dull despair that had taken possession of me; you taught me how I could win a name for myself. To you, to you I owe everything."

"Pshaw! you talk nonsense, come dress yourself man, it is past nine now; would you keep the bride waiting," Armstrong said gaily, thus giving a turn to the conversation, which began to border on the sentimental, a thing for which he possessed an unmitigated horror.

"True, but I will be ready in a moment," and so saying, he sprang to his feet, drew on his coat, and taking his hat and gloves, declared his readiness to depart.

"Well, I suppose you will follow my example before long, Stephen," the young man said, as they passed down stairs.

"I hope Arthur to join you in Italy next fall with as fair a bride as your own," Armstrong answered in a frank, manly tone.

And so chatting, they stepped into a carriage that was waiting, and directing the driver to some place a short distance from the city were driven rapidly off.

Taking passage on the magic car—always at the command of the novelist—we will precede them a short time, and take a hasty survey of the scene towards which they are bound.

A lovely spot on the banks of the Hudson, about ten miles from the city, but so secluded, so embedded in thick groves of trees that once there it required no stretch of the imagination to fancy yourself hundreds of miles away from the noise and turmoil of the great western Babel.

The house was a small cottage, painted a soft shade of brown, and almost hidden from view by the rose bushes and woodbine that clambered over it.

In front a lawn, the green turf of which seemed absolutely to spring beneath the feet,

stretched down to a smooth hard beach; at one side of the cottage a pretty flower garden was laid out, and showed plainly the care and culture of female hands.

Altogether it was one of the fairest spots that ever nature framed.

Mrs. Malvern had bought this property with part of a small inheritance unexpectedly left her by a distant relative, and there she had removed with her daughter and Mrs. Vernon, who had sunk into hopeless but harmless idiocy; the only thing she seemed to enjoy was to sit for hours together looking out upon the river, watching the sloops and steamers pass; and occasionally accompanied by Mary she would stroll down to the beach and sit on the rocks listening with all the pleasure of a child to the roar of the water as it dashed up on the shore.

Let us enter the house on the morning I have been speaking of; within everything is as neat as wax, and the rooms seem dressed for a holiday, for on every mantle and every table stand innumerable vases of Spring's brightest flowers, and on the table in the drawing room was a basket of pure white blossoms, orange buds predominating, and surrounded by dark green leaves.

It must be confessed that it looked very much like preparing for a wedding; nor was the idea that such was the case lessened by the arrival of the Reverend Mr. Hartley, the clergyman of the parish, who all smiles entered the pretty cottage, and was warmly welcomed by Mrs. Malvern, who having seen him cross the lawn hastened down stairs to meet him.

"Am I too early," Mr. Hartley asked, seeing the rooms still empty.

"Not a bit, not a bit," Mrs. Malvern answered. They will all be here soon, and if you will excuse me a moment I will just put the finishing touch to my daughter Violet." So saying the good lady hurried up stairs again.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE WEDDING.

THE Rev. Mr. Hartley was not left long alone, for presently the carriage which we saw start from the Union Place Hotel drove up, and Arthur and Stephen alighted.

Leaving Armstrong to the care of Mr. Hartley, Percy ran quickly up stairs, and in a moment was in the presence of the bride.

Mary, (I mean still to call her by that name,) had completely recovered her health, and surpassingly lovely she looked in her white bridal dress. Her hair was parted smoothly over her beautiful brow, and fastened in it, by a wreath of orange blossoms, was a full tulle veil that fell almost to her feet; her dress was of plain white silk, and she wore no jewels, save only an elaborate pearl brooch, the wedding present of the groom. Well might Arthur pause and gaze, as he did, upon that vision of loveliness.

"Dear, dear Mary," he said, at length taking her tiny arms in his, "how have I deserved so much happiness."

"I wonder if you are really as happy as you pretend to be," she answered laughing; "I don't believe you are half as happy as I am."

"To think," Arthur went on, "how all our dreams are about to be fulfilled; don't you remember how we used to talk of going to Italy?"

"Yes, Arthur, but don't speak of the past now," Mary said, a shadow for an instant passing over her face.

"You are right, love; the present and the future are ours, not the past; but come, they are waiting for us," so Arthur drew her hand through his arm, and accompanied by Mrs. Malvern, they descended to the drawing room.

Mrs. Vernon was already there seated in her usual place by the window; and in presence of that small company the clergyman commenced the solemn ritual that was to bind two beings together "until death did them part."

The service went on, Arthur making the responses distinct and clear, and Mary in a voice so low as to be just audible, but at the same time in an earnest fervent tone, as though they came direct from the heart.

At length the minister said, "If any person can show just cause why this man and this woman should not be joined together, let them speak now or else forever after hold their peace."

Then Mrs. Vernon, who had hitherto appeared to take no interest in what was going on, sprung up, and rushing forward cried, "Who talks of marriage? stay, I command you! I was married once; let no else be, no one else, no one else!"

She waved her hands wildly; a faint glimmer

of memory seemed struggling through the wreck of her mind.

Mary started back, tremblingly, and even Arthur, though he struggled against it, felt a thrill of superstitious dread run through his veins. But Stephen Armstrong quietly and gently drew her back to her seat again, and the service went on and was concluded; and just as the final blessing was pronounced, the sun peered over the tree tops and flooded the group in its golden light.

There was not much time for congratulations after the rite was over, for the bride and groom were to take the afternoon boat for Boston, whence they were to sail the next day for Europe; so Mary retired to put on her travelling dress, and Arthur and Stephen strolled out upon the lawn to enjoy a final talk together ere parting for so long a time.

In the two years that had passed, young Percy had won for himself a name as an artist, and his present voyage was undertaken to fulfil a host of commissions, which he deemed it necessary should be undertaken over the classic soil of Italy; so he was about to bid his native land good bye for a long, long period, and he did so without much regret, for he had suffered so fearfully that he rightly deemed that absence only would utterly blot out the past.

Down to the beach the friends strolled together, talking of the bright future, but time fled by and they were obliged to return to the house, and when they reached it they found the carriage waiting and the trunks strapped on.

Mary, divested of her bridal array, and dressed in a sober travelling costume, stood on the porch and her eyes were full of tears; the parting from a mother was hard indeed. Mrs. Malvern bore up bravely, but her cheek was very pale, and her lips trembled so that she could scarcely speak; still she kept back her tears and only pressed her child to her heart again and again.

But when at length the last words were spoken, and the carriage drove rapidly away, she threw herself on the ground and wept as though her heart would break.

How desolate to her eyes the once happy home looked; the flowers seemed to have faded, the trees seemed to have lost their brilliant green, yet she knew it was for the best and strove to fulfil her duties cheerfully; but it was many, many months before she could smile again; before nature looked to her as bright and glowing as it did before her child left her.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE WEIRD WOMAN OF THE COLLISEUM.

IN these days of steamers, a sea-voyage has become such a common-place occurrence that I do not intend to bear Arthur and his young bride company on their trip from Boston to Liverpool, nor is it my intention to follow them in their hurried tour through England and France, but I will join them as they approach the "Eternal City."

It was a lovely summer evening; the gorgeous skies of Italy glowed with their richest tints; a refreshing breeze had arisen to fan away the excessive heat of day, and the trees and meadows seemed vying with each other which should present the most brilliant green.

Arthur had engaged a special post-chaise to convey them to the last stage of their journey, in order that they might reach Rome before nightfall; and now as they draw near, and the first faint outlines of the imperial city loomed up in the horizon, the eager spirits of both the travellers could scarcely brook the delay caused by the slow pace that it was necessary to adopt in ascending the last hill that intervened between them and their destination.

"Look, look, Mary," Arthur said, as they drew nearer; "I see the dome of St. Peter's glistening in the sunlight; oh! how impatient I am to be there."

The light of enthusiasm lent a new beauty to his wife's countenance, as she gazed outwardly in the direction he pointed out, exclaiming, at length, "Yes, I see it, too, Arthur! what a happy, happy moment this is."

The chaise rattled on now very rapidly, for it had gained a level road, and very soon the entire circuit of the once "Queen of the World," burst upon their enraptured view.

On they hurried until they passed through the arched gateway and were actually driving through the streets of Rome. What strange sensations were at play in the hearts of both Mary and Arthur at that moment; the dream

of their lives was fulfilled; as husband and wife they were within the walls of Eternal Rome—what was left for them to desire more? the fulness of joy was almost painful in its intensity.

They had written some time previously to friends to provide apartments for them; so without any of the annoyances that generally follow the arrival in a strange place, and do away at once with whatever of romance is attached to it, they soon found themselves comfortably housed, and not many minutes thereafter sat down to their first meal in Rome, and if it did not equal the feast we read of in the history of ancient times, it was at least extremely tempting, and the two hungry travellers with all their romance did ample justice to it.

They were too much wearied to venture out that evening; but all next day they spent wandering from place to place, and feasting their gaze on objects that had been familiar to them through the medium of books since childhood.

The Colliseum, however, they reserved for night—it would be moonlight; and as they wended their way towards the mighty ruin and saw it at last loom up in unsurpassed grandeur, a feeling of strange awe took possession of them, and seemed to divide them from the every day world by a mystic, but impenetrable veil.

In a low, rich voice, Arthur repeated Byron's exquisite stanza as they entered the mighty pile:

"But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and quietly pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bold first Cæsar's head;
When the light shines serene, but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead;
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread."

Scarcely had the words died away from his lips when the moon, as though obeying the invocation, rose calmly beautiful, and tinged the decaying arches with her silver radiance. Never before had the gazers witnessed a scene so full of sublimity, and at the same time quiet majesty.

As they stood wrapt in silent admiration, Mary suddenly remarked a tall, weird looking figure start up from among the crumbling stones that covered the ground, and with a series of fantastic gestures, make her way towards where they were standing.

"Look! look! what is that?" she asked, trembling, and clinging to her husband's arm.

Arthur turned in the direction indicated, and he also drew back as his eyes rested on the strange female.

The moon beams shone full upon her now, and brought out into bold relief a figure that Fuseli would have loved to transfer to canvas.

The woman, for such she appeared to be, was 11, nay, almost gigantic in height; her head was uncovered, and the grey hair fell in tangled masses round a coarse and weather-beaten face; her eyes gleamed like balls of fire, and her white, well preserved teeth protruded far over her withered lips.

Her garments, torn and tattered, were composed of as many colors as Joseph's coat; and in her lean, wrinkled hand she held a long, slim wand. All around her the moonbeams circled, weaving themselves fantastically about her hideous form.

"It is the weird woman of the Colliseum," said the guide, observing the agitation of Mary; "she will not harm you, only let her tell your fortune, and reward her with the smallest coin, and she will go away quite peacefully."

"The moon is up, and the bird of night is on the wing, both aid me in my searches into futurity," said the hag, drawing close to Mary and Arthur as she spoke.

"What would you, woman?" Arthur asked. "I would read the future of this lovely lady," she responded, and before Mary could prevent it, she had seized her hand.

"A little more in the light, a little more in the light," the weird woman said, and mechanically the young wife moved a pace or two forward.

"So, so, that is well; I can read quite clearly now," she continued, as aided by the moon's rays she studied the palm of the fairy-like hand she held.

"You have come from a far land," she said, "where you suffered much misery; but you are happy now, and there's a long life of happiness stretching out in the future."

"Thank Heaven!" Mary exclaimed, involuntarily.

"But, stop; what's this? what's this?" the hag went on: "Here's a cross line. Ah! I see through it now: before many days you will see a sight that will recall the memory of the past too vividly—oh, too vividly! a sight that will curdle all the blood in your young veins."

"Peace, woman, and begone," cried Arthur, observing how his wife trembled; "there, there is money; leave us." He tossed several small coins to her; and gathering them up, she hobbled away and was soon lost in the darkness.

"Do not let this foolish old woman's stories trouble you, dearest," Percy continued, drawing Mary closer to his side.

"Let us go home," she answered, "I feel a strange oppression; would we had not seen this woman."

Arthur raised the cloak upon her shoulders, for the dew was falling; and motioning the guide to lead the way, they returned in silence to their home.

But all night Mary lay awake, pondering upon that strange prophecy, and wondering what terrible sight she was to see.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—WHEREIN THE WEIRD WOMAN'S PROPHECY IS FULFILLED, AND ALL THINGS CEASE.

THE young travellers did not remain long at Rome, for the malaria had commenced to rise from the marshes that surround the city, rendering it so unhealthy in summer time; but hastened their departure sooner than they had anticipated, and bent their steps towards Florence.

Here they at once found themselves surrounded by a circle of society unequalled perhaps on the continent of Europe; and possessing themselves of a charming villa in the suburbs of the city, determined there to pass the summer and fall.

All recollections of the gipsy prophecy at the Coliseum had passed away from Mary's mind, and the days fled past in unclouded happiness.

One of their principal amusements of an evening was to make excursion on horseback into the neighboring country; and on one occasion the peculiar beauty of the country led them to wander much further from the city than usual.

In fact they had for some time given their horses full rein, and they had borne them they scarce knew where.

Attempting at length to regain the high road, they found themselves suddenly emerging from a scene of unsurpassed loveliness; immediately before them stretched a miniature lake, surrounded by thick grown trees, with here and there a vista through the branches exhibiting glimpses of a glorious country beyond.

On the opposite side of the calm sheet of water, a villa constructed of the purest Italian marble, stood at the head of a lawn of velvet like grass, and intermingled with the shrubbery of flowers, and statues of most exquisite workmanship.

The sun had just set, and its rays still painted the few clouds that floated through the blue expanse of heaven, in tints that no painter could hope to copy; purple and crimson they were, and tinged with gorgeous gold, while mirror-like, the lake reflected every shade and every hue.

Arthur and his fair bride reined in their steeds and gazed enraptured on the lovely spot.

"How beautiful," exclaimed Mary; "this indeed repays us for having lost our way."

"It reminds me forcibly of some poet's description," Arthur answered. "It seems almost too lovely and fairy-like to be real."

"Do you remember what Claude says in the play about—

"A Palace lifting to eternal summer its marbled walls
From out a grove of coolest foliage;
Beside a lake margined with fruits of gold
And whispering myrtle—"

said Mary; "does not this realise even that famous lover's rhapsody?"

"It does, indeed," Arthur answered, "and it but requires a boat now moving dreamily along to render the picture perfect."

Almost before the words were out of his mouth, and as if in obedience to his wish, a graceful and elegant gondola shot out into the stream from behind a clump of trees; and, as it did so, a band of musicians that were on board commenced playing a half gay, half melancholy, barcarole.

The gondola itself was a gorgeous specimen of that species of craft, being as usual painted black;

but the sombre shade was relieved by lavish ornaments of gold.

In the stern, reclining on crimson velvet cushions, was the figure of man: his face was turned away, his head was uncovered, and the gentle breeze was toying with his dark locks.

He was dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, and a brilliant diamond flashed out from the fastening of his girdle.

Half-reclining on his bosom, and looking up lovingly in his face, was a female; her countenance was likewise hidden from the view of the gazers.

She was gorgeously dressed, and her uncovered arms gleamed with countless jewels. "Let us leave; we shall be looked upon as intruders, for these are evidently private grounds," said Mary, as she perceived the boat making directly towards them.

Before Arthur had time to reply, the man in the boat turned his head.

Mary uttered a faint shriek, and Arthur gazed as if his entire being was concentrated in the sense of sight.

The hair was dark as the raven's wing, but the countenance was an exact counterpart of Robert Vernon's.

"Great God!" Arthur muttered, "what can this mean?"

Before they had recovered from their surprise, the woman also, directed by the man, looked around. Again a fearful spasm shot through the frail form of Mary.

If Lucretia herself had risen from the grave, she could not have been more like herself.

In an instant, and before they had recovered from the stupor of amazement caused by the strange and fearful resemblance, the gondola had disappeared.

Then flashed upon Mary's mind the weird woman's prophecy, and her terror became so intense that it was with difficulty she returned to her seat.

It was no easy task for Arthur to reassure her, for he too, was awed and astounded by the extraordinary circumstance; and thoughts of the strange double suicide, the stories about the wonderful change that immediately took place in his father's case, so that those who had known him most intimately, found difficulty in seeing any resemblance to the living Vernon, together with the very doubtful identity of Lucretia, crowded upon his mind.

However, he controlled himself as well as he was able, and they at once turned their horses' heads homewards, Arthur inwardly determining to make strict inquiries the next morning, as to the occupants of that lovely spot.

On endeavoring to find their way back to Florence, they discovered that they had completely lost their way, and it was late at night before they reached home; and when they did arrive there, they were in utter ignorance of the direction from whence they had come.

With the earliest dawn Percy rose, and hurriedly dressing himself, sallied forth to satisfy himself concerning the strange adventure that had befallen him.

But to all his questions he obtained but one answer, that "no such place as he described was ever even heard of before in Florence."

More and more puzzled, he hired the most noted guide in the place, and then hastening home to inform Mary of his purpose, started out to search for the spot. All day they travelled, scouring the country in every direction, but in vain; no trace even of the lovely scene, he had but the night before gazed on, could be discovered, and wearied and completely mystified, he once more sought his villa.

Day after day Percy caused the search to be continued, but with no better success, and at length abandoned it in despair. Mary's health received such a shock from the events of that evening, that it was months before she fully recovered, and when she did she imagined that it was all a dream.

Of course Arthur never deceived her; but as soon as she was able to travel, they set out once more for Rome, to meet Stephen Armstrong and his bride.

Performing the journey by easy stages, they were some time in reaching the imperial city, and when at length they did arrive, they found those they expected waiting for them.

A dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty was Armstrong's wife, and well worthy of being the mate of a strong self-reliant nature like his, so I scarcely need add that he was very happy.

News from home they brought of course; Mrs. Malvern was well, but counted the very hours

that separated her from her child, and poor Mrs. Vernon's condition was unaltered.

So at Rome I leave those whom I have had as companions for so long a time. I confess to a feeling of regret, though dare I not hope the reader shares it; but the last word must be written—why delay it? I leave them peaceful and happy! Can I choose a better moment to drop the curtain?

THE END.

The Ship Resolute—Her Recovery.

See pp. 217 and 224.

ON the 29th of May, 1855, the bark George Henry, Captain James M. Buddington, and a crew of seventeen men, sailed from New London, Conn., bound on a whaling voyage. In the course of a few weeks the bark was surrounded with ice. On the 20th of August, in lat. 67° N., the ice became penetrable, and the bark was able to force its way in a southerly direction nearly two hundred miles. A storm then came up, and the bark became unmanageable, and for three days drifted in the floe of ice still in a southerly direction. On the 10th of Sept., in lat. 67° N., while hemmed in with fields of ice, Captain Buddington discovered a ship in the distance. He first signaled the ship, but receiving no answer, he ascended the rigging, and looking through his glass, pronounced the stranger an abandoned vessel. The two ships, by some unexplained cause of attraction, kept continually nearing each other. For five days they were thus neighbors, the intervening floating ice constantly moving out of the way. On the eighth day after making the discovery, the 17th of September, and when the then unknown ship was seven miles off, Captain Buddington ordered Mr. Quale, the mate, and two of the crew to proceed to the vessel across the packed ice, and after ascertaining her character, to return to the bark as quickly as possible. Soon after the departure of the party, a "sou'easter" sprang up, and in consequence thereof, no communication was had between the exploring party and the bark for two days.

The mate and his companions, when they came up with the vessel, found the ice piled up in solid rifts around her. She was lying over on the larboard side, heading to the eastward. With the superstitious feeling natural to sailors, they for a long time hesitated to go on board. Finally, stealing over the side, they found everything stowed away in proper order for desertion—spars hauled up to one side and bound, boats piled together, and hatches closed. Everything wore the silence of the tomb. Finally, reaching the cabin door they broke in, and felt their way in the darkness to the table. On it they accidentally turned on a box of lucifer matches; in a moment one was ignited, the glowing light revealed a candle; it was lighted, and before the astonished gaze of these men was exposed a scene that appeared to be rather one of enchantment than reality. Upon a massive table was a metal teapot, glistening as if new; also a large volume of Scott's family Bible, together with glasses and decanters filled with choice liquors. Near by was Captain Kellett's chair, a piece of massive furniture, over which had been thrown, as if to protect this seat from vulgar occupation, the royal flag of Great Britain. There was also another object of especial attention, a stove, either of brass or bronze, of peculiar construction, which at the time it was first seen by our tars was shining with burnished brilliancy.

The exhilarating effect of the discovered liquors upon Quale and his companions soon dissipated the ghosts of the dead they at first supposed were still attendant upon the ship, and in their migrations they opened the private wine-locker in the captain's cabin. The first thing turned out was a basket of champagne, another followed, and then commenced a popping of corks, which sounded unusually comforting, considering the howling of the distant storm that now raged without. For two days these agreeable revels continued, when Quale, having satisfied himself thoroughly of the merits of the discovery returned to "head-quarters" and reported the result of his examination, announcing that the ship was the Resolute, one of the fleet under the command of Sir Edward Belcher. Captain Buddington, on becoming fully acquainted with the prize, determined that a British government vessel was of more commercial value than whales, while at the same time there was considerable glory in restoring to the living breathing world a famous

ship supposed to have been long since sunken in the yawning grave of the sea. His first idea was to select his best men and send her home, if it were possible, in their conduct; he then changed his mind, and determined to take charge of the prize himself.

On the 17th of September, Capt. Buddington for the first time took possession of the *Resolute*, and stayed on board that night; on the next day he proceeded to examine her condition. On descending the hold, she was found to be entirely full of water up to the floor of the first deck. The well was then sounded, and seven feet of water was discovered to be in the ship. The pumps were then visited, and being of a new construction, none but Capt. B. was acquainted with the mode of working them. One of them, which was a force pump of very great power, was rigged, and the following morning was got in working order. A gang of men was then set to work, and for three days the pump was kept busy. Fourteen hours out of the twenty-four were consumed in thus freeing the vessel. On the third day all the water was cleared from her hold, and the attention of the captain was turned towards extricating the prize from the dangerous position she was then placed in. After incredible exertion, the vessel was finally freed from ice and water on Sunday, the 23rd, when she righted. The day following, Capt. Buddington and his party went to work at the rigging, getting it straight, and preparing to make sail, hanging the rudder, which was found on deck. In a week the canvas of the *Resolute* was bent, and she was in a position to make sail. The ice would occasionally open, and the vessel would make a little advance, sometimes half a ship's length, and sometimes several lengths, in a south-east direction. When the *Resolute* was freed from the floating ice, Cape Elizabeth was in sight.

Formality.

THE formalities of what is termed "good society" enslave the mind, rather than make it free. They have a direct tendency to stiffen the genial current of the feelings, and make it flow sluggishly through its channel, when it will not leap to meet a responsive current from the bosom of another with that alacrity which gives the greatest pleasure to social intercourse. They may give one an exterior polish, but this will be but a development of the refined upon a false idea, while the nobler and more effective will be enveloped in its primitive nature. We should always make it one of the main objects of being, to bring out in their full proportion, the noble, and the powerful. These attributes are the greatest earnest we have of the divinity stirring within us; and we should let it bud and blossom in all its perfection, thus reflecting to others the excellencies of mind. They do more towards assisting one in the hiding of his defects, than in the developing of his beauties.

Our beauties are not so much the result of cultivation as of natural impulses; and if these are checked or restrained in their manifestations, we do not see men as they are nor value them according to their true worth. Neither, on the other hand, do we see the vices of men in their true coloring; because the polish acquired by sympathizing with the manners of the world may clothe unseemly ulcers and sores in silks and satin. We think it a duty of all to act without affectation; and we see more to be loved in one's simplicity, when it is the simplicity of a kind and gentle nature, than all the virtues he may affect to have without this excellence.

We naturally admire the artless and unsuspecting, who are free from the affections of shallow pride, pretensions of pedantry, assumptions of ignorance, audacities of ambition, which would seek places and positions the worthy alone should occupy. The sweetness of their reserve is inviting, while the reserve of "good society" is repulsive and forbidding. The one shows a gentle and persuasive nature, which will lead you by an irresistible power into a love for the kind and sympathizing; while the other holds you at a distance, and makes you distrustful lest an acquaintance would reveal defects inexcusable.

The true sentiments of the heart, spoken in the language of nature, always commend themselves to the respect and confidence of those to whom they are addressed. The careless utterance of a vagrant idea which intrudes itself upon the mind, without regard to time or place, is not commendable. We love the first unrestrained promptings of intelligence, well tempered by a

good judgment. There is a charming sincerity in the conversation of such an individual, which allures us into confidence, and creates in us a respect for one who puts us in the best of humors with ourselves and human nature. It is so seldom we meet an intelligent individual of this peculiarity, that we are prone to fall into admiration immediately; and what is well, this admiration is not a being of a summer's day, but permanent and abiding. Generally, when one falls suddenly into admiring a new acquaintance, disgust will ultimately follow, and we are as loud in our condemnation, as we were at first in our applause. But one of native simplicity of deportment and expression, whose heart is unschooled in the follies and foibles of deception, will inspire within us an immediate admiration; because sincerity is evident, and because we see he meets a longing desire we have for one to speak his sentiments without design or reserve. We are very apt to be suspicious that our friends of an opposite character may have something else than absolute truth to influence them in the expression of their opinion of us. The polished manners of civilization do much towards hiding and modifying the manifestation of our own feeling towards our fellows.

Perhaps it is not well to let every one know our precise opinion of his merits; and hence we use a little justifiable deception to dissimulate our true sentiments. This may be well for the peace of society; because men do not like too frequently to find mirrors in others in which they may see themselves as they are;—and again, we are necessarily thrown into society whose characters we may not like, and whose ills it were better to bear, than attempt to remedy by open rebuke, or estrange them by an exact expression of opinion. Sometimes it is better to have peace with evil under such circumstances, than discord and wrangling with right.

But one adapted to the society with which he mingles—having enough of simplicity in his manners and conversation to attract the learned, and obtain the admiration of the lowly, still sufficient dissimulation and judgment to keep his personal dislike undiscovered, except so far as may be necessary to carry out any laudable conversation or enterprise—is an individual happily constituted for moving quietly and harmoniously through the world. The deportment of such a man will save him many a difficulty which he will have to encounter who goes recklessly into the expression of the first ideas which enter the mind, without a forethought as to their effect. He renders himself disagreeable by too great familiarity, and is so stiff and formal, that his dignity renders him unapproachable, and puts him beyond the reach of the sympathies of mankind. The one will be thrust from the friendship of others, although continually seeking it, by his blunders; and the other will live continually in a dungeon, although daily mingling with gay circles, and deprive himself of the sweetest wine of social intercourse, kindness, and sympathy.

Battle of the Ants.

I WAS witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled, and wrestled, and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants,—that it was not a duel, but a battle,—a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and the dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased

to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither Manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was conquer or die. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on this hill-side of the valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs, whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half-an-hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half-an-hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some hotel des invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

PLEASANT INCIDENT IN WESTERN LIFE.—It having been reported that Dr. Burns, a resident of Washington Territory, who has taken the field against the Indians, has been killed, he succeeded in conveying to civilized society the following contradiction:—"Please contradict the report that I was killed by the Indians on Wednesday last. I killed seven with my own hands. They hunted me through the bush for one mile with dogs and lighted sticks, and every one who carried the lights I shot. The only wound I got was a skin wound in the forehead from a buckshot. I lived in the bush on leaves, and shot an Indian this morning for his dried salmon and wheat, at Mr. Lemmon's. I had to throw away my boots, and my feet are badly hurt. Lost my horse, instrument, and medicine case. My horse was shot in the kidneys, in the swamp, where we received a murderous discharge of balls and buckshot."

WHILE we are executing one work, we are preparing ourselves to undertake another.

WHATEVER you may choose to give away, always be sure to keep your temper.

MAN doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them.

RECEIVE your thoughts as guests, and your desires like children.

A Fearful Night.

"Come down at once—Ellen is dying!" That was all they said—seven short words!

I read the telegraph paper again and again, before I could comprehend the full force of the message it bore. My eyes wandered over the regulations of the company, their tariff of prices, the conditions under which they undertook their functions, and at last reverting to the pencilled lines, I roused myself from the stupor into which their receipt had thrown me, and understood their purport. Ellen Luttrell was dying. She was my cousin, my earliest playmate, my embodiment of all that was lovely, pure, and womanly. I have no sister, but had I been so blessed I could not have loved her with a deeper affection than I bestowed on Ellen. My regard for her was utterly passionless, utterly indescribable. Love, in the common acceptance of the word, had never been mentioned between us: we confided in each other all our flirtations, all the caprices, annoyances, and jealousies, which are the lot of all young people. When I was first engaged to Lucy, I was not happy until Ellen could share my joy, could see the object of my choice, and in sweet sisterly tones could congratulate me upon it. It was my delight to see the affection springing up between my cousin and her whom I now call my wife—to hear their mutual praises of each other, and to think that, until some favored suitor should come to claim her for his own, Ellen would share our new home. This was not to be. Just before my marriage, my cousin went to Burgundy on a visit to an old schoolfellow, whose husband, a sickly and consumptive man, was compelled to reside there for the benefit of his health. Her stay in France, which was to have occupied but a few weeks, extended over six months. I heard from her but twice during the interval; but upon the occasion of my marriage, she wrote a long and affectionate letter to Lucy, telling her that she was perfectly happy, and speaking in those mysterious terms which girls love to use, of a certain Vicomte de Bodé, who was paying her great attention. Two months after, Ellen suddenly returned to England, accompanied by her brother, who had been dispatched to bring her back. There was a mystery connected with her return which I could never fathom; her mother, indeed, wrote me a plaintive letter lamenting the folly with which young girls usually throw away their affections, and hinting that even Ellen's good sense was not proof against womanly weakness, and that had she not been recalled when she was, she would have been drawn into a marriage which for reasons hereafter to be verbally explained to me, must have been an everlasting source of misery to her. At the receipt of this letter from my aunt, I was, it is needless to say, very much pained, but being forbidden to answer it, (for Ellen was unaware that I had been written to, and the sight of a letter in my well-known handwriting would doubtless arouse her suspicions,) I was compelled to wait until further information was afforded me. That information never came, and until her brother telegraphed to me in the words with which I have commenced my story, I heard nothing of the Luttrell family.

Within ten minutes after I received the telegraph message I had thrown a few things into a carpet-bag, had a card stitched on to it with my name, and Boltons, Tamworth, for the address, (for I am old-fashioned enough always to direct my luggage in case of loss,) and was rattling in a Hansom to Euston Square. I arrived just in time to catch the night mail-train; the platform was thronged, there were Oxford men going back to the university, barristers starting on circuit, sporting men going down for the Leamington steeple chase, and invalids off to Malvern in search of health. Porters were pushing, rushing against stolid old gentlemen, crushing their feet, with enormous heavily laden barrows, and crying, "by your leave," while the sufferers were claspings their mangled limbs in anguish. The post-office van, with its trim arrangement of sorting boxes, and its travelling-capped clerks, stood gaping to receive the flood of bags pouring into it from the shoulders of the red-coated guards; non-passengers were bidding adieu to their friends at the doors of the carriages; the policemen were busily unhooking the various labels from neighboring Bletchley to distant Perth, with which the vehicles were bedizened; commercial gents, those knowing travellers, were settling themselves comfortably on the back seats of the second class: the old gentleman who is always late, was being rapidly hurried to his place; and the black-faced stoker was leaning forward, looking out for the

signal of the station-master to go a-head, when I sprang into a first-class compartment and took the only vacant seat I found there.

Once started, I looked round upon my travelling companions, who were apparently of the usual stamp. There was a stout, red-faced, elderly, gentleman-farmer looking man, rather flushed with the last pint of port at Simpson's and the exertion of cramming a fat little port-manteau (the corner of which still obstinately protruded) under the seat; there was a thin pale-faced curate, with no whiskers and no shirt-collar, but with a long black coat, and a silk waistcoat buttoning round the throat, a mild, washed-out, limp, afternoon-service style of man, engaged in reading a little book with a brass cross on the back, and "Ye Lyffe of St. Crucifidge," emblazoned on it in red letters. There was a fidgety, pinched-up old lady, with a face so wrinkled as to make one thankful she was a female, as by no earthly means could she have shaved it, who kept perpetually peering into a mottled-looking basket suggestive of sandwiches and sherry-flasks, under apprehension of having lost her ticket; and there was a young man apparently devoted to the stock-broking interest, stiff as to his all-rounder, checked as to his trousers, natty as to his boots, who kept alternately paring his nails, stroking his chin, whistling popular melodies in a subdued tone, and attempting to go to sleep. Finally, on the opposite side to me, and in the further corner, there was a large bundle, the only visible component parts of which were a large poncho cloak, a black beard, and a slouched, foreign-looking hat; but these parts were all so blended and huddled together, that after five minutes sharp scrutiny it would have been difficult to tell what the bundle really was.

I had arrived so late at the station, that I had not had time to provide myself with a book, or even, to render the journey more tedious, by the purchase of an evening paper; so that after settling down in my seat, I had to content myself with a perusal of Bradshaw, with wondering whether anybody ever went to Ambergate, Flotton Episcopi, or Bolton-le-Moors, and what they did when they got there, and with musing upon Heal's Bedsteads, which, according to the advertisement, could be sent free by post, and upon the dismayed gentleman who, in the wood-cut, cannot put up his umbrella, and is envious of the syphonia'd individual who finds "comfort in a storm." But this species of amusement, though undeniably exciting at first palls on repetition, and I soon found myself letting the Bradshaw drop, and endeavoring to seek solace in sleep. To seek, but not to find. To me, sleep in a railway carriage is next to impossible. First the lamp glares in my eyes, and when I try to cover them with my hat, the stiff rim grates over my nose, and scrubs me to desperation; then the cloth-covered sides of the carriages are rough to my face; my legs are cramped, and my feet, in opposition to the rest of my body, go to sleep, and are troubled with pins and needles; and so, after much tossing, and tumbling, and changing from side to side, I sit bolt upright, gazing at the lamp, and thinking over Ellen and the object of my journey, until we arrive at our first halting-place, Bletchley. Here we lose the curate and the stock-broker, the flashing lamps of the latter's dog-cart, being seen outside the station yard. The old lady gets out too, under the impression that we are at Crewe, and is only induced to return after much assurance, and, in fact, bodily force on the part of a porter. She, I, the farmer, and the bundle, are left together again, and the train proceeds. And now, worn-out and utterly wearied, I fall asleep in good earnest, and sleep so soundly that I do not rouse till a prolonged "Hoi!" reverberates in my ears, and starting up, I find the lights of Crewe station flashing in my eyes, the farmer and the old lady gone, and a porter holding up my carpet-bag and talking through the carriage window. "A old lady as has just left this carriage," says he, "have tuko a carpet-bag in mistake for her own, she thinks. Does any gent own this here, directed to Boltons, Tamworth?"

At these words, the bundle roused, picked itself up, and showed itself to be a young man with a bearded face, and a remarkably bright eye. He seemed about to speak; but I, half-asleep, reclaimed my property, handed out the old lady's luggage, and, as the whistle announced our departure, sank back again in slumber.

I had slept, I suppose, for about three minutes, when I was aroused by a choking, suffoca-

ting sensation in my throat, and on opening my eyes, I saw the bearded countenance of the stranger within an inch of my face, his eyes flashing, his nostrils dilated, and his whole frame quivering with emotion; so that his hand, although twisted tightly in my neckcloth trembled violently. Surprise for a second numbed my energies, but I soon recollected the practical teaching of my old instructor, the Worcestershire Nobbler, and finding I could free myself by no other means, dealt him a blow with my left hand which sent him staggering to the other end of the carriage. He recovered himself in an instant, and rushed at me again; but this time I was on my guard, and as he advanced I seized his hands by the wrists, and being much the more powerful man, forced him into a seat, and kept him there, never for an instant relaxing my grip. "Let me go!" he hissed between his teeth, speaking in a foreign accent, "Let me go! Scoundrel! coward!—release me!"

Had any third person been present they could could not have failed to be amused at the matter-of-fact tone of my remarks in contrast to the high-flown speech of the stranger.

"What the deuce do you mean, sir, by attacking an inoffensive man in this way?" said I; "what's your motive? You don't look like a thief."

"No," he screamed, "'tis you who are the thief, you who would steal from me all that I cherish in the world."

"Why, I never set eyes on you before!" I exclaimed, getting bewildered and not feeling quite certain whether I was awake or asleep.

"No, but I have heard of you," he replied, "heard of you too often. Tiens! did not you just acknowledge you were going to Boltons!"

"Well, what if I am?" I asked.

"You shall never reach your destination," and with a sudden twist he shook my hand from his neck, sprang at my face and struck me with such force that I fell on my back on the floor of the carriage. In falling I dragged my adversary with me, but he was nimbler than I, and succeeded in planting his knee on my throat while he pinned my hands to my sides. Seeing me at his mercy he gave a cry of triumph, then stooping over me scanned my face with such a wild and scaring glance that a glimmering of the truth for the first time flashed across me—the man was mad. I turned faint sick at the idea, and closed my eyes. "Ah ha!" shrieked the lunatic, "you pale, you tremble! You, an Englishman, change color like a girl! You shall be yet another color before I leave you, your cheeks shall be blue, your eyes red. Ends tu, miserable?" And as he spoke he knelt with such force on my throat that I felt my eyes were starting from their sockets; I struggled convulsively, but the more I writhed the more tightly did he press me with his knee, until at length the anguish grew insupportable, and I fainted.

How long I remained insensible I know not; it can have been but for a few few minutes, however, and when I came to myself I found the fresh night air blowing over my face, I saw the door of the carriage open, and felt the madman endeavoring to drag me to the aperture with the evident intention of throwing me out upon the line.

And now I felt that the crisis was at hand, and that it was but a question of time whether I could hold out until we arrived at the station, or whether I should be murdered by the lunatic. We were both young men, and though, perhaps, I was naturally the more powerful, yet his position gave him great advantages, as I was still extended on my back, while he was stooping over me, and while my limbs were cramped he had free play for all his energies. On seeing me recovering from the swoon, he uttered a short, sharp cry, and, bending lower, twined his hands in my cravat. Now was my opportunity; his back was towards the door, his face so close to mine, that I could feel his breath upon my cheek. Gathering all my remaining strength together, I seized him by the ankles, and literally hurled him over my head on to his face. He fell heavily, striking his head against the opposite door, and lay stunned and bleeding. In a second I was on my feet ready to grapple him, but as I rose, the engine shrieked our approaching advent to the station, and almost before I could raise my fallen foe we ran in to Tamworth. The first person I saw on the platform was Ellen's brother, to whom, after hearing that she was out of danger, I, in a few words, narrated my adventure, and pointed out the

stranger, who, still insensible, was supported by some of the porters.

"Let's have a look at the fellow!" said Fred Luttrell—an unsophisticated youth—but he no sooner had set eyes on the pallid face than he drew back, exclaiming, "By Jove, it's Bodé!"

And so it was; and by the aid of explanation I received afterwards from Fred Luttrell, I was, in some measure, enabled to account for the attack made upon me. It appears that the Vicomte de Bodé had seen Ellen while in Burgundy, and fell desperately in love with her; but his addresses were utterly discouraged by her friends, for one reason alone—but that a most powerful one. His family were afflicted with hereditary insanity, and he himself had already on two occasions shown the taint. Of course it was impossible to declare to him the real reason of his rejection, and he was accordingly informed that Ellen's parents had long since pledged her hand to a connexion of her own.

After her departure he grew moody and irritable, and it was judged advisable to have him watched; but he managed to elude the observation of his keepers, and to escape to England. Ellen's address was well known to him; he was proceeding thither; and when he heard the very house mentioned by the porter at Crewe as the direction of my luggage, he doubtless, in his wandering mind, pictured me as his rival and supplanter.

My dear Ellen recovered, and so did the Vicomte—that is to say, from my assault. As to his madness, it stood by him, poor creature, until he died.

The Curse of Beauty.

Long ago, in the reality of that past whose dim vista I now shudder to contemplate, there took place a scene which I can never forget from its terrible connection with a subsequent episode in my life. It was this episode which bowed prematurely my form with age, and silvered my hair with white. You have often asked the old man to narrate his story—to lay bare the mournful record of his life; and now he will do so.

I had been married at an early age to a lovely and noble lady, and the union had proved most fortunate and happy. She was of a proud and exclusive family, and it was only through her devotion that our marriage was consummated, so determined was the opposition of her relatives. Once united, however, this asperity to a great extent died away, and whatever of ill feeling had originated before our marriage, rapidly disappeared after that event had taken place. Our union was blessed with two children, a boy and a girl, both beautiful and intellectual children, and this gave to our existence a more hopeful and really happy character than otherwise it could have possessed.

Years elapsed: and careless in consummated happiness, I thought no longer of the importance of watching to preserve it; I forgot the necessity for guarding myself against the encroachments of the world. Lucie, constantly with her mother, grew up in the tranquil seclusion of such an influence in purity and beauty. At fifteen she was so simple and child-like in her manners, that but for the matured loveliness of her face and form, one might question her having passed the childish years of her life. With Eugene it was different. Careless of his association, and placing a foolish degree of confidence in the secure formation of his morals and habits, I neglected him to an extent that would have been criminal, had not the result been unforeseen and unlooked for on my part. My first knowledge of his infamy came suddenly, and with terrible bitterness upon me.

I had entered the boudoir of my wife one morning, early on a pleasant summer morning, when I was surprised at beholding two women on their knees before her; the one, aged and humble in her appearance, was in an imploring attitude, with arms outstretched, and cheeks glistening with tears; the other, young, delicate, and beautiful, appeared to shrink from contemplation, and while her face exhibited the traces of long suffering, her eyes were brilliantly black, and there was the freshness and elasticity of youth and health which affliction had not yet entirely destroyed. As I appeared, the elder of the two appeared to recognize me; and turning with an entreating gesture, she raised her arms and eyes imploringly, exclaiming?

"Justice, sir; give me justice for my child!"

These few words struck upon me coldly, and

with a chilling sensation; and, on the instant, I understood everything as perfectly as if she had fully explained it to me. I could read the misery and dishonor which a child of mine had brought upon an obscure but honorable family; and yet, while my feelings were painfully wounded by this outrage, the cold, satanic pride of station and the world moved me to treat contemptuously the mother and her injured daughter.

The narrative related was a brief and sad one; it told of hypocrisy and deceit on the part of Eugene—of a profligacy which was only equalled by his shameless and heartless treachery. Having deceived and destroyed the child, he met the mother's reproaches with sneers and insulting badinage. My nature sickened and recoiled from the details of his crime; and yet I met the heart-broken mother's prayers with cold disdain.

"You ask me what I expect?" she exclaimed passionately; "I will tell you, sir, and your lady there will plead the justice of my demand: I want an honest name for my unhappy child; I want her restored to me, with all the reparation that can be made. Compel your son to marry her—do not shrink nor frown, sir; it may be that our family has not the wealth of yours, but it is equally as honorable, and of as ancient a date. Do not think, however, that we wish to speculate upon misfortune; once the ceremony is performed, we will give you pledges to remove far away from this quarter of the world, and never, by word or letter, to ask communion with you or yours. Will you do this?"

"My good woman," I replied, "much as I grieve over what has taken place, and sympathize with you in your misfortune, what you ask is impossible!"

"Impossible!" she repeated, rising to her feet, and shielding her daughter on her bosom.

"You are as well aware as I am, that I can exercise no tyrannical control over my son even in this matter; besides society has its customs and arbitrary rules; I cannot attempt to interfere with either. Eugene shall go abroad—he shall give you no more annoyance; and"—I blushed at my own meanness even while I spoke—"if money, in any amount, will serve to repair what has been done, it is freely at your service."

The brow of the elder woman darkened, and she scowled terribly upon me as I concluded.

"Money!" she muttered; "money!"

I was compelled to blush and hang my head, but said nothing.

The young girl was weeping bitterly upon her mother's breast, and that mother's unbending glance was riveted upon my face. There was something terribly painful to me in this scene; and a vague sense of terror increased my emotion.

"In your pride of wealth, you have renounced truth and honesty, and offer a paltry bribe to heal a deadly wrong: in our pride of poverty we spurn and spit upon your golden infamy! Adieu—be prosperous; we leave to your house the inheritance of a child's destruction and a mother's curse!"

And thus they quitted the room together as they had entered it. I could neither speak nor move until I knew that they were gone.

Years had elapsed, and in the bent and furrowed man it would have been difficult to recognize the once proud head of a noble and happy family. I had laid my beloved wife to rest in the tranquil recesses of Greenwood, and Eugene slept beside her, having expiated his transgression by a violent death. Lucie alone was left to me; and in her was centred my every thought and hope. She had merged into a beautiful and accomplished woman; and while my reverses had cut her off from the associations of affluence in which she had been reared and educated, she appeared if possible to greater advantage in the secluded circle of our humbler home.

A change which I daily witnessed in the manner and appearance of Lucie alarmed me. She became sad and pensive, and I feared that some unrequited affection preyed upon her heart. Thus believing, I endeavored to consummate a union between her and a cousin, Frank Henry, a young man who had long been devotedly attached to her. She seemed averse even to the very mention of this; and yet I foolishly believe that it was only a false sense of delicacy prevented her from consenting.

I determined on bringing my attempt to a termination; and accordingly invited Frank and his mother to visit us at an early opportunity, when I hoped, by some means, to gain the consent of Lucie to the projected marriage.

They came, and passed a pleasant evening with us. I broached the subject to Lucie, and she shrank from it, begging me not to urge it further. I desisted sorrowfully, feeling that another misfortune had occurred in this disappointment.

During the conversation that ensued, Frank carelessly adverted to the sad adventure of Eugene's youth with the poor girl whom I had so outraged by my language; and then and there I confessed my penitence for the coarse manner which had so injured the unhappy mother's feelings, and narrated the entire circumstances of the lamentable affair. Lucie heard these details for the first time. I could observe her change of color as I proceeded, and as I spoke of the curse invoked by the unfortunate mother, her manner became wildly excited, and she exclaimed—

"Hush, my father, that curse was terrible for both of us!"

"Calm yourself, my child," I said, endeavoring to affect a quiet manner; "it was not, after all, so much my fault. The young girl should not have permitted herself to be betrayed. I admit it was criminal, base upon the part of Eugene; but it is a baseness which is tolerated in the world, and in its most refined circles of society. Upon the victim alone, an unjust world discharges the phials of its wrath."

"Oh, my father, the world has avenged that poor young girl!"

Startled by her strange and incoherent manner I arose to my feet, and I could see by the expression on the countenances of Frank and his mother that they were equally astonished.

"What, for heaven's sake do you mean Lucie?"

"I mean that curse has taken effect! God has punished you in me, my father."

"God has punished me in you?"

"Yes, for I also have fallen—I also have been betrayed!"

I rushed madly away, but could not escape the echoes of those terrible words which were constantly ringing in my ears.

Do you longer wonder that my brow is furrowed, and my form bent with affliction. Lucie sleeps beside her mother, and of that family once so proudly hopeful, I am the only survivor. The poor victim of Eugene! my wretched daughter! theirs was indeed the curse of beauty!

VERY STRANGE.—According to the statement of a Cincinnati paper, a young man in the employ of a well known grocer in that city, while writing a letter to his sister at a desk at the end of the counter, saw distinctly the form of his deceased father pass around the end of the counter towards him, and heard his father accost him in an affectionate manner. They conversed together for the space of ten minutes. Among other things his father stated that the youth's grandmother had died on a certain day, and wished him to communicate the fact to his sister. He resumed his letter, and stated the fact that had thus been communicated to him. While finishing the letter, his father disappeared. On recovering his normal condition it seemed to him that he had been in a profound reverie. Being an unbeliever in spiritual intercourse, and understanding nothing of its philosophy, he was overcome with fear on fully realizing the idea of spirit presence. His first impulse, after he had regained his self-possession, was to erase from his letter the alleged fact of his grandmother's death, but its verity was firmly impressed upon his mind, and he at length permitted the letter to go unchanged. In a few days after, he saw the announcement of the death of his grandmother, in the *New York Tribune*, as having taken place on the precise day mentioned by his spirit father. —*American Union*.

THE REV. MR. BARHAM (author of the famous "Ingoldsby Legends") used to tell a story of the complete discomfiture of a wit of no inferior order, by a message, politely delivered at a supper party by a little girl. "If you please, Mr. B—, mamma sends her compliments, and would be much obliged if you would begin to be funny."

A GOOD WIFE.—The day-star of our lives, and the most sure guide to our prosperity and happiness.

A CULTIVATED mind and good heart will give an intellectual, and even beautiful expression to the face.

THE virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

About the Eye.

For us to be able to see objects clearly and distinctly, it is necessary that the eye should be kept moist and clean.

For this purpose it is furnished with a little gland, from which flows a watery fluid, which is spread over the eyes by the lid, and is afterwards swept off by it, and runs through a hole in the bone to the inner surface of the nose, where the warm air in passing over it while breathing evaporates it. It is remarkable no such gland can be found in the eye of the fish, as the element in which they live answers the same purpose.

Along the edges of the eyelids, there are a large number of little tubes or glands, from which flows an oily substance, which spreads over the surface of the skin, and thus prevents the edges from becoming sore or irritated, and it also helps to keep the tears within the lid. There are also six muscles attached to the eye, which enable us to move it in every direction; and when we consider the different motions they are capable of giving to the eye, we cannot but admire the goodness of Him who formed them, and has saved us the trouble of turning our head every time we wish to view an object.

Although the eyes of some animals are incapable of motion—as the fly, the beetle, and several other insects—yet the Creator has shown his wisdom and goodness in furnishing their eyes with thousands of little globes, and by placing them more in front of their heads.

A gentleman who has examined the eyes of a fly, says that the two eyes of a common one are composed of 8,000 little globes, through every one of which it is capable of forming an image of an object. Having prepared the eye of a fly for that purpose, he placed it before his microscope, and looked through both in the manner of a telescope, at a steeple which was 229 feet high, and 750 feet distant, and he says he could plainly see through every little hemisphere the whole steeple inverted, or turned upside down.

SOCIALITY.—Hermits with long beards, living on dried fruits and water from the spring, and leading a contemplative life in caves and grottoes, are no longer objects of interest to a bustling world. They are considered mere drones in the great beehive, and seldom make their appearance, even in a romance or novel. For poetry and piety have alike fled from the cell of the anchorite. No man liveth to himself now-a-days. Asceticism is unnatural and almost out of date. All the better. We need pillar-saints, but they must be pillars of society; not looking down from their aerial roots on sandy deserts and ruins of a worn-out world, but on the newness and the freshness of a better social life. Throughout the universe nothing is isolated—not even islands. They are connected with the main land by coral highways beneath the waves. Pebble impinges on pebble, and aids the equi-pose of the globe. And let it not be said that your solitary being does exercise an imperceptible influence; that his spirit, like pure ether, goes abroad. Grant that it does. It is among the upper and rarefied strata of airs which men cannot breathe without weeping out their natural blood. We cannot travel about in balloons, as has been well proved. The proper way to be above the world, at least for the present, is by taking a proper interest in its affairs. This is not to be of the earth, earthy. We are to fulfil and to refine present relations, imbued (as they should be) with gentle and divine light, and not vainly seek to overleap them in order to reach others.

A SIMPLE country maid somewhere in England, had a friend living in a town several miles off, and the name of her friend was Peggy. So she formed the resolution one day to walk over to the town, and make a visit. The preparations were all made, and the journey under-

This she persisted in doing for a long time. The gate-keeper at length seeing her engaged in so ludicrous an operation, came out and asked her what she wanted. "Is this Croakertown?" she inquired, innocently looking up at him, from the last view of her knuckles. "Yass,"



THE RESOLUTE, AS SHE APPEARED IN THE ICE, WHEN FIRST DISCOVERED BY CAPT. DUNDINGTON. SEE PAGE 220.

taken. On arriving at the edge of the town, much to her surprise she found her way obstructed by a toll-gate, thrown exactly across the road. Walking up to it, however, she commenced knocking smartly with her knuckles.

said he, with a drawl. "Then, is Peggy in?" she asked, her face glowing with happy expectation.

The most insignificant people are the most apt to sneer at others.



LEILA: OR THE STAR OF MINGRELIA.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

(Continued from page 179, vol. IV.)

CHAPTER L.

It was now precisely the hour of noon; and the chants of the muezzins summoning the faithful to prayer were resounding from the minaret of every mosque in Constantinople. It was therefore the exact time at which Thekla, on the preceding day, had promised to be prepared with her sovereign elixir; and it almost seemed as if heaven had so willed it that the Sultan should be brought at this very hour to the most dangerous crisis his malady had yet sustained, in order that the skill of the wise-woman might be put to the test. The two black slaves of the imperial household, to whom the Sultana-Valida's instructions were given, had proceeded to Thekla's chamber; and on knocking at the door, were at once admitted. They inquired if she were prepared with the elixir, and she answered in the affirmative, at the same time producing a small phial, which she handed to them. She was then forthwith conducted to the apartment in which the Sultan lay, and where the Sultana-Valida was anxiously awaiting her presence; but during the passage thither, through the long corridors of the palace, one of the slaves took from beneath his garments the ominous bowstring which was so dread a symbol within the walls of that imperial dwelling. The wise-woman beheld it and comprehended its significance. For an instant her countenance flushed with indignation at the menace thereby conveyed; but quickly regaining her self-possession, she appeared placid, tranquil and self-confident as before.

She now found herself in a magnificently furnished apartment, where the Sultan lay sleeping upon a couch, with the Sultana-Valida bending anxiously over him. There he lay, in his brilliant uniform, just as he had been brought from the throne-room where he had received his Grand Vizier; for the Sultana-Valida had determined that in no way should he be disturbed until Thekla arrived to give her instructions. A superb coverlid of velvet, embroidered with gold, was thrown partly over the recumbent form; and the countenance of the imperial sleeper was pale as death.

When Thekla was introduced to this apartment in the manner already described, one of the black slaves presented the phial to the Sultana-

Valida; and her Highness said to the wise-woman, "Is this the elixir?"

"It is," responded Thekla. "At the moment which I yesterday specified for to-day, was I prepared."

"You already believe," continued the Sultana-Valida, "that you have experienced harsh treatment within these walls; and the treatment which you are now experiencing may appear even harsher still. But you must recollect that an awful responsibility now rests upon my head. There lies my son, the Sovereign of the Ottomans—their ruler—their hope—and their refuge! To him am I about to administer the medicine of your compounding; and this step I am taking without the assent or advice of the two imperial physicians. If my beloved son shall be restored to life and health by these means—which Allah in his goodness grant!—I may afterwards glorify myself for having yielded my confidence unto you. All will then be well—and my eternal gratitude will be your due."

Here the Sultana-Valida, who had been speaking in a low hurried tone, paused for a few moments, as if she expected that the wise-woman might give some answer or make some comment. But Thekla saw that her Imperial Highness had yet more to say; and she therefore held her peace until the full announcement should be made.

"Yes," continued the Sultana-Valida, "an awful weight of responsibility rests upon my head. For if—and circumstances compel me to speak plainly—for if you are not altogether what you seem—if beneath fair words treacherous intentions lurk—if, in short, death should ensue from the course about to be adopted—and if that death should be proved to result from poison, the most terrible accusations would be levelled against myself. The physicians would denounce me—the guards and menials of the palace would seize upon me—the whole city would rise in rage and indignation—and my life would not be worth an hour's purchase. Now, Thekla, do you comprehend all this?"

"Your Highness speaks plainly," answered the wise-woman, unflinchingly meeting the keen gaze fixed upon her by the Sultana's large dark eyes; "and therefore I comprehend everything to which you have given utterance."

"And you cannot be surprised at the course of seeming harshness which I am adopting towards yourself," continued the Sultana-Valida. "Hear, then, while I explain the rest in a few words. There lies my son!—and here is your elixir! If it prove efficacious as a restorative, according to your promise, there is no boon which you can demand too great for him or me to bestow. But if, on the other hand, he perish before my eyes

and the breath of life should go out of him—then is your own fate sealed!"—and the Sultana pointed significantly to the bowstring which hung over the arm of one of the black slaves.

"Be it so," responded Thekla, in her usual quiet tone. "Your Highness has the porcelain cup; and it will show you whether that elixir be noxious or wholesome. As your Highness was informed yesterday, there are medicines into which mineral or vegetable poison enters as a necessary ingredient; and yet they prove not poisonous, but salutary to the human constitution. But in *that* elixir which you hold in your hand, there is not the slightest particle of a poisonous element. Again, I say, you have the porcelain cup—and you know the extent of its testing powers."

"If the result shall prove favorable, Thekla," rejoined the Sultana-Valida, "I will embrace you as if you were a sister—and there shall be no limit to the proofs of my gratitude. But if, on the other hand, the result be unfavorable, your minutes in this life are assuredly numbered!"

"Proceed, Highness, to administer the elixir," said the wise-woman, glancing towards the countenance of the sleeping Sultan: "for I see that you have no time to lose!"

The Sultana-Valida drew forth from amongst her garments the little porcelain cup; and into it she poured, according to Thekla's instructions, the entire contents of the small phial. Then, holding the cup between her eyes and one of the windows of the apartment, the Sultana-Valida gazed steadfastly upon the tracery of flowers which formed the pattern of the exquisite piece of china. Not the slightest effect was produced upon them; the colors retained all their vividness and brilliancy; while the porcelain itself continued in the most cloudless state of transparency. A gleam of satisfaction appeared upon the pale countenance of the Sultana, but Thekla's looks remained utterly unmoved. Then the Sultana-Valida approached the couch on which her imperial son lay sleeping; and she raised him gently to an almost sitting posture. Abdul-Medjid languidly opened his eyes; and those eyes, which when in a state of health shone with a fine brilliancy, now seemed to be glazed as if under the influence of death itself.

"Merciful Allah, he is dying! it is too late!" murmured the Sultana-Valida, stricken with affliction and dismay.

"No—it is not too late," said Thekla, in a tone of steady confidence, "Administer the elixir."

The Sultan, still with his eyes partially open, appeared to be in a state of almost complete un-

consciousness, as if he were about to sink out of this world into the unknown realms of another. His lips were apart—for his under-jaw was falling; he looked like one who had scarcely a minute to live. The Sultana-Valida poured the contents of the porcelain cup into his mouth; helpless and unconscious as an infant child that is sleeping, he suffered the liquid to flow down his throat—and then, as his mother laid his head gently back upon the pillow, the imperial patient closed his eyes in profound slumber again.

The Sultana-Valida stood for some minutes by the side of the couch, with her eyes intently fixed upon the countenance of her son: his breathing was low but regular—and it struck her that there was now a faint flush or rather very delicate tint upon his cheeks. She inwardly breathed a prayer that all would go well: and indeed, in her heart she had confidence in the wise-woman, although she outwardly adopted every possible precaution which menace and terrorism enabled her to exercise for the sake of her own awful responsibility.

The two black officials now conducted Thekla to a chair at the extremity of the apartment; and there she sat down, one slave on her right hand and one on her left. She was still made to feel that she was not only a prisoner, but that her life hung in the balance, and that the silken bowstring was close at hand to encircle her neck should anything go wrong with the Sultan. But Thekla's countenance continued to display the calmest composure and confidence; nor were her looks thrown shudderingly upon the instrument of death which dangled over the arm of one of her sable custodians.

"How soon," inquired the Sultana-Valida, presently approaching Thekla, "may we expect to behold the results of your elixir's operation?"

"There ought already to be a delicate tint upon the cheeks," responded the wise-woman.

"There is! there is!" ejaculated the Sultana-Valida, but speaking in a subdued tone.

"I knew it," rejoined Thekla. "In half an hour your Highness will behold the blueish circles disappearing from about the eyes, and the lips will regain their wonted redness. When you distinguish these symptoms, I will then tell you what will be the next."

The half-hour passed in profound silence—Thekla remaining seated between her two sable guards, and the Sultana-Valida standing by the side of her son's couch—for the most part motionless as a statue, gazing earnestly upon his countenance; but every now and then bending down to take a nearer survey of that face, and to watch for the symptoms which the wise-woman had specified. At length an expression of anxious joy began slowly to overspread the Sultana-Valida's features; her eyes still remained riveted on the countenance of the sleeping Sultan—until at length an ejaculation of delight escaped her lips, and she glided across the room towards Thekla.

"The blueish circles have almost completely disappeared from about the eyes," said the princess, in a voice which was low but tremulous with joy; "the tint is brighter upon the cheeks—the skin looks clearer and purer—and the lips have regained their vermilion."

"Good," said Thekla; but it was with her wonted imperturbability that she spoke, and with an air which indicated that she only heard precisely what she had expected to hear. "In another half-hour," she continued, "the countenance of his Imperial Majesty will become of a dead white; and then for an hour he will seem as if he were a corpse, only that his breathing may be heard."

The Sultana-Valida started, turned very pale, and bent an anxious, penetrating, mistrustful look upon the wise-woman.

"The elixir," continued Thekla, still perfectly unmoved, "operates first upon the surface of the body, and opens the pores of the skin. It will now work inwardly, so to speak—operating upon the vitals of the patient."

The wise-woman met, without quailing, the regards of the Sultana-Valida; and she spoke in a voice so replete with a calm confidence, that her Imperial Highness was again reassured. She accordingly returned to the side of the couch, where she watched for about half an hour—at the expiration of which interval she beheld so death-like a pallor settling upon the countenance of her son, that notwithstanding the warning she had received, and which might have partly prepared her to expect such an appearance, she was seized with consternation and dismay. Another

hour passed—during which the Sultan looked like one dead, only that his breathing was regular, and though very low, was yet just audible. It was an hour of the acutest, most poignant suspense for the Sultana-Valida; every instant she wished to go and question Thekla again, for the pallor of the Sultan was frightful to behold; but still, as he continued to breathe, his mother abided the result.

The hour passed: for we should observe that the Sultana-Valida kept anxiously consulting her watch; and now she again glided across the room towards Thekla.

"In a few minutes," said the wise-woman, "the color will come back to the cheeks of his Imperial Majesty, and his countenance will have the same appearance as it was wont to wear at the period of his most vigorous health. He will perhaps awaken and open his eyes: and if so, your Highness will perceive that they are bright, not with the unnatural brilliancy of fever, but with a proper healthful lustre. But should his Majesty thus awaken," continued Thekla, "your Highness must soothe him back to sleep again—and this task will not be found difficult."

Everything took place exactly as the wise-woman had described or anticipated; and the Sultana-Valida, now no longer entertaining the slightest distrust or apprehension, felt annoyed and vexed with herself that she should have at any moment displayed a want of confidence in Thekla. The Sultan awoke: he opened his eyes, which shone with their natural lustre. He recognized his mother—he smiled placidly and affectionately—she gently bade him repose—and he sank off to sleep again. Then, as she gazed upon him, she did indeed perceive that his countenance was precisely the same as it was in the days of his most vigorous health, before the cares and anxieties arising from Russian menace and encroachment had begun to affect him. The Sultana, now gliding joyously and quickly across the room, seized Thekla by the hand, murmuring in a voice full of emotion, "You have saved my son!"

"Let his Imperial Majesty slumber on till sunset," replied Thekla, gently yet firmly disengaging her hand, and still maintaining the cold serenity of her demeanor. "It is most probable that his Majesty will then awake of his own accord; but if not, let him be awakened. He will crave food, which may be served up to him; and his Majesty may even partake of wine, if he desire it. And now I have nothing more to say to your Highness; and I do not think there will be any need for the use of that silken string."

It was thus for the first time throughout the incidents which we have been relating, that the wise-woman suffered herself to make the slightest bitter allusion to the treatment she had experienced. The flush of shame appeared for a moment on the countenance of the Sultana-Valida; but recovering all her wonted dignity, she said, "I cannot blame myself for having adopted all necessary precautions, painful to both of us though they have been."

Her Imperial Highness then made a sign to the two black slaves; and they conducted Thekla from the apartment; but the one who carried the bowstring, made it disappear beneath his vesture in the twinkling of an eye.

Soon after sunset the Sultana-Valida proceeded in person to Thekla's chamber—thereby conferring the highest honor which an imperial princess could possibly bestow upon an individual of inferior rank. Casting all her dignity aside, the Sultana embraced the wise-woman, exclaiming, "You are the saviour of my son—and we both alike owe you an unpayable debt of gratitude. You are free, Thekla!—and his Imperial Majesty awaits your presence, that he may in person thank you, and that he may learn from your lips the mode in which he can best demonstrate all he feels for the service rendered by your skill."

"It is needless that I should occupy the time of his Imperial Majesty," answered Thekla. "Your Highness has given me liberty—I require nothing more—and I will therefore take my departure. Return me my porcelain cup; it belonged to my father—and I value it."

"Here is the cup, Thekla," said the Sultana-Valida, placing the exquisite little article upon the table. "But you will permit me to fill it with diamonds and jewels of the highest price?"

"Pardon me, princess," rejoined the wise-woman; "but I will accept nothing at your hands. No one is more sensible of kindness than Thekla; but it must be a real and genuine kindness, and

not a kindness following as an extreme upon the menace of death and the imminence of the bowstring."

The Sultana-Valida's countenance flushed with anger; but for very shame she could not give utterance to an irate word against the woman who had that very day saved her son's life. Indeed the bare sensation of that anger struck her as a remorse; and with a look and tone which were marvellously conciliating for her, the proud princess—the august mother of the reigning Sultan—she said, "I fear, Thekla, that you bear rancorous sentiments towards me; but I entreat you to accept those signal proofs of my gratitude which I would fain bestow."

"If your Highness speaks of gems or gold, I lack them not," answered Thekla, with the same cold look and tone which had all along characterized her discourse. "When I go forth hence—as in a few minutes I hope to do—I shall resume my wandering life. It is the only means by which I can banish thought; for the thought of the past clings to me—and I am not what I seem without a reason!"

"You have known misfortunes, then, Thekla?" said the Sultana-Valida, her countenance wearing an expression of sympathy which was far from being altogether assumed.

The wise-woman reflected deeply for upwards of a minute, as if deliberating with herself whether she should speak or not; but suddenly making up her mind in favor of the affirmative she said with a strange abruptness, "Listen, Highness, and I will tell you a tale."

The Sultana-Valida sat down to imply that she would bestow upon Thekla as much time and patience as the wise-woman would like to crave; and the latter, after again reflecting profoundly for a brief space, spoke as follows:

"Your Highness is aware that I am the daughter of the celebrated physician Ahmed Arsan. My father possessed a beautiful villa on the banks of the Bosphorus; and there did I reside, attended by numerous slaves, for my mother had died during my infancy. My age is now forty-five; and I am about to speak of a period which dates back for more than seven-and-twenty years. Consequently I was then a young creature of between seventeen and eighteen. It matters not how at that time I became acquainted with him to whom I have now to allude. He was several years older than myself, but of a rare masculine beauty. I believed him to be a gentleman attached to the Court, but of no very considerable distinction. We met constantly—we roamed together amidst the shady groves on the banks of the Bosphorus; and not more delicious was the fragrance of the orange-blossoms to the air, than was the language of love which he breathed in my ear. I was confiding—all too confiding! I believed the excuses which he proffered for not speaking to my father of our love, and for not demanding my hand in marriage. In that blind confidence I fell! My honor was sacrificed to his passion! In due time I was in a way to become a mother; no longer could my disgrace be concealed. But then the ardor of him in whom I had trusted began to abate—his visits grew fewer and further between—until at length they ceased altogether. Driven to despair, I proceeded to Constantinople: watched in the neighborhood of the palace in the hope of beholding my faithless lover. At last, after many hours of weary waiting, the trumpets sounded—the troops came forth—the crowd was ordered to stand back; for his Imperial Majesty the Sultan Mahmoud was about to proceed in grand state to the mosque of Suleimanya. Then I thought to myself that I was sure to behold him whom I sought, in the imperial procession. And I did, Highness! My faithless lover—the wanton destroyer of my happiness—the betrayer of my honor—was there! With mingled wildness and consternation I recognized him; he was—"

"Who?" inquired the Sultana-Valida, who had listened to this narrative with the deepest interest. "Who was he?"

Thekla looked steadily at the princess, and said, "He was the Sultan Mahmoud himself!"

"Ah! is this possible?" ejaculated the Sultana-Valida.

"Yes, Highness—it was he!" responded Thekla; "and this day I have saved the life of his son!"

"Oh, tell me what happened?" cried the Sultana. "Did the Sultan Mahmoud perceive you? Did he know that you recognized him?"

"The Sultan perceived me and recognized me," answered Thekla. "He sent one of his officers to speak to me; and the message thus

conveyed to my ear was to the effect that on the morrow his Majesty would meet me in privacy at our accustomed trysting-place. He kept his word: he proposed that I should enter his harem, and that I should be one of his favorite slaves. I scorned the proposition, for it was indeed a gilded slavery which the Sultan proffered. We separated, and we never met again. My father was at that period saved by a sudden death from the pain of learning his daughter's dishonor: he accidentally cut himself with the scalpel while dissecting a corpse—the wound festered—the poison spread rapidly throughout his frame—and in three days he was a corpse. I became a mother: but the infant perished at its birth. All my life's happiness was gone—and I felt that thenceforth I could not abide in any one place. I gave to the poor the fortune which I inherited from my father; and keeping only a small sum for my immediate use, as well as a book containing many precious secrets in the medical art which my deceased parent had thus chronicled, I set out as a wanderer upon the face of the earth. Now, Highness, my history is concluded; and you comprehend the meaning of my words that the thought of the past clings to me."

"Unfortunate Thekla!" said the Sultana-Valida, speaking with the most real sympathy. "And you have this day saved the life of the son of him who ruined your happiness?"

"It is even so, Highness," rejoined Thekla: "and if I have told you this tale, it was only to prove that we need not rewards of gems or of gold: for I have already my recompense in returning, as it were, good for evil. I might have sought to avenge upon the son the wrongs which I received from the father: but no! I should hate myself if ever for an instant I had harbored such an idea! And now your son is saved, Highness: his health is completely invigorated—and here is another phial of the precious elixir which on any future occasion may prove useful in your hands."

"Oh, before you depart, Thekla," exclaimed the Sultana-Valida, taking the phial, "teach me your wondrous secret!—teach it me, I implore you!"

"No, Highness," answered Thekla, firmly: "that may not be! I made you the offer once; but instead of having confidence in me, you yielded to the false representations of designing men, whose souls were filled with envy and jealousy, and who kept me here a prisoner for many long months. Had your son continued in the enjoyment of health, I might have remained a captive for years, or until the end of my life. It is only when reduced to despair that you thought of me, and that you had recourse to the hitherto scorned, contemned, or perhaps forgotten Thekla! Pardon me for speaking boldly, Highness: but in all these proceedings of yours there were the caprices of tyranny; and therefore it is now too late for you to seek of my lips the revelation of my secret."

The Sultana-Valida could not help admitting to herself the justice of the chastisement which the wise-woman thus inflicted upon her; and the anger which would otherwise have taken possession of her was subdued by a sense of shame, remorse, and humiliation. After a pause, that proud princess said, humbly, "At least, Thekla, you will accept this as a token of my gratitude and esteem?"—at the same time unloosing from her neck a chain of massive gold, of curious workmanship, the links having at intervals little medallions, each set with a sparkling gem, and the whole worth a monarch's ransom.

"No, Highness," replied Thekla; "I will accept nothing except my liberty. Am I free to depart?"

"You are free to depart," rejoined the Sultana-Valida, in a low mournful tone, and with an expression of deep regret, remorse, and shame upon her countenance.

Thekla placed the little porcelain cup in her box; and after making a respectful obeisance to the Sultana-Valida, she issued from the room. In a few minutes she was beyond the precincts of the palace, and the wandering wise-woman breathed the fresh air of liberty once again.

CHAPTER LI.

It was about three weeks after the incidents which we have just related, that Thekla entered Kutais, the capital city of the little principality of Mingrelia. From inquiries previously made, Thekla knew that the Princess was then resident

at her palace—where indeed, she had been for some months past, and thither did the wise-woman accordingly proceed.

She found the palace to be a moderate-sized but handsome building, with spacious pleasure-grounds attached, and at the principal entrance there were two guard-houses, one occupied by some of the Mingrelian militia, and the other by soldiers of the Russian garrison. We have already informed the reader that Mingrelia was suffered to enjoy a shadow of independence by having its own native sovereign and being governed by its own laws; but the Russians were the virtual masters of the territory, and they had garrisons in all the principal towns. Indeed, the Ministers of the Princess Leila dared not take any important step without first consulting the Russian commandant: but, as a matter of delicacy, they concealed from her Highness the full extent to which they were thus subservient to Russian domination. It was not a direct Muscovite tyranny, so to speak, which prevailed in Mingrelia, but Muscovite influence was nevertheless paramount, though it was wielded in those indirect, stealthy, insidious ways which did not positively check nor openly outrage the feelings of the Mingrelians. It was therefore a system maintained by cunning rather than by violence; and while the Mingrelians flattered themselves that they were a free people, tolerating Russian garrisons, they were in reality enslaved to the Russian policy.

Thekla, on presenting herself at the gate of the palace, was referred by the sentinel whom she first accosted to the porter who sat in his lodge. Of this functionary she inquired whether it were possible for her to obtain an audience of her Highness the Princess Leila?—and the porter demanded her name. The instant she mentioned it, the official rose, bowed respectfully, and desired Thekla to traverse the court-yard, for that her request would be immediately complied with. The wise-woman now reached the inner portals of the palace; and she again mentioned her name to two or three servitors in handsome liveries who were lounging in the hall. It seemed as if that name of Thekla operated like magic; for the instant it was announced, the lacqueys assumed a demeanor of the utmost respect—and one of them requested Thekla to follow him. He led her up a spacious staircase communicating with a landing richly ornamented; and thence he conducted her into an ante-chamber where some half-dozen young ladies attached to the person of the Princess were assembled. Two of these young ladies gave utterance to ejaculations of joy on beholding the wise-woman, and the next instant she found her hands warmly clasped by Zaida and Emina.

"Oh!" exclaimed Zaida, "our beloved mistress will be so delighted to see you! Her Highness has wondered why you have never communicated with her, and wherefore you have not visited her according to the promise which it seems you made some months back in Constantinople."

"Scarcely a day has passed," added Emina, "that her Highness has not mentioned your name; and she long ago issued the strictest orders that should you present yourself at the palace, you were to be treated with every respect."

"I have just experienced the proof that such orders were indeed issued," replied Thekla; "and I am most grateful to your beloved mistress."

"Come quick, good Thekla!" said Zaida; "her Highness is alone, but even if she were engaged in no matter what important business, she would make time to see you."

The wise-woman was now conducted by the two overjoyed damsels to a splendidly furnished apartment, where the Princess Leila was seated upon a sofa. The portals of the saloon moved so noiselessly upon their hinges that Leila did not immediately become aware of the presence of those who were entering; she was in a pensive mood, and her looks were bent downward. Thekla beheld before her that same bewilderingly beautiful creature in whom she had conceived so great an interest, and to serve whom she had alike dared and encountered so many perils. But though all the ravishing loveliness which characterized the Princess was still as remarkable as ever, it struck Thekla that Leila's cheek was somewhat pale; and perhaps the wise-woman could guess wherefore, for she had already learnt, on first entering the city of Kutais, some few particulars in reference to Prince Danial.

Zaida hastened towards her young mistress, to make her aware of Thekla's arrival: but Leila now raised her eyes and caught sight of the wise-woman. Springing from the sofa, the Star of Mingrelia rushed forward and threw herself into Thekla's arms. The wise-woman was about to observe the usual etiquette by sinking on her knees before the Princess; but Leila would not permit her: she regarded the wise-woman as a dear and esteemed friend, and treated her as such. Zaida and Emina retired; and Thekla remained alone with the Princess.

They had much to say to each other; for Leila was utterly ignorant of everything which had occurred to Thekla since they parted in Constantinople several months back. The wise-woman related all those incidents with which the reader has been made acquainted; and Leila listened with the deepest sympathy and interest to the recital. She expressed her sorrow that Thekla should have endured captivity on her account; and tears flowed down the cheeks of the beautiful Princess as she spoke. But Thekla assured her that she held all misfortunes cheap when she remembered that they were occasioned by the services she had rendered to one in whom she was so profoundly interested.

"And now," said Thekla, with some degree of diffidence, and hesitatingly approaching the topic, "permit to inquire of your Highness concerning your cousin, the generous and high-spirited Prince Danial? On entering Kutais, I made certain inquiries; and to my astonishment I learnt that Prince Danial had been compelled to proceed to St. Petersburg, or else had been actually sent thither in a sort of honorable captivity."

"Listen, Thekla," said the Princess, heaving a profound sigh; "and I will tell you all that has occurred. But you have forgotten to ask concerning your friend Klodissa!"

"Ah, Klodissa!" said the wise-woman quickly, at the same time darting a rapid glance at Leila—but which the Princess however did not perceive.

Leila described everything that had occurred at Tiflis with respect to Tunar, so far as his trial, acquittal, and liberation were concerned; and then she said, "As for Klodissa, my cousin and I parted from her at some distance from Tiflis; and I have every reason to believe that she is perfectly happy:—for the Princess did not choose to mention a syllable in reference to the Vale of Gulistan."

"And now with regard to Prince Danial?" said Thekla, inquiringly.

"I will tell you," responded Leila. "My cousin obtained from the Pasha of Kars all the requisite proofs to establish his identity as a Mingrelian Prince; and after a little while we arrived in Kutais. Alas! I need not explain to you that the Russians exercise a real virtual sovereignty here, and that I am the ruler of Mingrelia in name rather than in fact. I am but a crowned phantom, Thekla;—though heaven knows that I care not for the exercise of sovereign power save and except so far as it might enable me to accomplish much good for the benefit of my people. However, to continue my narrative, you can easily comprehend that it was requisite to consult the Russian Commander-in-Chief before I dared proclaim to the Mingrelians the rank and titles of my cousin. The Russian commandant threw difficulties in the way of recognizing the Prince's claims. Need I tell you, Thekla, that I love my cousin Danial, or that I promised him my hand? Finding that the commandant feared to acknowledge him as a Mingrelian Prince, I proposed to abdicate my sovereignty and retire into private life, that I might become my cousin's bride. But the Russian General would not listen to the idea. Alas! it is evidently only too convenient for Muscovite policy that the crowned phantom of Mingrelia shall be a young weak female! Neither would my cousin Danial listen to the proposition: he would never consent that I should abandon the throne on which our ancestors had sat. The Russian Commander-in-Chief suggested that Danial should repair to St. Petersburg, to make known his claims to the Czar himself: and this suggestion was accompanied by a significant hint to the effect that my cousin must positively leave the Mingrelian territory until the Russian Government should have pronounced a decision in his case."

"Doubtless the Russian authorities," observed Thekla, "dreaded an insurrection of the Mingrelians against their rule, now that there was a Mingrelian prince to place himself at their head?"

"Yes. But my cousin Danial would not for a moment think of plunging his native country into the horrors of warfare," continued Leila; "and therefore he resolved to follow the commandant's suggestion and repair to St. Petersburg to plead his own cause in person. We parted"—here Leila heaved a profound sigh, and a tear trickled down her cheek: "we parted—and he set off with a suitable escort, amongst whom were his faithful dependants Ibrahim and Hafiz."

"And your Highness has received intelligence from your cousin?" said Thekla inquiringly: "may I hope that he has reached the Russian capital in safety?"

"Yes—he reached St. Petersburg in safety," rejoined the Star of Mingrelia; "and he was at once received by the Emperor Nicholas. His Imperial Majesty treated my cousin with the utmost distinction, and promised that the Grand Chancellor of the Empire should in due course investigate his claims. At a second audience the Czar proposed that my cousin should enter his service, offering at once to bestow upon him an important post at the Imperial Court, or else a high grade in the Russian army. But the Prince respectfully declined these propositions. He could not bring himself to serve the Russians, though for the sake of the welfare of the Mingrelians, he would not fight against them. And now he remains in St. Petersburg—but alas! it is evident that the Russian Chancery is delaying as much as possible the investigation of his claims. Nevertheless, Prince Danial is making numerous powerful friends amongst the Russian nobility with whom he has come in contact; and they have promised to use their interest as far as they can or dare on his behalf. And now you know all."

"We must live and hope," remarked Thekla, "The claims of your Highness's cousin are so well grounded and so palpable, that the Russian Government—arbitrary though it be, and so often unjust in its despotism—must acknowledge them in the long run. The Czar will no doubt throw every obstacle in the way and procrastinate the final decision as much as possible, in the hope of wearying out the young Prince's patience and inducing him to accept the proposition at first made. But heaven is just, Princess!—and it will not suffer two beings so good, so amiable, and so generous-hearted as yourself and your cousin, to remain unhappy through a prolonged separation!"

In this hopeful strain did Thekla continue to speak; and the Princess was much cheered by her words. The amiable Leila besought the wise-woman to fix her abode altogether beneath the palatial roof, and to dwell there for the remainder of her days: but Thekla, while expressing her gratitude for the generous proposal, declared that she was doomed to lead a wandering life—that it suited her habits and tastes, and that she could not possibly settle down in any fixed abode—no, not even though it were to enjoy the society of one whom she loved so much as Leila. But the wise-woman consented to remain a few weeks at the palace; and during that interval she taught Leila the secret of compounding her precious elixir. At the expiration of about two months Thekla took her departure, for the purpose of proceeding to Tiflis; but she faithfully promised that, if she lived, she would at no very distant interval return to Kutais to pay her respects to the Star of Mingrelia.

Taking leave of Leila and the wise-woman for the present, we must now proceed, in the ensuing chapter, to carry back the reader's attention into the midst of the wilds of the Eastern Caucasus.

CHAPTER LII.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of Count Dorval when he discovered that the wounded female was evidently endowed by nature with a pure transparent complexion, but that she had for some purpose or another dyed her face, her neck, her bosom, and her arms, of that dusky tint which gave her the appearance of a gipsy. But without pausing many moments to wonder what could possibly have been the motive for such a disguise, Dorval proceeded to ascertain if she were still living, or if the blow dealt by Tunar had proved mortal. He found that she breathed; he staunched the blood as well as he was able; and then, thinking that she might need a fresher air than that which prevailed at the extremity of the cavern, he carried her in his arms to the entrance. In a short time she began to revive—but very

slowly; and as she languidly opened her dark eyes, they looked vacantly up into the old man's face, in a way which showed him that she could not collect her thoughts sufficiently to remember what had taken place. He began to reflect that so serious a wound, followed by the loss of so much blood, must necessarily leave her weak and enfeebled for some days to come, even if she should recover at all. He knew not how to dispose of her, unless he should be enabled to discover the secret means of opening the door in the pedestal of the statue—in which case he might bear her down into the Valley of Gulistan.

Dorval assured himself that the blood was completely staunch; and as it was bitterly cold at the entrance of the cavern, he removed Klodissa further into it; and taking off his own upper garment, he covered her therewith. He then sped back to the extremity of the cave; and he carefully examined the pedestal of the statue. But he could not discern the slightest trace of the door, nor the means of opening it. He kept hastening back to Klodissa to see if she still lived—then back again to the statue; and thus a couple of hours passed,—at the expiration of which time Dorval found himself compelled to settle his mind to the conclusion that it was impossible for him to discover the secret means of opening the door of the statue.

Now what was he to do? He himself was half famishing for want of food; the wounded female was in a condition that required every attention and comfort: but how in that wild ungenial region was Dorval to provide for any of these wants? There he was, on the very threshold, so to speak, of a vale where summer reigned and where the most delicious fruits might be gathered: but he was unable to penetrate an inch further towards that paradise. Would Tunar return and give him admission? The old man hoped so: but yet this hope was only feeble; for within the last few hours his opinions of Tunar had very materially changed, and he had begun to comprehend much of the selfishness, the churlishness, and the real unamiability of the youth's disposition. Besides, the very way in which Tunar had so precipitately rushed forward to enter into the valley, closing the floor behind him, and without apparently bestowing a thought upon his aged companion, almost forbade the hope that he would very speedily return to afford Dorval admittance thither.

Klodissa lived: but she was unconscious of all that had happened—insensible to everything; and there was the certain prospect that she would thus continue for some days, if she should survive at all. Dorval was a kind-hearted man; and he was resolved to minister unto her to the utmost of his power. She might remain in that cavern; but she required something soft to repose upon, as well as warmer clothing than that which she had on. And then too, food must be procured, and again and again did Dorval keep asking himself how these wants were possibly to be supplied? Three hours had now passed since the tragic scene in the vicinage of the statue; and Tunar did not make his appearance.

"No—he will not come!" said the old man to himself. "He is revelling in the delights of that beautiful valley; and perhaps uncertain in respect to the blow which he dealt this unfortunate female, he would be afraid to come forth again, even if his inclination prompted him on my behalf. And who knows but that in his mingled selfishness and terror—who knows but that he may have by some means fastened the secret door on the inner side, so as to shut out all others from the charming vale? No—it is certain that he will not come to conduct me thither!"

Having arrived at this conclusion, Dorval again found himself thrown back entirely on his own resources; and he sat down by Klodissa's side to reflect. To remain in that cavern was to court starvation: he must go elsewhere to look for what he required—he must return into the midst of the wilds of the Caucasus, in the hope of falling in with some peasants or travellers who might possibly be enabled to supply his immediate wants. All of a sudden he recollected the balloon which was left on the spot where it had descended; and he resolved to return thither. For if he should be fortunate enough to find the balloon in the same place, it would furnish the materials to make a comfortable bed for the use of Klodissa. But could he leave her where she was? If Tunar should happen by any chance to come forth from the valley, might he not, on finding that Klodissa still lived, finish the dreadful work which he had begun?—and would it

not be on Dorval's part the abandonment of the unfortunate female to the youth's vindictive rage?

All these considerations brought the old man to the resolve of moving the wounded Klodissa. He took her up in his arms in the most careful manner; he carried her out of the cavern—he bore his unconscious burden to the wooden bridge across the torrent. There he rested for a brief interval; and then he pursued his way, with Klodissa again in his arms. Commencing the ascent of the ledge-like path, Dorval toiled painfully up it; and at length the top was reached. He recollected the cavern to which Tunar had taken him when the youth deviated from his way to ascertain if there were any horses there; and for a moment Dorval thought of bearing Klodissa to that cave. But then he said to himself, "No—this plan will not suit; for if Tunar should by any chance happen to return speedily into this region, he might again repair to that cave, and Klodissa would be as much at his mercy as if I had left her on the spot whence I have thus far borne her away."

Dorval accordingly decided upon bearing the still unconscious female into some other part; and he now looked carefully about him, so that he might fall into no error in his attempt to retrace the way towards the district where he had left the balloon. The reader has already seen that Dorval was a man of a rare intelligence—a keen observer and sharp-witted; for all the occupations of his imprisonment had tended to develop rather than to deaden or crush his mental energies. It will not therefore seem surprising that he should have well remembered the route by which Tunar had conducted him, or that he was now enabled to retrace it. At some little distance he found a small cave, the mouth of which was almost completely concealed by a group of evergreens; and in this cave he deposited Klodissa. He then hastened on towards the spot where the balloon had descended. The marks of footsteps in the snow—his own and Tunar's steps—continued to aid him from time to time in the process of thus retracing his way; and he reached the place where Tunar had found the lamp in the cave. Dorval now perceived a slight wreath of smoke curling up into the air close by the entrance of that cave; and his heart leapt for joy, as he exclaimed to himself, "There must be travellers on that spot!"

But on drawing nearer, he discerned no human being, though there was assuredly a fire burning at the entrance of the cave. He reached the spot; and to his joy he discovered the greater portion of the carcass of a goat lying at a little distance. Some of it had been cut away to furnish the repast of the individuals, whosever they were, that had evidently been there but a short time back. No one was in the cave. The travellers had therefore taken their departure. Dorval tarried for a little space to broil a morsel of the goat on the embers of the fire, for he was well-nigh exhausted with fatigue and famine—and the meal, rude though it was, refreshed and invigorated him. It was now therefore with renewed energy that he continued his way in the direction of the spot where the balloon had been left. While he was thus proceeding, he fancied that he beheld some travellers at a distance; and though they were on horseback, they were proceeding very slowly. Dorval sped towards them; and he soon discovered that they consisted of a man and two females,—all three mounted upon good steeds; while a fourth horse, laden with several burdens, was being led by the man. On observing Dorval hastening towards them, these travellers stopped short; and as the old Count drew near, he gathered from the address and appearance of the party that they were a mountaineer family in easy circumstances. The man was of middle age; one of the females was his wife—the other was their daughter. Their homestead was at a distance of some dozen leagues amongst the hills; they had been on a visit to Tiflis—and were now returning to their own habitation, the sumpter horse being laden with provisions and articles of raiment which they had purchased in the Georgian capital. All those little particulars Dorval presently learnt while in conversation with the mountaineer and his family.

They were at first surprised to behold so strange looking an individual wandering amidst those awful solitudes; but he had a tale ready to tell them. He devised some fiction to the effect that he had been plundered and ill-treated by a party of Russian soldiery; for he conjectured

that to represent himself as the victim of Russian tyranny would prove the surest way to win the sympathies to which he thought to appeal. And he was right. The mountaineer and his family at once proffered their services: they invited the old man to their homestead—but this proposition he declined on the plea that his route was in quite a contrary direction from that which they themselves were pursuing. Then the mountaineer, springing from his steed, hastily unpacked the contents of the panniers borne by the sumpter-horse, and generously made Dorval help himself to as much of the provender as he could carry with him. The old Frenchman lost no time in rendering this offer available; and with numerous expressions of gratitude he separated from the kind-hearted mountaineers.

They were soon out of sight; and Dorval continued his way towards the spot where he hoped to find the balloon. Nor was he in this hope disappointed; for the machine had been carried by the wind to an adjacent thicket, where its further progress was arrested by the entangling of the cords, among the leafless branches. Dorval had with him a knife which he had brought away from the castle of Garanrog; and he proceeded to sever the ropes which held the silk attached to the rude car. He folded up the silk as compactly as possible; and then he began to retrace his way towards the little cave where he had left Klodissa.

The dusk of that wintry season was closing in when Dorval reached the cave: Klodissa was still living—but still unconscious of whatever was passing around her. Dorval determined to make that cave his habitation for the present, while he watched over his patient; it was large enough for the purpose, and the evergreens at the mouth afforded a protection against the bleakness of the wind. He made Klodissa a couch with the silk and with all the fragments of the bedding which had been torn up at Garanrog to furnish materials for the balloon; and the wounded female now reposed in comparative comfort. Having collected a quantity of dry wood, which happened to abound in the neighborhood of the cave, Dorval made a fire, so as to impart a genial heat to the otherwise cold atmosphere. He then lay down and slept, for he was thoroughly exhausted; but frequently throughout the long hours which followed until morning dawned, he awoke to assure himself that Klodissa still lived.

When the day dawned, Dorval proceeded to cook some farinaceous food, which was amongst the articles he had obtained from the mountaineers, and for the preparation of which he had procured a small earthen pipkin from the same generous source. He now fed Klodissa as if she were an infant child and he an attentive nurse. She opened her eyes: but still her gaze was full of vacancy—she was evidently yet far from comprehending her own condition or even having the power to reflect why she was thus kindly treated by the strange old man who bent over her. Having partaken of his own meal, Dorval left Klodissa for a little while, and proceeded to fetch the remnant of the goat; for he felt the necessity of economising his provisions as much as possible, knowing not how long his detention in that place might be.

And now, to be brief, we may observe that a week passed before Klodissa recovered the faculty of speech. Indeed, it was only when awaking on the fourth morning after her encounter with Tunar and the old man, that she regained the powers of memory and of reason. Then, on becoming sensible of all the kindness she was experiencing at the hands of this old man, she expressed with her looks the fervid gratitude with which his conduct inspired her. She made signs to elicit explanations from Dorval's lips; for she was anxious to know how he was and how he had fallen in with Tunar: but the old man gently entreated her to abstain from anything that might in the least degree tend to excite her;—and thus it was not until the full week had elapsed that any explanation took place between them. Then, on Klodissa recovering the faculty of speech, she renewed in words those assurances of gratitude which her looks had already conveyed; and she went on to speak in the following strain:

"You have discovered the secret of that disguise which my complexion partially wears: but I trust to your generous forbearance not to seek an explanation of that mystery from my lips. I can assure you, my kind friend, that the disguise was not adopted for any evil purpose!"

"I believe you," responded the old man. "Keep your secret—and by me it shall be res-

pected. But you are one of those favored mortals who have been permitted to enjoy the delights of the Vale of Gulistan—"

"Oh, would that I had never thought of issuing thence!" exclaimed Klodissa; "and then this terrific calamity would not have befallen me! Where is that villain Tunar?"

"He entered by the secret door whence you yourself so suddenly emerged, and that door closed behind him."

Dorval proceeded to relate everything connected with himself, and with which the reader is already acquainted. He told Klodissa his history just as he had told it to Tunar: he described to her how Tunar had become his fellow-prisoner at Garanrog; and he depicted the wondrous means by which they had escaped together. He then stated how Tunar had guided him to the cavern forming the entrance to the Vale of Gulistan—and how they were searching for the indication of some secret door at the very moment when Klodissa emerged from the pedestal of the statue.

"And you say that I have been here a week?" exclaimed Klodissa; "and that seven whole days have elapsed since I received this dreadful wound?"

"Seven whole days," replied Dorval; "and this is the morning of the eighth."

"And you are convinced," proceeded Klodissa, quickly and eagerly, "that Tunar was utterly unacquainted with the mysteries enveloping the means of entrance from the Cavern of the Statue into the valley?"

"I am convinced," rejoined Dorval. "But doubtless he is now revelling in the delights of that vale—"

"No!" said Klodissa, a fierce fire illuminating the large dark eyes which for a week past had been glazed under the influence of the cold touch of death itself; "no, my kind benefactor! If Tunar were really as ignorant of those mysteries as you believe and represent, his foot has never been set within that vale! As a prisoner has been retained in the bowels of the mountain; and famine must ere this have done its dreadful work!"

"Good heavens!" cried the old man, shocked and horrified at the announcement; "is this really so?"

"Doubtless it is so," replied Klodissa. "But it is heaven's own righteous vengeance which has overtaken that youth; for there breathed not a being in human shape more capable of every wickedness than he! A consummate dissembler—"

"Yes, yes—he must have been!" exclaimed Dorval; "I understand his character thoroughly now! But oh! perhaps it may not be too late to save him from a hideous death! I will speed to the cavern—you must tell me the secret in respect to the door of the pedestal—"

"I dare not breathe that secret from my lips," answered Klodissa; "I have recorded in heaven a solemn vow to that effect! But when I am able to leave this cave, you shall accompany me, good old man—you shall penetrate with me into that delicious valley; and thus will I testify all my gratitude towards you. It may be an evasion of the spirit of my vow—but still that vow will be observed to the letter if I breathe not the secret from my lips; and my conscience may thus be satisfied."

Klodissa had in reality made no vow of the kind—nothing of the sort having been exacted from her by Prince Danial and the Princess Leila; but it was an excuse which now suited her purpose. She wished Tunar to die; she thought it just probable that he might not be already dead, but that a vigorous constitution might yet be battling against seven days of famine; and therefore she did not choose that Dorval should repair to the subterranean entrance into the Vale of Gulistan with the chance of finding Tunar alive and of restoring him to freedom. The old man, in the natural goodness of his heart, would gladly have rushed off to render succor to the youth if it were not yet too late; but on hearing Klodissa thus speak, he was compelled to resign his benevolent intention—though it was with a profound sigh as he did so.

"Then must we leave Tunar to his fate!" said Dorval. "But you have promised me, lady, that you will take me with you into the Vale of Gulistan; I accept the proffer with all the gratitude which so great a boon cannot fail to inspire. At the same time let me give you the assurance that I have ministered unto you simply as towards a suffering fellow-creature, from the sincerest and most unselfish motives, and not because I looked

forward to the attainment of this reward which you have promised."

"I know it, worthy Count," responded Klodissa. "Not for an instant did I imagine that you had been actuated by selfish motives! Your conduct towards me has been characterized by the most delicate attentions, and by a manifestation of a real, parental affection! It is for this reason that I am resolved, no matter at what risk of evading the vow which I have taken, to conduct you into the Vale of Gulistan. But I shall exact a solemn pledge from your lips—"

"Name it," said the old man.

"The secret, you perceive, is not altogether mine," continued Klodissa; "I share it with two others. I cannot name them, suffice it however to add that I dare not without their consent introduce any one into the valley to become a permanent dweller there. The Vale as you have been led to suppose, abounds in precious gems; and you shall bear away with you enough to be equivalent to a dozen monarchs' ransoms! For three days only must you sojourn in the vale; because those other two persons who are in possession of the secret and to whom I have alluded promised me that in the course of five or six months they would return to pay me a visit. That period has well nigh elapsed; and therefore at any moment may they make their appearance. They would reproach me with having broken my vow if they discovered you there;—and now you comprehend wherefore I stipulate that your sojourn in the valley must be limited to but a few days—though on the other hand you will be amply indemnified for your departure from that blessed retreat, by the immensity of the wealth that you may bear away with you."

Dorval—whose main object in seeking the Valley of Gulistan had all along been for the sake of the riches he hoped to find there—readily promised to comply with Klodissa's stipulations; and to this effect he bound himself by a solemn oath.

"When the time comes," continued Klodissa, "that I shall be enabled to conduct you into that valley, I know that you will respect this oath—because you are good and generous, and must therefore be an honorable man. And when the instant arrives for you to take your departure, I will provide you with a steed. My own horse has been left to wander at large on a little plain at no great distance hence, and where a cavern serves as its stable. For upwards of five months have I dwelt in the valley; and every week—sometimes indeed oftener—I have issued forth to visit my steed. The animal roams not away from the neighborhood where I first left it to pasture, and where I have thus periodically visited it. You may therefore rest assured that the steed will be at your service when the moment of your departure comes. It was to pay my accustomed visit to the faithful animal that I was thus issuing from the Vale of Gulistan at the unfortunate moment when I encountered Tunar."

"Referring to Tunar," said Dorval, "you have spoken generally of his evil disposition; and as your language was strong, I conceived that he must have perpetrated crimes of which you have a knowledge. Besides, I have not forgotten," added Dorval, "that your dagger was in the first instance aimed at his breast, although the next instant it pierced your own. Surely you must have had some very strong reason to have sought the life of that youth?"

"Every reason," ejaculated Klodissa. "He was an accomplice in the basest plot against the peace and happiness of an amiable and excellent young lady in whom I am warmly interested; and as one of the fatal results of that plot his worthy master, the venerable Mansour, was foully murdered!"

"This is indeed horrible!" exclaimed the old Count.

"Then Tunar obtained possession of certain private papers belonging to Mansour," continued Klodissa; "and from thence he gleaned a certain insight into the mysteries of Gulistan. Therefore the knowledge which brought him to the very threshold of that paradise, was most treacherously and unworthily obtained; and when I found that such a wretch was evidently seeking to penetrate into the valley, I acted as one who was bound to defend its entrance against all who are unworthy of experiencing its bliss. You now understand wherefore I turned my dagger's point against Tunar the moment we met;—and if there were anything on my part sinful in the deed, the wrong has been terribly chastised by the blow which recoiled against myself!"

A great deal more conversation took place between Klodissa and Count Dorval; but it is not requisite to chronicle its details. We must however observe that it was frequently interrupted by intervals of languor and weariness on Klodissa's part; so that Dorval as often conjured her to postpone any further discourse until the evening or the morrow. But she declared that her energies were rapidly reviving, and that the intermittent periods of reaction soon passed away. To be brief, in two or three days Klodissa was enabled to walk forth from the cave, leaning upon Dorval's arm; and at the expiration of a week from the period when her recovery commenced—a fortnight in all from the date of the wound's infliction—she was convalescent.

The dye with which Klodissa had stained a portion of her complexion, was a decoction made from certain drugs; and it required to be renewed about every fortnight; otherwise it gradually grew paler and paler until it disappeared altogether, leaving the skin as clear and beautiful as it naturally was. Klodissa had not used the dye for upwards of a week previous to receiving the wound at the hand of Tunar:—thus three weeks had now elapsed since the decoction had been applied to her skin, and the stain had by this time well-nigh faded to the very verge of complete disappearance. Dorval could not help expressing his regret that any circumstance should have induced her to use the dye at all. She was struck by the observation—the vanity of the woman was touched; and she murmured to herself, "After all, the objects for which I originally adopted this disguise have been fully attained! Wherefore thus disfigure myself, and mar the beauty which heaven has given me?"

She reflected for a few minutes; and then she silently said within her own heart, "It was merely to sustain appearances before Danial and Leila, in case they should again visit Gulistan; but after all, why should I not suffer them to know the truth? They have all possible reasons to thank me! far more than they have reason to hate me! Yes! assuredly I will discard the disguise! henceforth I will retain my natural appearance as heaven itself created it!"

The resolve was taken: but Klodissa did not think it worth her while to communicate it to Count Dorval as they were so soon to separate.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE day had now come on which Klodissa felt sufficiently restored to health and strength to be enabled to visit the terrestrial paradise. Count Dorval was inwardly rejoiced at the prospect of at length finding all his hopes realized; though outwardly his demeanor was calm and placid, as was its wont.

Klodissa, leaning upon the old man's arm, walked away from the cave where for upwards of a fortnight she had dwelt, and where he had ministered unto her with all the delicate yet affectionate attention which a father might have shown towards a dearly beloved daughter. They reached the edge of the precipice—they descended the ledge-like path—they crossed the raging torrent—they ascended the path amongst the trees, towards the Cavern of the Statue. And now, as they entered this cavern, Dorval's blood ran cold in his veins; for he thought that the fate of Tunar was about to be ascertained, and that it was utterly impossible the youth could be still alive.

The cavern was as dark as the blackest night; and they had no lamp with them. But Klodissa well knew the geography of the place; and she conducted the old man safely to the extremity where the statue stood. She opened the door—he could not see by what means, neither could he form the faintest conjecture; but he had no curiosity on the point—it was sufficient for him that he was at length about to enter into the terrestrial paradise cradled amongst the wilds of the Caucasus. The door closed with but a very gentle sound behind them; and now Klodissa said, "Tarry for a few moments while I light a lamp, which is here convenient in a niche. Were I by myself, I should descend in the dark—for the steps are familiar to me. But with you it is different—And besides," she added in a low voice, "we have something to search for!"

The old man shuddered; for he knew that this observation applied to the corpse of Tunar. The lamp was lighted; and Klodissa led the way. It was a spiral staircase cut out of the solid rock, down to an immense depth; so that a stupendous piece of man's handiwork did it appear to be.

The footsteps of Klodissa and Dorval—especially those of the latter, they being much the heavier—raised strange echoes as they went on descending and descending the continuous corkscrew like windings of that flight of steps. Now Dorval noticed that the deeper and deeper he was thus conducted down, the warmer grew the atmosphere—gradually changing from the chill of winter which prevailed at the summit, to the genial heat of a delicious summer.

Down, down the spiral descent of steps did Klodissa and Dorval still proceed, the former leading the way and carrying the lamp. Every moment she expected to catch sight of the corpse of Tunar stretched upon the steps; and every instant did Dorval expect an ejaculation to burst from Klodissa's lips announcing that the unfortunate youth's remains were in sight. But no! Klodissa beheld not the body; and she remained silent. At length the bottom of the spiral flight was reached; and Klodissa led Dorval into a wide caverned passage hollowed, like the staircase itself, out of the solid rock. And now the hideous spectacle so anxiously awaited burst upon the view of Klodissa and Dorval. For there, stretched upon the ground—his head resting against a block of granite—lay Tunar!

Klodissa held the lamp over the face of the dead: his features were pinched, sharp, and emaciated; and there was a lingering expression of intense anguish upon them. The corpse had barely begun to undergo the process of decomposition; and Dorval, in a voice of much emotion, murmured, "Unhappy youth! he cannot have been dead more than three or four days! For at least ten whole days, therefore, did he suffer the horrors of starvation. Whatever his misdeeds may have been, the retribution was terrible! and therefore let us hope that the atonement on earth was sufficient!"

Klodissa said not a word; but her eyes flashed with a fierce satisfaction on thus acquiring the certainty that Tunar was indeed no more, and that the hand which had dealt her a blow that so nearly proved fatal was now cold and motionless beneath the icy touch of death.

"He has perished on the very threshold of that paradise into which his heart so yearned to enter!" said Dorval, with a profound sigh. "Ah, though I suspected it not at the time, there was something prophetic in the warning which I gave him when we stood together in the presence of the statue, and I said to him, '*Beware lest for all your errors of mind and temper it never be given unto thee to enter the Vale of Gulistan!*'"

It was thus that Dorval mournfully mused as he stood contemplating the wan countenance of the dead; but all of a sudden Klodissa extinguished the lamp, and total darkness instantaneously succeeded. A momentary terror shot to Dorval's heart; but Klodissa's voice was heard softly saying in a reassuring tone, "I have done this, kind old man, merely to satisfy my conscience on account of the vow which I have taken not to reveal the secret means of opening the doors which close the avenues into the valley. But now you are about to enter into the delights of Gulistan!"

Scarcely had she finished speaking, when a light streamed into the place; and Dorval beheld a small door opened at the extremity of the passage—indeed, just behind the block of granite on which the dead Tunar's head was reposing. It was evidently a door cut out of the solid rock itself; but Dorval had no leisure to contemplate it—for Klodissa hurried him forward, and the door swung lightly behind them. The old Count instinctively looked back; but he beheld no traces of a door—naught but a surface of rugged rock, the precipitous face of which hung beetling over the line where a maze of the richest vegetation commenced, and which sloped gradually downward into the bosom of the vale.

Count Dorval was in the Valley of Gulistan! that same valley into which Thekla had once entered, and which she described to Leila and Myrrha! The huge towering mountains formed a complete circular barrier, rising up to a tremendous height, and by the vastness of their jutting crags and overhanging masses presenting a wall utterly inaccessible to the foot of man. Indeed, Dorval saw at a glance that except by means of a balloon it would be impossible for any one to descend into the valley from outside the barrier of mountains, were it not for the artificial avenues of communication hollowed in the bosom of the rock. He estimated that the bottom of the vale must be at least a mile lower than the level of the Cavern of the Statue; and this was

at once a reason which would partially explain how the genial atmosphere of summer might prevail in that blessed retreat, while horrid winter reigned throughout the districts that lay beyond the girdling circuit of those mountains. Still this reason was not sufficient to account for all the phenomena which Dorval now beheld; for not merely was the atmosphere that of summer, but all the bosom of the valley was arrayed in verdure—the most luscious fruits were pendant to the trees—the earth was carpeted with flowers in all the varieties of their loveliness. But almost one of the first features of this delicious retreat which struck the old man, was the infinite abundance of roses that were everywhere visible, and these of a size, of a richness of hue, and of a fragrance such as he had never known elsewhere. A beatific ecstacy seized upon him; all his wonted acidity and imperturbability yielded to the excitement of the delicious influences by which he was surrounded.

Klodissa led him on through the mazes of that delightful valley, along paths shaded by fruit-trees and bordered by flowers, towards the grass plat in the midst of the vale, and where stood the grotto-like habitation described by Thekla as being built of curious stones which shone with a stalactite brilliancy. The interior of the grotto was divided into three apartments, all handsomely furnished, but in a very old-fashioned style. There Klodissa made the old man sit down at an open casement, while she hastened to fill a crystal dish with some of the most delicious fruits which teemed in such inexhaustible luxuriance all around. The air was warm, but not oppressive; there was nothing sickly in its heat; it seemed to borrow a freshness from the countless rills which everywhere rippled and meandered through the valley. Klodissa returned with the dish of piled-up fruits; and Dorval fancied that never had he elsewhere tasted nature's choicest products of so delicious a quality. Then Klodissa produced wine from a cupboard—wine that was made in that valley from the grapes which festooned in indescribable profusion on every side. That wine proved to be a nectar worthy of being the product of such a region, and worthy likewise of being quaffed only there!

When Klodissa thought that Dorval had sufficiently rested himself, she conducted him forth from the grotto, to render him acquainted with the principal features of the valley. First of all, she conducted him to the widest streamlet, in the depth of whose crystal waters many varieties of fish were seen disporting; and then she directed his attention to a simple but ingenious means of catching the fish at will. This was by the contrivance of a sluice or lock, with a couple of miniature flood-gates; so that in a very few minutes all the water could be let out of the lock, and the fish that were in it at the time would be left lying on a marble slab at the bottom.

"Thus you perceive," said Klodissa, "that whosoever dwells in the Vale of Gulistan, need not live upon fruits alone; for this rivulet supplies an abundance of the most delicious fish. And then too," she continued, as she led the old man into the maze of verdure, "every species of vegetable peculiar to warm climates is to be found in the valley; and thus there are means of procuring endless varieties of food for the table."

While Klodissa was yet speaking, she and Dorval reached a strong line of fence which inclosed a large and beautiful meadow, where twenty or thirty sheep were pasturing, and where as many little lambs were frisking about.

"Here is another resource," said Klodissa, "for the supply of a variety of food. I have shown you how the dweller in this vale may obtain fish for his table—you now see how he may procure flesh—and in a few minutes you will find that the feathered tribe likewise contributes its share to the banquet."

Klodissa led the way to another but much smaller inclosure, adjoining the meadow; and this might be termed a poultry-yard. Every variety of poultry might be seen congregated there—the turkey with its crimson crest, the plump goose, the fowl, the duck, the pigeon, the tame pheasant, the bustard, and numerous other birds which had been thus domesticated. All along one side of the inclosure were the little grotto-like dwelling-places of the inhabitants of that poultry-yard; and Klodissa informed Dorval that it was often necessary to destroy the eggs, lest the feathered population of that yard should increase beyond the limits of its means of accommodation.

She conducted the old man forward; and she

led him into some of those caves which, as the reader may recollect, Thekla had described as appearing to penetrate far beneath the very foundations of the mountain-barriers themselves, but into which she had not the courage to enter very far. It was in these caves that the precious metals as well as the costliest gems of every description were to be found, lying scattered about as if they were the stones which could be alone associated with the soil of that blessed spot.

"Before you take your departure from the valley," said Klodissa, "you shall make your selection from the illimitable varieties of treasure which these caverns afford. But now I will direct your attention to that which is perhaps the greatest natural curiosity of the Vale of Gulistan, and which will account for much that up to this moment cannot be otherwise than inexplicable to your imagination."

Thus speaking, Klodissa led the way towards a cavern from the mouth of which a steam, like a thin gauzy vapor, appeared to be issuing. The nearer they drew towards that spot, the warmer became the atmosphere—until it produced a sensation of the artificially heated temperature of a hot-house. Dorval soon discovered the cause; for a hot spring gushed forth from the bowels of the mountain; and Klodissa bade him observe that at a little distance from the cave it branched off into half-a-dozen rills, which meandered through the valley.

"I have traced the course of every stream in the vale," said Klodissa; "and I have discovered that nowhere do these heated rivulets mingle with the streams of cold water which harbor the fish. Thus you perceive how wonderfully and how admirably everything is contrived to maintain the distinctive features of this delicious retreat. The soil is irrigated by the softly tepid water; and thus vegetation is forced, so to speak, into the eternal verdure and luxuriant productiveness which in other parts of the world belong only to summer. But here winter is unknown. The depth to which the valley sinks below the level of the earth—these towering barriers of mountains which keep out all the bleak winds—and then the heat which this spring at its source in the cavern imparts to the atmosphere, all combine to preserve the eternal temperature of summer."

"And there is something more," said Dorval, who for the last few minutes had been reflecting deeply—"there is something more, Klodissa, than even your wisdom has discerned for the maintenance of so genial a temperature in the vale. There is a continuous volcanic action within the bowels of these mountains, and which, though not powerful enough to burst the granite walls that contain those hidden fires, nevertheless must be regarded by the eye of science as no mean agency in accounting for much of the marvellous condition of this valley. It is that same volcanic action which has so richly stored the depths of the caverns with the precious metals and with costly gems."

Klodissa was not altogether ignorant of those scientific topics to which Dorval was now alluding; and she listened with attention to everything that he said. He expatiated at some length upon the subject; and on examining the rocks—especially within the entrances of the caverns—he discerned many proofs and illustrations of the theory which he had started in reference to the volcanic action that was eternally in progress in the bowels of the mountains.

There was another interesting spot in the Vale of Gulistan to which Klodissa presently conducted Count Dorval. This was a little cemetery, cradled in verdure—a nook completely hidden from the view until the barrier of shrubs and fruit trees by which it was surrounded was completely passed through. There reposed the remains of many who had dwelt and died in the Vale of Roses; and a piece of granite stone marked every grave. But there was not a single inscription to indicate who slept beneath. It was there that Mansour had interred the old Prince Danial; and the stone most recently placed in that little cemetery, marked the last home of the former ruler of Mingrelia. On that spot, therefore, had Leila and Danial shed tears of holy grief when upwards of five months back they had visited the valley in company with Klodissa; but of all these things Klodissa spoke not to Count Dorval.

For three days did Dorval remain in the Vale of Gulistan. During that period he and Klodissa dug a grave in the cemetery, and therein they deposited the corpse of Tunar; but Klodissa

would not suffer a stone to be placed above the youth's remains. She said that it was only the elect who had a right to enter the valley, and who had lived as well as died within its circuit, that could be thus honored with a memorial.

In the morning of the fourth day Dorval prepared to take his departure, according to his promise. He had secured about his person a number of the costliest gems which he had selected in the caverns, and which though in the aggregate weighing but a few ounces, would nevertheless produce him a fortune calculated to render him one of the richest men in the whole world. Mindful of the pledge which she had given him in respect to the steed, Klodissa intimated her intention of conducting Dorval to the spot where the animal was to be found. She so contrived matters that he could not perceive the means by which she opened the door of the rock leading into the caverned passage at the foot of the spiral ascent of steps; and as she this time took no lamp while threading that staircase, she and the old Count were enveloped in total darkness—so that he discerned not the means by which she opened the door in the pedestal of the statue. All these precautions were indeed useless, as Dorval was a man of honor and intended to abstain thenceforth from any attempt to revisit the valley; but Klodissa nevertheless deemed it prudent to adopt them, inasmuch as the means of opening the doors from the inner side, would, if known, suggest likewise the means of opening the doors from the exterior.

And now at length Count Dorval was beyond the precincts of Gulistan: he had bidden farewell for ever to that blessed retreat! But he did not repine, because he possessed about his person the means of realizing illimitable wealth. The Cavern of the Statue was threaded—the bridge over the torrent was crossed—and up the ledge-like pathway did Dorval and Klodissa ascend. On gaining the summit of the precipice, Klodissa led the way towards the spot where she had left the steed; and there the animal was found in the cavern which formed its stable.

"But are you sure," inquired Dorval, "that you may not sooner or later need the horse to bear you away from this region?"

"No," replied Klodissa. "At one time I thought it probable that I might choose to go elsewhere; and for that reason did I keep my steed to be in readiness at any moment. But for weeks past my resolve has been taken to dwell altogether henceforth in the Vale of Gulistan; and therefore I require not the animal."

"Klodissa," said Dorval, in a voice full of emotion, "we are about to separate—on earth we shall never meet again—and in bidding you farewell, I feel as if I were parting from a beloved daughter!"

"And I, generous old man," responded Klodissa, as she proffered her hand, "am likewise much moved. I owe you my life!—never, never can I forget the kindness you displayed towards me—"

At this moment the Count and Klodissa were startled by the sudden explosion of wild cries of exultation, sent forth by half-a-dozen loud boisterous voices; and then as many men, all armed to the teeth, came rushing to the spot.

"I am lost!" exclaimed Dorval, in a tone of rending anguish; for he at once recognized in those armed men a portion of the garrison of Garanrog Castle.

They seized upon Dorval; for a moment they fancied that the other escaped prisoner, Tunar, might possibly be disguised as a female; but a glance thrown at Klodissa, showed them that she was a stranger. They therefore laid no hand upon her—they had no business with her. Dorval, for a moment fearfully excited, now resigned himself to the fate which he deemed inevitable; and he said, "Ill-treat me not; I will unresistingly accompany you."

But Klodissa appealed to the men in the most earnest and passionate terms on Dorval's behalf. They shook their heads in a stern and resolute manner; and they were about to hurry their prisoner away, when the sounds of the trampling of several steeds reached the ear of all who were upon that spot. Klodissa raised her voice, claiming the assistance of the advancing travellers, whoever they might be; and in a few moments a party of a dozen horsemen, with rifles slung at their backs, appeared upon the scene. At their head rode a young and handsome chief; and now a cry of wild joy suddenly pealed forth from Klodissa's lips—and that cry was accompanied by the mention of a name.

"Kyri!" she exclaimed; "Kyri! is it thou?"

"Myrrha!—my own Myrrha!" ejaculated the chief; and he was about to spring from his steed to fold his wife in his arms—but she at once checked him by a quick gesture.

"Deliver that old man from those ruffians, Kyri!" she cried, "for he has saved my life!"

In another moment a terrific combat commenced. The soldiers of Garanrog at once let go their hold upon Dorval, in order that they might betake themselves to their weapons; and the old man quickly led Klodissa into the cavern, that they might both be beyond the reach of the shots that were now being fired. The conflict was short—for the odds were as two to one in favor of Kyri Karaman's party; and they moreover had the advantage of being mounted, whereas their opponents were on foot. In about ten minutes all was over; the half dozen soldiers of Garanrog lay stretched lifeless upon the ground—Count Dorval was delivered—and Myrrha was embraced in the arms of her husband Kyri Karaman.

CHAPTER LIV.

TEN minutes had elapsed since that terrific but brief combat; Kyri Karaman and Myrrha were now walking together, apart from the rest. The chief had his arm thrown round the splendid symmetrical form of his wife; and she was gazing up into his countenance with all that admiration and fondness with which she had been wont in former times to regard him. There was not now upon her skin the faintest trace of the dye which she had used to stain it, and which had served to disguise her; she looked eminently handsome—for the excitement of the scene that was just over had left a glow upon her countenance, which was likewise animated with admiring triumph as she was enabled to contemplate her husband under the aspect of a hero who had delivered Count Dorval from the horrors of renewed captivity.

"Myrrha," said Kyri Karaman, "we have much to say to each other, so that I scarcely know from which point to start. But first tell me, wherefore that deception in reference to your supposed death? Believe me, my beloved Myrrha, I am now too happy in your restoration unto my arms to chide you; therefore it is simply an explanation which you are called upon to give, and not a defence of your conduct which I am demanding."

"Yet in giving this explanation," replied Myrrha, "I may be constrained to touch on matters that may prove offensive or hurtful to the feelings—"

"No, no—you will not offend me, Myrrha!" exclaimed the Guerilla-chief. "For heaven's sake enlighten me on all those points which are so mysterious! Why that fable of your death?—why did you sever yourself from the husband who ever loved you so fondly?—why are you now here amidst the wilds of the Caucasus?—and who is that old man to whom you declared that you were indebted for your life?"

"Listen, Kyri," rejoined Myrrha, "and I will endeavor to satisfy your several queries in due time. I must begin by carrying back my recollections to that memorable day when I first encountered the Princess Leila, at the time that you and I were engaged in that deep-laid plot by means of which we hoped to obtain possession of the secret which the venerable Mansour had to reveal. I must tell you that while seated with the Princess Leila upon the bank of the streamlet—while gazing upon her beauteous countenance, where everything good, generous and innocent was expressed—my soul was filled with compunction at the treachery which I was practising towards her; and I would have given worlds to be enabled to retract, and to have induced you, my husband, to retract likewise. The snake bit me; and then the amiable and gentle Leila exhibited the tenderest sympathy towards me. I believed that I was dying—I was stricken by remorse—I feared that I was about to enter into that unknown world where the vengeance of my Maker might punish me for my misdeeds; and I gave Leila back her ring. Of this you are already aware; but it is necessary that I should thus revert to the circumstances of that date in order that you might form an idea of the frame of mind in which I was when believing myself to be hovering on the verge of eternity."

"Continue your narrative, dearest Myrrha," said Kyri Karaman; "and believe me when I declare that I listen with the deepest interest."

"On the spot where the incidents occurred to which I am now alluding," resumed Myrrha,

"was a Turkish wise-woman bearing the name of Thekla, and whom you saw on that occasion when you bent over my seemingly lifeless form at my aunt's residence in Tiflis. This woman Thekla had immediately applied her remedies when I was bitten by the black snake. She administered a balsam to the wound—and she compelled me to swallow some mixture. The negress likewise had her own special remedies to be applied; but Thekla has since assured me that it was the mixture she had made me swallow which had the effect of neutralising the venom of the reptile. For some little time—perhaps for upwards of an hour—I was believed to be dead, except by Thekla herself; but she knew that I was merely plunged into the stupor of a trance—and this was one of the effects of the dose she had administered. During that interval Leila had taken her departure, accompanied by her own handmaidens. At length I returned to consciousness; and when enabled to collect my thoughts and ponder on all that had occurred, I found that a great change had taken place in my mind. I felt like one who had been rescued from the jaws of death—brought back indeed from the very grave itself!—and I regarded my salvation as a special interposition of providence in my behalf. A secret voice seemed to be speaking in my soul, saying, 'Repent! turn away from the paths of evil—take example from that angelic being against whom your treacherous machinations were directed—and let your future course be that of rectitude and honor!' It was thus that my conscience appeared to speak; and a solemn awe took possession of my soul. I resolved to obey that which seemed to be a divine impulse and a heavenly warning. But how could I follow the dictates of this altered frame of mind and likewise return to you? Alas! Kyri! I felt how vain and useless it was to hope that you would be moved by my representations, or that you would turn from the life of evil which you were pursuing. No!—but on the contrary, you would have sought to draw me back into the same vortex!—you would not have consented to become virtuous in order that we should continue to dwell together, but you would have insisted that I myself should relapse into your own ways of intrigue and iniquity! And then again how could I look you in the face and tell you that I had restored the ring to Leila—that ring which you had dared such perils to obtain from her finger! I dreaded lest in spite of all your devoted love, you would overwhelm me with your indignation, and that you would upbraid me bitterly for what you would look upon as an act of betrayal and treachery of which I had been guilty towards my own husband. All these considerations were in themselves weighty; and there was likewise another. Deeply touched by the sympathy which Leila had manifested towards me, I in my gratitude took a solemn oath before heaven to protect her interests, if possible, from whatsoever machinations you yourself might thenceforth adopt against them. And now, my beloved husband—for beloved you really are and ever have been!—you may understand how it was that all those reflections, influences, views, and aims brought me to the resolve of continuing dead to the whole world, as I was already believed to be except by the excellent Thekla and my own faithful dependants. Ah! it was a tremendous sacrifice which I made in thus abandoning you; but I felt it to be my duty—I fancied likewise that such self-martyrdom would be an atonement for my past errors—and all this inspired me with courage to execute the idea."

"Oh, Myrrha! if you had come to me," exclaimed Kyri Karaman, "if you had told me of your altered sentiments, I myself would have made every sacrifice rather than consent to a separation!"

"Oh! if this were true," ejaculated Myrrha, "you know not how immensely the assurance would tend to enhance the happiness that I now feel at being reunited to you!"

"It is true!—I swear it!" ejaculated Kyri Karaman. "Tell me to quit the command of the gallant band which again reveres me as its chief—and I will obey you! Yes, Myrrha—I knew that I always loved you well! but, never did I have the perfect knowledge of how irreparably dear you were to me until you were lost. And oh! when on that memorable evening accident threw us together in the neighborhood of Tiflis—on the evening, I mean, of Tunar's escape from the fortress—and when, insensible as I was, you bore me away to the bank of that rivulet with whose refreshing waters you brought me

back to life. Oh! on that memorable evening, Myrrha, I knew that it was you at the very moment when like a vanishing spirit you flitted away from me! And ever since I have been as restless as an unquiet ghost—seeking you everywhere—wondering whether the day would ever come when we should meet again—and yet at times dreading lest it might all have been a delusion of my fevered fancy and that it was not my own Myrrha whom in a moment I had recognized through the disguise of a swarthy hue, when the moonbeams fell fully upon your countenance!"

"And believe me, Kyri," said Myrrha, in a low gentle voice, "that I myself was deeply moved on that memorable occasion; and it cost me a tremendous effort—I may even say the exercise of a preternatural energy—to rush away from you as I did!"

Here the Guerilla-bandit strained his handsome wife to his breast; and they exchanged the fondest caresses. At length Myrrha continued her explanations:

"When my mind was made up to seem dead to the world and to live thenceforth under another name, veiled beneath some deep disguise, and devoting myself to good purposes, I imparted my design to Thekla. She offered to assist me; and it was by no means difficult to win the complicity of my faithful negress and my equally devoted Georgian girl. I repaired secretly to Tiflis—I found an asylum at the house of my relative—and she likewise lent herself to my design. Thekla possessed the knowledge of a drug which produces a trance like that of death; and into such a trance was I thrown when you were suffered to visit my aunt's house for a few minutes and bend over what you supposed to be the lifeless form of your Myrrha! Leila and her cousin Prince Daniel—for such indeed is he whom you knew only as Aladyn Bey—were likewise induced to visit that house, that they might there see me stretched as a corpse; for it suited my purpose to impress upon their minds the conviction that I was indeed no more. I intended thenceforth to watch over their interests; and this I could not do if they had still known me as Myrrha, the wife of their enemy Kyri Karaman; but as a stranger, bearing another name, I foresaw that I might find opportunities of carrying out my views. And I have succeeded!—for it was I who in concert with Thekla saved Leila from a fate which she loathed—it was I who rescued her from captivity in the imperial palace at Constantinople! She is still ignorant that under the deep swarthy complexion of Klodissa the delicate brunette skin of Myrrha was concealed!—and here I may observe that it was only within the last two or three weeks I have ceased to wear the artificial tint. Yes, I saved Leila," continued Myrrha; "and heaven has rewarded me! Oh! yes!" she exclaimed, in a tone of fervid exultation, "heaven has indeed rewarded me!"

"What mean you, Myrrha?—what can you possibly mean?" exclaimed Kyri Karaman, gazing upon his wife with an eager intentness, as if he was smitten with an idea of the sublime truth to which she was alluding. "You would not have me understand—No, no! it is impossible!—and yet why are you here, in the heart of the Caucasian mountains?"

"I perceive, Kyri, that a suspicion of the actual fact has arisen in your mind. Yes, my beloved husband! it is true that heaven has rewarded me in the most signal manner; for that secret which in the days of my error and wickedness I was not allowed to fathom—that secret which you yourself so strongly yearned to penetrate, but which has been kept so carefully veiled against your knowledge,—that secret, Kyri," added Myrrha impressively, "has been made known unto me!"

It was with wonderment, joy, and admiration, also with profound curiosity and suspense, that the Guerilla-chief gazed upon his handsome wife.

"It is true, Kyri," she said: "for months past I have been a dweller in the blessed Vale of Gulistan!—and that old man whom you have ere now so heroically delivered from the power of his foes, has recently come from that vale, the possessor of inestimable wealth. And oh, my husband! if you be indeed sincere in your promise to abandon this wandering life—to renounce all evil pursuits, and to render yourself worthy of the continual love of your Myrrha, as Myrrha now is, an altered and a chastened being—the riches of Gulistan shall be poured forth at your feet!"

Kyri Karaman fell upon his knees before his

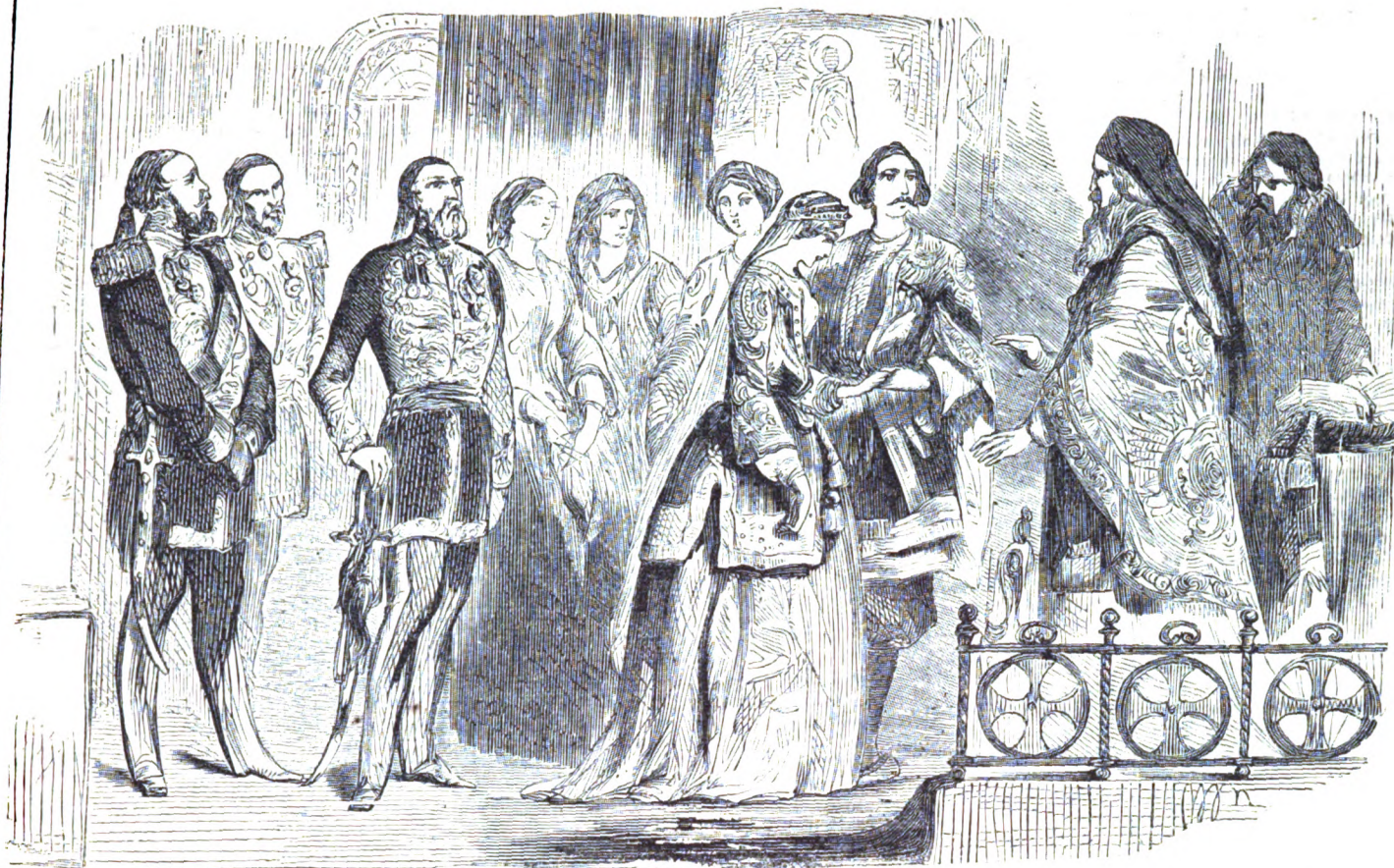
wife; and pressing her hand to his lips, he vowed that in all things he would do her bidding. She compelled him to rise from his suppliant posture; and she embraced him fervidly. They continued to discourse upon many things; for on each side there was yet much to explain. Kyri Karaman informed Myrrha how he had encountered Tunar in that same region some months back—how Tunar had informed him of everything that took place between himself and the supposed Klodissa in the fortress-prison at Tiflis—and how Tunar was left a captive in the hands of Schamyl's soldiers. Then Myrrha on her own side narrated how she had fallen in with Tunar and Count Dorval—how Tunar had stabbed her—how the old Frenchman ministered unto her with even a paternal affection—and how the youth had met a horrible death in the subterranean of Gulistan.

"Reverting to everything which occurred between Tunar and myself at the fortress-prison of Tiflis," said Myrrha, "I have a few observations to make. I was determined to effect his liberation, because I knew him to be innocent of the murder of Mansour; for your lips had in your delirium revealed to me that Djenezet was the assassin. My soul shuddered at the idea of an innocent person being sacrificed for the crime of another; and this was one strong motive that prompted me to labor to save Tunar. But I had another reason. I was desirous of so conducting the progress of events as to wield an influence over Tunar and place a seal upon his lips in respect to everything that he might have it in his power to tell concerning yourself. Alas, my husband! I thought that the name of Kyri Karaman was already sufficiently branded; and I toiled to rescue it from any additional obloquy. And likewise for my own reputation's sake was I careful; for though dead to the world so far as the name and person of Myrrha were concerned, yet for the sake of my family—those relations who are so dear to me—I was loath that the name of Myrrha should be publicly branded in a court of justice. For I thought that if Tunar were reduced to a state of desperation—if no one stepped forward to prove him innocent of Mansour's death—but if appearances were suffered to continue utterly hostile to him, he would throw himself at the feet of his judges—he would reveal everything, showing how he had been engaged in the subtle plot with Kyri Karaman and Myrrha to obtain from Mansour's lips the revelation of an important secret. But by befriending Tunar I placed a seal upon his lips; indeed I rendered it unnecessary for him to make any confession on those points which would have thrown additional obloquy on the name of Kyri Karaman, and which would have proclaimed to all the world that Myrrha, the child of respectable parents in Southern Georgia, had been the bride of that same dread Guerilla-bandit. But while accomplishing all these aims, I likewise took measures to separate Tunar thenceforth from yourself; for I knew how ready an agent in the case of wickedness he was—and I felt that the less you were supported by such nefarious accomplices, the more probable was it that you would turn your footsteps into less perilous and more honorable ways."

"Even from the grave, so to speak," exclaimed Kyri Karaman, "was my Myrrha thus watching over me! She whom the world thought dead, still lived to shed her influence upon me! Oh, my beloved Myrrha! I cannot too often nor too fervidly repeat the assurance that thenceforth I will obey your will in all things!"

In the meanwhile Count Dorval was remaining in company with Kyri Karaman's men near the spot where they had delivered him from the hands of Schamyl's soldiers. He had discovered, from the incidents which had just occurred, that the chief of the succoring party was the redoubtable outlaw of whom Tunar had spoken at Garanrog Castle; and he had likewise discovered that Klodissa's proper name was Myrrha and that she was the wife of the Guerilla-bandit. But the old man experienced too deep a sentiment of gratitude towards Kyri for the service just rendered, to feel any particular repugnance at the thought of having fallen in with such an individual;—though he pitied Myrrha, whom he had learnt to love as if she was his daughter, for being wedded to the outlaw.

After about an hour's absence from the spot, Kyri Karaman and Myrrha returned to it; and then the outlaw announced to his men that he was about to separate from them and that they must choose themselves another leader in his stead. They gathered around him, earnestly beseeching that he would withdraw the decision:



but he was resolute. He bade them farewell,—having first enjoined them to escort Count Dorval to Batoum, whence the old man might embark for Constantinople. Myrrha took an opportunity of whispering in Dorval's ear that he might in all confidence trust himself to the guardianship of those men; and she likewise gladdened Dorval's heart by the assurance that her husband from that day forth determined upon entering on a new career.

"Perhaps we shall meet again, my kind-hearted old friend," added Myrrha, fervidly pressing Dorval's hand: "for as in these Eastern countries my husband will ever be regarded as an outlaw, it is in Western Europe that under another name he will seek by his future deeds to atone for the past!"

"It is my intention to return to Paris," replied Dorval; "and full happy shall I be to welcome you both in the capital of my native land."

The old Count took his departure with the armed escort provided for him; while Kyri Karaman and Myrrha, hand in hand, proceeded in the direction of the secret approaches of the Vale of Gulistan.

CHAPTER LV.—CONCLUSION.

The reader will bear in mind that the incidents of our tale have brought us to the end of the year 1853. Our narrative is now about to take a leap of nearly a couple of years: but before we make this abrupt advance on the pathway of time, we must place some few necessary facts upon record.

It was about three months after Thekla's departure from Kutais, that the wise-woman again visited that capital. She had in the meantime been to Tiflis; and there she heard from Myrrha's aunt certain intelligence of importance. This intelligence had led her to return to Constantinople,—where, as she expected from all that had been told her, she met Myrrha and her husband. But these two now bore other names than those by which they had been known in the Caucasian provinces: they were dwelling in a sumptuous palace, and were using for the best of purposes the immense riches that they possessed. Thekla tarried with them for a little while, until they took their departure for the Western States of Europe; and then from Constantinople Thekla proceeded to Kutais, to make known to the Princess Leila everything that had occurred in respect to Myrrha, as the details are already known to the reader. Leila was rejoiced to learn that Myrrha still lived; and she said to Thekla,

"Often and often, when first I knew your Klodissa, was I struck by the tones of her voice and the beaming of her eyes; and frequently I found myself contemplating her profile, or sending my errant looks over the outlines of her form, with a vague misty idea that she was not altogether unknown to me. But still, never for a single instant did my ideas on the subject become so well defined and so positive as to identify the seeming Klodissa with the lost Myrrha!"

"And your Highness will write to her," said Thekla, "as she has implored?—and you will assure her that you regard her only with feelings of friendship?"

"I will write to her," responded Leila, "as if I remembered only the good which I have received at her hands, and as if I had never known that there was a time when she harbored treacherous ideas with regard to me."

"I expected nothing less, amiable Princess, than this assurance from your lips," rejoined Thekla.

The wise-woman remained for a few weeks at Kutais,—at the expiration of which period she set out upon her wanderings again.

A year elapsed: and still Prince Danial remained absent—still was he at St. Petersburg. The Russian Chancery pleaded the press of business occasioned by the war as an incessant pretext for postponing the consideration of his claims to be recognized as a Mingrelian Prince; and in point of fact, the unfortunate Danial found himself detained in a species of honorable captivity at the Russian court. He frequently corresponded with Leila,—receiving from her the most affectionate letters in response to his own: but the youthful lovers, thus cruelly separated, could scarcely disguise from each other that their hopes were exhausted and that their spirit was being broken by the weight of the calamity which had severed them.

Thekla again returned to Kutais: she found the Princess Leila sinking into complete despondency, and suffering in her health. The kind-hearted woman melted at the mournful spectacle, and her resolve was quickly taken.

"It is but too evident, from the young Prince's letters," she said, "cautiously worded though they are, that he is detained in a species of captivity at St. Petersburg. I will proceed thither in the hope of effecting his escape. If I succeed, he shall accompany me secretly, and under some deep disguise, to Kutais; so that you may take counsel together for your future proceedings. Perhaps after all these bitter experiences of Russian treachery, his Highness

Prince Danial will no longer insist that you, amiable Leila, shall remain a crowned phantom upon the Mingrelian throne, but in order that you may bestow your hand upon him, he will yield to your own desire to abdicate this mock sovereignty and retire into private life."

Leila embraced the wise-woman, who was firm in her resolve to set off for St. Petersburg, under some disguise which would conceal the fact that she was a native of the Ottoman empire; and this she knew would not be difficult, inasmuch as she was acquainted with many languages, picked up during her wandering career. She set off from Kutais, accompanied by the heartfelt gratitude, the blessing and the fervid hopes of the amiable Leila.

Months passed; and the Star of Mingrelia received no intelligence from Thekla—while after a certain period her cousin Danial's correspondence likewise suddenly ceased. The Princess knew not whether to hope from this silence that everything had succeeded, or whether to dread that everything had failed and that both her cousin and Thekla were in close captivity within the walls of some Russian fortress. She was thus in a cruel state of uncertainty, when towards the close of the year 1855, the thunder-clouds of war which had hitherto been pouring forth their din in the Danubian Principalities, in the Crimea, and in the northern province of Asiatic Turkey, suddenly threatened to burst above the heads of the Mingrelian people.

Rumors reached Kutais that Omar Pasha, the illustrious Generalissimo of the Ottomans, was meditating a campaign against the Russians in the Caucasian provinces. The Russian authorities themselves were at first incredulous on the point,—until the tidings suddenly arrived that a division of Turkish troops had landed at Souchoum-Kaleh, a small Mingrelian town upon the coast of the Black Sea. The Russian General-in-Chief now commenced preparations for resistance; and a strong force was despatched to meet the Ottomans in case they should penetrate farther into the country. Kutais was left comparatively undefended; and by the absence of the Russian commandant, with all his chief officials, Leila was enabled to exercise a real uncoerced authority for the first time since she had ascended the Mingrelian throne. Her Ministers were rejoiced that the Ottomans were entering the territory; for they abhorred the Russians—they felt confident that the sword of Muscovite power would be snapped by Omar Pasha in Mingrelia, as he had already broken it in the Danubian Principalities—and they secretly

despatched messengers to the Ottoman Generalissimo to assure him of the sympathy of the Mingrelian Sovereign and her people.

In a little while intelligence reached Kutais to the effect that the Russian army was posted on the bank of the River Ingouri, and that the Turkish troops were advancing thitherward from Bouchoum-Kaleh under the command of Omar Pasha in person. This was at the commencement of November, in the year 1855, so that our narrative has now taken the leap for which the reader was prepared at the opening of this chapter. All was suspense in Kutais and the surrounding districts: for it was evident that a great battle must take place on the banks of the Ingouri, and that the fate of Mingrelia must be there decided—whether the principality should be emancipated from Russian rule, or whether it should be subjected to perhaps a more palpable Muscovite despotism than it had yet experienced.

But at the expiration of a few days all suspense was at an end: the tidings reached Kutais that the Russian army had been utterly routed on the banks of the Ingouri, and the victorious troops of the Ottoman Serdar were continuing their course through the fertile plains of the Mingrelia. The Mingrelian Ministers now recommended their Princess to remove with all possible speed from the capital, on which the routed Russians were supposed to be falling back: for it was dreaded lest the defeated Muscovites should vent upon Leila their vindictive rage on account of the sympathy which the Mingrelians had demonstrated towards the Turkish invaders. Leila accordingly quitted Kutais; and she proceeded with her Ministers, her retinue, and a small escort of Mingrelian militia, to a castle-palace which she possessed on the river Rhion, and which offered the best protection until the approach of the Ottoman army. But this movement of the Mingrelian Sovereign was by some means reported to the Russian commander, who, having collected his fugitive troops and received reinforcements, at once determined to take up a new position on the banks of the Rhion. By this manœuvre he hoped to effect a twofold object: namely to get possession of the person of the Princess Leila, and to make a successful stand against the advancing Ottomans. For the Russian General calculated that he could so work upon the fears of Leila as to induce her to sign proclamations, warning the Mingrelians against the Turks and calling upon her subjects to rise against those infidel invaders.

Leila succeeded in reaching the Castle of the Rhion in safety: but on the following day the long lines of Muscovite troops were seen advancing down the same side of the river. The active Ministers of the Princess had, however, procured the intelligence that the victorious Serdar was marching with all his forces towards the same point; and thus, when the castle was summoned by the Russians to surrender, Leila, with the intrepidity of a heroine, resolved to abide a siege and trust to the issue of events.

It was not, however, very long before the columns of the Ottoman army were seen advancing in the distance; and messengers were despatched to Omar Pasha, informing his Highness of the state of affairs and imploring him to lose no time in coming to the succour of the castle. In a few hours the banks of the Rhion became the scene of a struggle as deadly as that which had recently occurred upon the Ingouri: but the result of this second battle was more fatal to the Russian arms than that of the former. The Muscovite troops were completely defeated after a sanguinary conflict—hundreds of them perished in the Rhion or strewn the banks with their blood-stained corpses; and the remainder fled in a state of confusion which proved that as an army they were utterly demoralized and virtually extinct. It was a brilliant victory thus gained by the mighty Serdar and his gallant troops; and it ensured freedom and safety to the Princess Leila and all her faithful retainers.

Scarcely was the battle over at two o'clock in the afternoon, when the Princess Leila was about to retire to her chamber in order to apparel herself in a befitting manner to receive the illustrious Serdar of the Ottoman, when the door of the state apartment, where for hours she had remained in anxious suspense, was thrown open, and her cousin, Prince Danial, made his appearance. The lovers were quickly clasped in each other's arms; and when this fervid embrace was exchanged, the Ministers and other Mingrelian dignitaries who were present stepped forward to congratulate the young Prince on his return to

his native land. But Leila was now strained to the heart of another person who was dear to her—Thekla the wise-woman. Explanations were speedily given down to a certain point.

"To this excellent friend," exclaimed Prince Danial, indicating Thekla, "am I indebted for my escape from St Petersburg. There I was continuously watched by spies; but Thekla's ingenuity devised the means of baffling them all—and we issued from the Russian capital. I cannot now pause to tell you the fatigues we have endured, the perils we have encountered, and the stratagems to which we have had recourse in order to baffle the pursuers who were sent after us, and the local authorities of every district; for we were compelled to travel without passports, often on foot, and frequently in the night time. We did not dare trust a letter to the post; and thus our own anxiety was great on account of the incertitude which we knew must exist relative to our fate on the part of yourself, my beloved cousin. But at length we entered the Mingrelian territory—and heaven be thanked, we are safe in the end!"

The latter portion of this speech was overheard by two Turkish officers of the highest distinction who had just reached at the time the threshold of the apartment. One was his Highness Omar Pasha: the other Mohammed, formerly Pasha of Kars, but lately removed to the higher position of Governor of Trebizonde, and now serving as second in command in the army of the Generalissimo. Prince Danial presented the Serdar to his cousin the Princess Leila, who expressed herself in suitable terms when pouring forth her gratitude to the illustrious Ottoman chieftain for the immense service which he had rendered her. Warm was the greeting between Leila and Mohammed Pasha; for he it remembered they had met before, at the house of the Georgian widow—and the Ottoman dignitary regarded Leila with affection as the intended bride of his adopted nephew, her cousin.

"The modesty of Prince Danial," said Omar Pasha, "has left untold much that might be added to the narrative he was finishing at the moment when I reached the room. But it is for me to complete the tale; and this task I will perform with all the greater satisfaction, inasmuch as it enables me to pay a meet tribute of praise to the valor of him who has borne a prominent part alike in the battles of the Ingouri and the Rhion. Yes, Princess Leila! your cousin is worthy of the highest eulogium. He came up with my army in the neighborhood of the Ingouri; accident at once threw him in the way of my eminent friend Mohammed Pasha; and I need not tell your Highness how joyous was that meeting. The young Prince was introduced to me; and I at once gave him the command of a squadron of cavalry. In the thickest of the fight on the bank of the Ingouri, was Prince Danial found; and the same may be said of his valorous bearing in the tremendous struggle this day along the waters of the Rhion."

Leila flung looks of admiration upon her heroic cousin; and her Ministers expressed in fervid language the same admiring sentiments. Omar Pasha presently found an opportunity of saying a few words apart to the Star of Mingrelia, to whom he spoke in the following strain:

"I have learned from Thekla—who has been a faithful friend to Prince Danial—many particulars of your Highness's own extraordinary history. Little did I think that when at Constantinople, upwards of two years back, I heard it reported in the palace that the favorite of the Ramazan represented herself to be the Princess of Mingrelia; little, I say, did I think that there was in reality the most sincere truth in the representation. Perhaps even still less could I have conceived that when, as a matter of duty, I prevented some rude subalterns from violating the sanctity of the coffin which was bearing forth the same favorite of the Ramazan, I should ever behold her a living being, and that I should find her to be the Princess of Mingrelia—as in her presence I have now the honor and pleasure to stand."

If Leila had previously found cause to admire the matchless valor and consummate skill of the Ottoman Generalissimo, she had now every reason to be pleased with the elegance of his manners, the kindness of his bearing, and the proofs which his words and acts alike afforded of the noble generosity of his heart. On his own side, the Serdar was delighted with the amiability and the intelligence of the Mingrelian Princess; while his looks indicated a chivalrous respectful admiration for her transcending beauty.

Yes—for never did Leila seem more lovely than she now was!—never did she more fully appear to merit the appellation of Dizilla, or the Star, which her admiring and adoring subjects had bestowed upon her! For her heart was full of happiness: her cousin was restored to her—he had returned covered with glory—he had won for himself a name that would endear him to the Mingrelian people—and Mingrelia itself was emancipated from the Russian yoke. Fortune was smiling most cheerfully and most encouragingly upon the charming Leila: heaven seemed to be resolved to reward her with blessings.

A few days afterwards the nuptials of Prince Danial and the Princess Leila were celebrated in the oratorio of the palace-castle. The two highest dignitaries of the Mongrelian Greek Church officiated at the altar: three young ladies of rank acted as the bridesmaids: Omar Pasha, accompanied by Mohammed Pasha, and attended by his principal aides-de-camp was present at the ceremony. When it was completed, the princely couple set out under a strong escort of Ottoman soldiers for Kutais, where a proclamation had previously been issued to the effect that the Princess Leila recognized Prince Danial as her cousin, and purposed to share with him the Mingrelian throne. The whole population of Kutais crowded in the streets to give an enthusiastic welcome to the princely cortege; and amidst the most fervid acclamations did it proceed to the palace.

Thekla's health was so much shattered by the fatigues and hardships she endured in the ungenial climate of Russia, that she found herself constrained to abandon her wandering life; and she accepted an asylum at the palatial mansion of that young couple in whom she had shown herself so much interested, and on whose behalf she had performed so many services.

Count Dorval returned in safety to Paris, where he occupies a sumptuous mansion in the neighborhood of the Champs Elysées; and he lives in a style which proves him to be possessed of a princely fortune. In the same district, and at an equally splendid abode, reside a couple as remarkable for the magnificence of their personal beauty as for the devoted love which subsists between them. They bear a Greek name; and though it is not exactly known from what quarter of the world they come, they are nevertheless courted by the highest society; for to this end Count Dorval's introduction was sufficient. They are very intimate with the Count: he regards them with a parental fondness; and they, too, possess richer of a vastness as astonishing as his own. Our readers will scarcely require to be informed that this fond couple, whose prosperity is so great and whose happiness is so complete, are none other than those who once bore the name of Kyri Karaman and Myrrha.

The marvellous history of the Princess Leila Dizilla was confidentially communicated by Omar Pasha to the Sultan; and his Imperial Majesty exchanged amicable correspondence as well as costly presents with the youthful Sovereign of Mingrelia. The Sultan moreover enacted a law by virtue of which no young female could henceforth without her own consent become the favorite of the Ramazan; and this generous policy he adopted in honor of the Star of Mingrelia. His Imperial Majesty, on learning likewise of Tarkhana's friendly complicity in the plot which had rescued Leila from the palace, spoke most kindly to that Sultana, and expressed his admiration of the goodness and generosity which she had displayed towards the Mingrelian Princess. Furthermore, as a mark of his special favor, he permitted Tarkhana to correspond periodically with her mother and sisters; and thus the Georgian widow and the two daughters who dwelt with her, have had much if not the whole of their lost happiness restored to them.

Contrary to all former precedents, the secret of the Vale of Gulistan is now in the keeping of five persons instead of three. These five are the Prince and Princess of Mingrelia, Count Dorval, and those two who once bore the names of Kyri Karaman and Myrrha. But though many of the mysteries of that delightful retreat are now made known to the world through the medium of this narrative, yet the one grand secret which remains untold, and the existence of which neutralizes as it were the revealing of all the rest, is in the possession of those five persons only. We allude to the means of opening the mysteriously contrived doors, the unfolding of which can alone afford admission into the Vale of Gulistan.

THE END.

THE OLD HOUSE;
OR, LIFE'S MYSTERIES AND CHANGES.
FOUNDED ON FACT.
BY GEORGE H. VIBBERT.

CHAPTER I.—THE OLD HOUSE.

On a gentle elevation overlooking the city of S—, stands a large white mansion, surrounded by trees, and flowers, and neat habitations. 'Twas built long years ago, as the old-fashioned doors, and panels, and roomy chambers testify. 'Tis fast going to decay, and the old well is dry; grass grows in the pathways, and moss is clinging to the gray stones. Afar in the distance, the blue Connecticut meanders through fertile meadows, and on its fair bosom white sails are flitting.

The spire of the village church, on the opposite side of the river, glistens through the trees, and the old farm-houses are echoing to the busy tread of the matron, and jovial laugh of the honest yeoman.

The city, the pleasant city, at the foot of the hill, is half hidden by the waving branches of the tall trees. And the old house stands on the hill, a wonder to staring schoolboys, and a curiosity to the stranger.

Strange rumors are abroad, flying from the scandal-loving dames, of ghosts and nightly horrors, and deeds of blood enacted in the old house. 'Tis said that a foul murder was done there, and that the body is buried in the damp cellar; but at night, the spirit of the murdered man shrieks from the cellar, and in white robes flits about the large rooms.

But Dame Rumor for once is wrong, for a gray-haired man who, from the erection of the house to the present time, has lived in the neighborhood, tells me a gentler story. Not a ghostly tale, but one calculated to move the heart to tender pity. In my own language, I will give the story nearly as 'twas related to me, taking a writer's privilege to enlarge upon the main incidents.

Years ago, before S— was a city, before the iron horse shrieked through her busy streets, a young man, evidently an Englishman, engaged board at the village tavern. There was about him that quiet self-possession and easy manners betokening the man of wealth and refinement. He was attended by a cockney valet whom he called "John."

Soon after his arrival, laborers commenced digging the foundations of the house on "Acorn Hill," in the midst of a pleasant grove. The stranger Englishman, whom we will call James Curtis, was evidently interested in the work, for very often in the day, was he seen superintending the movements of the workmen.

The Summer fled, and yet James Curtis lingered, seeking no intercourse with the villagers, but ever kind and gentlemanly in his deportment, impressing the landlord and servants with the most profound respect. But the Cockney "valet" was of the opposite, overbearing and rude, a portion of the time intoxicated; but though his faults were evidently known to his master, between the two there seemed to be some connecting link, the master always indulgent, the servant always cringing and respectful, even to extremes, when the two were together.

At length the conduct of John became so intolerable to the villagers, that they threatened violence to his person if he was not more guarded in his actions. For a short time, this threat had the effect of restraining him somewhat, but his base nature was too firmly imbued with mischief to long continue quiet. One day, maddened by liquor, he insulted the schoolmistress, whom he met going to her school. The insult was reported to a brother of the lady, and the next morning, shouldering his gun, he strode to the tavern, and demanded to see John, Curtis's "valet." A few moments, and John entered the room, his haggard brow and bloodshot eye still wearing the trace of the last night's debauch. As he entered the room scowling and cursing, he met the schoolmistress's brother at the door. A short, but angry parley ensued, John insulting and brutal, treating the affair as a fine joke, speaking disrespectfully of the schoolmistress, until the farmer, exasperated almost to madness, drew his gun to his shoulder, and shot John dead on the spot.

All was horror and confusion, but the murderer yielded himself to the proper authorities,

and the body was prepared for burial. The remains were followed to the grave by James Curtis, and with his own hands he dug the grave, deep and wide, on the river's bank. The murderer had his trial, but such were the extenuating circumstances of the murder that he was acquitted.

Meanwhile a stately mansion was being built on Acorn Hill, and at last was completed.—When every arrangement was perfected, the garden laid out in walks, and planted with flowers and herbs, the trees obstructing the view cut down, James Curtis invited the villagers to the mansion, to celebrate the happy issue of its erection.

On the appointed evening, the large rooms were filled with blushing country maidens, and awkward farmer boys, and gray-haired sires and matrons. From cellar to garret the house was furnished in a neat, substantial way; and the barns were stored with grain, and the stables stocked with fine horses. 'Twas just such an establishment as our English ancestors would have delighted in. Many a fair maiden wished she were the mistress of such a pleasant house, and the grave old farmers, in homely language, expressed their admiration of the establishment to the happy owner, who surveyed his house with pride, but with easy familiarity chatted with his guests, rendering the most awkward and reserved perfectly at their ease.

The large old-fashioned kitchen was thrown open to the hungry gaze, revealing two long tables stored with a substantial supper, while on the sideboard glittered the huge silver tankards of ale and steaming punch-bowl. At a late hour the guests retired, all convinced that their new neighbor, James Curtis, was one of nature's noblemen.

The morning after the party the house was closed, the stables and barns put in charge of a trusty agent, and James Curtis left the village, as he said, to bring to the new mansion a mistress from Merrie England.

Leaving him to pursue his journey, will the reader go with me to the pretty village of Oakdale in England, and we will trace the earlier life of our hero, James Curtis, and learn the reason for erecting the mansion on "Acorn Hill."

CHAPTER II.—OAKDALE.

THE son of a rich farmer, James Curtis's early life had been surrounded by all the elegancies and comforts always found in the family of an English farmer years ago. When he arrived at the age of twenty-one, he came into the possession of fifty thousand pounds left him by a maiden aunt, with whom James passed a portion of his boyhood. Rich, well-educated, and possessing a noble heart, his position in life was enviable in the extreme.

In the same little village of Oakdale, lived another rich farmer whose household was blessed with a black-eyed witch, the belle of Oakdale. Very beautiful was Blanche Trueman, and many a village swain gazed on her lovely form, envying the happy fellow who might call her wife. From childhood, James Curtis and Blanche Trueman had grown up together, and knowing as they did, that their parents looked forward to the day when the two families might be united by their union, they were happy in each other's love.

Blanche Trueman, when quite young, left her house one morning to visit a neighbor who lived some distance from her father's house. 'Twas a beautiful morning, such a one as smiled on Eden's bowers, when the young earth rolled off into boundless space. The birds twittered in the swinging tree-tops, and the morning dew glistened on the bosom of the blue violet and white lily by the wayside. Blanche, in the happy freedom of childhood, tripped gaily along, singing as merrily and as light-hearted as the birds.

In crossing a frail bridge spanning the brook, swollen by the spring freshets, she lost her footing and fell into the rushing waters.

Her loud shriek for help caught the ear of a sturdy beggar, who was listlessly reclining under a tree by the roadside. In an instant he was at the scene of disaster, and plunging into the waters, at the imminent peril of his own life, he bore the lifeless form of Blanche from the waters, and with a hurried step conveyed her to her home. She slowly revived, and her parents moved with gratitude to the preserver of their daughter's life, took the beggar to their home and installed him as their gardener. The beggar was none other than the cockney "valet,"

John, who was shot by the young farmer in S—, for insulting the schoolmistress.

The situation of gardener he filled until Blanche had grown to be a young woman, but during this time his frequent bursts of savage humor had made him an object of dislike to Mr. Trueman's family; but in consideration of his services to Blanche, they retained him in their employ.

About a year before James Curtis went to America, a young nobleman from London, charmed by the beauty of Oakdale, took up his residence there, and built him a mansion very near Mr. Trueman's estate. Young Lord Lindon looked upon the matchless beauty of Blanche with far different feelings from those which he experienced when in the presence of the gay beauties of London. Her simple, modest bearing, and richly stored mind, impressed him with admiration, and finally it ripened into passionate love. Blanche, wholly unaware of his love, when brought into contact with Lord Lindon, treated him with kindness, but she looked upon him nevertheless with a slight feeling of dread, for strange stories were told of his life in London. Rumors of his dissipated life and sordid nature had also reached the ears of James Curtis, and with a lover's jealous eye, he had detected the love Lord Lindon bore for Blanche, and unconsciously a feeling of dislike crept into his soul, and he gently communicated to Blanche his discovery, or rather his impression, that Lord Lindon loved her. But Blanche, with all the love of her passionate nature concentrated in James Curtis, only laughed at the matter, and soon 'twas almost forgotten. Thus stood matters in Oakdale, when James Curtis reached the age of twenty-one years. As he and Blanche were expecting soon to be married, he was looking about him for a home, when glowing reports of the pleasant country the other side of the Atlantic, reached his ear, and actuated by a desire to see it, he announced his intention of visiting America, and if he liked it there, he intended to settle in the wilderness, and in company with his beloved Blanche, glide down the stream of life, afar from the jarring passions of the world.

His parents and Blanche strongly objected to this course, but having been accustomed to follow the bent of his own inclinations, he engaged a passage, and with tearful eyes his parents gave him their parting blessing. But the parting with Blanche was the greatest trial, and he half repented of his purpose, as she clung to him on the eve prior to his departure. But to go he was determined; and the parting hour had come. With protestations of love on both sides, they parted. Just as the sailors were hoisting the anchor, as James Curtis stood on the deck, looking at "Old England's" shores with mournful thoughts, a man rushed through the crowd which had gathered to see the ship depart, and James recognized him as the gardener of Mr. Trueman. With a hurried step the man leaped on board the vessel, and in an anxious voice inquired for James Curtis. He found him, and hurriedly related to James, that in consequence of a broil with Mr. Trueman, he had left his service, and was bent on going to America. James remonstrated with him, but all to no purpose; and yielding to John's wish, he hired him as valet. John's end the reader has already learned, and his cringing manner, noticed in the preceding chapter, was his method of showing to James his gratitude. Arriving in America, after a very pleasant voyage, James Curtis and his valet spent nearly a year in travelling over the country, and during that period James was delighted with everything he saw. The scenery so wild, so beautiful, and the friendly inhabitants all impressed him with a most fervent admiration for America, and he determined to settle there. At last he stopped in E—, and charmed with the beautiful location, he resolved to build him a home on "Acorn Hill," with what success the reader has already learned.

CHAPTER III.—THE WEDDING.

For several months after James Curtis's departure, Blanche Trueman was lonely indeed. In the solitude of her chamber, communing with her own sad thoughts, how earnestly did she yearn to be again clasped in her absent lover's embrace.

Although communication between England and America was not as frequent then, as now, yet at regular intervals, Blanche received long letters from James Curtis, picturing in glowing colors, the beautiful country; then she heard of the fate of her father's old gardener, John,

and a description of "Acorn Hill" and the mansion there. The last letter she received, informed her that James had taken passage in a packet-ship, homeward bound. Not expecting to hear from him again, but living in the blessed anticipation of soon welcoming the wanderer home, her longing heart was happy in its expectant joy. The days flew by, but on the day when he was expected to arrive, no tidings of the packet were heard, and for many a day with anxious heart, and streaming eyes, did she watch in vain for the absent loved one. A month of watching, three months of waiting, six months, a year flew by, but no tidings of James Curtis. To the loving heart of Blanche Trueman, his absence had sent a knell, deeply ominous, and sadly, but surely at last, came the dreadful conviction, that her absent lover was sleeping mid ocean's depths. To add to her sorrows, about this time her father was threatened with want, in consequence of disastrous losses by failure of crops. Mr. Trueman's heart sank under the shock, and Blanche, with a noble disregard of her own sorrow, bent all her energies to restore her father to his former peace of mind. Matters as yet had not reached a crisis, but grim poverty stared them in the face, and had Mr. Trueman's creditors but taken advantage of the pressure, he would have been utterly ruined. Hourly expecting that they would present their claims, which he knew he was not able to liquidate; Mr. Trueman was tortured by harrowing fears, and were it not for Blanche's sweet ministrings, he would have lost all hope.

One evening, a short time after these troubles, Mr. Trueman was surprised by a visit from Lord Lindon. After a few moments of common-place chat, Lord Lindon requested a private interview with Mr. Trueman. Wondering what his business might be, Mr. Trueman led the way to the library. The interview lasted for nearly three hours, and when they emerged from the library, Lord Lindon's countenance wore an exulting smile, while Mr. Trueman's face bore marks of some severe mental struggle. We will briefly relate the cause of these conflicting emotions. Lord Lindon had been informed of the disasters of Mr. Trueman, and his evil genius had prompted him to make the circumstances favor his suit for the hand of Blanche. His object in visiting Mr. Trueman was to offer pecuniary assistance, thus hoping to influence the father in his favor—perhaps inducing him to urge his suit to his daughter. In subtle terms did he portray to Mr. Trueman, the consequence of the disasters if his offer was not accepted. Mr. Trueman's pride was flattered by such a splendid offer, but still his heart misgave him when Lord Lindon hinted at a union with Blanche. The struggle was terrible, but his pride at last triumphed, and he accepted Lord Lindon's offer, at the same intimating that he would favor his suit. Lord Lindon left the house a happy man. The darling wish of his heart was accomplished, and by the loan of a few thousand pounds, he was to become the possessor of the hand of Blanche. It mattered little to his selfish nature whether she bestowed her heart also, but her hand he must have, at all events. The next day he proffered his fortune and his heart to Blanche, but she repulsed him with firmness, feeling that Lord Lindon never could occupy a place in her heart's affections. Trembling with rage, the angry Lord informed Mr. Trueman of his poor success; but the father promised him that she should consent, and my lord was in a degree pacified. It was a painful task to Mr. Trueman to break the subject to Blanche, but at last he told her all. In glowing language he spoke of the splendor of such an alliance, and, on the other hand, he portrayed the inevitable evils that would follow in case she should refuse to listen to Lord Lindon's suit. For a time the loving heart of Blanche rebelled against such a union; but then she thought of her father's gray hairs, of the probable loss of James Curtis, of her father's sorrows—and she determined to accede to her father's wishes. "Tell Lord Lindon," said Blanche to her father, "that I will be his wife in the sight of man, but before God I am the wife of the absent James Curtis. Tell him that my hand shall be his, but that my heart is another's—he who now sleeps beneath ocean's waves." "God bless you, my daughter," sobbed the aged father; "you have saved your father from ruin."

Blanche's sentiments were communicated to Lord Lindon, but he appeared not to notice the matter, but laughingly said to Mr. Trueman, "Never fear, sir, but your daughter will yet give me her heart."

Preparations for the wedding ceremony were very soon commenced, and great was the delight of the dames of Oakdale that such a grand wedding was soon to be consummated. The wedding day arrived, and Blanche Trueman and Lord Lindon were married; but Blanche felt in her inmost soul that the ceremony was a mockery. Immediately after the wedding, the married couple removed to Lord Lindon's mansion in London, and in a round of gayeties and dissipation the honeymoon slipped away; yet Blanche was miserable, but ever before her husband she was the self-possessed, dignified wife and woman, doing the honors of his house with a queenly grace, charming her numerous visitors by her elegant manners and winning ways. Lord Lindon was proud of his wife, as well he might be, but he treated her with a certain haughty dignity, which the yearning heart of Blanche could ill brook. Thus stood matters for three years after the marriage, and children were hers; yet the memory of the absent Curtis was as green as when she married. Shall we follow the fortunes of James Curtis?

CHAPTER IV.—THE CAPTURE.

WHEN James Curtis stepped his foot on the deck of the vessel which he fondly imagined was to bear him to his boyhood's home, it was with a proud and exulting heart. A home was his, and now he was going for a companion in that home who might smooth the rough ways of life with a wife's love.

The voyage for nearly three weeks was marked by no unusual incident, but the eighteenth day of the passage out, the captain of the packet discovered a Barbary cruiser bearing down on his vessel. Nearer and nearer the vessel flew, until all eyes saw floating from the masthead the dread pirate flag.

Calling all the crew and male passengers on deck, the captain briefly informed them of their situation, and asked which they preferred, to be carried off into lingering slavery, or to die like men in defence of their lives, with their front to the foe! A loud cheer broke forth from the throat of every man, and hastily arming themselves, they calmly awaited the approaching foe. On the pirate's vessel came, the grappling irons were thrown, and the pirates clambered over the ship's sides and the fight commenced. James Curtis led the passengers on, and where the battle raged the hottest, his sword gleamed, and his voice was heard encouraging and cheering on to the conflict. Long and well did the doomed men fight, but the superior numbers of the pirates at last prevailed, and of all that ship's crew and passengers only six remained alive! The women and children were dragged from the cabin, the ship plundered, and setting it on fire, the pirates regained their own vessel with their prisoners.—In a few short hours, James Curtis thus saw his cherished hopes blasted, and dark despair settled on his soul. Arriving in port, the pirates sold their prisoners into slavery, and James Curtis found himself chained in the public slave market awaiting a purchaser. He was bought by a rich old Moor, for a princely sum, and the old man took him to his house and installed him as a body guard and attendant on the harem's beauties.

Hard and bitter was his lot, yet he repined not, for he yet retained a hope of gaining his freedom. One day it was his good fortune to rescue from drowning the oldest daughter of his master, Selim Alhabir; and the old man instantly lightened his labor, retaining James as a servant subject to the orders of his own family. The fair Zuleika fell passionately in love with her preserver, James Curtis, and his quick eye soon discovered her secret. He really pitied her. To be sure, Zuleika was young and beautiful, but in that country a Christian slave must not expect to wed a daughter of a pious Mussulman. Suppose he did, he must renounce his Christian faith, or the bowstring would soon be his executioner. Add to this fact, away over the blue sea, in "Merrie England," his mind's eye saw his Blanche waiting his return, and how his heart yearned to again behold her. His habits, his faith, both were averse to such a thing as marrying Zuleika, even had he not been the betrothed of Blanche Trueman. At length opportunity offered Zuleika the means whereby to testify her ardent love for her father's Christian slave.

He was taken sick. Mental sorrow and the enervating climate brought on a severe sickness, and had it not been for the soothing care of Zuleika, he must have died. Her soft hands cooled his burning brow, and her gentle voice sang him

to sleep, to dream of home and Blanche. One day he was conscious, while lying half awake, of some person's lips being pressed to his brow. He discovered it to be Zuleika, and thus the secret was revealed. His master's daughter loved him! She, the petted daughter of a proud Mussulman, loved him, the Christian slave!—Deeply as he supposed the confession might pain Zuleika, he resolved to tell her all his love for Blanche, and his desire for liberty. He told her, and the sorrowing maiden buried her dark eyes in the heavy folds of the curtains and wept.—Bitterly did she sob, and the heart of James Curtis was deeply moved at this exhibition of feeling in one whom he vainly supposed was a stranger to such emotions. In gentle words he pictured the sorrow of Blanche, far off in England, mourning her absent lover, and in a feeling manner, he brought the case home, appealing directly to the woman's heart of Zuleika. Should he forget his vows, so sacred, and wed another, and leave the one to whom he had plighted his troth, to mourn his base act? Should he thus forget his honor, his sacred pledge and become the recreant, false-hearted lover?

"No!" said he to Zuleika, "I don't believe that Zuleika would tempt the Christian slave to forget his love, to trample on the trusting heart of his mistress. No! rather would Zuleika stifle her vain love, and try to become more as a sister to her father's slave, the preserver of her life!"

The struggle in Zuleika's heart was terrible, but like a noble woman as she was, she dried her tears, and extending her hand to James Curtis, she said in low, trembling accents:

"Christian, I love thee, but thy blue-eyed mistress is pining for thee in thy own country, and Zuleika would not ask thee to forget her, but rather she will assist thee to fly to thy mistress. Again shall she behold thee, and wilt thou, Christian, when thou sittest by her side, tell her of poor Zuleika, whose life thou saved, who loved thee for it when thou wert in bondage, and wilt thou speak of her as thy sister, and ask thy mistress to love Zuleika, for thy sake?"

And again, the dark-eyed maid wept burning tears. Like a flower shaken in the rude blast, her frail form shook with sorrow's throbs, and pearly drops oozed through her fingers, tickling silently as falls the dew. James Curtis exerted himself to comfort the weeping maiden. She checked her grief and promised to forget her mad love, to think of James as a dear brother. Right nobly did she redeem that promise, and soon after he recovered she found means to enable him to escape from his slavery. Zuleika in the dead of night, stole through her father's guards, to whom she had given a powerful potion which held them fast asleep, and bidding James follow her, she led him to the seaside, and placing a heavy purse in his hand, she murmured "Farewell!"

"God bless you, sister Zuleika, for your kindness to the Christian slave," and James Curtis imprinted a kiss on her brow, and they met no more. Zuleika sorrowfully returned to her house to die. The excitement and exposure attending the rescue of James Curtis threw her into a slow fever which terminated her young life.

James Curtis disguised as a Moor, managed to escape to England where we will follow him. He had been in slavery over one year, but his heart yet beat as fondly for home and Blanche as ever. Then, to the little village of Oakdale will the patient reader follow our hero.

CHAPTER V.—THE WANDERER'S RETURN AND THE "OLD HOUSE" AGAIN.

'Twas just as the sun was setting behind the western hills, that a weary traveller alighted from his horse, at the garden gate of Mr. Curtis's house in Oakdale, England. The traveller was James Curtis, who had just returned from his wanderings to visit the home of his childhood. As he strode up the lawn leading to his father's house, his breast was agitated by tumultuous emotions.

'Twas nearly six years since he had trod the same paths, and then he was leaving home and kindred for America. Not having heard from his parents for nearly three years, he knew not whether he should find them living or dead—and Blanche! where was she?

Had she given up all hopes of ever seeing him again, and given her hand to another? or was she still living single? or awaiting a meeting with him in heaven? was she sleeping in the village churchyard?

His heart beat in his bosom with a heavy throb as he raised the old knocker before entering the house of his father.

The door opened, and his mother stood before him. The same gentle smile was on her lips as of yore, but gray locks were thickly sprinkled in her once auburn hair, and the marks of care and sorrow were on her brow.

"Mother!" was the only word uttered, as he threw himself into her arms.

"My son! my God, I thank thee!" and the mother fell weeping and faint into her son's outstretched arms.

'Twas the work of a moment to convey her into the house, and laying her on the sofa, he bent over her with passionate endearments. A hand was laid on James Curtis's shoulder, and his father stood before him.

'Twas a happy circle collected around that fireside to welcome the wanderer home. From every heart a silent prayer of gratitude was borne above by the waiting angels.

"And Blanche, what of her?" was James Curtis's eager inquiry.

"My son, God strengthen thee for this trial," was all the mother could utter in reply to his question.

"Tell me the worst. Does she live? Is she dead? Is she married?" In rapid succession these questions were asked, and tremblingly James Curtis waited a reply.

They told him all—of her father's troubles, her anxious watching, the sickening conviction that he was lost, her marriage, her unhappy life; and the strong man paced the room with agitated steps.

He sank into a chair, and his frame shook with agony.

"But I must see her once again, and then——" There was a long pause, and "O God! would that I had never lived to see this day!" broke from the lips of the stricken man. The next morning he left the house, and was on his way to London.

Repairing immediately to Lord Lindon's residence, he rang the bell, and requested the servant to inform Lady Lindon that he bore tidings from James Curtis. Blanche, or Lady Lindon, entered the room where James Curtis was in waiting, with a pale face and tottering step. "Father in heaven! can the sea give up its dead?" was all she said, and James Curtis sprang forward just in time to catch her falling, and he bore her in his arms to the sofa.

"Speak to me, Blanche!"

Lady Lindon slowly opened her eyes, and gazed fixedly on James Curtis, and then, with a wild laugh, she fell back insensible. When she awoke, her hysterical laugh curdled his blood with horror. She was a raving maniac! The meeting had resulted in dethroning her reason, and her frail body, worn out with sorrow, soon sank to rise no more. In one week after, James Curtis stood by her bedside to see her die!

Just before the last breath she appeared to regain her reason, and murmuring, "James," she clung to his neck in one long, last embrace. "Will you forgive me, James, ere I die?"

Not one word did James Curtis utter, but straining the dying woman closer to his breast, the hot tears rolled down his cheeks, and bedewed the damp hair of the dying Blanche.

One parting kiss, and her pure spirit fled.

Not until he stood by her grave did James Curtis fully realize that Blanche was gone; but when he heard the clods rattling on her coffin, he uttered "Blanche, I come to thee!" and fell back fainting in the arms of an attendant.

A long sickness followed, and in his delirious ravings he shrieked "Blanche! Blanche!" Then he would mutter in his sleep, and his disturbed fancy would see Zuleika and Blanche holding out their thin white arms as if to embrace him, and then he would shout, "I come!" and fall back shrieking and raving.

He recovered, but in the gray haired man, in the bent form, and furrowed brow, 'twas hard to recognize the once manly form of James Curtis. A broken-hearted man, he wished to die, but even this was denied him, and he resolved to return to America. His parents consented to accompany him, and the evening before their departure, he visited the grave of Blanche. He bedewed the turf above her with tears, he threw himself on the grave and shrieked for "Blanche," until the sexton alarmed at his long delay, hastened to the spot, and found him stretched on the ground. But the next morning he bade adieu forever to Oak-

dale, and in company with his parents, he took passage for America.

On their arrival, James Curtis found the house on "Acorn Hill" closed, but the wilderness about it had blossomed in his absence, and installing his parents in the house, he lived a sorrowing man. The poor blessed him, and his presence dispelled many a cloud of poverty's raising. He lived for ten years longer, and meanwhile the little village of S— grew rapidly, and the inhabitants increased in numbers and built houses on "Acorn Hill." On his death-bed the last words he uttered were, "Blanche, I come to thee," and with a happy smile, he breathed his last. At his own request they buried him in the dark cellar of his house, and 'tis said his white robed spirit flits about the lonely house in the still hours of night, and a wailing voice shrieks for "Blanche." No one lives in the "Old House," but there it stands, fast going to decay.

S— has become a city now, and from her valleys and hills, the busy hum of industry rises on the summer and winter air. No merry children play about the "Old House," but a strange spell seems to linger there, and the wind whistles with a melancholy moan through the tall trees in the grove on "Acorn Hill."

Should you, reader, ever go to S—, inquire for the "Haunted House," on "Acorn Hill," and in its shadow thou may'st reflect on life's changes, and think of those who were so linked with the being of the "Old House."

We love to go there, when evening's shades steal over the earth, and meditate on the past, and look at the "Old House," for it reminds us of "lang syne." 'Tis a connecting link between the shadowy past and bright present. Long may it stand there, a silent teacher, a solemn admonition to the visitor, in dumb but expressive language, speaking of Life's Changes!

THE RIGHI, IN SWITZERLAND.—Beckoning to a peasant, who was mowing in a field near by, I inquired if he had witnessed the fall of the Rossberg? This man was at work, at the moment of the catastrophe, within a few yards of the very spot where we then stood. He described the noise as being sufficiently terrifying, but as less loud than one would suppose. A dense cloud of dust spread itself across the valley of Goldau, and up the side of the Rossberg, a distance of two miles or more, and he saw fire shooting through the air. From the appearance of the latter the first impression in Schwytz had been that there was a volcanic eruption; but it was afterwards known that the fire came from some lime-kilns that had been burning on the mountain. The fall of the Rossberg was owing to water passing through crevices of the mountain, and forming an enormous layer of mud, off of which the huge superincumbent mass had slid, like a ship when she is launched. The mud was driven downward by the enormous pressure with great impetuosity, and most of it, finding an outlet in that direction, was forced, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, into the other end of the lake. Here it literally formed nearly a thousand acres of land! What an idea this fact gives us of the magnificent scale on which the works of nature are displayed in such a country! One has difficulty in believing in such an event; but the meadow tells its own tale. The depth of the lake in general, is about fifty feet; but the water was more shallow at its upper end, where this extraordinary change occurred. Near the base of the mountain is a sort of oasis in the desert. It is a little spot, of clayish meadow land, that has escaped the fall of rocks, and which is fenced and mowed. Whether it is the miserable remains of the original meadow, or whether it is a portion of the meadow that slid from the mountain, I cannot say; but quite probably it is the latter. It is covered with a wiry grass. Pools of water exist all over the ruin, which altogether looks fresh, although the accident occurred in 1806. At the base of the Righi are detached rocks scattered about the meadows, that were hurled a good deal in advance of the mass. This place looks like a battle ground, where Milton's angels had contended. After passing an hour amid this desolation, I mounted the Rossberg, for some distance, and stood on the verge of the precipice left by fall. The view of the ruin beneath was frightful, and it was in strange contrast with the exquisite loveliness of the meadows that closely embrace its sides. Four hundred and thirty-three of the inhabitants of the mountain and valley perished on this occasion; but to these must be added six-

teen residents of other parts of the canton, and eight travellers. The latter were a bridal party about to ascend the Righi. One or two gentlemen of their company were so far in the rear as to escape. These heard the rending of the rocks; and the last they saw of their friend, the latter had stopped and were looking up at the Rossberg, the sounds having evidently attracted their attracted too. In the next minute they were buried beneath the ruins! The noise had previously alarmed some of the residents, of whom seventy-four escaped by flight. Those who lived on the mountain, by taking lateral directions, had to run about five hundred feet in order to be safe. Ebel estimates the pecuniary loss at a little more than half a million of dollars.—*Endell.*

ADVENTURE WITH A RHINOCEROS.—One fine moonlight night, when snugly ensconced in my "skarm," and contemplating the strange but picturesque scene before me, my reverie was interrupted by the inharmonious grunting of a black rhinoceros. He was evidently in bad humor, for as he emerged from amongst the trees into more open ground, I observed him madly charging anything and everything that he encountered, such as bushes, stones, &c. Even the whitened skulls and skeletons of his own species, lying scattered about on the ground, were attacked with inconceivable fury. I was much amused at his eccentric pastime; but, owing to the openness of the ground, and the quantity of the limestone thereabouts, which made objects more distinct, he was not easy of approach. However, after divesting myself of my shoes, and all the more conspicuous parts of my dress, I managed to crawl—pushing my gun before me—to within a short distance of the snorting beast. As he was advancing in a direct line towards me, I did not like to fire, because one has little chance of killing the rhinoceros when in that position. Having approached to within a few feet of me, his attention was attracted, and suddenly uttering one of those strange "blowing" noises, so peculiar to the beast when alarmed or enraged, he prepared to treat me in a similar manner to the stones and skulls he had just so unceremoniously tossed about. Not a moment was to be lost; and in self defence, I fired at his head. I shall never forget the confusion of the animal on receiving the contents of my gun. Springing nearly perpendicularly into the air, and to the height of many feet, he came down again with a thump that seemed to make the earth tremble—then plunging violently forward, (in doing which he all but trampled on me), he ran round and round the spot for fully five minutes, enveloping every object in a cloud of dust. At last he dashed into the wood and was hidden from view. Not finding blood on his tracks, I had no reason to suppose he was much hurt. My notion is, the bullet struck his horn, partially stunning him with its jarring violence. Had my gun missed fire when he charged, it is more than probable I should have been impaled.—*Anderson's "South Western Africa."*

WHOLESALE HANGING.—When I was a lad, I recollect seeing a whole cartful of young girls, in dresses of various colors, on their way to be executed, at Tyburn. They had all been condemned on one indictment, for having been concerned in (that is, perhaps, for having been spectators of) the burning of some houses during Lord George Gordon's riots. It was quite horrible. Greville was present at one of the trials consequent on those riots, and heard several boys sentenced, to their own excessive amazement, to be hanged. "Never," said Greville, with great naïveté, "did I see boys cry so."

DISCOVERY OF THE SAFETY-VALVE.—In the *Times* of Feb. 6, it is stated that "the safety-valve of the steam-engine was discovered by a boy in his anxiety to get away from his work to play at marbles." The name of the lad was Humphry Potter, a cock-boy, as he was called. ●

The honest man will rather be the grave to his neighbor's errors than in any way expose them.

LEVITY is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than each of them appear.

NOTHING elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit similar, yet superior, to our own.

RELIGION is the best armor that a man can have; but it is the worst cloak.

It is the perfection of happiness, neither to wish for death nor to fear it.

Good men are the stars and planets of the ages wherein they live, and illustrate the times.

GRATITUDE is the music of the heart, when its chords are swept by the breeze of kindness.

JULIANA;

OR, PRIDE IS SURE TO HAVE A FALL.

By C. . .

CHAPTER I.

NIGHT had cast her sable mantle over the great metropolis, crowds were hurrying to and fro, some in pursuit of pleasure, others hurrying home from their day's toil, eager to rest, while carriages dashed through the busy thoroughfares, filled with the wealthy and spoiled favorites of fortune, all impatient to hear the divine Madame de . . . in her celebrated part of Lucia di Lamermoor.

Conspicuous among the train was that of William Davis, the well-known millionaire, whose magnificent mansion graced the Fifth Avenue. William Davis was the son of a poor but honest mechanic; his mother, to assist her husband in maintaining their humble household, took in plain sewing. William and his sister were therefore denied the privilege of attending any fashionable schools. The boy spent most of his time in the street. One day he was playing as usual with his young companions, when a carriage came dashing up; the boy, too frightened to move, was knocked down, the wheels passing over his chest. The owner of the equipage, seeing the accident, ordered the coachman to stop, and springing down, he caught the mangled and insensible child in his arms; he conveyed him to the house of a physician who lived near by, where William's wounds were speedily dressed; he then inquired for the residence of Mrs. Davis, and he carried the boy home to his distressed mother.

For weeks William laid between life and death, but with kind, good nursing, the assistance of an eminent surgeon, aided by a naturally vigorous constitution, he recovered. His every wish was gratified by his rich friend, Mr. Stanly, who considered himself in a measure the cause of the accident. Nor would he allow Mr. Davis to spend any money, but he himself paid all the necessary expenses.

When William had quite recovered, Mr. Stanly, who had taken a great interest in William, imparted a project he had long cherished to Mr. and Mrs. Davis: it was to adopt William. After a long and painful hesitation, they finally consented.

After having provided for Caroline, William's only sister, Mr. Stanly took the boy home, to become the friend and playmate of his only child, pretty Emma Stanly.

Years passed; William had nobly repaid his benefactor, who placed implicit confidence in him, and with his consent wooed and won Emma Stanly.

Shortly after Mr. Stanly died, leaving his immense property to our friend William and his wife. Their marriage was blessed with two children, Walter and Juliana.

Walter was a handsome young man of twenty, well bred and a perfect gentleman. Devoted to and almost idolizing his sister Juliana, he was no fop, although a great favorite with the ladies.

In a corner of the carriage reclined Juliana. She was exceedingly beautiful, but she knew it too well. Educated in a fashionable school, she had imbibed lofty ideas, but very little of what was really good; she had been taught well, but thinking herself too beautiful and too wealthy to be criticized, she had scorned the admonitions of her gentle mother. Haughty and selfish, she despised the poor. But she was taught a lesson which served her for her lifetime, as the sequel will prove.

At length they arrived at the Opera, and leaning carelessly on her brother's arm, she entered their box. When she cast aside her hood, a murmur of admiration was heard, as her face was fully revealed to view.

In the box opposite to Miss Davis sat two gentlemen, one a tall, dark-complexioned, distinguished-looking individual; his black eyes seemed to pierce the very soul. His companion, on the contrary, was a slight, pale youth, more like a woman, so fragile did he seem. He evidently wished to avoid observation, for he sat in the most retired part of the box.

The Opera was drawing to a close. The elder gentleman raising his glass to his eye, looked around the theatre, as though he would watch the effect of the divine music on the various countenances around him, when seeing Juliana for the first time, he exclaimed, "By heavens! Trevalyan, did you ever see such dazzling beauty?"

The youth thus addressed carelessly raised

his eyes, but he had no sooner done so than he grew deathly pale, murmuring, "Juliana!"

His companion looked at him in surprise.

"Do you know her?" he asked.

"No—that is—yes—I—not at all," he hastily answered, blushing deeply.

His friend looked at him earnestly, then laying his hand on his shoulder, said:

"My dear Ernest, you are not used to deception; you are evidently a novice in the art. But never mind, see they are leaving their box; let us go too, I wish to obtain a closer view of this beautiful girl."

So saying he rose and taking his friend's arm they both quitted their box.

As they were leaving the theatre, a coachman called out, "Mr. Davis's carriage."

But as Juliana was stepping in, the horses made a sudden plunge, and she was thrown violently on the pavement, where she lay stunned and motionless; at that moment Trevalyan and his friend came up, the latter sprang, seized Juliana in his arms and carried her into the dressing room of the theatre; he laid her on a sofa, and as he bathed her temples with Eau de Cologne, he had the satisfaction of seeing the color return to her pale face, and with a sigh, she opened her eyes. "You are safe, lady," he said pressing her hand gently.

She smiled faintly and with an effort to rise, said:

"I think I can walk, but where is my brother?"

"I am here, darling," exclaimed Walter, rushing up, "but dear Juliana are you hurt?"

"No, not much," she replied, rising, "thanks to this gentleman's kindness. Thank him for me, Walter."

"I do indeed, with all my heart, said he, warmly extending his hand, "do call on us, and we will be such glorious friends, won't we Juliana?"

The gentleman smiled, and taking their name and address, handed Walter his card, and bowing respectfully, was gone.

A few evenings after the occurrence, Juliana Davis was seated in a large, sumptuously furnished apartment. She was alone, dressed in a pure simple white muslin dress, which fell in fleecy folds around her perfect form, her heavy ringlets shading her alabaster shoulders; she looked exquisitely beautiful; she was musing, and we need not say the subject of her thoughts was the dark handsome stranger. A smile stole over her face, and raising her head suddenly, she beheld the object of her reverie standing before her.

She blushed deeply, but rising, said:

"Welcome, a thousand times welcome!"

He took her hand, and raised it to his lips.

"Does the peerless Miss Davis welcome Charles Raymond to her home? and he smiled.

"Indeed, indeed I do," she eagerly exclaimed, then checking herself, said calmly,

"Am I not deeply indebted to you?"

"No more on that subject I beg," said he. "I trust you are entirely recovered?"

"I am, it was a mere nothing."

After a few moments of desultory conversation Raymond's attention was drawn to a harp, which stood uncovered, and he earnestly requested Juliana to sing.

She rose, and drawing the instrument towards her, swept the chords with a graceful and skilful hand. After a short but brilliant prelude, she sang the prayer from "Otello;" she possessed a rich and powerful voice. When she had finished, Charles exclaimed:

"Oh, sing once more, lady! your voice reminds me of past happiness."

She complied, and sang a sweet and plaintive English air.

As the gushing melody ceased, Charles, who had been listening with his face hidden in his hands, rose abruptly, took Juliana's hand in his, looked at her for a moment, and without uttering one word he left the room.

CHAPTER II.

THREE months had passed. Charles Raymond and Juliana Davis were engaged. To say that Juliana loved Charles would have been folly. Her vanity was pleased; her acquaintances all envied her—"he was so handsome, so accomplished, and so wealthy," they said. And Juliana had carried off the prize. But although her pride was satiated, still she was restless. Ernest Trevalyan had been presented to her; his mild winning manner angered her; he never

expressed any particular admiration for her, and this behavior galled her; he was always respectful, gentlemanly, and amiable, but never more. And in her own heart she determined he should bow and pay homage to her shrine.

He very seldom called; but one day when she was alone he came. He was seated opposite to her; she broke the silence.

"You look thin and pale," she said suddenly.

"I was not aware of the fact," he answered quietly.

"But you do," she persisted; "what ails you?"

"Nothing."

"Pshaw! something, I know; you are in love."

He grew still paler, but said gravely and gently, "You are mistaken."

"I am not," she exclaimed angrily; "you are in love, and I know it is with me; but you need not fear, dear Ernest, for I return it tenfold."

Ernest looked amazed.

"Juliana Davis," he at last said, "you are mistaken; I do not love you. You are rich, and I am very poor. I could not presume to ask you to be my wife, under such circumstances; you are engaged to my friend Charles Raymond"—here Ernest's voice grew very husky, but mastering his emotion, he continued—"love him, for he is the very soul of honor, and now farewell forever." With a haughty bend of his head, he left the house. For some moments the humbled girl remained as if stunned, then shaking back her curls, said contemptuously:

"What a fool I was; I thought him wealthy."

And she ran up to her apartment to dress for dinner.

CHAPTER III.

WE will now return to Charles Raymond. He was indeed the betrothed husband of Juliana Davis; but she was not his first love; the deep and thrilling impression made on his soul long ago, still remained in its pristine freshness.

He had resided in Naples for some time; and during his stay in that lovely city, he had formed the acquaintance of a widow lady, and her only daughter.

Mrs. De Vere was an American lady, wedded to a foreigner. She had followed her husband to Italy; together they had visited every place of interest. They then purchased a villa one mile from Naples, and there Regina was born.

Mr. De Vere died suddenly, leaving his disconsolate widow in rather embarrassed circumstances. Mrs. De Vere sold her villa and came to Naples with her only child Regina, who at that period was only seventeen. Charles met Regina at the English ambassador's; and, after a long acquaintance, the wedding was appointed. But Charles was suddenly called to America by his father's sudden illness. His only relative died in his arms; and shortly after, he learnt the melancholy news of Regina's death.

These two shocks were too much for him, and a long illness followed. Time and religion, however, gradually changed the tone of his grief, and he once more mingled with the world.

Four years had passed since the death of his beloved, but she was still remembered. He was soon to become the husband of Juliana, but each successive day proved her faults, and he could not help comparing her with the lost one. He ardently loved his friend Ernest Trevalyan, but what endeared Ernest to him was the extraordinary resemblance he bore to Regina De Vere. The more he saw him, the stronger was the impulse to clasp him to his heart, and call him "Regina." They were both seated in a private parlor of the hotel in which Raymond boarded. Trevalyan was reading a book, but his thoughts evidently were wandering.

After a long silence, Raymond said:

"Ernest, do you think Juliana loves me for myself?"

"I cannot tell," he replied, thoughtfully, "but she seems to me very selfish."

"So I think," said Charles musingly, "at all events I shall try her."

So saying, he rang the bell, and calling for writing materials he dashed off the following note:

DEAREST JULIANA: I have sad tidings; my wealth is all gone, and I am a ruined man, but that can have no effect on you, noble and disinterested as you are. I shall not be able to see you for a few days. Adieu for a short time my dearest betrothed. Your devoted CHARLES.

There, said he, as he folded the note, signed sealed and addressed it; then ringing the bell, he directed the waiter to send it, at the same time giving him a piece of silver.

Then as the door closed he came and seated himself beside Ernest, whose face was concealed by his book, he laid his hand on his arm and said tenderly

"What ails dear Ernest, are you ill? Are you in trouble? Confide in your friend."

"I do," said Ernest. "Charles have you forgotten Regina de Vere?"

"Forgotten her! never! but what do you know of her, speak!" and he grasped the boy's arm and glared in his face; then suddenly calming himself, he said sorrowfully, "Alas! she is dead." And covering his face with his hands, the strong man wept like a child.

Ernest gazed on him silently; a strange emotion seemed to shake his very soul.

A waiter entered, handed Ernest a note, then retired closing the door noiselessly.

Ernest touched Charles, and gave him the note. He looked at it with a sort of a stupefied stare, then tore it open.

It was from Juliana. She said "she was sorry for him, but of course everything was now broken off; she returned him his ring, and trusted he would not call again as she could not possibly receive him."

He laughed scornfully, and bade Ernest read it. The boy's face flushed, and when he had finished he turned to Raymond.

"Well!"

"I am a happy man, and have reason to be grateful for my lucky escape. But Ernest, tell me, in pity tell me, what do you know of my lost Regina?"

"Simply this, Regina is not dead," Charles started, "but her mother is; and she, finding herself alone in Naples came to this country in search of you, being annoyed by the importunity of a young man who wished to marry her. She disguised herself to escape him. She found out her aunt, Mrs. Davis; she was kindly treated by her uncle, whom you know was her mother's only brother; she would have remained, but Juliana treated her so badly, she was compelled to leave the house. It was then she assumed a disguise. This is the solemn truth."

Charles had listened with heaving breast to the simple recital, and as Ernest ceased, he exclaimed,

"Where is she, that I may fly to her!"

Ernest tore off his wig, and said in a voice broken by emotion:

"Son to mio Carlo! 'Tis I, my Charles."

He caught her to his breast, and after the first great emotion was over, Regina said:

"I will now go and resume my own dress; farewell for a short time."

"And I go for a carriage; in half an hour we two shall be made one," answered the now happy Charles.

The same evening Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Juliana, Walter, and several ladies and gentlemen were all busily talking, when the door was thrown open, and the footman announced in a loud voice: "MR. AND MRS. CHARLES RAYMOND." The four members of the Davis family rose to their feet, as though they had received an electric shock.

Charles advanced calmly and proudly, with his beautiful bride leaning on his arm, she was richly attired, and a splendid diamond tiara flashed in her chestnut-colored curls.

Charles broke the awful silence by saying:

"Mr. Davis, my wife, your niece I believe."

Mr. Davis kissed her, at the same time adding:

"My dear Regina, how comes this? Why did you leave us so suddenly?"

Charles answered:

"Because, my dear sir, your daughter treated her so badly she was obliged to leave; and further, your daughter treated me strangely. To try her, I wrote her a note, informing her of the loss of my wealth. Here is her answer."

And he handed him the note he had received from Juliana.

Mr. Davis read it aloud, then turning to his daughter, said in a voice of thunder:

"To your room, Miss."

"Nay, uncle, not so," interposed Regina, taking her cousin's hand, "let me intercede for her. It is true that Juliana is proud and selfish, but these are the faults of education; had that spirit been checked when it first began to manifest itself she would have been perfect. But she has received a lesson which will last her

as long as she lives. Am I not right, cousin?" she added tenderly.

Juliana could not resist the tone, and throwing her arms around her cousin's neck, she whispered:

"You are indeed, my Regina."

Charles and Juliana were fully reconciled. The evening passed delightfully.

A few months after a double wedding was celebrated with great rejoicing. Walter with Matilda Smithson, a former governess, and Juliana with Edwin Stevens, her father's book-keeper. Both brides looked their best; there was a great deal of fun and gaiety. Charles Raymond and his bride returned to Naples, where they are as happy as they can be. In after years when Juliana would see her children giving way to pride, she would always tell them:

"My dear children, be not proud, for PRIDE IS SURE TO HAVE A FALL."

Haunted Houses and Priest's Hiding-Places.

IN Captain Duthy's "Sketches of Hampshire," England, the author notices some old family mansions as being the supposed scenes of ghostly terrors and supernatural visitations, and also an ancient house called Woodcote, which, amongst its numerous rooms and secret recesses, comprised a "priests' hole." "In that edifice," he says, "behind a stack of chimneys, and accessible only by removing the floor boards, was an apartment which contained a concealed closet—one of those refuges from the intolerant and persecuting spirit of other times, commonly called a 'priests' hole.' Here, in those days when Papists were hunted down like noxious animals, and the external observance of the Romish ritual subjected its officiating ministers to the pains and penalties of felony, Catholic families were wont to secrete their domestic chaplains when the informer and legal functionary were in search of their victims." This house, and the adjoining estate, was long possessed by the family of Venables. In default of male heirs, the property and mansion of Woodcote descended to three sisters, one of whom, under the rustic name of Madame Venables, is still remembered as ably supporting the dignity and formality of a lady of the manor of the olden time. The old family mansion of the Tichbornes of Tichborne, exhibited many of the characteristics of feudal times. On entering through a massy porch, a passage presented itself, with the buttery hatch on one side, and a row of open arches leading to the baronial hall on the other. A gallery ran round this venerable apartment. . . . A wide chimney yawned on one side, and on the other, deeply embayed in the thickness of the wall, were two large windows, whose recesses, as was the fashion of former days, were frequently filled with implements of sylvan sport. At the further end a raised step led to the parlor, and a staircase of black oak conducted to the gallery and the various rooms with which it communicated. A complication of secret passages, apartments, and stairs; a court-yard, surrounded by the offices; a chapel, and a moat: completed the picture of one of the halls of our forefathers.

The old house at Hinton Ampner was subjected to the evil report of being haunted, and Mr. Duthy adds, "that strange and unaccountable circumstances did occur there; for it was within the recollection of some then living that the peace and comfort of a most respectable and otherwise strong-minded lady, at that time the occupant of the house, were essentially interfered with by noises and interruptions that to her appeared awful and unearthly, impressing on her mind a belief that they had their origin in something more than human agency. The lady's brother, no less a personage than he for whom fate had in reserve the glorious trophies of the victory off St. Vincent, endeavored in vain to penetrate the mystery. The gallant officer watched night after night, eager to detect the imposition which it was suspected was practised by the servants of the family; and although he heard the noises and experienced the interruptions so frequently repeated, he was unable to ascertain their source, while he was compelled to acknowledge the reality of their existence. Indeed it was difficult to eradicate from the long harassed mind of the lady of the house, a belief in the existence of some superhuman agency, or to convince her that the domestics of her family were the contrivers of the artifices which so cruelly injured her peace of mind, and induced her to give up possession of the mansion: but

afterwards, when the house was taken down, it became obvious how the mystery had been carried on. It was then discovered that in the thickness of the walls were *private passages and stairs not generally known to exist*, which afforded secret means of communication; and independently of that gloom and intricacy of arrangement pervading most old edifices, offered peculiar facilities for carrying on without detection the mysteries of a haunted house."

Singular Effect of Electricity on Negroes.

A GENTLEMAN residing a few miles out of town, recently carried home a small electrical machine for making some experiments. As soon as he got home, the negroes as usual flocked around him, eager to see what master had got. There was a boy among these darkies who had a strong disposition to move things when they wanted moving, or in other words to pilfer occasionally.

"Now, Jack," says his master, "look here; this machine is to make people tell the truth, and if you have stolen anything, or lied to me, it will knock you down."

"Why, master," said the boy, "I never lied or stole anything in my life."

"Well, take hold of this," and no sooner had the lad received a slight shock, than he fell on his knees and bawled out, "Oh, master! I did steal your cigars and a little knife, and have lied ever so many times; please forgive me."

The same experiment was tried with like success on half a dozen juveniles. At last an old negro, who had been looking on very attentively, stepped in.

"Master," said he, "let this nigger try. Dat masheen is well enough to scare de children wid, but dis nigger knows better."

The machine was then fully charged, and he received a stunning shock. He looked first at his hand, then at the machine, and at last rolling his eyes, "Master," said he, "it ain't best to know too much. Dars many a soul gets to be damned by knowing too much, an' it's my opinion dat de debil make dat masheen just to ketch your soul somehow, an' I reckon you had best take an' burn it up, an' have it done with."

—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

A Cure for a Terrible Disorder of the Mouth, commonly called "Scandal."—Take of "Good Nature," one ounce; of an herb called by the the Indians, "Mind your own business," one ounce; mix this with a little "Charity for others," and two or three sprigs of "Keep your tongue between your teeth"; simmer them together in a vessel called "Circumspection," for a short time, and it will be fit for use.

Application: The symptoms are a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably takes place when you are in company with a species of animals called Gossips. When you feel a fit of it coming on, take a tea-spoonful of the mixture; hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut till you get home, and you will find a complete cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottle full about you, and on the slightest symptom repeat the dose.

Cut this out.—A Correspondent of *The London Literary Gazette*, alluding to the numerous cases of death from accidental poisoning, adds:

"I venture to affirm there is scarce even a cottage in this country that does not contain an invaluable, cer ain, immediate remedy for such events—nothing more than a desert spoonful of made mustard, mixed with a tumbler of warm water, and drank immediately. It acts as an emetic, and is always ready, and may be used with safety in any case where one is required. By making this simple antidote known, you may be the means of saving many a fellow-creature from an untimely end."

No man can be provident of his time that is not prudent in the choice of his company.

BENEVOLENCE is a fountain which, while purifying all around it, purifies itself.

LOVE is a weapon that will conquer men when all other weapons fail.

THE best throw you can make of dice is to throw them away.

AN-VICE is a kind of vice that the worst people are known to shun.

BEAUTY without virtue is like a flower without perfume.

NATURE's real wants are few, but the cravings of fancy are infinite.

Candahar.

SOME curious events have lately taken place in the city of Candahar, a fortified capital of considerable importance in the elevated territory of Affghanistan, situated to the south-west of Cabul. It appears that Dost Mohammed, an old enemy of the English nation, though sometimes their ally, has long formed the design of adding the wealthy town and fertile province of Candahar to his dominions. Accordingly, a few weeks since, though perplexed by anxieties concerning Herat, and the band of jealous chiefs conflicting there, he collected an army, furnished it with the necessaries for a rapid march, and took his way through the passes of the mountains, and over the high, but fruitful plains. The people heard that this famous prince—sprung from a menial family, yet celebrated throughout the East and West—was coming to claim tribute from them; and being indifferent as to their rulers they awaited his arrival without fear, and even with impatience. While, however, King Dost Mohammed was on the road, one of his younger sons, said to be very handsome and extravagant, rode with a dashing cavalcade into Candahar, took up his residence in one of the ancient palaces, compelled the merchants in the bazaars to supply him with all the appurtenances of the most lavish Oriental luxury, and treated the nobles with contempt, the populace with insolence, even the women with insult. This brought on a public quarrel. The inhabitants rose, clamored at the doors of the palace, attacked the young prince's retinue wherever they could find them, and at last, after many persons had been killed on both sides, drove him and his followers from the city, set a watch upon the walls, and closed the gates. Some of the chiefs and nobles immediately set out on horseback to meet the approaching forces of the king, Dost Mohammed, complaining of his son's conduct. They met him where he was encamped, near the entrance of a wide valley.

He, unwilling to punish his son, or to offend the people of Candahar, sent for the young prince—Sheer Ali Khan, by name—who professed himself full of regrets for the unfortunate events that had taken place, assured the nobles of his cordial sympathies, patched up, with Oriental duplicity, a hollow conciliation, and, with his father, prepared to re-enter the city. Meanwhile, however, another crisis had arrived, again caused by members of Dost Mohammed's proud, ambitious and turbulent family. His brother and his nephew, supported by two hos-

tile factions, filled the palaces, public courts, and streets with confusion and alarm. Perceiving this, the young Sheer Ali, now in friendship with the populace, approached the city by night, and encamped close to the walls. At grey of dawn, arraying himself magnificently, mounting a horse superbly caparisoned, he galloped with a small army behind him up to one of the gates in the irregular line of walls, took possession of its flanking towers, and became virtual master of the city.

But he was not now acting a treacherous part. His father, with a still larger force, was on the way, and when he arrived the young prince opened the gates, and the Affghan procession poured in, with guns, spears, naked swords, pennons flying in the air, horsemen caracoling along the brilliant line, and the white bearded old Dost Mohammed riding on, in stately leisure, preceded and surrounded by his guards. Finding his brother and his nephew quarrelling, he took advantage of their division to expel them both, and to proclaim himself master of the city, and possessor of the immense accumulation of riches in the several palaces. It would have been more satisfactory to his unflinching mind could he have enticed his troublesome relatives back into Candahar, that he might imprison them, and thus secure himself against political opposition. But, as they fled beyond the mountains, and took refuge with the rival princes of their far spread family, he lost no time in any vain displays of regret, but at once arranged his plans of government, instituted a public guard, took possession of the treasury, appointed his adherents to posts of honor and responsibility, and thus bids fair, after his many dangers and trials—after surviving wars and conspiracies—after being four separate times reported in Europe to be dead—to reign in prosperity, as King of Candahar, Cabul, and the great territories of independent Affghanistan.

The city is picturesquely situated, and also picturesquely built, being ancient, extensive and populous. There are many gardens in the vicinity, and orchards of delicious fruit. The inhabitants are brave and hospitable, but have a reputation for treachery. They never reckon on being governed for more than two successive generations by the same line of princes, and have frequently changed their rulers thrice within twenty years. A large trade is carried on through Candahar, between the British Indian territories, Affghanistan, Persia, and the vast regions of Central Asia.

THE SULTAN'S MUNIFICENCE.—Some time ago, the Sultan gave one of those proofs of munifi-

cence in which he seems to take so much delight. Last year, in April, when the Turkish expeditionary corps was for the first time embarked at Eupatoria for Sebastopol, to take part there in the siege operations, a sailor of Her Majesty's ship *Valorous*, while embarking some baggage, was accidentally wounded by a gun which went off; the bullet passed through the bone of his left upper arm, which had to be amputated. Omar Pasha asked his name, and wrote it down. The Sultan heard of it, and desired to do something for the man who had lost his arm while assisting the embarkation of the Sultan's troops. But no occasion presented itself until recently, when the *Valorous* came back from Malta. As soon as he knew of her arrival, he sent 100 sovereigns in gold as a present to the man. They were taken down to the *Valorous*, but as the man had been invalidated after the loss of his arm, the sum will be sent to the Admiralty in England to be forwarded to him.

A CAVE AND ITS SECRET.—During the latter part of January, some laborers on the Virginia Central Railroad, near Covington, Alleghany county, Virginia, discovered a cave of considerable extent with an opening at each end. On exploring it, they found the dead body of a man in full hunting costume, which crumbled to pieces when touched. On examining the body, a pocket-book was found, containing papers, among which were seven bonds for large amounts of money, one being for 6,500 dollars, dated in the year 1823. All of them were signed or given by old settlers of Alleghany and Bath counties. It is thought that the circumstances under which these bonds have been kept from the light will bar the Statute of Limitations, in which case, some very respectable persons in that region will be placed in rather embarrassing circumstances, as they will be responsible for the bonds to the full extent of the property inherited by them, as heirs of the signers of the papers.

You will never find a friend if you seek one without a failing.

Strong passions work wonders when there is stronger reason to curb them.

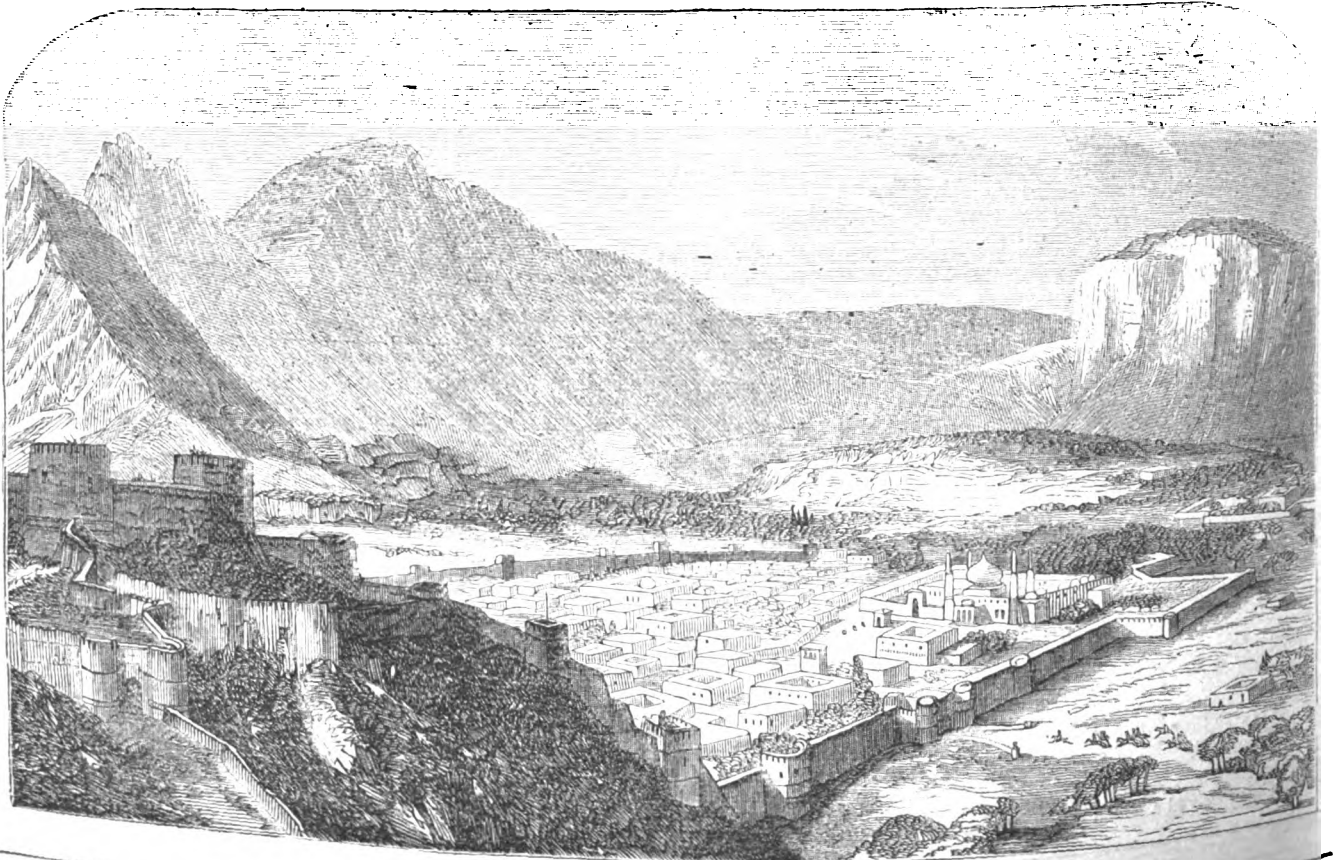
A troubled mind is often relieved by maintaining a cheerful demeanor.

We are not so much to regard who speaks, as what is spoken.

Prayer is the weak man's refuge, and the strong man's hope.

Kindness is the best ointment in the world to render a stiff temper supple.

Love is described as the absorption of self in an idea dearer than self.



CANDAHAR.

The Black Bear of America.

THE black or American bear (*Ursus Americanus*) is one of the best known of his tribe. It is he that is oftenest seen in menageries and zoological gardens, for the reason, perhaps, that he is found in great plenty in a country of large commercial intercourse with other nations. Hence he is more frequently captured and exported to all parts.

Any one at a glance may distinguish him from the "brown bear" of Europe, as well as from the other bears of the Continent—not so much by his color (for he is brown too) as by his form and the regularity and smoothness of his coat. He may as easily be distinguished, too, from his congeners of North America, of which there are three—the grizzly, (*u. ferox*), the brown, (*archis*), and the polar, (*U. maritimus*). The black bear is, in fact, nearer to the polar in shape, as well as in the arrangement of his fur, than to any other of the tribe. He is much smaller, however, rarely exceeding two-thirds the weight of larger specimens of the latter. His color is usually a deep black all over the body, with a patch of rich yellowish red upon the muzzle, where the hair is short and smooth. This ornamental patch is sometimes absent, and varieties of the black bear are seen of different colors. They are all of one species, however, the assertion of some naturalists to the contrary notwithstanding.

The black bear is omnivorous, feeding upon flesh, nuts, and edible roots. Habitually his diet is not carnivorous, but he will eat at times either carrion or living flesh, for he does not wait to kill it.

The range of the black bear extends throughout all the wooded parts of the American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but not in the open and prairie districts. Along the whole range of the Alleghanies black bears are yet found, and it will be long ere they are finally extirpated from such haunts. In the Western States they are still more common, where they inhabit the gloomy forests along the rivers and creek bottoms, protected alike by the thick undergrowth and the swampy nature of the soil.—*Mayne Reid.*

GENOA.—I had a companion who felt with me, and with whom I could exchange at intervals the solemn and romantic thoughts that the scenes we beheld produced, as necessarily as flowers follow appropriate seed. We went forth at night; after the population had retired within doors, and when only a few figures, apparently bound on mysterious errands, were moving to and fro. If I could daguerreotype the forms that reared themselves around, it would be nothing. There was a hidden meaning to us in all we saw. It would be necessary, in order to associate others in our feelings, to tell also the fragments of story that chased themselves tumultuously through our brain as we roamed about the city, now in gloomy shadow, now across bright squares of moonlight; here along streets, the two sides of which we could touch with our hands; there across broad open places, expanding in front of gorgeous palaces or fantastic churches; now pausing in delight when our steps led us through open portals into pillared courts, with galleries and balconies piled aloft, until a piece of sky impregnated with moonbeams, appeared at top, like bright water down in a well; anon moving slowly, and in awe, beneath squat arcades sup-

ported by rough unshapen columns, that seemed to stagger under the weight of the houses that leaned forward upon them. It is perhaps impossible to convey accurately the impressions received during such wanderings,—because, in fact, the impressions are confused and undetermined. When branches of trees are shaken by the wind over a stream, something is reflected that hath no form of leaf or wood in the ruffled mirror; so the images cast into the excited mind during a night-stroll through Genoa vaguely color it, but can hardly be fixed. We remembered neither the aspects nor the directions of streets, nor the locality of the palaces along the courts of which we trod; and scarcely hoped to recognize again those dark colonnades that seemed to be quarried at haphazard out of rocks, not built designedly in that massive way. Sometimes as we came to open spaces we saw far above us, as on the edge of precipices, vast palaces gleaming in the moonlight; but we doubted whether they were not raised thither by

blue starry sky. It is a bridge like Highgate Archway, with a street of houses, seven stories in height, passing easily beneath it.—*Bayle St. John.*

ALPINE FLOWERS.—The Alpine flowers have a remarkably deep and vivid coloring. The most brilliant blues and reds, with a rich brown shading to black, are observable amidst the white and yellow flowers of the low countries, and these tints likewise seem to assume a purer and more dazzling hue in these high regions. A similar richness of coloring is met with in the vegetation of Polar districts, where the hues not only become more fiery, but undergo a complete alteration under the influence of the constant summer light and the rays of the midnight sun, white and violet being often deepened into a glowing purple. The Alpine plants often grow in dense masses, and their extraordinary splendor of coloring lends consequently that magic charm to the fresh green turf which renders the pasturelands of the High Alps so famous. Their bal-

samic fragrance is no less remarkable and characteristic; from the brilliant auricula down to the violet-scented moss, this strong aromatic property is widely prevalent, and far more so than in the lowlands. As further characteristics of the Alpine Flora may be mentioned the absence of plants possessing narcotic or highly poisonous qualities, the marked distinction of species which exist, the comparative variety of hybrids, the bitter taste and astringent properties of many plants, and the disproportion of stem and foliage to the luxuriance of the blossoms. The Alpine rose, purple and yellow gentian, the lilac campanula, auricula, anemone, violet, and the blue columbine flourish brilliantly amid these lofty desolations.

LOOK OUT.—If you take a great deal of pains to serve the world and to benefit your fellow-creatures, and if, after all, the world scarcely thanks you for the trouble you have taken, do not be angry and make a long talking about the world's ingratitude; for if you do, it will seem you cared more about the thanks you were to receive than about the blessings you professed to bestow.

TRUTH.—One truth is the seed of other truths. It is sown in us to bear fruit, not to lie torpid. The power of mind by which truth becomes prolific, is freedom. Our great duty is to encourage vigorous action of mind. The greater number of

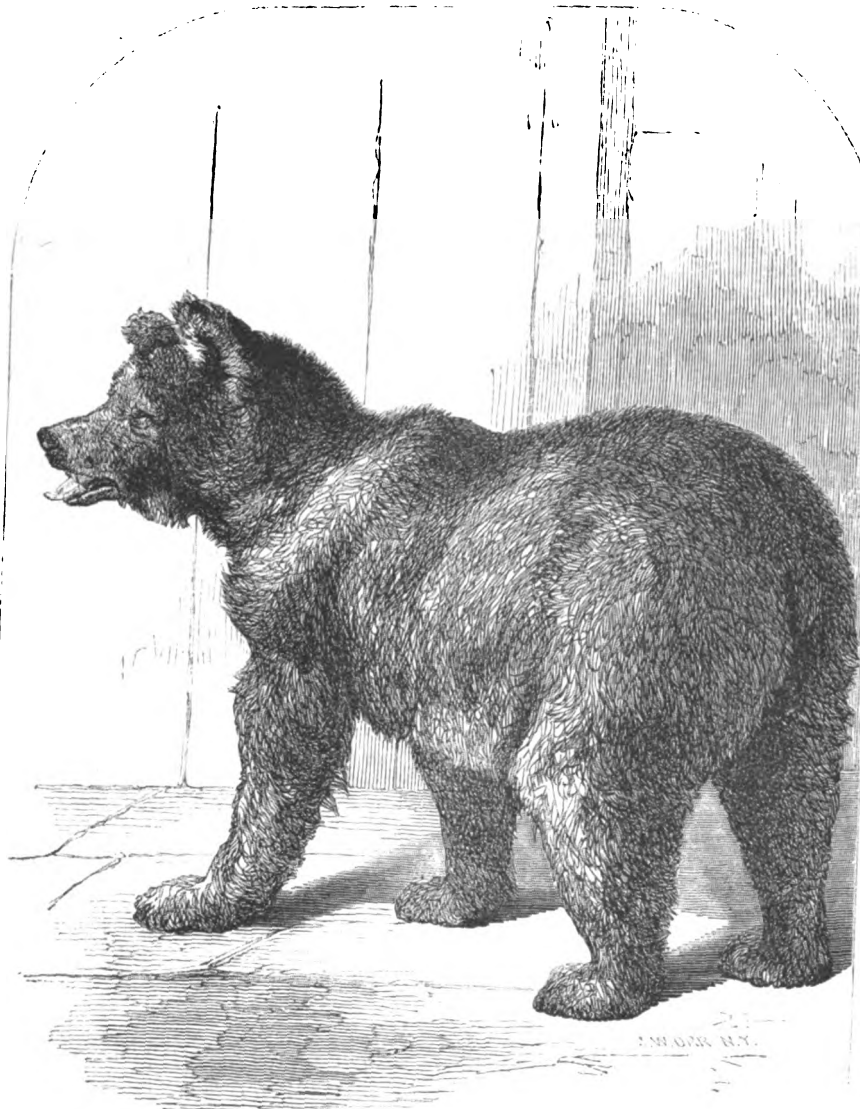
free and vigorous minds brought to bear upon a subject, the more truth is promoted.

THERE are three sorts of nobility—divine, worldly, and moral; the divine depends upon the power of God, the worldly upon the greatness of our birth, the moral upon the liberty of our mind.

THERE are persons who speak a moment before they have thought; there are others with whom you have to undergo in conversation all the labor of their minds—they talk correctly and wearisomely.

MORE personal beauty may challenge the admiration of the eye, and hold its worshipper, awhile, in the thrall of passion; but if there be not superadded the ornaments and graces of the spirit, it can never receive the homage of rational regard.

ON an average, one magazine or newspaper a day is started in the United States; and, on an average, one a year is successful.



THE BLACK BEAR OF AMERICA.

a kind of mirage. Then below, through some break between the houses, like a mountain gorg sparkled a fragment of the sea, into which, from the yellow sphere of the moon, poised above, a shower of silver seemed to be poured. Meanwhile, the silence around, as the hour advances, has become almost painful. The ear, famished for sound, begins to create, as it were, murmurs and whispers, that seem to come from amidst the solid shadows under the high-spanning open portals. Crime or love may be exchanging thoughts there. The tinkling notes of a guitar come dropping down through the air with the dew. They are as refreshing as would be the jug-jug of a nightingale in that dark forest of marble. A garret window is lighted up, far overhead. We do not care to speculate whether this late melody is a signal of young affection, or the idle occupation of age that cannot sleep. As we throw our glances aloft, however, something vast and massive intrudes between us and the

An Unwelcome Passenger.

A cold winter's night found a stage-load of us gathered about the warm fire of a tavern bar-room in a New England village. Shortly after we arrived, a pedlar drove up and ordered that his horse should be stabled for the night. After we had eaten supper we repaired to the bar-room, and as soon as the ice was broken, the conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been related, and finally the pedlar was asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were generally full of adventures and anecdotes. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhere about forty years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his home was in Dover, New Hampshire.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it in his pocket, "suppose I tell you about the last thing of any consequence that happened to me! You see I am now right from the Far West, and on my way home for winter quarters. It was about two months ago, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small village tavern in Hancock County, Indiana. I said it was pleasant—I meant it was warm, but it was cloudy and likely to be very dark. I went in and called for supper, and I had my horse taken care of, and after I had eaten I sat down in the bar-room. It began to rain about eight o'clock, and for a while it poured down good, and it was awful dark out doors.

"Now, I wanted to be in Jackson early the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I intended to dispose of on my way home. The moon would rise about midnight, and I knew if it did not rain I could get along very comfortably through the mud after that. So I asked the landlord if he could not see that my horse was fed about midnight as I wished to be off before two. He expressed some surprise at this, and asked me why I did not stop for breakfast. I told him I had sold my last load about all out, and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there before the express agent left in the morning. There was a number of people sitting round while I told this, but I took but little notice of them; one only arrested my attention. I had in my possession a small package of placards, which I was to deliver to the Sheriff of Jackson, and they were notices for the detection of a notorious robber named Dick Hardhead. The bill gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. In fact it was perfect. He was a tall, well-formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard, cruel marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index of a villainous disposition.

"When I went to my chamber I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him. He had come there that afternoon and intended to leave next day. The host asked why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I merely wished to know if I was ever acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to hurry on to Jackson, and there give information to the sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left; for I had no doubt in regard to his identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard, I found the clouds all passed away and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily roused, and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep and my horse could not travel very fast—yet it struck me that the beast made more work than there was any need of, for the cart was nearly empty.

"However, on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village. At a short distance ahead lay a large tract of forest, mostly of great pines. The road led directly through this wood, and as near as I could remember, the distance was twelve miles. Yet the moon was in the east, and as the road ran nearly west, I should have light enough. I had entered the woods, and had gone about half a mile when my wagon wheels settled, with a bump and jerk, into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but that was not all. I heard another exclamation from another source!

"What could it be? I looked quickly around,

but could see nothing. Yet I knew that the sound that I had heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up I felt something besides the jerk of the wheels. I heard something tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this on the instant. Of course I felt puzzled. At first I imagined some poor fellow had taken this method to obtain a ride; but I soon gave this up, for I knew that any decent man would have asked me for a ride. My next idea was that somebody had got in to sleep; but this passed away as quickly as it came, for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was in there had broken in.

"My next thoughts were of Mr. Dick Hardhead. He had heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed I had some money with me. In this he was right, for I had over two thousand dollars. I also thought he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and then either creep over and shoot me, or knock me down. All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

"Now I never make it a point to brag of myself, but I have seen a great deal of the world, and I am pretty cool and clear-headed under difficulty. In a very few moments my resolution was formed. My horse was now knee deep in the mud, and I knew I could slip off without noise. So I drew my revolver—I never travel in that country without one—I drew this, and having twined the reins about the whip-stock, I carefully slipped down in the mud, and as the cart passed on I went behind it and examined the hasp.

"The door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a hasp, which slips over a staple and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the hasp was secured in its place by a bit of pine—so that a slight force from within could break it. My wheel wrench hung in a leather bucket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple, the iron handle just sliding down.

"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, made in a stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard usage. I did not believe any ordinary man could break out. I got on to my cart as noiselessly as I got off and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy. I knew that at the distance of half a mile further I should come to a good hard road, and so I allowed my horse to pick his own way through the mud. About ten minutes after this I heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise, as though some heavy force were being applied to the door. I said nothing, but the idea struck me that the villain might judge where I sat and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, so I sat down on the foot-board.

"Of course I knew now that my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long, and then start up in this particular place. The thumping and pounding grew louder and louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice:

"Let me out of this," he cried, and he yelled pretty loud.

"I lifted up my head so as to make him think I was sitting in my usual place, and then asked him what he was doing there.

"Let me out, and I will tell you," he replied.

"Tell me what you are there for?" said I.

"I got in here to sleep on your rags," he answered.

"Let me out, or I'll shoot you through the head," he yelled.

"Just at that moment my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be good going. The distance was twelve miles. I slipped back on the footboard and took the whip. I had the same horse then I've got now—a tall, stout, powerful bay mare—and you may believe there's some go in her. At any rate she struck a gait that even astonished me. She had received a good mess of oats, the air was cool, and she felt like going. In fifteen minutes we cleared the woods, and away we went on a keen jump. The chap inside kept yelling to be let out.

"Finally he stopped, and in a few minutes came the report of a pistol—one—two—three—

four, one right after the other, and I heard the balls whiz over my head. If I had been on my seat, one of these balls, if not two of them, would have gone through me. I popped up my head again, and gave a yell, and then a deep groan, and then I said, 'O God, save me! I'm a dead man!' Then I made a shuffling noise, as though I were falling off, and finally settled down on the footboard again. I now urged up the old mare by giving her an occasional poke with the butt of my whip stock, and she peeled it faster than ever.

"The man called out to me twice more, pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply, he made some tremendous endeavors to break the door open, and as this failed him, he made several attempts upon the top. But I had no fear of his doing anything there, for the top of the cart is framed in with dovetails, and each sleeper bolted to the posts with iron bolts. I had made it so I could carry heavy loads there. By and by, after all else had failed, the scamp commenced to holler whoa to the horse, and kept it up until he became quite hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly, and kept poking the beast with the stock.

"We were not an hour in going that dozen miles—not a bit of it. I had not much fear—perhaps I might tell the truth and say that I had none, for I had a good pistol; and, more than that, my passenger was safe; yet I was glad when I came to the old flour barrel factory that stands at the edge of Jackson's village; and in ten minutes more I hauled up in front of the tavern, and found a couple of men in the barn cleaning down some stage horses.

"Well, old feller," says I, as I got down and went around to the back of the wagon; 'you have had a good ride, haven't ye?'

"Who are you?" he cried, he kind of swore a little, too, as he asked the question.

"I'm the man you tried to shoot," was my reply.

"Where am I? Let me out?" he yelled.

"Look here, we've come to a safe stopping-place, and mind ye, my revolver is ready for ye the moment you show yourself. Now lay quiet."

"By this time the two ostlers had come up to see what was the matter, and I explained it all to them. After this I got one of them to run and route out the sheriff, and tell what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of daylight were just coming up, and in half an hour it would be broad daylight. In less than that time the sheriff came, and two men with him. I told him the whole affair in a few words—exhibited the handbills I had for him—and then he made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and if he made the least resistance, he'd be a dead man. Then I slipped the iron wrench a spring. I caught him by the ankle, and he came down on his face, and in a moment more the officers had him. It was now daylight and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. He was marched off to the lock-up, and I told the sheriff I should remain in town all day.

"After breakfast, the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning I should have the reward of two hundred dollars, which had been offered.

"I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and my then went to work to stow them away in my cart. The bullet holes were found in the top of cart. The bullet holes were found in the top of my vehicle just as I expected. They were in a line about five inches apart; and had I been where I usually sit, two of them would have hit me somewhere about the small of the back, and passed upwards, for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder, and his pistol was a heavy one.

"On the next morning the sheriff had called upon me, and paid me two hundred dollars in upon me, and paid me himself sure that he'd got gold, for he had made himself sure that he'd got the villain. I afterwards found a letter in the post-office at Portsmouth for me, from the Sheriff of Hancock County, and he informed me that Mr. Dick Hardhead is in prison for life."

So ended the pedlar's story. In the morning I had the curiosity to look at his cart, and I found the four bullet-holes just as he had told us, though they were now plugged up with vial corks.

FAME is like a river, narrowest where its birth-place is and broadest afar off.

The Tricks of Trade.

Mr. BOGGS, the well-known publisher, of Fleet street, London, has just issued a work, entitled, "The Tricks of Trade in the Adulteration of Food and Physic; with Directions for their Detection and Counteraction." Truly, society is in evil case, if the record in this volume be, particularly in reference to cheap articles, true. There is adulteration everywhere, within and without; and a specious appearance of genuineness notwithstanding. We will take a day with a Christian gentleman in England, in these modern times, as it is shadowed forth in the details of this book. To begin with him at his rising. The water he drinks is poisoned in its contact with lead-lined cisterns. There is "devil's dust" in a portion of his garments; and he descends to his first repast of adulterated quality in a corresponding condition himself. His bread is heavy with sulphate of lime, plaster of Paris, and alum crystals—fatal to digestion. His "Epping butter" is "Irish salt" washed in milk—and, as a very late experience has shown, not free from pounded flint-stone. The milk itself has been yielded by stalled cows dying of marasmus; and the cream is only skim-milk made thick by "arrow-root jelly," which is not even entirely made of arrow-root. As for the sugar, there is lime, lead, or iron,—perhaps all three, in the "lump;" and there is not only chalk or clay, but the hideous, and almost indestructible, *acarus sacchari* in the "brown." His tea, twice doctored, abroad and at home, owes its "gloss" to magnesian earths, is not free from *terra Japonica*, and bears indication of Prussian blue and gypsum. Tea, indeed, is such a composite article, that unblushing dealers have attempted to openly pass it at the Custom House as "manufactured goods." Does our Christian gentleman's weak stomach require chocolate? Let him pause ere he assigns it the task of digesting an article adulterated with cocoa-nut oil, lard, and perhaps tallow. He turns to coffee, purchased in berries, altogether forgetting that there is a machine for cutting chicory roots into berries like those of the coffee-tree. Not one sample in ten of coffee can be said to be pure. Chicory is to the grocer what water is to the milkman. In itself it is perhaps not hurtful in coffee, except to those who have long continued to drink it. Such persons become predisposed to diarrhoea. But even the chicory is not pure; and brick-dust, ochre, or charcoal enters into what is sold under another appellation.

Our friend is not much better off at his dinner, —if he survive, after such a breakfast, to be seated at the later repast. Fortunately, he is safe as far as the joints are concerned; but there are dangers in other matters. Do not let him take cayenne with his fish, unless he is sure that it is not made up of curry-powder, red lead, salt, and oak sawdust. Let him remember that "lead palsy" may be induced from frequent small doses of a mixture like this. Curry-powder, it may be said, is a harmless ingredient. But it is not curry-powder if it be made of potato-flour, ground raisins, and pounded capsicum berries. Mustard is indispensable with beef; but we should prefer not having it made with linseed meal and plaster of Paris for component, and turmeric for a coloring part. Curiously enough, so perverse are the adulterators, that they employ the mustard-seed itself in the adulteration of pepper. Ground pepper is an ingenious mixture of rapeseed cake, linseed cake, clay, and potato-starch. Of what the flour for the tarts is composed we already know; we need only add, that if the fruits be bottled, the poor gastronome is sure to feel the effects of a copper solution. We hear of American lard being used for some pastry. But as we add starch and quicklime to the genuine article, we can hardly think that the latter, or the pastry, is thereby improved. Does the gastronome take porter with his cheese? Let him not admire the foaming head, which in some cases is half alum and half copperas; nor imbibe too deeply of what owes some of its deliciousness to *cocculus indicus* and *nux vomica*. Indeed, the greatest peril of all lies in the liquids. There is many a fine magnum of port in which four men may find a splitting headache at five shillings a-piece. It may be got still cheaper, and will last much longer, if the port be purchasable at a popular price. What vast foundations of disease and death may be laid on port at a pound a dozen,—the dozen being filled with artistic preparations of cider, brandy, sloe-juice, elder wine, and orris-root! If this pleasant beverage be "muddy," the manufacturer clears

it by adding lead! As at Munich they manufacture pictures by any master, so in London are wines manufactured of any country or vintage. This volume shows that, if the supposed gentleman in whose society we have hypothetically placed ourselves, feel indisposed from liberal indulgence, he will do well not to have recourse to spirits as a remedy. He will find catechu and cherry-laurel water in his corn-spirit, cognac. The rum is as deleterious; the whiskey almost as much; and the gin more so. Should he stoop to sip the latter, he only puts his devoted lips to the subacetate of lead, a solution of alum, oil of vitriol, oil of almonds (to make it bead,) already adulterated cayenne, and grains of paradise. A brewage so composed can only be fitting for the stomachs of Belphegor and his brethren. They only might take with it "comfits" and "lozenges" in which red lead, copper, arsenic, antimony, and even verdigris, enter in greater or less proportions.

Even supposing that our friend has got through all or any of these, he will find perils still before him, at supper, and even after. He may, at the latter period, suck in the essential oil of tobacco from ill-made pipes, and may prepare the way for paralysis, if he indulge much in what is called *snuff*, but in which there is, more or less, oxide of iron, red and yellow ochre, amber, chromate of lead, bichromate of potash, silica and "powdered glass." Red lead, too, enters into the composition of *snuff*: so that a man eats, drinks, and smells this dangerous poison. It might fairly be expected that if we are cheated into disease, we might find a remedy at the chemist's; but we are here worse off than ever. Drugs are adulterated before they reach this country,—are further adulterated by the drug-grinder,—and, again, by the retailer. We have saw-dust in our jalap powder, sixty per cent. of chalk in calomel, and cod-liver oil that is not extracted from cod or liver. We have tartar-emetic in our ipecacuanha, poppy capsules and sand in our opium, and earthy salts in our quinine. We have turmeric, flour, and the root of the *curcuma longa* in our powdered rhubarb; and we can seldom purchase that highly-valuable gum-resin, called scammony, without having, to one-fourth of the pure drug, three-fourths made up of a compound of the resins of guaiacum, common resin, jalap-powder, which is in part sawdust, chalk, wheat-flour, and occasionally sand. It is clear, then, that if a man be rendered ill by adulterated foods, he is not likely to be rendered well by adulterated drugs. The case is a very hard one, and the only remedy is care, temperance, early hours, the flesh-brush, an easy conscience, and a resolution never to be vexed.

Gossip about Trees.

THE CHERRY.—In France, the cherry is highly prized as supplying food to the poor; and a law was passed, so long ago as 1669, commanding the preservation of all cherry-trees in the royal forests. The consequence of this was, that the forests became so full of fruit-trees that there was no longer room for the underwood; when, as usual, going to the other extreme, all the fruit-trees were cut down, except such young ones as were included among the number of standard saplings required by the law to be left to secure a supply of timber. This measure, Bose remarks, was a great calamity for the poor, who, during several months of the year, lived, either directly or indirectly, on the produce of the *merisier* (or small black cherry). Soup made of the fruit, with a little bread and a little butter, was the common nourishment of the woodcutters and the charcoal burners of the forests during the winter.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.—The weeping-willow was first known in Europe by its being introduced in "A View of the Village of Tonnau," drawn by John Nichoff, July 3, 1665, on his way to Peking, with the embassy which the Dutch sent to the emperor of China in that year. Pope is generally said to have first introduced the weeping-willow into England; but this, Mr. Loudon informs us, cannot be strictly correct, as it is included in a catalogue of British trees, published in 1692. The story respecting Pope is, that he, "happening to be with Lady Suffolk, when that lady received a present from Spain, or, according to some, from Turkey, observed that some of the pieces of withy bound round it appeared as though they would vegetate; and, taking them up, said, 'Perhaps these may produce something that we have not in England.' Whereupon, he

planted one of them in his garden at Twickenham, which became the weeping-willow there, afterwards so celebrated." Napoleon's willow is a variety of the common weeping-willow. It appears that the willow is not indigenous to St. Helena; but that when General Beatson was Governor in that island, he introduced it among a great number of other trees and shrubs from England. "He had the greatest difficulty in preserving his plantations from the numerous goats which abound in the island; yet several of the trees survived, and attained a timber-like size. Among these was the tree of *Salix Babylonica*, which has since been called Napoleon's Willow. This tree grew among other trees, on the side of a valley near a spring; and, having attracted the notice of Napoleon, he had a seat placed under it, and used to go and sit there very frequently, and have water brought to him from the adjoining fountain. About the time of Napoleon's death in 1821, a storm it is said, shattered the willow in pieces, and, after the interment of the emperor, Madame Bertrand planted several cuttings of this tree on the outside of the railing which surrounded his grave; and placed within it, on the stone, several flower-pots, with heart's-ease and forget-me-not."

THE HAWTHORN.—The hawthorn conjures up by its very name thoughts of love and poetry—

"The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made,"

the custom of going a-maying, the floral games, and all the other associations connected with that loveliest of all seasons, the youth of the year—the spring. Among other legends, Mr. Loudon mentions that of the Glastonbury thorn. It is said that, when Joseph of Arimathea came to England to found the first Christian church, he proceeded to Glastonbury for that purpose. "It was Christmas-day when he arrived at the post where he had been commanded to build a church in honor of the Virgin Mary; and, finding that the natives did not appear inclined to believe in his mission, he prayed that a miracle might convince them, and, striking his staff into the ground, it immediately burst forth into leaves and flowers." The tree of which this legend was told stood within the precincts of the ancient abbey of Glastonbury; and, though it has been long dead, a scion from its root remains, which always flowers in winter, and has generally both ripe fruit and flowers on it on Christmas-day. This habit of flowering at an unusual season, which is not without its parallel in other trees, (the Cadenham Oak, which also puts forth its leaves at Christmas, for example,) having been observed by the monks of Glastonbury, the legend was no doubt framed accordingly, to give additional sanctity to their abode. The Glastonbury thorn is now common in the nurseries, where it preserves its habit of flowering in mid-winter.

THE OAK.—The oldest oak in England is supposed to be the Parliament oak (so called from the tradition of Edward I. holding a parliament under its branches) in Clipstone Park, belonging to the Duke of Portland; this park being also the most ancient in the island. It was a park before the Conquest, and seized as such by the Conqueror. The tree is supposed to be 1600 years old. The tallest oak in England was the property of the same nobleman—it was called the Duke's Walking-Stick—higher than Westminster Abbey—and stood till of late years. The largest oak in England is the Calthorpe oak, Yorkshire; it measures seventy-eight feet in circumference where the trunk meets the ground. The Three Shire oak at Worksop was so called from covering parts of Yorkshire, Nottingham, and Derby; it had the greatest expanse of any recorded in this island, dropping over 777 square yards. The most productive oak was that of Gelonos in Monmouthshire, felled in 1810. Its bark brought £200 and its timber £670.

THE BOX.—The box-tree was highly valued by the Romans. Pliny describes his Tusculan villa as being ornamented in one part with figures of animals cut in box, and in another with letters cut out of the same material. These last were, however, probably lines formed into letters of the dwarf box, clipped close, in the same manner as was practiced in forming the embroidered parterres of the old French gardens, a good specimen of which style is preserved in the gardens of Holland House.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

Nice.

THE city of Nice is beautifully situated in a small plain, near the French frontier, its southern wall being washed by the waters of the Mediterranean. The city is shaded by ever-verdant trees, and with its symmetrical white façades

suburbs of Caen,) round the branches of which gigantic vines cunningly interlace themselves. To the left a line of hills limits the view. The sides of these hills are dotted by villas, and covered with orangeries of the most beautiful foliage, gorgeous olive groves, and fruit-laden

of small fishing-boats. In the distance is seen the point and lighthouse of Villefranche. In the suburbs, views of the rarest beauty are scattered with a lavish hand. The road to the interior is bordered by the large and beautiful flowers of the cactus, which grotesquely climb the sides of the humble cabins skirting the way, intertwined with umbrageous vines. In fact no more charming views can be seen than those in the vicinity of Nice.

Half an hour's ramble from the city brings the traveller to the summit of one of the hills before spoken of, 800 feet above the level of the sea, and which is crowned by the remains of an old castle inclosed in bastioned ruins. From this point a magnificent panorama lays stretched out before the eye, and the view surpasses anything that could be imagined. The hill-side is furrowed by beautifully shaded walks, where the weary may rest and recover lost breath.

The city of Nice, is built in the form of a triangle, its base skirting the sea, while its upper angle follows the course of the river Paillon or Paglione, whose waters traverse the city. It is divided into the old and new towns, the former, with its dilapidated roofs, its narrow streets, and old-fashioned steeples, presenting the appearance of confusion and decay, and otherwise possessing no attraction of interest to the traveller. To the south is situated the village of Cours. Even at this distance can be distinguished the double terrace which borders the shore from the Quartier des Ponchettes to the theatre, and which serves as a promenade for the village belles in winter.

At the extremity of the Boulevard, and near the summit of the triangle formed by the city, is situated the Place Victor, beautified by its extensive façades. This magnificent square was laid out about sixty years since, and was named in honor of Victor Amédée. The ground on which it stands was occupied in the time of the Romans as a Champ de Mars, or parade-ground, on which to manœuvre troops. There was also a forum here, and a gymnasium where the youthful Romans essayed their skill in martial exercises.

The Paillon, often swollen by the freshets descending from the neighboring hills, incloses the eastern part of the old town. On the right bank of the river is situated the Quartier des Etraugers, built about twenty-five years since in a style of rare architectural beauty. In the rear of this Quartier are situated very rich meadowlands, ornamented with country-seats and pleasure-grounds, and covered with verdure even in the coldest winter weather. A short distance further on rises the Crimier hill, crowned by a very ancient Roman monastery, the ruins of which are pointed out by the villagers with pride. To the left of the monastery of Saint Pons, a little in the rear, is situated the chateau of Saint André, the grottoes of which are well-deserving the attention of sight-seers in this neighborhood. Here and there we catch a glimpse of the river Paillon, curving its way, snake-like, among the hills till it reaches the sea. To the north-east is the pretty Quartier de Limpia, and a little to the north again is seen the admirable road Corniche, winding among the hills, while the angry waters of the Mediterranean dash furiously against the rocks which rest at their base. This small basin lying immediately beneath, is the large harbor of Nice, coquettishly encircled by views of matchless beauty. The city of Nice is double the extent of that of Villefranche; it is more delightfully situated, and its suburbs are richer in delicious and charming scenery.

Descending the hill-side, we find it a market-day, and the villagers are congregated in the neighborhood of the cathedral church of Santa Reparata. It is a striking and animated scene. The beauty of the peasant girls of Nice has been often extolled, and a nearer approach to them assures us not without reason. They are exceedingly refined and graceful in their movements, and have not the awkward gait usual among villagers or country people. They wear a peculiar headdress, which adds to their appearance. A twist of black velvet is worn round the head and tied behind, the ends falling down in ribbons upon the neck and shoulders. The hair is disposed in bandeaux. A hat trimmed with blue and rose, is jauntily set on the crown of the head, its wide rim projecting far over the face, and serving as a shade.

Without being ugly, the men are not more beautiful nor better proportioned than the generality of country people. Their costume is remarkable from the invariable absence of the cravat. They do not exactly comprehend the necessity of



GENERAL VIEW OF NICE.

skirting the bay, presents a magnificent appearance. The approach to the town from the interior is adorned on either side with rolling meadowlands, or pasturages, enamelled with flowers. Upon the borders of these pasturages rise up huge plane-trees, (thus reminding one of the

arbors, presenting scenes of unparalleled magnificence, such as are seldom seen by tourists. Further back the Maritime Alps majestically raise their peaks Heaven-ward. On the right, the sea bounds the horizon with an undulating sheet of water, whose surface is furrowed by myriads



THE CHURCH OF SANTA REPARATA, NICE.

submitting the neck to such bandaging. During the conscription, the Niçois were called upon to swell the Piedmontese army, but they never could be prevailed upon to wear the stiff military collars, hence they became suspected, and many of them were thrown into prison, and iron collars placed upon their necks as a punishment for their stubbornness. Numbers of them died in consequence of this treatment.

The King, Charles Albert, to whom was recounted the detail of deaths, could hardly be induced to believe it. To ascertain whether this objection on the part of the Niçois soldiers was a fact, he adopted the following plan. One day, after a review, he declared to the troops that he gave them liberty to discard any article of dress which might be rendered uneasy and uncomfortable by exercise. Immediately the Niçois soldiers threw off their thick, heavy collars, crying tumultuously, "Vive le Roi!"

It was a grand service to render these brave men, large numbers of whom now do duty in the French Zouave regiments.

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—A few days since a lovely little child of four summers was buried. On leaving the house of its parents, the clergyman, Rev. M. Jay, plucked up by the roots a beautiful little "forget-me-not," and took it with him to the grave. After the little embryo of humanity had been deposited in the grave, the clergyman, holding up the plant in his hand, said: "I hold in my hand a beautiful flower, which I plucked from the garden we have

just left. By taking it from its present home, it has withered, but I here plant it in the head of this grave, and it will soon revive and flourish. So with the little flower we have just planted in the grave. It has been plucked from its native garden and has wilted; but it is transplanted into the garden of immortality, where it will revive and flourish in immortality, glory and beauty."

EXTRAORDINARY SAGACITY.—About eleven o'clock on the night of the 20th ult., as Mr. Carr, of Shawwood gardens, and some friends, were coming through a field from his house to the North road, their attention was attracted to a pony which came up to them, and on their attempting to stroke it, as they had often done, it threw its head, gave several loud snorts, and

scampered across the field in the direction of the viaduct. After proceeding some distance it returned and made a similar demonstration, evidently wishing to attract their attention, and then again immediately ran off. It occurred to the party that there might be something amiss, and they followed the pony, which betrayed evident symptoms of delight. In a short time, it brought them to the edge of a large pool of water adjoining the viaduct, when it again commenced snorting and jumping about. On looking into the water, they fancied they saw something, and also heard a gurgling sound, as of some one drowning. A man named Caxon jumped into the water and brought out the apparently lifeless body of a man, who turned out to be a person named Johnson, a shoemaker of Sunderland, who, under the influence of liquor, had probably lost his way and fallen into the pool. Efficient aid was at once rendered, but it was nearly three hours before he showed any signs of life; he, however, eventually recovered.—*Durham County (Eng.) Advertiser.*

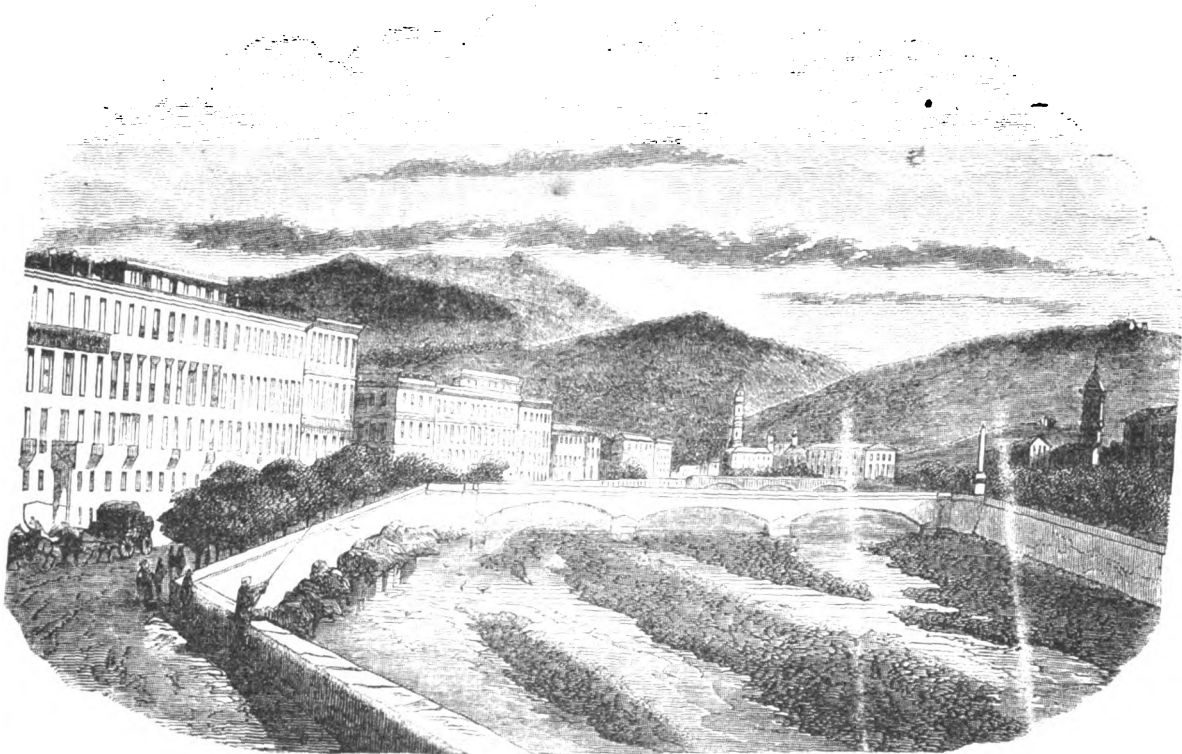
WHY IS A TAILOR SAID TO BE THE NINTH PART OF A MAN.—This contemptuous expression has been too long tolerated as an offensive imputation on a respectable profession, from which it is not likely to have taken its origin. The English word coward is derived from the Italian *codardo*, which comes from *coda*—a tail—a *codardo* or coward being one who hangs behind. The literal meaning of coward is, therefore, a *tailer*; and may not the proverbial vulgarity now connected with the trade of tailor be traceable to a pun on this word? When we speak with contempt of a tailor, we really mean a poltroon of

any kind, who is a *codardo* or *tailer*; and if we knew our etymology better, we should not regard it as an aspersion on the useful fraternity of the shears and thimble, although ignorant usage has for generations so perverted the term.

OLD Mr. Singlestick mystified a tea-party by remarking that women were facts. When pressed to explain his meaning, he said: "Facts are stubborn things."

A PERSON was perpetually boasting of his origin. A man of humble origin who had been industrious and successful, hearing this boast, observed, "You, my friend, are proud of your *descent*, I am proud of my *ascent*."

By education men become easy to lead, but difficult to drive—easy to govern, but impossible to enslave.



THE PONT NEUF, NICE.

Ernest Durant.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY HERBERT GRAHAM.

It was the year 1786. The convocation of the States-General—that prologue to the great coming tragedy in France—had not yet taken place. The old noblesse seemed firm in their seats and secure of their titles. The amiable but shortsighted Louis feasted in the Tuileries and at Versailles; and the beautiful Marie Antoinette, with the little Dauphin and Princess, was the centre of all that was brilliant and gay in the most dazzling of European courts. The Louvre, the opera-houses, the gardens of the Luxembourg, and other public places of resort, were crowded with *beaux* and *élégantes*. Paris was the favorite city of the epicurean, and in no other air could the man of *ton* breathe freely. Through the Faubourg St. Germain, and other *quartiers* on the aristocratic side of the Seine, there was a continual whirl of coroneted carriages. There was sight-seeing by day, and banqueting, dancing, and theatre-crowding by night; all was jollity, excitement, and light-heartedness; and none dreamed that a volcano was about to burst, whose lava torrent would oversweep their rank, pride, and high places, involving their hopes, the sources of their enjoyment, and the institutions of their land, in one common ruin.

It was in the spring of the year above alluded to that a young miniature painter of Paris was introduced, or recommended, by David, at that time the king of artists—the Benjamin West of France—to a family of distinction in the *Chaussée d'Antin*. The young man was clever in his art, and the Marquis de Miremont engaged him to paint his eldest daughter. Beauty, seen under any circumstances, has dangerous influences on a man whose heart has no pre-engagement; how much will the danger be enhanced when the eye shall scan attentively, and feed, as it were, on the features of a fascinating woman, so as to enable the pencil to transfer to the canvas each point of loveliness and each expression which, as an ethereal light, is reflected on the face from the fair one's soul? Mademoiselle de Miremont was beautiful and eighteen, while Ernest Durant was of an ardent temperament; and, this being premised, it will not appear a marvellous circumstance that, ere the miniature of the lady was completed, the painter had lost his heart, and abandoned himself to those dreams of indefinable happiness, yet exquisite pain, which accompany a first and unconfessed passion.

The drawing was finished, and Durant, of course, was to be dismissed from the hotel of the Marquis; the close of his rapturous vision was at hand—he should never more be near the object of his worship, never again be allowed to address her. The gulf set between a *roturier* and a nobleman of the old *régime* of France was too great even for Hope, winged by Love, to leap; the hour had not yet arrived when that chasm was to be bridged over by *sans-culottism* and revolutionary daring. Durant, then, could only regard his mistress as some divinity of a higher sphere, whom he might worship, dream of, but never hope to call his own.

The Marquis, in his demeanor, was a mild man; and good-nature and pride, though apparently antagonist qualities, were, perhaps, his chief characteristics.

"Monsieur Durant, I thank you for the clever portrait you have taken of my daughter; here are twenty louis for you, and I beg to assure you that you may depend upon my patronage."

And thus was the artist dismissed from the house of the great man. With lingering steps, and often turning to look at the princely mansion which Lucine de Miremont hallowed and brightened by her presence, he wandered down the street, and in a short time found himself in his obscure lodgings in the faubourgs. Everything convinced him of the madness which possessed his soul, and yet he could not conquer it. All renown, all success in his art, all that others esteem in life, seemed as worthless without her love. He flung himself into his chair, and, in the excitement of the moment, rocked himself to and fro. He felt that time, which soothes some hearts, would not bring the balm of forgetfulness to him; and, with useless vehemence, he upbraided Fate, which had thrust him out from what he conceived to be the elysium of "rank and place."

A year elapsed—and another, and, still the victim of his first and fruitless passion, the young artist never passed a day without visiting the

Chaussée d'Antin, and standing at the corner of the street, gazing wistfully at the lofty hotel of the Marquis de Miremont. For hours he would watch on the mere speculation of Lucine's appearing at a window, or coming forth to take an airing in her father's carriage; and when, by chance, he *did*, under such circumstances, obtain a glimpse of her, the gratification, the thrill of delight which he experienced, amply recompensed him for his patient toil. At the theatre, also, whenever he learned that the Marquis and his family were likely to attend, he would ensconce himself in the pit, and there, heeding neither *danseuse* nor *cantatrice*, the young enthusiast would raise his eyes to but one point, the gilded box where Lucine shone like a bright star eclipsing all others in a hemisphere of light and beauty.

But did no fear ever awake in his mind that the time would come when another, her equal in rank, might woo and possess her? Yes; and this apprehension gave birth to pangs not to be described. We will instance one occasion when he labored under these morbid feelings. She was at the Opera in company with a certain duke, who was very assiduous in his attentions. Oh! with what heart-burnings did he watch her every look and gesture! her blush, her embarrassment, seemed to assure his excited fancy that the young nobleman was her accepted lover; his eyes grew dim, his head swam round, and the theatre, and even Lucine, were beheld no more. When he woke from his stupor, he found himself in the street between two *gens-d'armes*, who were roughly shaking him, and liberally drenching him with water. Shame was the first feeling which he experienced; but on the following day, in a fit of desperation, he addressed a letter—it was his first—to the innocent cause of all his misery. He poured out his soul in the most passionate terms of love, yet tempered his expressions with humility and by a confession of his utter unworthiness. Though her image was burnt into his heart with characters of fire, though his visions of happiness—the aim of his existence—all centred in her, he could not, in his wildest dreams, hope she could ever stoop from her sphere to regard a penniless artist; but the day that saw her make another man happy would be the last of his devotion and suffering.

And this letter, full of the enthusiasm of an over-heated imagination and the outpourings of a desponding heart, *did* absolutely reach the hand of Lucine. To say that she had forgotten him who two years previously had painted her likeness, would have been incorrect; she had also noticed the persevering manner in which he had followed her, and introduced himself into those places she was accustomed to frequent. He was a rising artist, and had gained some celebrity; yet, however flattered she might be by having inspired a man of genius with a passion that seemed to border on idolatry, the notion of a daughter of one of the proudest nobles of France giving encouragement to a *roturier*, a man even without houses or lands, seemed to her less preposterous than that it was utterly impossible.

And yet Lucine felt no indignation, as many ladies, similarly situated, might have done. Her heart was too good, her notions of the distribution made by Fortune of wealth and honor, independently of merit, too correct to admit of her scorning and cruelly trampling on the heart of the indigent painter. Accordingly, she did not return the letter to the writer, but, strange to say, she read it over thrice, whispering to herself, "He is much mistaken; I hate the duke;" and then, as she deposited it in a secret drawer of her desk, she spoke audibly, "He must never—never write to me again; I tremble when I think of my father and my proud family. He has committed that which might cost him his life, poor Durant!"

The day had arrived; the storm which had been gathering on the political horizon of France, sending forth at intervals solitary flashes, the electrical spirit-fire of an excited nation, burst at last. The *Tiers-État* had triumphed over nobility and clergy; Mirabeau, Brissot, and Danton thundered in the National Assembly; and the Jacobin Club raised a fiercer cry for the downfall of kings. The Bastille had been captured; Paris had sent out her thousands of pike-bearing *sans-culottes* and *dames de la halle* to storm magnificent Versailles, and bring from thence the poor trembling monarch and queen, crowning their heads with the *bonnet rouge*, and dancing before insulted royalty their "Carmagnole," and

screaming their "Marseillaise." Titles had been abolished, and it was "Citoyen Louis Capet," and "Citoyenne Marie Antoinette." In short, the Revolution was progressing in every point as satisfactorily and rapidly as the most hot-headed Jacobin or purseless *sans-culotte* could desire; while the original movers, Lafayette, astronomer Bailly, and other moderate men, could now no more stop the onward course of the dreadful machine, if they so wished, than they could have turned back the earth in her orbit.

And what path was pursued by the proud father of Lucine? Many of his brother peers consulted their safety by flight, and became fugitives and outcasts from their native land; but the Marquis de Miremont scorned to fly: he compared his country to a ship in a storm, and which, if steered aright, might yet reach a haven of safety: he was attached to his king, and would aid him in his terrible struggle, or share whatever might be his doom. With respect to his daughter, who took no part in the questions which agitated the minds of men, he could not imagine that Frenchmen would insult or injure her. He was mistaken; she was guilty of the crime of being an heiress, and of having aristocratic blood in her veins; and such constituted offences, in the eyes of true patriots, to be atoned for only by death.

As Durant was one day taking his accustomed walk through the street where Lucine resided, he was surprised at seeing a large concourse of people before the hotel of the Marquis. The *poissardes*, or fishwomen, were shouting, "Vive la Nation!" and their husbands, with tri-colored ribands in their hats, and pikes in their hands, were vociferating, "Down with the aristocrat! Bring out the hoary-headed traitor who dares to tell us we've a king! To the Abbaye with him, or we'll *lanterne* him, pike him here! Death to all aristocrats!" In another minute a passage was effected through the mob by some police and soldiers of the National Guard, and issuing from the door of the hotel, the old Marquis was seen bareheaded, and followed by his daughter. They were conducted along by functionaries, whose profession could not be mistaken, towards a sombre-looking carriage; and as soon as the father and daughter were rudely thrust into it, an officer took his seat on each side of them, and the coach, which had of late done an immense deal of service in a similar way, started off in the direction of the prison of La Force.

The consternation of Durant may be conceived; but any visible display of the rage and anguish which possessed his spirit, he well knew, instead of aiding the cause of the Marquis, would only subject himself to a like fate, thereby depriving him of all means of rendering assistance to the noble prisoners. And what was De Miremont's crime?—attachment to the king, and certain words which he had been heard to utter in favor of a monarchical government, formed the pretext for his present arrest.

Durant did not sleep that night: he saw the question in all its dangerous bearings. Danton, minister of justice, and the members of the municipality of Paris were men without hearts; and the atrocities lately committed led him to believe that no hope existed for the Marquis or his daughter.

We must turn our attention to the prison of La Force, which, with the Abbaye and the Châtelet, was the principal place of duration for those arrested as persons *suspect*, and guilty of belonging to good families, and of regarding with feelings of compassion the humiliated condition of Louis and the Queen. The terrible "Second of September," when the blood of the aristocrats was to be poured out like water on the altar of national liberty, was fast approaching. Many high and many worthy men, together with several ladies of distinction, were already within the walls of La Force, even before the atrocious domiciliary visits had commenced. But we must neither visit the cell of Sombreuil, the venerable governor of the Invalides, nor that of the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe; our story attaches us to the fate of Lucine and her father.

For a short time they had access to each other through the medium of adjoining rooms, but such an indulgence was not to last long. From the moment of their arrest Lucine had evinced more fortitude and self-possession than the aged Marquis, but this was the result less of personal courage than of a desire to cheer and support her parent.

They were seated together, on the second day of their imprisonment, in the stone room appropriated to them; a straggling sun-ray glimmered through the grating, the rich shawl usually worn by Lucine was hung upon the bench, and her long hair fell in disordered masses on her white and beautiful shoulders. She held her father's hand, and looked cheerfully into his face. Oh! at such an hour, when man's sterner spirit is bowed to the dust, there is nothing like the smile and voice of a woman to comfort and breathe hope into his soul.

"Our fate is sealed, my child; nothing can save us. I know the rancor of those men who have overturned the institutions of their country—they thirst for our blood; and we have now no friend, for all those whom we esteemed are either prisoners like ourselves, or slaughtered, or banished."

"We have one friend, father, although I grant he is a powerless and a humble one."

"Who may that be, Lucine?"

"He followed the carriage which brought us hither. I saw him remonstrate with the leader of the guard; and when we entered the gates of the prison—"

"Well, I repeat, what may his name be?"

"Perhaps you have forgotten him, father; and I have nearly—but I know he has not forgotten us, and that he will risk something in my—I mean in your behalf."

"You still speak in enigmas."

"His name is Durant—the artist Durant—whom, you may remember, Monsieur David recommended to you as a clever painter of miniatures?"

"Durant? I think I recollect such a person. And place you confidence in a poor friendless boy like him? Lucine, I thought you till now a girl of sense. But, ha! I begin to suspect some secret love correspondence. What! have you been giving encouragement—"

"Father, I pray you speak not so. I have not exchanged a word with Monsieur Durant since he drew my portrait, nor have I ever corresponded with him."

The unbolting of the door of the room interrupted further conversation, and two gaolers entered; the elder was a savage-looking fellow, his frock, which bore stains of blood, was bound around him by a leathern girdle, at which hung a large bunch of keys; the younger man, who served in the capacity of assistant, was of a prepossessing appearance, though the *bonnet rouge* and knot of tri-colored ribbon bespoke him a true Republican. Lucine, as she looked at the last-named person uttered a faint shriek, but she instantly recovered her self-command, and calmly awaited their orders.

"So, young woman, you are afraid of us, I see, good and honest patriots as we are—ha! ha! Citizen Miremont, we are come to remove you to more cheerful company; you're to be honored with lodgings in the front ward, where some twenty *cures*, counts, and other lumber, are stowed away. You'll be tried and released, perhaps, from all your troubles to-morrow—ha! ha!"

"Must we then be separated?" asked Lucine, imploringly.

"To be sure you must; 'tis as well to be parted now as by and by, isn't it? But we've too much business to waste time in talking."

The man passed a cord around the Marquis's hands to prevent the possibility of his giving them the slip, and while he did this the younger gaoler gazed at Lucine with an air of respect, but a countenance full of anguish.

"Now, young sprig of patriotism!" resumed the first gaoler, "you must assist me in taking Citizen Miremont to the front ward; the young woman will stay here till we return. March."

Lucine, in a paroxysm of agony, sprang towards her father, her fortitude was gone; she clung to him—she shrieked his name—she prayed the gaoler in the most piteous accents that he would not separate them; but the man, with savage laughter, drew her away, and, thrusting her back into the room, locked the door.

The Marquis was conducted down the gallery, and presently found himself among a crowd of men, whose worn countenances, but eager eyes, bespoke mental anxiety of the most racking kind; these were the persons doomed, as they thought, to be tried before the Revolutionary Tribunal, but who, with the exception of two or three, fell, without a hearing, beneath the pikes of the *égorgés* of the terrible "Second of September."

Lucine was removed to a cell in the back part

of the prison; for some unexplained reason she had no companion; but a lamp was allowed her, otherwise the night would have been insupportable. Her father's fate, more than her own, occupied her thoughts; and the idea that she should never behold him again alive excited her almost to frenzy. The prisoners in La Force were daily increasing, for the domiciliary visits had commenced, and the hour of fate was approaching. She had not seen the young gaoler since her removal to her present cell; he, too, she thought, had forsaken her.

It was night, when Lucine was startled by a faint knock, and presently a paper was thrust underneath the door; she seized it, and, as she heard retreating footsteps, read as follows:

"My pen cannot write, my tongue cannot tell, the anguish I feel in not having been able ere this to assist you: but I am placed on the opposite side of the prison; I cannot obtain the key of your room, and were I to break open the door no escape could be effected from these galleries, for sentinels watch at every point. I have seen the Marquis to-day; he bears his fate heroically; but I am now driven to desperation, for I have just learned fearful intelligence; you must be freed from your cell to-morrow night, or—lady, I need not say that your life is dearer to me than my own, and I am prepared to risk all to save you and your honored father. I can, however, do no more *within* the walls of La Force; my disguise must enable me to act *without*."

"Poor Durant!" sighed Lucine, weeping over the hurriedly written note; and for me he has gained access to this hideous place, having solicited the post of gaoler—for me, who have met his love with coldness, he has ventured into the jaws of death—but I must destroy this; and she instantly burnt the paper in her lamp.

Sunday had dawned, and this was the day chosen for the memorable massacre of the Royalists in the Parisian prisons. Whether Collot d'Herbois, Manuel, or Danton, were chiefly to blame in exciting the people to this act, which has scarcely a parallel in the annals of civilized nations, needs not here be discussed; nor shall we dwell on a scene which has already by many pens been described with a revolting minuteness of detail. Suffice it to say, that the general massacre of the prisoners in the Abbaye, La Force, and the Church of the Carmelites had begun; but the *égorgés* were nowhere more busy than in front of La Force; and as fast as the doomed men were passed from the table of the mock judge through the fatal wicket, they were despatched by the *sans-culotte* patriots. Night sank down upon the prison, as if with its black wings to hide the piteous and cruel scene. About one half of the inmates still remained to be slaughtered, and the unfortunate Marquis de Miremont and his daughter were among the number of the living. Who may conceive the feelings of the survivors, expecting every moment to be dragged away to their doom; and yet some remained in entire ignorance of the scenes which were enacting until their turn came to be summoned into the hall and thrust through the wicket.

It was nearly midnight when Lucine, in her remote cell, was listening to the unusual sounds and hurried movements which seemed to fill the prison. Shrieks at times, also, broke upon her ear; and then she comprehended that something dreadful was going forward. She trembled for her father; her blood, also, ran cold at the thought of the fate which might await herself; but at this moment a low tap was heard at the bars of her window, and words were whispered, "Lady, put out your light!" Mechanically she extinguished her lamp. An old tree, which has since been destroyed, stood near that part of the building, and around its upper branches a man had succeeded in passing a rope, and attaching it to the bars of the grating. The profound darkness of the night, and the eagerness with which the work of slaughter was pursued in front of the prison, favored the daring design; under any other circumstances, the attempt would have been frustrated by instant discovery. As the man steadied himself on the rope, he commenced filing away the iron bars; and the sound thus created was welcome, indeed, to the ears of the poor trembling inmate, but such as she feared every moment would be overheard by the gaolers. The darkness, it is true, prevented her recognizing the features of the man; yet she well knew there was only one who would thus interest himself on her behalf. But the file had now done its work, and the next moment Ernest Durant sprang into the room.

"Fear not, lady, all depends on quickness and self-possession now."

"But my father?"

"I cannot inform you of what is going forward, the tale of horrors would paralyze you; for the sake of Heaven yield to my directions; obey me but for a few minutes."

"I will, I will!" and the girl was passive in his hands. Swiftly Durant passed a cord with which he was provided around her waist, and without hesitation, the fearful necessity authorizing the hazard, he allowed her to drop from the lofty grating into the prison yard; then, securing the cord to a bar which had not been severed by his file, he slid down himself. Not yet was the task achieved—there was a high wall to scale, bristling on the summit with spikes; but Durant's plan had been well arranged; another rope, with an iron hook, had been concealed beneath the wall, and, flinging this over, he succeeded in fixing it on the spikes; in an instant he clambered to the summit, and then, drawing the girl after him, he lowered her on the opposite side of the wall, and thus they stood without the fearful prison of La Force.

The gratitude to Heaven, and to her lover, which swelled Lucine's heart, prevented her from speaking, she could only sob and clasp her hands; but Durant, aware of the danger of lingering a moment on that spot, drew her swiftly away. He took the precaution of fixing the Republican tri-color on her dress, and, his own garb being that of a patriotic functionary, they ran no risk of being challenged in the streets.

"Mother, I give this lady to your charge," said Durant, as he and his exhausted companion entered his obscure lodgings; "you will pay her every attention. Mademoiselle, you are quite safe here; my poverty and lowly condition are a better protection now than the iron battery of a fortress."

The elderly, good-natured woman, took Lucine by the hand, "I'll treat Mademoiselle with as much kindness as if she were my own daughter."

"Thank you, dear madam!" cried the girl, sinking on the good woman's shoulder, and bursting into tears, "your son has saved my life."

"Ah! I guess, then, who you may be; you are a great lady; but, Ernest, why do you leave us?"

"I tarry not a moment, mother; I have not finished my task yet."

"True! my father—my unhappy father!" exclaimed Lucine; but, great as her agony was on account of her parent, gratitude, and a thousand circumstances, had now awakened even a stronger passion in her woman's breast than filial affection. She would save her father, yet not at the expense of the life of the man before her.

"Perhaps he has already fallen; you will yourself perish."

"My life is worth little. If I can restore the Marquis to you, my happiness will be complete. I can but fail, and die!"

"Noble man!" cried Lucine, carried away by the feelings of the moment, "and is it you whom I have affected to despise?—no, no—I never despised you." And she again hid her face, covered now with blushes, on the bosom of the old woman. Durant seized her hand, and, pressing it passionately to his lips, the next minute hurried from the room.

Beside a fountain, in one of the public squares, an old man was lying in a state of insensibility; his hair was white, (agony had made it so in a few days,) and blood was upon his forehead. It was the Marquis de Miremont, and Durant was bending over him.

To account for the present situation of the nobleman, and his escape from the murderers of La Force, we must briefly state that Durant had repaired thither, and, mingling with the *égorgés* before the prison, he found that the Marquis had not yet been sent forth. Another, and another, was hurried through the wicket, and fell beneath the usual bludgeon or pike. At length De Miremont came—Durant pressed forwards, his eagerness was mistaken for zeal in the patriotic cause, and he struck the Marquis (the only possible method of saving him) a stunning blow on the forehead. He fell, and was supposed to be dead; and Durant, amid the applause of some of the ruffians, was permitted to carry off the body, in order, as he intimated, to sell it to the surgeons.

Anxiously the young artist now bent over the

once proud peer of France. He was fearful that the blow had indeed proved fatal; he bathed with water from the fountain his temples and his neck, and the old man at length recovered his consciousness.

The Marquis rose and leant upon Durant, and they proceeded slowly along the ill-lighted street. After a short time De Miremont stopped.

"I must after all be in a dream; this moment I had resigned myself to death—but, ah! I for-

"My lord, it will avail you little to know who I am; my object has been to save you and your daughter, and, by the assistance of heaven, I hope I have succeeded."

"Saved me and Lucine? have you done this?"

The Marquis, by his eager gestures, might have attracted the attention of the few stragglers in the street, but Durant drew him forwards. In a short time they stood upon the threshold of the humble house, and mounting the stairs the Marquis at once entered the room where the artist's mother was endeavoring to soothe and tranquillize his daughter. Lucine, with a cry of rapture, rushed into his arms; and the meeting of parent and child caused the old woman to sob with delight, and Durant's bosom to bound with sensations of pleasure he had never before experienced.

"And who, Lucine," said the old nobleman, after their first violent emotions had a little subsided, "who is this person that has rescued us from destruction? for I know not as yet even his name."

"Father, I told you when in prison that we had one friend; we are both indebted for our lives to Monsieur—Monsieur Durant."

The Marquis seized the hand of the painter, the faithful, but humble lover of his daughter; and then he felt that there was more real nobility in good and generous actions than the blood of Paladin and all his peers, if virtue be absent, could bestow. But why delay the sequel? The father guessed at that which neither the daughter nor her lover had courage to avow, and there, even on that night, he joined their hands, and pronounced over them a prayer and a benediction.

In a few days the barriers of Paris were opened; Durant, after some difficulty, obtained passports for the Marquis, Lucine, himself, and mother, as artists about to make a tour for professional purposes, and accordingly they escaped from France. England, whither so many unfortunate French gentlemen repaired, became the place of their asylum. There, after some hesitation on the part of Durant, who felt unwilling to take advantage of the circumstances which had made the noble emigrants so deeply his debtors, he was united to Lucine; and when order had been restored, and safety guaranteed to the proscribed Royalists, under the sway of Napoleon, they returned to their native country; and the Marquis received back his estates, and Durant obtained high distinction in the Army of the Empire.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic.*

It is popular to attribute to the Anglo-Saxon race the merit of originating in modern times all just ideas of government, social organization, and religious liberty. From the England of the Reformation, it is claimed that all light and truth radiated. From the sturdy character and expanded views of the men who exchanged her luxuries and advanced civilization for the barren rocks, the gloomy forests, and the savage surroundings of a new world, it is claimed that the republicanism of America drew its original. The eulogists of English superiority over all other nations of the Old World, find the roots of every modern improvement in the science of human government; of the nicer adaptation of its forces, to the production of proper results; the more perfect relation and homogeneity of its parts; the establishment of a just measure of individual right, and the potential forms of all liberal institutions;—the roots of all these they are pleased to find striking early and deep into English soil, and shooting upwards into a hardy tree, against which the axe of tyranny, though often levelled, was never to prevail. We are not disposed to deny any part of the debt of gratitude which America owes to her English forefathers, or step-fathers. To the love of the one and the hatred of the other she is perhaps about equally indebted. But if it be claimed that we owe that debt exclusively to our English ancestry, and that republicanism and religious liberty are plants of purely English growth and training, we must meet the claim with emphatic disallowance. We must meet it by pointing to the United Provinces of the Netherlands, and demanding a calm investigation of the history of that noble league. We must ask the partisans of the purely English theory to read the work, the title of which appears at the head of this article, and learn how much more of our system we owe to

* The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History. By John Lothrop Motley. New York: Harper & Bro's.

"Where am I? Thank God I am still alive. Who is that near me?"

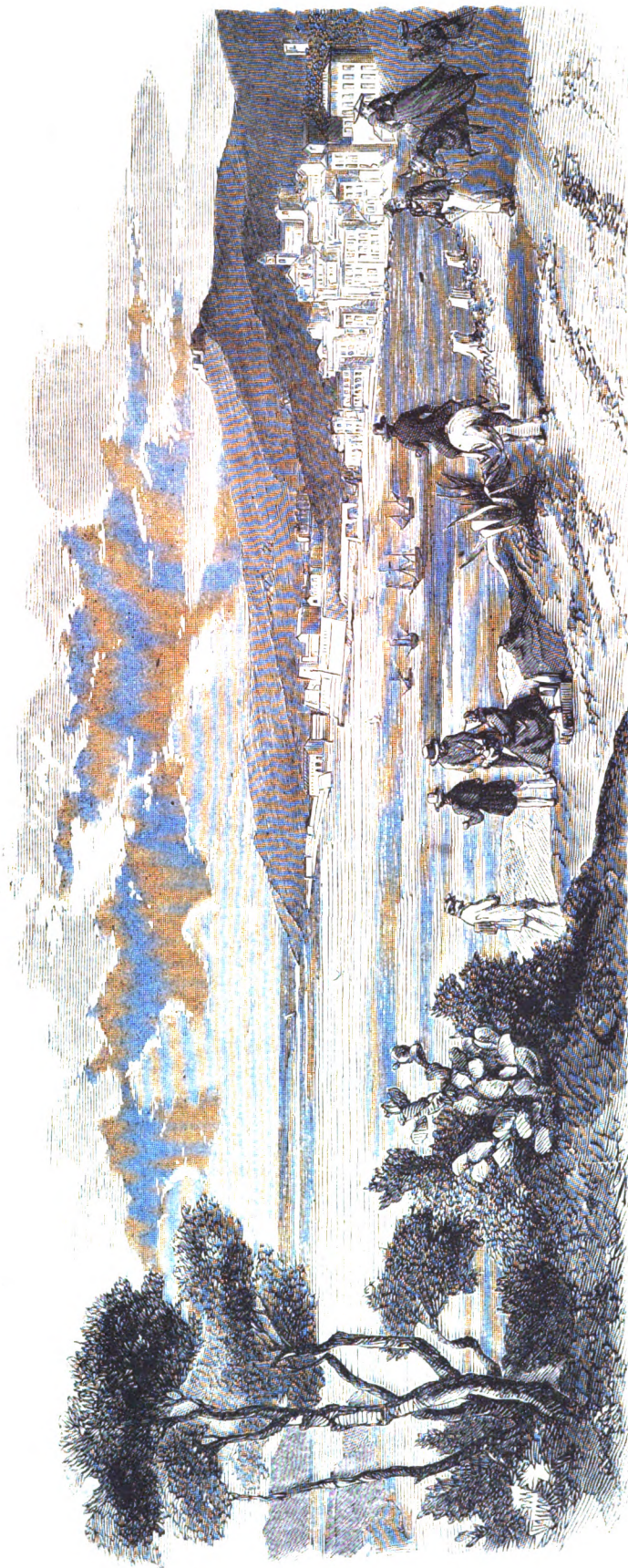
"You are better now, my lord; do you think you can walk? I dare not call a *fiacre*. I must convey you to a place of safety."

"These are kind words, though uttered by one in a murderer's garb; I will trust you."

get,—where is my daughter? What has become of my child?"

"Your daughter, my lord, is safe."

"Safe! who says so? what authority have you for saying so? Tell me, young man, who you are, that I may reward you—no, no, I have nothing now to give—that I may bless you."



VILLEFRANCHE. SEE PAGE 244.



THE MONASTERY OF CIMIER. SEE PAGE 244.

our Dutch than to our English ancestors. To us the former appear to be the real founders of the system which, after so fierce a conflict, and so many checks, defeats, and lamentable vicissitudes upon the fertile plains stretching from the German Ocean to the Ural Mountains, finally established itself upon the ruins of Spanish despotism in Europe, and ultimately created in America a Republican Empire, evidently destined to modify by its influences the character of every civilized government in the world. This appears to us to be the grand fact developed in Mr. Motley's admirable history of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, and to this fact we shall mainly confine ourselves in reviewing it.

Around the rise of that Republic most of the historical influences of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries naturally group themselves. It was an age of violent antagonisms, startling changes, and wonderful men. History has no other period upon which so much of the after fate of humanity seems necessarily to depend, subsequent to the beginning of the Christian era. Mighty facts, mighty names, mighty influences, were scattered over all the world. The page of history is here a veritable field of the cloth of gold, stiff with gorgeous embroidery. The muse of history can set her sandaled foot upon no shore, and listen in no palace-hall where the charmed echoes do not syllable names that conjure up whatever is most glorious or detestable in men's memories. England writhes under the

yoke of the Bloody Mary and the fires of Smithfield light the undying flame of Puritanism; or Good Queen Bess rides down the armed line, and sword on thigh and crown on head awaits the shock of Spain's high-boasting Armada. France rushes to battle and to tourney with the last of knightly monarchs, Francis the First; or broken and dispirited flies before Egmont and the Duke of Savoy from the fatal field of St. Quentin. Spain culminates in power and glory under Charles V., or is shorn of her richest provinces, and begins to retrograde under the bigot Philip II. Solymán the Magnificent sits on the throne of the Califs. Leo X. holds the keys of St. Peter. The names of Zitzka, and Huss, and Jerome of Prague, adorn the annals of heroic Hungary. Luther, though all the tiles upon the

roofs of the houses be devils, will go to Worms, to be a witness for the truth, against Tetzels and the Papacy; and leaving Worms, is caught away by friendly violence of the Elector of Saxony, and hid in his Wartburg Patmos. And so in the wild thronging years of those centuries the strange pageant of kings, emperors, inquisitors, reformers, and popes whirls along, filling the air with shouts and groans, blasphemies and prayers, and tempest-whirlwind of dust, and blood, and fire. But amid it all the voice of the PEOPLE is never audibly heard, proclaiming *themselves* as something, as an entity, a distinct power in human things, worthy to contend with kings and popes, and other formerly great Substantives, until Alva, and the Reign of Terror, and the Council of Blood wring the fierce proclamation of personal inviolability and political independence from the hearts and lips of Netherland craftsmen.

Thence and thereafter the cloth-workers, and fishermen, and shop-keepers of Holland, Zealand, Friesland, of great commercial cities, and little fishing villages, were the stubborn and unconquerable antagonists of the fine old theory of the divine right of kings to govern wrong. Ultimately, also, they were the exploders of that fine old idea, and the builders up of that system of free thought, and speech, and worship, wherein we now rejoice. And to his immortal glory be it recorded, that William First of Orange, first also among princes and rulers, took the initiative in the enunciation and establishment of the great truth of religious liberty.

The House of Nassau was the rival of the House of Austria. In 1292, Adolphus of Nassau was elected Emperor of Germany, and from that period the two great houses divided the political power and influence of the empire. In the sixteenth century the House of Nassau acquired by marriage the principality of Orange in Provence. They held also vast estates in the Netherlands. William First, called the Silent, the founder of the Dutch Republic, was born in 1533, at Dillenberg, in Nassau. He was brought up in the household of Charles V. of Spain, and when but a lad was so great a favorite with the emperor that he would not allow him to be sent out of the room, even when the gravest secrets of state policy were under discussion. Sent to France as one of the hostages for the peace of Cateau, Cambrensis, whilst walking with the king



COSTUMES OF VILLAGERS, NICE. SEE PAGE 244.

Henry II., one day, the latter incautiously revealed to William of Orange that he had concluded with his royal brother of Spain, the arrangement of a "Sicilian Vespers," for the Huguenot Chiefs throughout both realms, upon the first favorable occasion. The death of Henry II. deferred the execution of the plan; but, says Motley: "Prince William of Orange knew how to profit by the intelligence and to bide his time; but his hostility to the policy of the French and Spanish Courts was perhaps dated from that hour." Up to this time, and indeed for years after, his attachment to the principles of freedom sprung merely from his own rectitude of mind, and clearness of judgment. But, to use the words of Schiller, at that epoch, "Nothing great or remarkable occurred in the political world of Europe, in which the Reformation had not an important share. All the events of this period, if they did not originate in, soon became mixed up with the question of religion. Against the reformed doctrine, and its adherents, the House of Austria directed, almost exclusively, the whole of its immense political power. It was the reformation that rendered the Spanish yoke intolerable to the Flemings, while it also principally furnished them with the means of their emancipation. Religion alone could have rendered possible all that was accomplished."

The strong philosophic mind of William of Orange was quick to recognize this. He saw the power of fanaticism in Philip II. and his army; and that nothing but an antagonistic spirit of religious exaltation could be successfully opposed to it. It is his glory that he led that spirit, and yet constantly checked it when it threatened to advance beyond legitimate boundaries. Wherever he sent his lieutenants, or directed his orders, he commanded that all personal and religious rights should be respected; and even after the massacre of St. Bartholomew in France, when the Pope was celebrating "Te Deums" to God, in honor of the murder in cold blood of a hundred thousand Huguenots, and the Spanish Emperor was exulting in the consummation of that awful deed by his "Most Christian Cousin and Brother of France;" in the very face of these things, which would seem sufficient to exasperate the most Christian temper, and make retaliation inevitable; when too he had the power to retaliate fully, and all the cities of Flanders were opening their gates to him—his orders were that *no professor of the papal religion should be molested in his person or goods, or disturbed in the exercise of his religion.* What a wonderful triumph of principle over passion.

This is history, and on this we feel warranted in claiming that William of Orange was the first man to proclaim the principle of the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. And in this he was very far in advance even of the Reformation itself.

This grand moral idea needed a mind of such breadth, and a philosophy of such grasp as his to entertain it. The majority of the reformers, plain and ignorant men, yet smarting with wounds inflicted on them by a persecuting church and a wicked and debauched hierarchy, mingled with their prayers fierce notions of retaliation and revenge. They were possessed with a kind of Old Testament phrenzy, and felt called to drive out the idolaters from the land, and to put to the sword whoever wore the mark of the beast in their foreheads or their hands. Calm, just, liberal, and politic, William of Orange rose above the fanaticism of his own times, and looking from a lofty height of principle far down the ages, saw that the new power in the world, which the Reformation had introduced, must be established on the basis of free conscience and man's accountability only to God for his religious opinions. On that basis he labored successfully to build it up, and the proudest record of his heroic life is, in our opinion, written by his own hand in those orders which forbid any man to be troubled for conscience sake.

The difference between this great fundamental principle—so early understood and enforced by William of Orange, and now developed into such an immortal loveliness by the Democratic Republican Institutions of the United States of America—and the antagonist principle of kingcraft and priestcraft is better presented, perhaps, in the greatest concession ever made by the letter to the spirit of the Reformation on the continent of Europe, than in the most violent contest that marked the separation from each other of the old and new systems.

After the defeat of Muhlburg, and the treaty of Smalcald had been retrieved by the Congress of Passau and the Diet of Augsburg, the "Interim," as it was called, was allowed by the emperor. By the terms of this, "to every secular state was conceded the right of establishing the religion it acknowledged as supreme and exclusive within its own territories, and of forbidding the open profession of its rival."*

Thus it will be seen that the Spanish monarch, filled with the Spanish and papal spirit of the age, even when attempting to play the liberal, under the compulsion of circumstances, had no idea of any religion desiring freedom for itself except as a means of persecuting some other religion and its professors. Here the whole philosophy and genius of the ancient system is developed even in its clumsy attempts at liberality; whilst the nobler instincts, and holier influences of the new is seen in the character and orders of its champion, William of Orange. It may be said that he alone gave those orders, and that they were often violated. This is unhappily true. But their violation was in frequent when compared with the general obedience yielded to them; a fact which is proved by his success in uniting the Southern or Catholic Netherlands with the Northern or Protestant States, in opposition to Philip of Spain, down to the period of his assassination. Nor can it be doubted, that, had he lived to complete the work left, by his untimely death, to the youthful hands of the fiery Maurice, his calm and noble nature would have triumphed over every difficulty and cemented all the Netherlands into one glorious republic. "The efforts of the malcontent nobles, the religious discord, the consummate ability, both political and military, of Parma, (Alexander Farnese,) all combined, with the lamentable loss of William the Silent, to separate forever the Southern and Catholic provinces from the Northern Confederacy. So long as the prince remained alive he was the father of the whole country; the Netherlands—saving only the two Walloon provinces—constituting a whole. The pistol of the insignificant Gerard destroyed the possibility of a United Netherlands State, while during the life of William there was unity in the policy, unity in the history of the country."†

Such was the power of the principle of universal liberty of conscience, which he openly professed and enforced, that although but half understood by the reformers, and totally rejected by the Catholics, its practical effects secured him the undivided support of both throughout the whole Netherlands. A greater tribute to the principle or the man no human act or event could pay. It throws a lustre around his head which even his genius as a commander and a statesman, or his sufferings and constancy in the cause of his country, would fail to reflect.

It appears evident to us, too, that his heart rather than his head was his teacher. Originally espousing the cause of his country from purely patriotic motives, he was finally brought to consider more deeply that system of theology for which the Reformers gladly suffered stripes, imprisonment, and even death itself, and the result, it appears clear, was his conversion, by the Grace of God, to the grand doctrine of justification by faith. In early life he was a Catholic, "as Egmont and Horn, Berlaymont and Mansfield, Montegny and even Brederode, were Catholic." Catholic because he was born a prince, and an officer of the court of Charles V., and "it was only tanners, dyers, and apostate priests who were Protestants at that day in the Netherlands." He gave no real thought to religion. It was a matter of form and fashion. But the seed had been planted in his mind by pious parents, and it ultimately brought forth fruit to the glory of God. But even at this time his goodness of heart exhibited itself in his manner. "Never," says a most bitter Catholic historian,‡ "did an arrogant or indiscreet word fall from his lips. He, upon no occasion, manifested anger to his servants, however much they might be in fault, but contented himself with admonishing them graciously, without menace or insult. He had a gentle and agreeable tongue, with which he could turn all the gentlemen at court any way he liked. He was beloved and honored by the whole community. His manner was graceful, familiar, caressing, and yet dignified. He had the good breeding which comes from the heart, refined into an inexpressible charm from his constant intercourse, almost from

his cradle, with mankind of all ranks." Such was his character at a time when he had no real idea of true religion, and was merely a gay courtier, the richest prince of his time, and favorite of the Emperor. He was neither "silent" nor "taciturn;" yet these are the epithets which will be forever associated with the name of a man who, in private, was the most affable, cheerful, and delightful of companions, and who, on a thousand great public occasions was to prove himself, both by pen and by speech, the most eloquent man of his age. Separated from the court of Spain, however, by after events, and connecting himself daily more and more intimately with the popular cause, he was led to consider the principle which made soldiers and heroes of artisans and men of no condition or estate. In one of the pauses of the storm of persecution which swept again and again over his unhappy country, he retired to one of his estates, and fell to studying the Bible. The result was his hearty and uncompromising adoption of the Calvinistic doctrines, and thenceforth he fought on the side of the Reformation, not only with the courage of chivalry, but with the ardor of a lofty faith. His whole after life proves him to have been a converted man, and a sincere Christian. How much better he understood the precepts of that holy book, which had been the means of his conviction, than most of the reformed preachers themselves, appears from his manly assertion and defense of liberty of conscience for all men. And it is upon his orders to his army to carry out this principle that we base his claim to being the first *thorough* reformer even in the Reformation. The English refugees in America, none of them—save only Roger Williams, and the little band he collected around him in Rhode Island—understood or practised it. Fugitives for conscience sake, they persecuted in their turn. Their sole idea of religious liberty was liberty to think as they did. Hence we say that it is not to our English reforming ancestors, but to our Dutch, under William the Silent of Nassau, and to him above them all, that we owe the true idea of religious liberty, the idea upon which this government has so firmly and happily rested for near a century. We lay a particular stress upon this idea, because the old leaven of persecution is not yet even exhausted. It seems doubtful, indeed, whether it ever will be this side the millennium.

"The Dutch Republic originated in the opposition of the rational elements of human nature to sacerdotal dogmatism and persecution, in the courageous resistance of historical and chartered liberty to foreign despotism. Neither that liberty nor ours was born of the cloud-embraces of a false divinity, with a humanity of impossible beauty; nor was the infant career of either arrested in blood and tears by the madness of its worshippers." It behooves us to read this record. It behooves us at the present time especially to ponder the lesson taught fanaticism, could fanaticism ever learn anything from its own bloody example, by the history of Netherland persecution; and nowhere can the lesson be more plainly read than in the pages of Motley. We have devoted much time in this sketch to the chief actor in that drama, William of Orange. So also has the historian. But it is because, in his own language, "the history of the rise of the Netherland Republic has been at the same time the biography of William the Silent. His life gave existence to an independent country; his death defined its limits."

There is a singular charm about Motley's style. It has nothing of the stilted manner of Hume, nor the ponderous tripods of Gibbon. Nor is it overlaid with the meretricious fretwork of Macaulay. It varies gracefully with its subjects, and adds the liveliness of the romance-form to the steadiness and weight of history. Its glowing descriptions of the "battles, sieges, dangers," which those brave Republicans passed through in their terrible exodus from the Spanish house of bondage, and its immense scope and happy condensation of vast material into a reasonable compass, stamp it as a work of lasting fame.

Mr. Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" is a noble contribution to historic literature.—*Democratic Review.*

Fools open their ears to flattery, and shut their eyes to truth.

PEACE is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

* Schiller. † Motley. ‡ Pontus Payen. MSS

Caroline Lincoln.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

"It will never do, Lina! I tell you, daughter, it never will do! I won't have you running after that Johnny Spindleshanks any more. Do you hear me, girl?"

These words were spoken by a white-haired farmer to the pet and darling of his old age, as she stood before him with a broom in her plump hands, and a red handkerchief tied like a turban about her curly head.

The old gentleman had done his best to look and speak with great severity, but, somehow, Miss Lina did not appear much alarmed.

"Dear father, you know you always hate a dust; won't you please walk out, while I sweep?" said she, with a roguish smile at her sire.

Her father would not return her smile. "Did you hear what I said, daughter Lina?" repeated he, gravely.

"Why, father, when have I ever ran after John Hunter, or any other man?"

"Well, well, he runs after you, if you don't run after him, and it's all one. But I'm determined to put a stop to it—a full stop—a period—do you understand, daughter?"

"Yes, father; but, father, what *does* make you so cross to day? Who has been trying to make you an enemy to poor John?"

"Enemy! girl, I aint his enemy—I'm no man's enemy; it aint Christian to be an enemy, and I thought you knew I professed to be a Christian. You used to be a dutiful and respectful little girl, daughter; but there it is, just as the Rev. —just as the bible says, 'evil communications corrupt good manners.' I tell you, I won't have that chap skylarking about here any more."

"You used to like John very much, father, but now you talk as if you hated him. Some one has been trying to prejudice you against him. Will you tell me who it is?"

"Tut, tut, miss, can't a body speak the truth about the young rascal without being called prejudiced? It's a pity if you've got so far into the quagmire of love, that you can't bear to hear that said."

"Nothing *can* be true, which is said against John Hunter, father. He is the very best, noblest, and handsomest young man in all Fairfield."

"Pshaw, daughter, he has a pair of big eyes, a set of white teeth and a pair of very long legs, I'll allow—but his hair is red, and he is a reckless, extravagant dog, as ever ran toes and heels through good boot-leather, and he shall never have—my—daughter—never!"

"I wonder where my kind-hearted old father is this morning! He never rated my dear John so. I wish I knew who has been trying to do John this harm. I'd make the sinner suffer."

"You better be careful how you speak, miss," said the round, jolly-faced farmer, trying to look still more sternly on his saucy, dimpled-cheeked girl. "You better be careful *how* you speak when you don't know *who* you are speaking of."

"I do know of whom I speak, father. 'Tis parson Maddock who has been meddling with what is none of his business, and I'd thank him to let me and my affairs alone."

"You needn't try to lay it all to parson Maddock, Lina. I have particular reasons for wishing your intimacy with John Hunter to come to an end. I hope you will obey me, daughter."

"I have *my* particular reasons for wishing our intimacy to continue," thought Lina, as she swept away, rather nervously; but as her father turned to go out, after he had expressed his final wish, she said no more.

As the dust flew before her broom, Lina's mischievous brain was swarming with plans for punishing her dignified pastor for the trouble he had caused, and for teaching him to attend less to her love matters.

The Rev. Mr. Maddock had, for several months, been casting longing glances upon the active, lively, and pretty Lina, and he was greatly disturbed at the discovery of her partiality for John Hunter, the handsome and engaging young farmer. After enduring a great deal of mental disquietude and anxiety, the reverend gentleman had concluded to represent to Mr. Green (one of his most devout admirers) the disadvantages of allowing one so young, gay, and warm-hearted as Lina, to contract so close an intimacy with a thoughtless and worldly-minded young man, placing in strong contrast

the mental and moral benefit she would be sure to derive from the society of one like himself.

The success of Mr. Maddock's plan was perfect so far as Mr. Green was concerned, and much annoyance was occasioned the lovers in consequence.

As Lina knew the Rev. Mr. Maddock was in love with her, she shrewdly suspected the whole truth, and was greatly vexed.

She knew very well that her father had nothing against John, and she knew also that if Mr. Maddock could be induced to give up all desire to obtain her hand, her lover's trouble would at once be ended.

"I'll fix that man so he'll hate the very sight of me," resolved wicked Lina.

John's visits at the house of Mr. Green had altogether ceased, and the unsuspecting father was perfectly satisfied that his good little girl was sacrificing herself to his wishes. Short-sighted mortal! What *would* he have thought had he seen his pussy sly-boots creep nightly from her bedroom window, and run, like a young roe, down to the orchard, where she never failed to find her tall lover awaiting her.

Sweet are the dreams and fancies of young hearts, and a sweet and pleasant thing it is to love and be loved. Many a happy hour did John and Lina spend out there, beneath the stars. Many a fair and tall air castle did they build for the future years; bright were the pictures their young hearts painted of their united lives. They almost forgot that tears and sorrow are mingled in the cup of life for all the children of earth. But it is a blessed thing that there are hours when that portion of bitterness can be utterly forgotten. Bright, beloved hours! they are the gift of God.

No remorse or self-reproach mingled with Lina's stolen pleasures, for she knew her father would be just as well satisfied with the son-in-law she intended for him, as she was with the husband she was determined to have.

"He sees through that simple minister's eyes just now," said she, "but he won't do so long. When I get Mr. Maddock out of the way, he'll use his own again, and all will be right at once."

Lina had been wont to regard ministers as a sort of semi-human class of beings, part saint, a good deal angel, and very nearly free from the weaknesses common to other men.

For these dignitaries of the church universal to descend to the foolishness of love, that is, the kind of love into which persons are said to "fall," seemed to her the very climax of absurdity, and the idea that the Rev. Mr. Maddock was really suffering himself to be led captive at the will of the "blind boy," capped the climax of all that was absurd, in Lina's eyes, and destroyed in her mind every vestige of the respectful awe with which she had once regarded him, in common with all his brothers of the ministry.

The discovery of the excited state of the reverend gentleman's mind gave poor Lina's supertine notions of clerical sanctity a shock which she could neither forget nor forgive.

"You'll be sure to come to meeting at our house to-morrow eve, John," said Lina to her lover as they parted near her window one Wednesday night, after a three hours confidential conversation.

Farmers usually retire early. It was a custom in the household of farmer Green for each member of the family to be safe in bed as soon as ten minutes after nine, every night.

Miss Lina had of late varied from her accustomed ways. Ten minutes after nine now found her curly head anywhere but on her pillow.

Ah, these girls, how they do need watching—and watching don't do them much good, either.

Well, Lina didn't choose to have John watch her manner of entering her room, so she always said, "good night!" and sent him off before she scrambled in.

"Yes—I'll be sure to come," answered John to Lina's question, on the Saturday night aforesaid, and he was gone.

In ten minutes more Lina was asleep. Wednesday evening found quite a congregation assembled in farmer Green's large, old-fashioned kitchen. Lina sat close by the shadows on the wall, and she was as silent and demure as they. By her side sat her little nephew, the son of her eldest and most sedate brother—but there was more of the nature of Lina, than of his father, in the lad. He seemed the very incarnation of the spirit of mischief. His worthy parents made it a practice to whip him three times a day, when he was at home, but when he was at

"grandpa's" he didn't get whipped at all, and Lina wouldn't allow it. So he always enjoyed staying at his grandfather's.

On the present occasion his pleasure was great beyond all expression. His large blue eyes literally rolled in unuttered mirth, and he could hardly sit still on his seat.

"What a roguish looking boy that is," whispered one matron to another. "He looks as if about to burst out into a loud laugh all the time; and isn't he the express image of Lina?"

"Yes, more like her than any member of the family," was the answer.

Just then the Rev. Mr. Maddock walked to his post.

A table with a chair behind it was placed for his accommodation in the most convenient part of the room. Lina had made it her care to provide books, lights, &c., for the table. Her own small hands placed it where it stood, and the best chair in the house stood some distance behind it. Her hands were now folded demurely in her lap, and from the corners of her down-cast eyes shot glances which he well understood, towards the handsome young man seated at a short distance from her.

The subject of this evening's lecture was "Temperance," and the speaker exerted himself to do it justice. The hearers were attentive; the cause was one of general interest, the more so, as it had been maliciously whispered by some evil-minded person that the Rev. Mr. Maddock had been seen coming out of a certain closet in his house (which none but himself ever entered) with a peculiar flush upon his cheeks, and a peculiar odor about him, which in other cases were the effects of using strong drink.

But, of course, somebody must have made up that tale, for who could believe that a man who would indulge himself so, could plead so eloquently and urgently against the use of alcohol? Hear him denounce it:

"It is the bane of society! one of the most deadly curses of our country! How many are its annual victims! How deceitful are its wiles! It is ever tempting the moderate drinker with the assurance that he is no slave to his appetite, that he can at any time cease from its use. But let him beware; the only safe rule is, 'touch not, taste not, handle not, what all are to perish with the using.' The little silken cord will insensibly grow larger and stronger, until, before he knows it, it will become a chain of adamant, by which the foe of all mankind will drag him down—down—down—"

A crash, a shout, a wild casting up of long arms, and amid a cloud of smoke the eloquent orator vanished.

What could it mean? Had the arch-enemy indeed seized upon the Rev. Mr. Maddock, or was the house on fire, or had he fallen through the burning floor?

Several women fainted. "Fire, fire!" screamed several others. The greater number of hearers rushed towards the opening through which Mr. Maddock had disappeared.

"It is only ashes," gasped that unfortunate individual, struggling to emerge from a hog-head, half filled with the choking dust.

Poor man! he looked very much like a beetle in an oatmeal barrel.

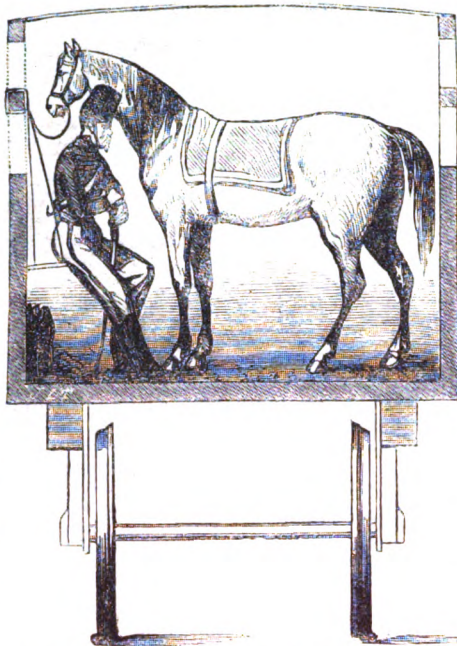
Bub Roberts, as Lina's hopeful nephew was called, stood close by the edge of the trap-door through which the orator had fallen, and as soon as he could get his breath for laughing he screamed out,

"'Tis a judgment on him, because he tried to get aunt Lina away from John Hunter; and if he tries it again, something worse will come next time."

The urchin then made his escape from the room in double quick time. John and Lina were already gone.

When the whole matter was explained, it appeared that Miss Lina, having instructed Bub what to say when the catastrophe came off, coaxed a hired man to move the hog-head of ashes under the trap-door of the kitchen, and, after placing the table close to it, she withdrew the bolts which secured it, and in that state left it, having a pleasant confidence that Mr. Maddock, during one part of his oration, would be sure to step on to the treacherous planks. She did not know how appropriate were to be the words with which he would go down to his punishment.

Poor Lina was not pitied or spared that night; even her indulgent and doating father was, for once, really and heartily angry with her. As for Master Bub, he crept into the haymow, and



INTERIOR VIEW OF A CAR FOR FOUR MEN AND SEVEN HORSES.

staid all night, for he feared that even the potent influence of his aunty could not save his back just then.

The next day Lina's sky cleared, for the Rev. Mr. Maddock was found lying undeniably intoxicated on his chamber floor, and the door of the mysterious closet being wide open, revealed dozens of well-filled wine and brandy bottles, to say nothing of numberless empty ones.

The news flew all over town, as *such news always flies*. Poor Mr. Maddock! his glory had departed, and he soon followed it out of town.

The conduct of Lina was now unanimously pronounced "good enough for him." And when the particulars of his advice to her father became known, those who were the first and most severe in blaming her on Thursday eve, were the loudest and heartiest in laughing out her praise.

Her father never opened his lips against the visits of John Hunter after Friday noon, and the very first couple the new minister united and blessed was Lina and Mr. John Hunter.

Transport of French Troops by Railroad.

THE Eastern War has shown beyond all question the facility with which large bodies of troops may be moved from place to place in the shortest possible space of time, and this indeed has been one of the chief elements of the success of the allies. This important result is due as well to the watchful care and surveillance of the French War Department, as to the perfect accord subsisting between the various railroad companies, especially those of the North, Lyons, and Mediterranean companies.

In Russia, in 1853, the transportation of 18,000 men and 5,000 horses was effected in twelve days on the road from Moscow to St. Petersburg, and in Austria 7,000 men reached Prague in three days from Vienna.

In France, in 1854, so simple had this mode of travel become that it was possible to transport, within a single day, 4,000 men from Paris to Lyons. It is now a matter of small moment to transfer whole regiments of cavalry and infantry, with artillery and commissariat wagons, from Paris to Marseilles. During the war, munitions of all kinds, provisions for the troops, bombs, howitzers, cannon, powder, cartridges, and all the necessary appliances, accumulated at the seaports in a very short time, ready to be shipped for Gallipoli, Constantinople, Varna, and the Crimea.

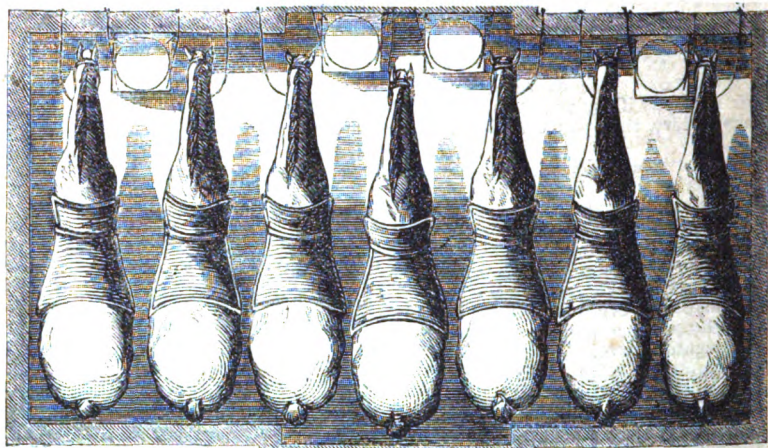
Much of the rapidity with which all this is accomplished, must be attributed to the very practical character of the War Department, which gives its attention even to minor details, stimulating the zeal of petty officers, commanders and generals alike; each of whom is required to furnish a circumstantial and detailed report respecting the particular work committed to his supervision. Thus, analyses of the work of the whole are always at hand, from which are easily ascertained the most practical dispositions to be adopted in order to accomplish the desired result. An intelligent direction, combined with the severest order and regularity, needs but little physical aid, successfully to go through with the embarkation of troops on railroads, while at the same time dispatch and security are insured in a large measure. The following facts will show what has been done in this way. One of the first regiments of the line, numbering 1,000 men, took but forty minutes in getting themselves on board with their baggage wagons. Another regiment of the same force accomplished it in *twenty minutes*. Twelve

attention is also given to the remedying those defects of system which are being constantly experienced during a protracted war. Explanatory figures, engraved by the Imperial engraver after designs by M. le Capitaine Coynart and M. le Capitaine Caron, help materially to a proper understanding of these regulations. Some of these engravings we place before our readers, representing the position of the soldiers in the wagons, with their arms and knapsacks, the cavalry with their horses, the arrangement of saddles and forage, and the artillery and forges on trucks.

The regulations enter very minutely into all the details necessary for the travel of troops by railroad, as will be seen by the following extract we give from them. The soldier himself must be perfectly submissive, never losing sight of those habits of military order and discipline to which he is accustomed. The following is the extract:

"As each file arrives at the depot, it is drawn up in line in front of the car, under the direction of a sub-lieutenant and corporal. The knapsacks are then removed by word of command, and the first two men enter the car, ranging their knapsacks under the bench, commencing at the end opposite the door; the second man then places the knapsack of the third next to his own, the third that of the fourth, and so on, each man seating himself on the vacant seat immediately above his knapsack, and having his musket between his knees, the butt resting on the ground, drawn up closely so as not to obstruct the entrance to the car. Knapsacks containing the usual culinary apparatus are arranged one upon another at one end of the bench."

The number of soldiers contained in each



POSITION OF CAVALRY IN THE CARS.

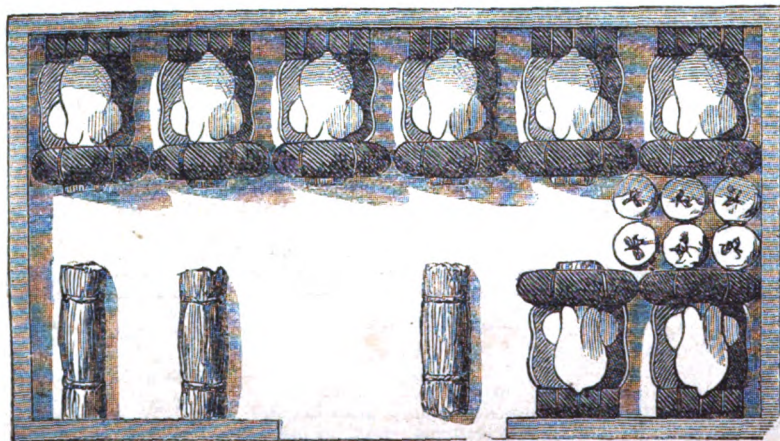
minutes sufficed for a third, which had availed itself of the ministerial instructions.

All the difficulties encountered during the past two years have been the special objects of study, and regulations to meet them have been recently approved by M. Vaillant, Minister of War, and published by his order. The work forms a complete code of instructions on the subject, and the duties of officers and soldiers in relation to the land transport of troops are laid down with clearness and precision. Special

compartment depends upon the quantity of their arms and equipment.

The transporting of cavalry is of course more complicated than that of infantry, for the horses are to be unsaddled, the saddles arranged, the horses and forage put on board, and the men themselves disposed according to rule. The cars employed for the carriage of cavalry require to be about six feet in height. So familiar do the men become with the work that less than five minutes are required to embark a whole regiment, six or eight horses or mules to a car, according to length. These six or eight horses have four men detailed to accompany them for the purpose of feeding and cleaning them. The rest of the cavalry soldiers travel in cars arranged similar to those of the infantry.

The horses are sometimes restive on first entering the car, but after two or three enter it is rarely that the others do not remain tranquil, reassured by the presence of the former. One would suppose that a good many accidents could not fail to occur during the transfer; but of the 30,000 horses thus transported, we cannot remember more than two cases of damage, and both of these were to vicious animals. One was injured in the loins by falling from the temporary planks placed to facilitate their entrance, and the other by kicking against the side of the car. They are very docile during the journey, especially if fed immediately before embarking. This precaution is always attended to by the soldiers having charge of them; and during their transport they are kept well supplied with hay and oats. The latter, deposited in sacks in the saddle



INTERIOR OF A SADDLE CAR, AND ARRANGEMENT OF HAY AND OATS.

cars, are fed to them every twelve hours; and buckets of water, containing sufficient for two horses, are supplied at each station.

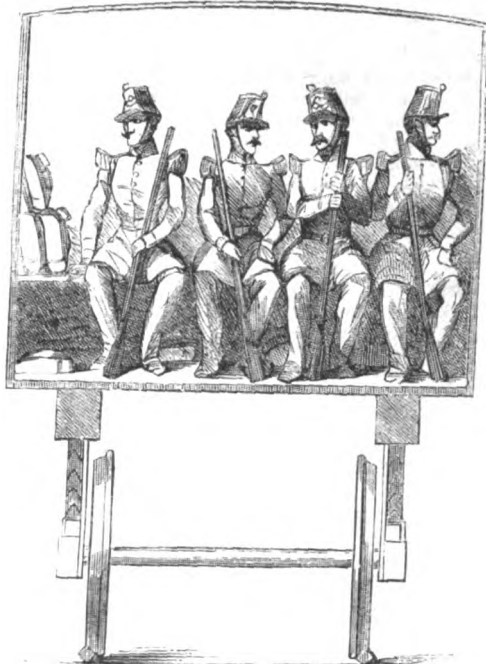
We do not think we are mistaken in setting down the French contingent of the Eastern army who travelled in this way at 230,000 men, including the commissariat, and 30,000 horses and mules for artillery and baggage service. The greater part of these arrived at Marseilles, after stopping at Paris and Lyons, from all parts of France. Each train carried from 700 to 1000 men, and 140 to 150 horses, with three field pieces. Thanks to the rapid locomotion on French railroads, its Eastern army, together with the necessary war materiel, was carried to the seaports from the interior in an incredibly short space of time, without any interruption, thus contributing much to bring about the desired results of the war.

The cost incurred by this means of travel is reduced to the smallest possible limit. For troops by companies, the transport of each soldier is fixed at sixteen thousandths of a franc per mile, and that of a horse at five centimes. The charge for artillery and baggage varies: if accompanied by troops it costs nine centimes per ton per mile, depending somewhat on the rapidity of travel. Unaccompanied by troops it costs nine centimes slow travel, twenty centimes rapid travel, and thirty centimes per ton per mile for the greatest speed. After this scale, the transportation of a single soldier from Paris to Marseilles, distance 857 kilometres, costs the government 13 fr. 72 c.; of a horse, 42 fr. 85 c.; of a ton weight of materiel, 77 fr. 13 c. at a slow rate; 171 fr. 40 c. swifter speed, and 257 fr. 10 c. for very rapid travel.

It is thus seen what great service the French

How he returns look for look with any passenger; how he saunters; how meeting an acquaintance, he stands and gossips. This man knows no debt that, like the moth, makes valueless furs and velvets, enclosing the wearer in a festering prison. Debt writes upon frescoed halls the handwriting of the attorney—puts a voice of terror in the knocker—makes the heart quake at the haunted fire-side—Debt, the invisible demon that walks abroad with a man, now quickening his steps, now making him look on all sides like a hunted beast, and now bringing to his face the ashy hue of death, as the unconscious passenger looks glancingly upon him! Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may and sometimes can with advantage be gulped down. Though the drinker make wry faces, there may after all be a wholesome goodness in the cup. But debt, however courteously it may be offered, is the cup of a Syren; and the drink, spiced and delicious though it be, is poison.

A STRANGE CHARACTER.—George Sand, or rather Madame Dudevant, gives an amusing account of her deceased mother, who had a hatred of repose: "She would buy, for instance, a bonnet, because she thought it charming. The evening of the day she bought she would find it hideous—take off the ribbons, and then the flowers—take out the lace—and change the arrangement with readiness and taste. Her bonnet would please her all the next day. But the day after, there must be another radical reform, and so on, for some eight days, until the unlucky bonnet, always in a state of metamorphosis, became totally indifferent to her. Then she would

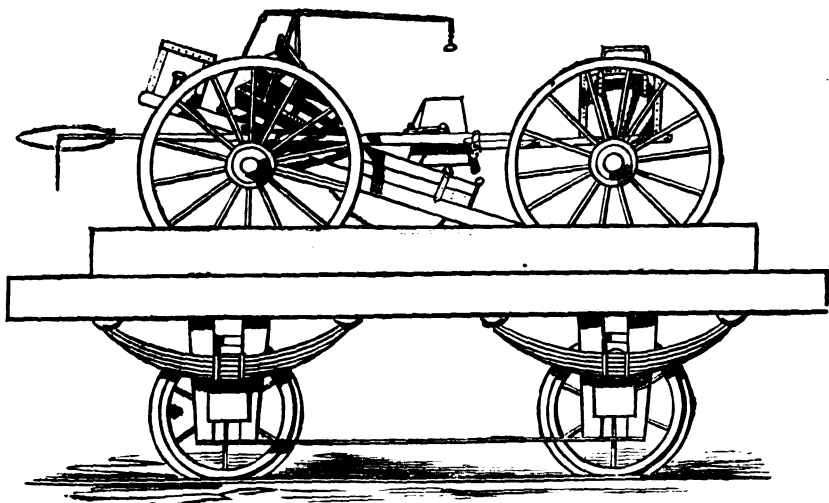


POSITION OF INFANTRY IN THE CARS.

and this to such purpose, that I saw her with different hair for every day in the week. This childish frivolity did not exclude laborious occupations and very minute domestic cares. She had her own delights of imagination, and would read the romances of M. D'Alincourt with positive frenzy—far into the night; but that did not hinder her from being astir at six in the morning to begin anew her toilets, her excursions, her needle-work, her merriment, her despair, and her fits of passion."

A JAPANESE BRIDE.—Among the gifts presented to the bride is a small bench for supporting her elbows "when she has nothing to do." In families of the rank of the governors of Nagasaki the bride is portioned with twelve robes, each upon a distinct horse—namely, a blue robe for the first month, embroidered with fir trees or bamboos; a sea-green robe, for the second month, with cherry flowers and buttercups; a robe of light red, for the third month, with willows and cherry trees; a robe of pearl color, for the fourth month, embroidered with the cuckoo, and small spots representing islands; a robe of faint yellow, for the fifth month, embroidered with waves and sword-grass; a robe of bright orange, for the sixth month, embroidered with melons, and with an impetuous torrent—the rainy season falling in this and the previous month; a white robe for the seventh month, with *kiki* flowers, white and purple; a red robe, for the eighth month, sprinkled with sloe leaves; a violet robe, for the ninth month, embroidered with flowers of the *crisanthemum indicum*, a very splendid flower; an olive-colored robe, for the tenth month, with representations of a road and ears of rice cut off; a black robe, for the eleventh month, embroidered with emblems of ice and icicles; a purple robe, for the twelfth month, embroidered with emblems of snow.

This reading of most persons is like a wardrobe of old clothes—seldom used.

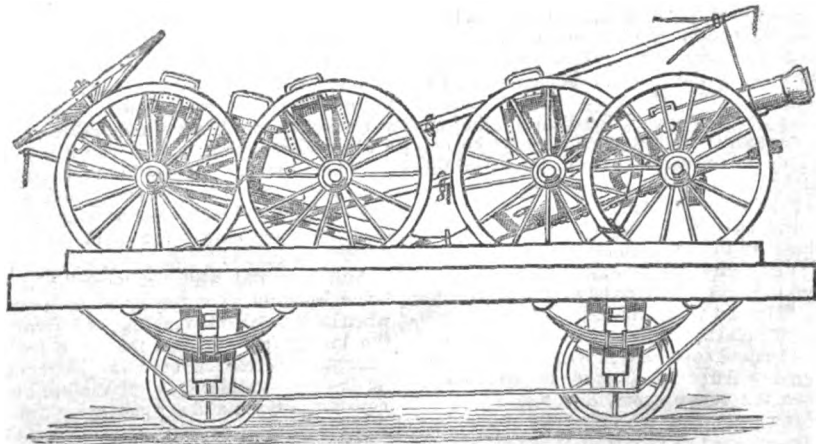


CAMP FORGE ON A TRUCK.

railroads render in the concentration of large bodies of troops at a given point, and the immense resources and mighty means employed in conveying them to their destination.

IN DEBT AND OUT OF DEBT.—Of what a hideous progeny of ill is Debt the father! What meanness, what invasions of self-respect, what cares, what double-dealing! How, in due season, it will carve the frank open face into wrinkles; how like a knife it will stab the honest heart! And then its transformations! How it has been known to change a goodly face into a mask of brass; how with the terrible custom of debt hath the true man become a callous trickster. A freedom from debt, and what nourishing sweetness may be found in cold water; what toothsome in a dry crust; what ambrosial nourishment in a hard egg! Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, though his meal be a biscuit and cup of cold water, dines luxuriously. And then for raiment, what warmth in a threadbare coat, if the tailor's receipt be in your pocket; what Tyrian purple in the faded waistcoat, the vest not owed for; how glossy the well worn hat if it covers not the aching head of a debtor! Next the home sweets, the out-door recreation of the free man. The street-door falls not like a knell on his heart. The foot on the staircase, though he live on the third pair, sends no spasm through his anatomy. At the rap on his door he can crow, "come in;" and his pulse still beats healthfully, his heart sinks not. See him abroad.

wear it with the utmost disdain, professing that she did not care what she put on—till the fancy should seize her to buy another new bonnet! Her black hair was still very fine. She got tired of being a brunette, and put on a blonde wig; yet, by so doing, she could not manage to disfigure herself. She took a fancy for herself as a blonde for awhile, then she abused herself for being a flaxen, and chose to be a bright chestnut. Presently she returned to ashy-pale looks, then went back again to her own mellow black hair,



PIECE OF CANNON, WITH ITS CARRIAGE, ON A TRUCK.

Tom Starling and the Polar Bear.

Tom was the most reckless member of the star-board watch, on board Dr. Kane's exploring vessel, the *Advance*. He was a native of Maine, and was not more remarkable for his courage and good looks, than he was for eccentricity. He was at times a positive enigma to his companions, and thus many of his adventures in the Polar Regions were of the most wild and remarkable character. Tom was in the habit of telling a brave story occasionally on his return; and having his permission, we will now present it to the reader with his own sketch of the event—for Tom, in addition to his other accomplishments, is a very expert draughtsman.

It will be recollected that after having made the highest degree of Northern latitude ever yet achieved, 82° 30', Dr. Kane returned to find his vessel fast imprisoned in a large field of ice, without the slightest hope of liberating her before the approaching winter.

Shut up for a second winter in their icy solitude, the party adopted the habits of the Esquimaux, making their food of raw walrus meat, and surrounding themselves with a fortress of moss. In spite of all their precautions, the scurvy broke out amongst the men, and advanced with irresistible progress, until every one of the expedition, with the exception of Dr. Kane and another, was confined to his bed. The commander, succeeded, by means of a team of dogs, in effecting a communication with the Esquimaux, whom he found seventy miles to the southward. With these he exchanged provisions, and by organizing a hunt, procured some slight relief. On the return of Dr. Kane to the vessels, he was followed by some of the natives, who, by thus establishing a communication with the vessel, continued their visits during the winter. These Esquimaux, upon their arrival in the vicinity of the *Advance*, commenced a series of petty thefts, at times, however, destroying most valuable property. Nothing displays more perfectly the ability of Dr. Kane as an explorer, than the manner he acted towards these ignorant people. Finding that remonstrances were in vain, he commenced retaliation, and succeeded in capturing a couple of women, whom he held as hostages. After three or four days, their husbands and friends made their appearance, and negotiated for the release of the women from imprisonment. To accomplish this, the Esquimaux returned all the articles they had stolen, and promising to behave themselves in future, took their spouses and went away. Faith, however, was not kept. Again was our navigator subjected to the destruction of property and loss by theft. Prisoners, a woman and a boy, were taken and held as hostages; and this time their release was made dependent upon more severe exactions. Dr. Kane terrified the depredators by giving out that the imprisoned parties were in danger of being sacrificed for the punishment of their friends, and that nothing would save them but the restitution of all stolen goods, together with the giving up of their own personal property. The scene was described as truly affecting; as these simple people brought in their household goods, their oil-lamps and prepared skins, and laid them down for the release of their friends. Everything was gathered and seemingly appropriated. The prisoners were released, and in mournful procession were about marching away, when Dr. Kane called them back, restored to them their property, made some presents, and established imperative rules for future intercourse. The result was, that these poor children of the Borean regions became his trusty friends, were never afterwards guilty of the least act of piracy, and finally displayed their friendship by making the largest sacrifices to release him from captivity, and start him on his journey towards the more hospitable regions of the south.

During the entire expedition Tom Starling was most useful for the self-sacrificing energy he evidenced on all occasions. In every expedition undertaken by Dr. Kane, Tom took the part which required most labor, and was always present when there was suffering to be endured, or extreme peril to be risked.

One day Tom started off alone on a fishing excursion, to be gone only, as he supposed, for a few hours. He had taken an Esquimaux boat, provided with all the implements for catching seal, and the limited amount of provisions which could be spared by the party. Thus equipped, he sailed off from the encampment, directing his course towards a spot where the veiled sun of the North was reflected on a thousand icebergs, like the

glow of festive lights through the long galleries of some antique palace.

In point of fish Tom's search was a complete failure. He did not succeed in spearing an individual seal; and when, disheartened with his want of success, he started with the intention of returning to his party, he found that the dense masses of ice had broken up and shifted their position, so that to retrace his way was, for the time, at least, impossible. Fortunately, he had come provided with a compass, and thus he was not ignorant of his point of destination, notwithstanding that he was prevented from returning to it.

Running his boat upon the beach, and after regaling himself with a slight repast, he determined on having an afternoon siesta, trusting to luck for the result of his adventure.

How long he had slept thus he found it impossible to estimate; he was aroused by a pressure upon his chest, and opening his eyes, he stood up; he met a sight from which even his strong nerves and brave heart recoiled aghast. A huge white bear was crouching beside his boat, the animal's head having been resting upon his breast until he awoke, when, resting its forepaw upon the gunwale, it stared at him with less anger than surprise at his appearance.

In Tom's own language, he "was struck all of a heap" by the close proximity of this handsome but not remarkably docile animal. Mr. Starling had seen one or more of these creatures in travelling menageries; he had even heard of two bears dancing a polka together; but even with all this familiarity with the subject of bears in general and polar bears in particular, he was not prepared for the position in which he now found himself.

Tom himself was somewhat of a bare-faced scamp—pardon the pun; but in the society of this charmingly impressive creature, with its dazzling white fur, long snout, and penetrating eyes, he lost all his natural assurance, and was, for a time, completely powerless.

His only weapon was a long knife; and he had the satisfactory consciousness that the bear's hide was thick as that of a buffalo.

By the coolness of the sailor, the crisis was delayed, but it came at length, and found Tom somewhat prepared for it.

Mr. Bruin had prefaced his operations with a low and, to Tom's ears, somewhat monotonous growl, in which he afforded the sailor a view of a beautiful set of ivory, very long and sharp. He next sprang into the boat, and caught Mr. Starling in a vigorous and paternal embrace.

It was now a question of strength and endurance. The bear's paws were clasped around the sailor's neck, and the long snout was kindly caressing his shoulder. The first round closed with an attempt on the part of Bruin to throw his antagonist, lead off with sharp counter-hitting on the part of Tom, and a successful attempt on Bruin's left peeper. Bear sneezed, threw his head back, and slapped Tom's face with open paw. "First blood for the bar," said Tom, in reciting the affair, "and up to that time it was a square fight." The determination of his hairy adversary was not altogether satisfactory to Tom. He tried every experiment to get his right arm free, and at last commenced to pray. Now Tom had never been a church member; indeed, in the far west, where he was brought up, meeting-houses were not quite so plenty as "hard cider" stores; and consequently Tom's ideas of prayer were somewhat indefinite. He first called on the Lord to "give him a chance," and then suggested the propriety of His sending a thunderbolt by way of a sockdolager to the bear. But all this time the bear held on, and it was quite evident Mr. Bruin was getting the best of it. This scared Tom. His religious ideas were somewhat confused, and he yelled out—"O Lord, I know I'm a sinner—I know I'm a great sinner; but, at the same time, I'm a human critter, I am, I'm a white Kentuckian; and if you don't help me, don't help the bar, but just hold off, and let it be a fair fight, and if I don't wallop old hairy nose in three snorts of a locomotive, chew me up and send me down among the palmetto niggers a-feeding alligators!"

And Tom did whip the "bar," and brought home his head as a trophy to his companions, when he succeeded in making out his way through the broken and tangled masses of ice. Tom's subsequent career has been in Nicaragua, where he has served under General Walker during the entire campaign; and at some future time he purposes furnishing us with some of his most interesting adventures.

The Flowers of Winter.

A CENTURY or two ago, there were so few flowers in winter, in this country, that when any floral decorations were required to deck a hall window or a spare room, nothing better could be procured than the seed vessels of the male peony, or the scarlet berries of the asparagus, the holly, or the mountain-ash; the seed vessels of the nigella, or devil-in-the-bush, were also used, particularly those of the Spanish variety; but flowers—real, living, fresh flowers—were never even thought of. At last the Chinese chrysanthemum was introduced, and the splendor and beauty of its flowers, in the dull months of November and December, excited universal admiration. Then camellias made their appearance: and though the first of these plants that were sent to England were killed by being kept in a hot-house, a better mode of managing them was soon discovered, and their beautiful flowers soon shed their brilliancy over British winters. In later times, the *chimonanthes fragrans*, which produces its deliciously sweet-scented flowers upon its leafless stems about Christmas, was introduced; still more recently, the beautiful *garrya elliptica*, with its long, pendent racemes of small, greenish flowers, has been brought to England.

The art of forcing flowers has also been carried to a very great extent. The pretty little Chinese primrose is made to produce its cheerful-looking blossoms during the whole winter, and numerous varieties have been lately raised, some of which, with large double flowers, are extremely beautiful. Among the ordinary plants that are forced for winter nosegays, are the white and purple lilacs; the white lilac, in particular, is a favorite winter flower in Paris, and it may be seen during the whole of the winter months in the many markets and shops where fresh flowers are sold. The French are particularly fond of forced flowers, and bouquets, almost as beautiful as those of summer, are to be obtained all the winter in Paris—the only difference being in their price. Plants in pots are also much forced, for the adornment of sitting-rooms; roses, heaths, orange-trees, and wall-flowers are made to produce premature blossoms, to enliven the gloom of winter; and though it is certainly injurious to the plants, yet it answers the purpose of supplying floral amateurs the whole year with plants in bloom.

A more legitimate floral interest is, however, to be produced by watching the development of hyacinths and tulips grown in glasses partially filled with water. The bulbs are generally placed in glasses the latter end of October, or beginning of November; but should they have been neglected at the proper season, it is not too late even in December. It may be observed that the bulb of the hyacinth is not the true root, but a sort of underground stem, and that the true roots, which are long and succulent, are protruded from the root plate or circular rim, which may be seen round the bottom of the bulb. The hyacinths are grown in tall glasses, to allow room for the development of these roots; and as the principal nourishment the plants obtain is through the little sponges at the ends of these fibrous roots, great care should be taken when changing the water in the glasses, or supplying fresh, not to break them off; and when by accident they are broken, the broken one should be cut off immediately, close to the root-plate, as if neglected, it will rot and infect the bulb. The glasses should never be quite filled with water, and a little space should be left between the water and the bulb for air, as when the glass is quite full of water, so as to wet the bottom of the bulb, it is very apt to make it decay. When bulbs are put in glasses early in the autumn, they are frequently kept in a dark place till the fibrous roots are developed; but this is not necessary when they are put in late; in the latter case, they should be brought forward as quickly as possible—a little warm water should be given them every morning, and as soon as any particles of decaying matter are observed floating in the glasses, the water should be entirely changed, as hyacinths are very apt to rot. In general, it is only the Van Thol tulips that are forced. The bulb glasses may be kept on a chimney-piece till the flowers begin to expand; but as soon as they begin to open, they should be placed in a strong light, as otherwise they will be deficient in richness of colour.

DEATH and the sun have this in common—few can gaze at them steadily.

Men with few faults are the least anxious to discover those of others.

FINE sense and exalted sense are not half as useful as common sense.

Sophia Villars; or, The Moral Plague-Spot.

It was sunset on the lake shore that borders one of the fairest of our western cities. The sun sank slowly into the far-off cloud-wrapped bed, leaving long streaming darts of light to make effulgent farewells to the peeping stars as they glittered daintily forth, in silent groups, to herald the approach of night's chaste queen.

The wild dash of the hungry, roaring waves, as they hustled and tumbled in upon the shore, wearing and eating piecemeal into the yielding soil, seemed a fitting type of man's rapacity, gnawing his own heart to feed his ambition.

Clarence Lettman wandered down to look upon the lake; its troubled fountains incited a yearning for a better fate than present prospects seemed inclined to yield him.

He was the only son of one of the merchant princes of the far west. It suited not the young man's views to follow in the footsteps of his sire. The position of an only son is one of the most trying in the world. So thought Clarence when his father urged him to try the counting-house, and he urged as strongly to be permitted to choose for himself.

At length, through the mother's interference, it was amicably decided that the boy should not be constrained to follow mercantile pursuits against his inclination. The father had wealth enough to give him a preference; and he shortly after left his western home to become the inmate of one of the most famous of our eastern universities.

The youth's college life was like that of most other students intent on carrying off the first honors. Clarence Lettman was in every point an earnest student.

During the last year of his son's collegiate course, Mr. Lettman transferred himself and a portion of his ample fortune to a desirable vicinity in one of the eastern States, taking with him, in addition to his own immediate family, two lovely wards, both daughters of dear deceased friends, who had been to him like brothers, and he was as a father to the orphan girls. Rosa Stanton and Sophia Villars were both beautiful, but of styles so entirely different they served as complete foils to each other. Rosa was a perfect picture of Grecian loveliness, while Sophia embraced a warmer and more sensuous type of form and finish; and their characters were as different as their complexions.

The new family mansion was a very grand building. Mr. Lettman, like many other of our self-made men, had a slight sprinkling of ostentation in his composition, which was especially evinced in the elaborate architectural design of the new house, which looked more like a castle of the Elizabethan age than the domestic nest of a plain American citizen. Nevertheless, it is a free country, and people can build just such houses as they please, provided they have the wherewithal to do so.

Rosa Stanton had been long a resident with Mrs. Lettman, but Sophia Villars was almost a stranger to Clarence, although she was half in love with him before she saw him. When he came she thought there could be no other man on the face of the earth worth winning. They were a very pleasant household. Clarence and his friend Elton Brently, devoted themselves to the amusement of the young ladies, as they were in duty bound to do, and never did a merrier party explore the beauties of fairy vale, or picturesque mountain wild, with greater zest than those young creatures just let upon the world of experience.

The two maidens stood side by side in the wide portico, waiting for the gentlemen. Rosa was perfectly serene—the quietude of a contented heart was with her—but Sophia seemed ill at ease and uncertain.

As Clarence and Elton approached, Sophia fixed her eyes on the face of the former, and a silent command radiated from the flashing orbs. He did not observe her, for his attention was drawn toward Rosa. They took seats; Sophia Villars bit her lips with vexation. It was evident he preferred Rosa, but the secret vow she then made to separate them, was registered where wicked things most do prosper. She quickly recovered from her momentary chagrin, and opened a battery of wit, with such gay war of words, as rendered her for the moment at least, the most attractive of the two. She knew her power in this respect, and skilfully exerted that quality of fascination.

Rosa's temperament was deep, ardent, and tender, her manners retiring; she had no art

but modest innocence wherewith to plead her own just cause.

Sophia was more a surface character, with a deep under-current of hate and revenge when thwarted; she was meteor-like in effect, dashing, mandamatory, demonstrative and self-conscious.

A man would naturally have selected her for the companion of the moment, but for a partner for life the womanly and gentle Rosa would carry off the palm. At least so thought Clarence, until Sophia Villars awoke the scorpions of doubt and jealousy within his heart, at the same time flattering him with the honey-dew of half concealed devotion, using all those arts a beautiful woman can so well employ to win a man from his allegiance to some trusting heart.

She wormed herself into the secret thoughts of her fair rival as they sat together with interlacing arms in the silent night, talking soft and low and confidential as girls will when alone. Rosa believed and trusted in her friendship, and unfolded to her all the innocent hopes that nestled dove-like in her happy fluttering bosom; she loved and she believed herself beloved again by Clarence Lettman.

Sophia Villars saw at once that it would not be difficult to make a division between this sensitive girl and her yet undeclared lover. It was her design to keep him from making the declaration. She feigned the warmest sympathy in the young girl's hopes, and bewailed her own peculiar fortune, which had, as yet, given her no avowed lover.

"Ah, Rosa dear, you are more fortunate in the game of hearts than I."

"Sophia, don't say so, for you are more beautiful than I, and in society twice as brilliant." The generous maiden really believed her own assertion.

"Yes," said Sophia; "brilliant wit has a breaking heart to back it. I tell you, Rosa, I was never loved; neither beauty nor wit wins me what I most desire, the deep devotion of a heart that holds me first among women! I might be as ugly as Hecate or dull as lead for all the advantage the opposite gives me, in point of fact."

"I am sure Elton Brently adores you; does it afford you no gratification to know that?"

"He admires you much more than he ever can me. Are you so wrapped up in Clarence that you cannot see the evidences of his hopeless regard for yourself?"

Rosa appeared a little disturbed by the allusion; the charge was thrown out by Sophia as a sort of feeler for her future line of march.

"It is not so," replied Rosa.

"Has he never made suit to you?" questioned Sophia.

"Never except in sport, as young men often do just to see how we poor simple maidens will entertain it!"

Sophia turned aside, muttering to herself, "First! she is always first, and I must take her leavings—even Clarence—if I gain him!"

"What do you say, Sophia; have I grieved or offended you?"

"No, hush! I am never loved like you. Good night."

"Yes, yes, you are—you doubt too much; good night, God bless you!" The two girls parted with a kiss, and Sophia hurried to her own room. There she gave vent to all the pent-up animosity of her wild heart against her young companion.

Sophia's suspicion was correct in regard to Elton Brently. He did admire Sophia, but his highest, holiest feelings had been affected by Rosa's gentle beauty. He had made suit to her. He soon saw his friend's partiality and stood aloof, so that no material wound was yet inflicted upon his heart by the keen arrows of the skilful archer, although there was danger of such a result at first!

Sophia Villars looked like a beautiful fiend as she stood before her mirror that night. The very worst passions of her nature were full fledged.

"If I were only a blonde," sighed the brunette. "It is your white beauties after all that gain most powerful sway over the hearts of their lovers, before marriage at least; but then my color wears the best! One of these second-hand lovers I would not take at any rate. The other! I will steal him from her white heart, as I used once to take from the birds' nests the shining things that pleased me; let those suffer that lose. Self is the only good—I may win him yet!" And with this comforting doubt on her mischievous brooding mind, the young girl fell asleep.

Morning, sunshine, and gladness. Sophia Villars was in the garden with that plague spot of deceit infecting her whole being.

Elton Brently soon joins her there; she meets him gaily, accuses him abruptly of playing the deuce with the heart of her friend Rosa; begs him not to betray the unconfessed truth; for there is Rosa now coming down the walk.

There was a curious smile on Sophia's lip, a slight embarrassment in Elton's manner, as though caught in some secret sin. The combined effect, coupled with the recollection of the conversation of the previous evening, caused a self-conscious reserve in Rosa's usually frank demeanor, which was the first fruit of Sophia Villars's skilful artifice.

Clarence had been absent a day or two, but returned that morning, and Sophia was the first to welcome him. She bade him not be surprised at Rosa's tardy coming, and made a laughing allusion to the new order of things established during his absence. It sent a pang to his heart, he scarcely knew why.

No one escaped her good-natured badinage. It seemed to be without design that the parties had changed places. Sophia and Clarence paired off together, much to the astonishment of the good father and mother. Rosa was left to Elton's society much more than her inclination prompted.

She wondered at the sudden change in her lover, but maidenly pride forbade that she should let him see her suffer. She had a sort of fear, or rather awe of him, which made her voiceless when her heart would fain have spoken.

It was a great relief to her when at last Elton was gone. There was no longer a necessity for effort. She was not heeded now. She shut herself in her apartments; she drooped beneath her early sorrow; and Sophia Villars discovered too late to retrieve her error, that Rosa Stanton's reason was a wreck.

Her love for Clarence was too deep, her mind too delicate, to throw off the shock; she sank beneath it in harmless imbecility. Her sweet and gentle expression of unbounded attachment for the woman who had destroyed hers, was too touching to be borne. The falsehood of which Sophia had been guilty preyed upon her awakened mind. As some subtle poison spent on the air, withers the tree from which it emanated, so she sank under the evil to which she had given birth. Her heart was dead in its own bitterness, young as she was.

Among the high hills that bounded a good part of the estate of the Lettmans, a mountain torrent descends on its wild way to the everlasting sea. This stream, at its lowest point, is spanned by an arched rustic bridge. It had been a favorite resort of the two girls in their happier hours.

One morning the body of Sophia Villars was found floating among the eddying waves. The precise manner of her death is still enfolded in mystery. Whether she fell from the bridge, or whether she flung herself, unforgiven, into the arms of relentless death, can never be known.

Rosa Stanton recovered the equilibrium of her mental state; and she and Clarence journeyed through many far foreign lands together, but the thought of the poor lost Sophia Villars was always accompanied with a shudder.

Evil always recoils on its instigator, sooner or later. No one can live in peace with a sin upon the soul.

E. P. S.

THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULD NOT THROW STONES.—In the reign of James I., the Scotch adventurers who came over with that monarch were greatly annoyed by persons breaking the windows of their houses; and among the instigators was Buckingham, the Court favorite, who lived in a house in St. Martin's Fields, which, from its great number of windows, was termed the "Glass House." Now the Scotchmen, in retaliation, broke the windows of Buckingham's mansion. The courtier complained to the King, to whom the Scotch had previously applied; and the monarch replied to Buckingham, "Those who live in glass houses, Steenie, should be careful how they throw stones;" whence arose the common saying.—*Timbs' Things not generally known.*

PEACE is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

JUDGMENT is the throne of prudence, and silence is its sanctuary.

CHARITY obliges not to mistrust a man; prudence not to trust him before we know him.

Facetiae.

HARD TIMES.—A Yankee doctor has recently got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours hard labor per day well worked in.

A GENUINE IRISH BULL.—Sir Boyle Roche said, "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

SINGULAR.—Geneva is one of the most quiet and orderly cities in the world, yet every second house is a jeweller's shop, and every jeweller's shop is a watch-house.

A STRANGE POSTSCRIPT.—A merchant who died suddenly, left in his desk a letter written to one of his correspondents. His sagacious clerk, a son of Erin, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom:—"Since writing the above I have died."

A WITTY WAITER.—By the statute 6 Geo. II., c. 37, it was made felony, without benefit of clergy, to destroy an ash. Dr. Ash, a great wit, and a faithful friend of Swift, was once wet through with rain, and upon going into an inn asked the waiter to take off his coat for him; upon which the waiter started and said he would not, for it was felony to strip an ash.

AN IRISH MORMON.—Among the many thousands of Mormons who come to this country, we do not believe there has been any one who belonged to Ireland. The elders do not obtain any converts among the Irish, nor do their doctrines find favor. A well known Irish gentleman, in New York, has in vain tried to detect an Irish man or woman among the many Mormons who have entered Castle Garden. Recently 750 Mormons were landed at the depot from the ship Thornton, most of them having been sent out at the expense of the Mormon Emigrant Fund. He saw among them English, Scotch, Welsh, Jersey-men, Danes, and Swedes, in great numbers, and at last he thought he detected a solitary Paddy. Walking up to him, he inquired his name.

"John Daly, sir," he replied.

"Are you an Irishman?"

"Troth I am the same, yer honor."

Assuming a tone of rebuke, he continued:

"Are you a Mormon, too?"

With an air of exquisite drollery he whispered—

"Faith I am not; but, you see, I wanted me passage."

"Have you any money?"

"Nivir a hap ny."

"Then you had better go with them to the West, to St. Louis, and leave them there."

"Indade, sir, I've been wid 'em too long already, and I'm thinking, I'll lave 'em and be off at wanst."



How to get rid of a Gratis Patient.

"So, you've taken all your stuff, and don't feel any better, eh? Well, then, we must alter the treatment, you must get your head shaved; and if you will call here to-morrow about eleven, my pupil here will put a seton in the back of your neck."

A CHEMIST'S ANALYSIS OF A WIFE.—Guy Lussac went into a linendraper's shop, and saw a girl engaged intently with a book behind a counter. "What are you reading, mademoiselle?" said he. "A work which is, perhaps, beyond me, but which interests me, nevertheless—a treatise on chemistry." The heart of the great chemist was reached through this unusual partiality of a draper's shop girl for his favorite pursuit. He sent her to school, and afterwards made her his wife. The experiment succeeded, but he did not recommend an imitation of it.

A GENTLEMAN in a Scotch town lately told his servant to clean the windows. The servant applied to the governor to have a small quantity of spirits to assist in the operation, as whiskey was sometimes used for such purposes. He received a gill or two. His master, after watching for some time, was surprised that "Archie" never dipped the cloth in the vessel containing the whiskey. He went forward and

found it empty. Accosting the delinquent sharply as to what had become of the spirits, the following reply was made:—"Ye see, yer honor, I drank it, but (suiting the action to the word), I blew my breath on the glass, an' it's a' the same!"

AN UNPLEASANT COMPLIMENT.—Mr. Pitt being in company with the late Duchess of Gordon, who spoke the Scottish dialect in the broadest manner, she told him that some of her family had gone to France, and was asked by him why she was not of the party. She said, in answer, "That it was very awkward to be in a country and not know the language." "Why," said Mr. Pitt, "your Grace has not found any such inconvenience in England."

A LADY IN DISGUISE.—The old Duchess of Bedford, if born, as she herself once declared, before nerves came in fashion, had not at least been born before it was fashionable to paint. Her Grace was, indeed, notoriously addicted to rouge, which she used in uncommon quantities. Lord North one day asked George III. when his Majesty had seen the old lady? The king replied, "He had not seen her face, nor had any other person, he believed, for more than twenty years."

THE RUSSIAN MISER.—Daniel Dancer, when he had £3000 a year, used to beg a pinch of snuff from all his friends, and when his box was full bartered its contents for a tallow candle. But his parsimonious ingenuity appears contemptible in comparison with that of the Russian miser, who learned to bark that he might avoid the expense of keeping a dog.

Queer, Questionable Queries!

WHAT becomes of all the "Bits" of a woman's mind?

Is "Death's Door" opened with a skeleton key? When a lawyer composes his mind, does he do it in 6-8 time?

Would you say that a lady was "dressed loud," who was covered all over with bugles?

In selling a Newfoundland dog, do you know whether it is valued according to what it will fetch, or what it will bring?

A BAKER has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only fourteen ounces.



Much Too Clever.

Sharp (but vulgar) little boy. "HALLO, MIS-SUS, WOT ARE THOSE?"
Old Woman. "TWO PENCE."
Boy. "WHAT A LIE! THEY'RE APPLES." [Exit, whistling popular air.]



Innocent and Amusing Little Trick for Little Boys.

An old lady is crossing the street, when a little boy shouts out—"Hi!" at the top of his voice. The old lady (although indeed there is no real cause for alarm) starts, and becomes greatly agitated, and imagines that she is run over by a stage. This is an exceedingly pleasant trick.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL

Of Romance, General Literature, Science and Art.



NEW SERIES.—VOL. IV.—PART 5.

NOVEMBER, 1856.

18 $\frac{3}{4}$ CENTS.

SUSAN MERTON;

OR,

"IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

BY

CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE," "FRO WOFFINGTON,"
"CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

GEORGE FIELDING cultivated a small farm in
Berkshire.

This position is not so enviable as it was: years ago the farmers of England, had they been as intelligent as other traders, could have purchased the English soil by means of the huge percentage it offered them.

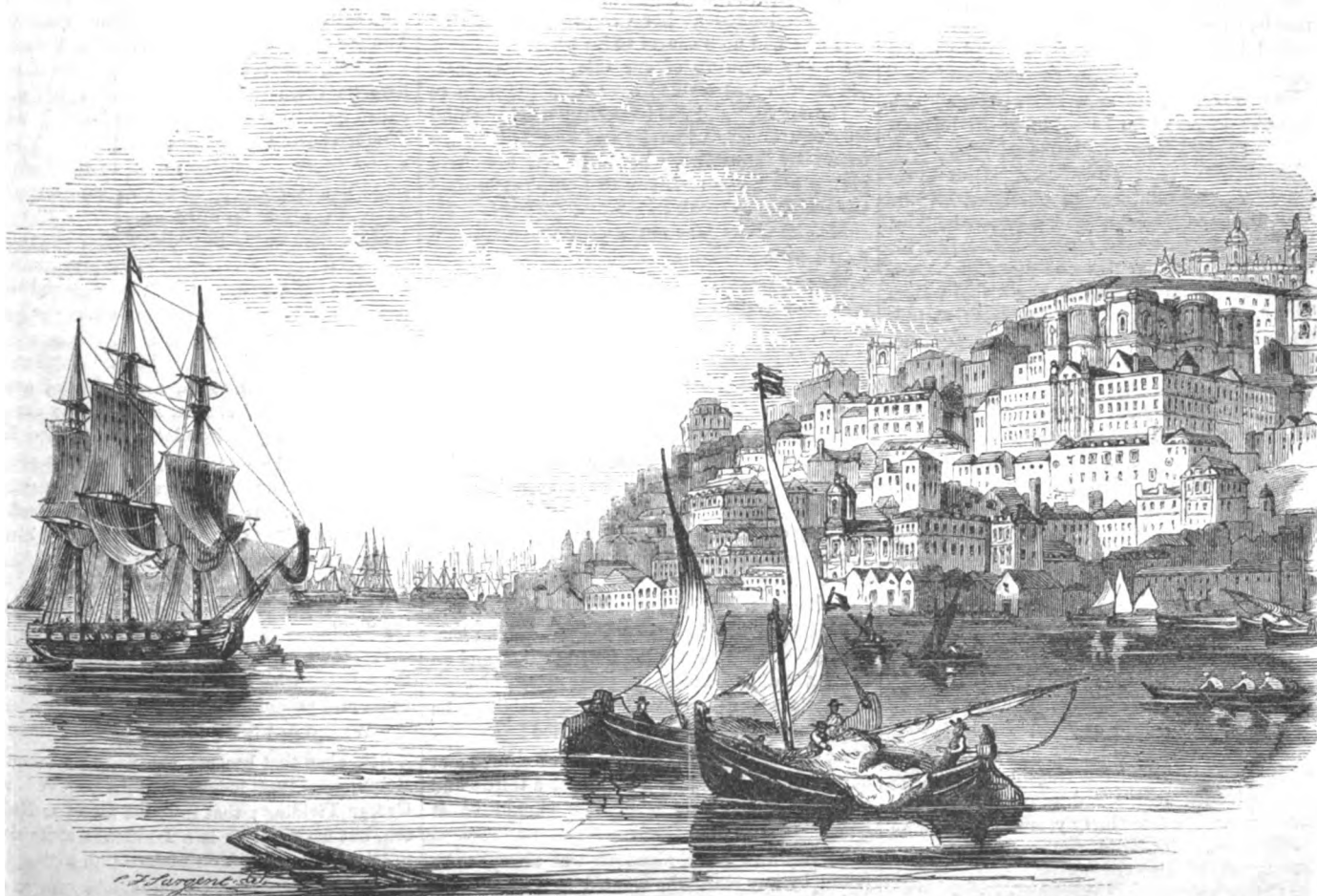
But now, I grieve to say, a farmer must be as sharp as his neighbors, or like his neighbors he will break. What do I say? There are soils and situations where in spite of intelligence and sobriety he is almost sure to break; just as there are shops where the lively, the severe, the industrious, the lazy, are fractured alike.

his last fact I make mine by perambulating

a certain great street every three months, and observing how name succeeds to name as wave to wave.

Readers hardened by "The Times," will not perhaps go so far as to weep over a body of traders for being reduced to the average condition of all other traders; but the individual trader, who fights for existence against unfair odds, is to be pitied whether his shop has plate glass or a barn door to it; and he is the more to be pitied when he is sober, intelligent, proud, sensitive, and unlucky.

George Fielding; was all these, and, a few



years ago, assisted by his brother William, tilled "The Grove"—as nasty a little farm as any in Berkshire.

Discontented as he was, the expression herebefore written would have seemed profane to young Fielding, for a farmer's farm and a sailor's ship have always something sacred in the sufferer's eyes, though one sends one to jail, and the other the other to Jones.

It was four hundred acres, all arable, and most of it poor sour land. George's father had one hundred acres grass with it, but this had been separated six years ago.

As for its name, who can fathom country nomenclature? there was not a tree nor even an old stump to show for this word "Grove."

But in the country oral tradition still flourishes.

There had been trees in "The Grove," only the title had outlived the timber a few centuries.

On the morning of our tale George Fielding might have been seen near his own homestead conversing with the Honorable Frank Winchester.

This gentleman was a character that will be common some day, but was nearly unique at the date of our story.

He had not an extraordinary intellect, but he had great natural gaiety, and under that he had enormous good sense; his good sense was really brilliant, he had a sort of universal healthy mind that I can't understand how people get.

He was deeply in love with a lady who returned his passion, but she was hopelessly out of his reach, because he had not much money or expectations; instead of sitting down railing, or sauntering about whining, what did me the Honorable Frank Winchester? He looked over England for the means of getting this money, and not finding it there, he surveyed the globe and selected Australia, where they told him a little money turns to a deal instead of dissolving in the hand like a lozenge in the mouth as it does in London.

So here was an earl's son (in this age of commonplace events) going to Australia with five thousand pounds as sheep farmer and general speculator.

He was trying hard to persuade George Fielding to accompany him as bailiff or agricultural adviser and manager.

He knew the young man's value, but to do him justice his aim was not purely selfish; he was aware that Fielding had a bad bargain in "The Grove," and the farmer had saved his life at great personal risk one day that he was seized with cramp bathing in the turbid waters of Cleve millpool, and he wanted to serve him in return. This was not his first attempt of the kind, and but for one reason perhaps he might have succeeded.

"You know me, and I know you," said Mr. Winchester to George Fielding; "I must have somebody to put me in the way, stay with me one year, and after that I'll square accounts with you about that thundering millpool."

"Oh! Mr. Winchester," said George, hastily, and blushing like fire, "that's an old story, sir; haven't you forgot that yet, sir?" with a sweet little half-cunning smile, that showed he was glad it was not forgotten.

"Not quite," replied the young gentleman drily; "you shall have five hundred sheep, and a run for them, and we will both come home rich and consequently respectable."

"It is a handsome offer, sir, and a kind offer, and like yourself, sir; but transplanting one of us," continued George, "dear me, sir, it's like taking up an oak tree thirty years in the ground—besides—besides—did you ever notice my cousin Susanna, sir?"

"Notice her! why, do you think I am a heathen, and never go to the parish church?

Miss Merton is a lovely girl; she sits in the pew by the pillar."

"Isn't she, sir?" said George.

Mr. Winchester endeavored to turn this adverse topic in his favor, he made a remark that produced no effect at the time. He said, "People don't go to Australia to die—they go to Australia to make money, and come home and marry—and it is what you must do—this 'Grove' is a millstone round your neck. Will you have a cigar, farmer?"

George consented, premising however that hitherto he had never got beyond a yard of clay, and after drawing a puff or two he took the cigar from his mouth, and looking at it, said "I say, sir! seems to me the fire is uncommon near the chimney." Mr. Winchester laughed; he then asked George to show him the blacksmith's shop. "I must learn how to shoe a horse," said the honorable Frank.

"Well, I never!" thought George, "The first nob in the country going to shoe a horse," but with his rustic delicacy he said nothing, and led Mr. Winchester to the blacksmith's shop.

Whilst this young gentleman is hammering nails into a horse's hoof, and Australia into an English farmer's mind, we must introduce other personages.

Susanna Merton was beautiful and good: George Fielding and she were acknowledged lovers, but marriage was not spoken of as a near event, and latterly, old Merton had seemed cool, whenever his daughter mentioned the young man's name.

Susanna appeared to like George, though not so warmly as he loved her; but at all events she accepted no other proffers of love: for all that she had, besides a host of admirers, other lovers besides George; and what is a great deal more singular (for a woman's eye is quick as lightning in finding out who loves her) there was more than one of whose passion she was not conscious.

William Fielding, George's brother, was in love with his brother's sweetheart, but though he trembled with pleasure when she was near him, he never looked at her except by stealth; he knew he had no business to love her.

On the morning of our tale, Susan's father, old Merton had walked over from his farm to "The Grove," and was inspecting a field behind George's house, when he was accosted by his friend Mr. Meadows, who had seen him, and giving his horse to a boy to hold, had crossed the stubbles to speak to him.

Mr. Meadows was not a common man, and merits some preliminary notice.

He was what is called in the country "a lucky man;" everything he had done in life had prospered.

The neighbors admired, respected, and some of them even hated this respectable man, who had been a carter in the midst of them, and now at forty years of age was a rich corn-factor and land-surveyor.

"All this money cannot have been honestly got," said the envious ones among themselves; yet they could not put their finger on any dishonest action he had done: to the more candid, the known qualities of the man accounted for his life of success.

This John Meadows had a cool head, an iron will, a body and mind alike indefatigable, and an eye never diverted from the great objects of sober industrious men—wealth and respectability: he had also the soul of business—method!

At one hour he was sure to be at church; at another, at market; in his office at a third; and at home when respectable men should be at home.

By this means Mr. Meadows was always to be found by any man who wanted to do business; and when you had found him you found a man superficially coy perhaps, but at bottom always

ready to do business, and equally sure to get the sunny side of it and give you the windy.

Meadows was generally respected; by none more than by old Merton; and during the last few months the intimacy of these two men had ripened into friendship; the corn-factor often hooked his bridle to the old farmer's gate, and took a particular interest in all his affairs.

Such was John Meadows.

In person, he was a tall stout man with iron grey hair, a healthy weather-colored complexion and a massive brow that spoke to the depth and force of the man's character.

"What, taking a look at the farm, Mr. Merton? It wants some of your grass put to it, doesn't it?"

"I never thought much of the farm," was the reply, "it lies cold; the sixty-acre field is well enough, but the land on the hill is as poor as death."

Now this idea, which Merton gave out as his, had dropped into him from Meadows three weeks before.

"Farmer," said Meadows in an under tone, "they are threshing out new wheat for the rent."

"You don't say so? why I didn't hear the flail going."

"They have just knocked off for dinner—you need not say I told you, but Will Fielding was at the bank this morning trying to get money on their bill, and the bank said No! they had my good word too. The people of the bank sent over to me."

They had his good word, but not his good tone! he had said, "Well, their father was a safe man," but the accent with which he eulogized the parent had somehow locked the bank cash-box to the children.

"I never liked it, especially of late," mused Merton. "But you see the young folk being cousins—"

"That is it; cousins," put in Meadows; "it is not as if she loved him with all her heart and soul; she is an obedient daughter, isn't she?"

"Never gainsayed me in her life; she has a high spirit, but never with me; my word is law. You see she is a very religious girl is Susan."

"Well, then, a word from you would save her—but there—all that is your affair, not mine," added he.

"Of course it is," was the reply. "You are a true friend: I'll step round to the barn and see what is doing;" and away went Susan's father, uneasy in his mind.

Meadows went to the "Black Horse," the village public-house, to see what farmers wanted to borrow a little money under the rose, and would pawn their wheat ricks and pay twenty per cent. for that over-rated merchandise.

At the door of the public-house he was met by the village constable and a stranger of gentlemanly address and clerical appearance; the constable wore a mysterious look, and invited Meadows into the parlor of the public-house.

"I have news for you, sir," said he, "leastways I think so; your pocket was picked last Martinmas fair of three Farnborough bank-notes with your name on the back."

"It was!"

"Is this one of them?" said the man, producing a note.

Meadows examined it with interest, compared the number with a memorandum in his pocket-book, and pronounced that it was.

"Who passed it?" inquired he.

"A chap that has got the rest—a stranger—Robinson—that lodges at 'the Grove' with George Fielding; that is, if his name is Robinson, but we think he is a Londoner come down to take an airing. You understand, sir."

Meadows' eyes flashed actual fire: for so rich a man he seemed wonderfully excited by this circumstance.

To an inquiry who was his companion, the constable answered *sotto voce*, "Gentleman from Bow street; come to see if he knows him." The constable went on to inform Meadows that Robinson was out fishing somewhere, otherwise they would already have taken him; "but we will hang about the farm and take him when he comes home."

"You had better be at hand, sir, to identify the notes," said the gentleman from Bow street, whose appearance was clerical.

Meadows had important business five miles off: he postponed it. He wrote a line in pencil, put a boy upon his black mare, and hurried him off to the rendezvous, while he stayed and entered with strange alacrity into this affair, "Stay," cried he, "if he is an old hand he will twig the officer."

"Oh, I'm dark, sir," was the answer; "he won't know me till I put the darbies on him."

The two men then strolled as far as the village stocks, keeping an eye ever on the farm-house.

Thus a network of adverse events was closing round George Fielding this day.

He was all unconscious of them; he was in good spirits. Robinson had showed him how to relieve the temporary embarrassment that had lately depressed him.

"Draw a bill on your brother," said Robinson, "and let him accept it. The Farnborough Bank will give you notes for it: these country banks like any paper better than their own. I dare say they are right."

George had done this, and expected William every minute with this and other monies; and then Susanna Merton was to dine at "The Grove" to-day; and this, though not an uncommon, was always a great event with poor George.

Dilly would not come to be killed just when he was wanted: in other words, Robinson, who had no idea how he was keeping people waiting, fished tranquilly till near dinner-time, neither taking nor being taken.

This detained Meadows in the neighborhood of the farm, and was the cause of his rencontre with a very singular personage, whose visit he knew at first sight must be to him.

As he hovered about among George Fielding's ricks, the figure of an old man slightly bowed, but full of vigor, stood before him. He had a long grey beard with a slight division in the centre, hair abundant but almost white, and a dark swarthy complexion that did not belong to England; his thick eyebrows, also, were darker than his hair, and under them was an eye like a royal jewel; his voice had the oriental richness and modulation. This old man was Isaac Levi, an oriental Jew, who had passed half his life under the sun's eye, and now, though the town of Farnborough had long been too accustomed to him to wonder at him, he dazzled any thoughtful stranger, so exotic and apart was he—so romantic a grain in a heap of vulgarity—he was as though a striped jasper had crept in among the paving-stones of their market-place, or a cactus grandiflora shone among the nettles of a Berkshire meadow.

Isaac Levi, unlike most Jews, was familiar with the Hebrew tongue, and this and the Eastern habits of his youth colored his language and his thoughts, especially in his moments of emotion, and above all, when he forgot the money-lender for a moment and felt and thought as one of a great nation depressed but waiting for a great deliverance.

He was a man of authority and learning in his tribe—I couldn't swear he was not a Rabbi.

At sight of Isaac Levi, Meadows' brow lowered, and he called out rather rudely without allowing the old gentleman to speak, "If you are come to talk to me about that house you are in, you may keep your breath to cool your porridge."

Meadows had bought the house Isaac rented, and had instantly given him warning to leave.

Isaac, who had become strangely attached to the only place in which he had ever lived many years, had not doubted for a moment that Meadows merely meant to raise the rent to its full value, so he had come to treat with his new landlord. "Mr. Meadows," said he, persuasively, "I have lived there twenty years—I pay a fair rent—but, if you think any one would give you more, you shall lose nothing by me—I will pay a little more; and you know your rent is secure?"

"I do," was the answer.

"Thank you, sir! well, then—"

"Well, then, next Lady-day you turn out bag and baggage."

"Nay, sir," said Isaac Levi, "hear me, for you are younger than I. Mr. Meadows, when this hair was brown, I travelled in the East; I sojourned in Madras and Benares, in Bagdad, Ispahan, Mecca, and Bassora, and found no rest. When my hair began to turn grey, I traded in Petersburg, and Rome, and Paris, Vienna, and Lisbon, and other western cities, and found no rest. I came to this little town, where, least of all I thought to pitch my tent for life, but here the God of my fathers gave me my wife and here He took her to himself again—"

"What the deuce is all this to me, man?"

"Much, sir, if you are what men say, for men speak well of you; be patient, and hear me. Two children were born to me and died from me in the house you have bought; and there my Leah died also; and there at times in the silent hours I seem to hear their voices and their feet. In another house I shall never hear them—I shall be quite alone. Have pity on me, sir, an aged and a lonely man; tear me not from the shadows of my dead. Let me prevail with you?"

"No!" was the stern answer.

"No?" cried Levi, a sudden light darting into his eye; "then you must be an enemy of Isaac Levi?"

"Yes!" was the grim reply to this rapid inference.

"Ah!" cried the old Jew, with a sudden defiance, which he instantly suppressed. "And what have I done to gain your enmity, sir?" said he, in a tone crushed by main force into mere regret.

"You lend money."

"A little, sir, now and then—a very little."

"That is to say, when the security is bad you have no money in hand; but, when the security is good nobody has ever found the bottom of Isaac Levi's purse."

"Our people," said Isaac apologetically "can trust one another—they are not like yours. We are brothers, and that is why money is always forthcoming when the deposit is sound."

"Well, said Meadows, "what you are, I am; what I do on the sly you do on the sly old thirty per cent."

"The world is wide enough for us both, good sir—"

"It is!" was the prompt reply. "And it lies before you, Isaac. Go where you like, for the little town of Farnborough is not wide enough for me and any man that works my business for his own pocket—"

"But this is not enmity, sir."

Meadows gave a coarsish laugh. "You are hard to please," cried he. "I think you will find it is enmity."

"Nay! sir, this is but matter of profit and loss. Well, let me stay, and I promise you shall gain and not lose. Our people are industrious and skilful in all bargains, but we keep faith and covenant. So be it. Let us be friends. I covenant with you, and I swear by the tables of the law, you shall not lose one shilling per annum by me."

"I'll trust you as far as I can fling a bull by the tail. You gave me your history—take mine. I have always put my foot on whatever man or

thing has stood in my way. I was poor, I am rich, and that is my policy."

"It is frail policy," said Isaac, firmly. "Some man will be sure to put his foot on you soon or late."

"What, do you threaten me?" roared Meadows.

"No, sir," said Isaac, gently but steadily. "I but tell you what these old eyes have seen in every nation, and read in books that never lie. Goliath defied armies, yet he fell like a pigeon by a shepherd boy's sling. Samson tore a lion in pieces with his hands, but a woman laid him low. No man can defy us all, sir! The strong man is sure to find one as strong and more skilful; the cunning man one as adroit and stronger than himself. Be advised, then, do not trample upon one of my people. Nations and men that oppress us do not thrive. Let me have to bless you. An old man's blessing is gold. See these grey hairs; my sorrows have been as many as they. His share of the curse that is upon his tribe has fallen upon Isaac Levi." Then, stretching out his hands, with a slight but touching gesture, he said, "I have been driven to and fro like a leaf these many years, and now I long for rest. Let me rest in my little tent till I rest for ever. Oh! let me die where those I loved have died, and there let me be buried."

Age, sorrow, and eloquence pleaded in vain, for they were wasted on the rock of rocks, a strong will and a vulgar soul. But indeed the whole thing was like epic poetry wrestling with the "Limerick Chronicle," or "Tuam Gazette."

I am almost ashamed to give the respectable western brute's answer.

"What! you quote Scripture, eh? I thought you did not believe in that. Hear t'other side. Abraham and Lot couldn't live in the same place, because they both kept sheep, and we can't, because we fleece 'em. So Abraham gave Lot warning, as I give it you. And as for dying on my premises, if you like to hang yourself before next Lady-day I give you leave, but after Lady-day no more Jewish dogs shall die in my house nor be buried for manure in my garden."

Black lightning poured from the old Jew's eyes, and his pent-up wrath burst out like lava from an angry mountain.

"Irreverent cur, do you rail on the afflicted of Heaven. The founder of your creed would abhor you, for he, they say, was pitiful. I spit upon ye, and I curse ye. Be accursed!" And flinging up his hands like St. Paul at Lystra, he rose to double his height, and towered at his insulter with a sudden Eastern fury that for a moment shook even the iron Meadows. "Be accursed!" he yelled again. "Whatever is the secret wish of your black heart, Heaven look on my grey hairs that you have insulted, and wither that wish. Ah! ha!" he screamed, "you wince. All men have secret wishes—Heaven fight against yours. May all the good luck you have be wormwood for want of that—that—that—that. May you be near it, close to it, upon it, pant for it, and lose it; may it sport and smile and laugh and play with you till Gehenna burns your soul upon earth."

The old man's fiery forked tongue darted so keen and true to some sore in his adversary's heart, that he in turn lost his habitual self-command.

White and black with passion, he wheeled round on Isaac with a fierce snarl, and lifting his stick, discharged a furious blow at his head.

Fortunately for Isaac, wood encountered leather, instead of grey hairs.

Attracted by the raised voices, and unseen in their frenzy by either of these antagonists, young George Fielding had drawn near them. He had luckily a stout pig-whip in his hand, and by an adroit turn of his muscular wrist he parried a blow that would have stopped the old Jew's eloquence perhaps for ever. As it was,

the corn-factor's stick cut like a razor through the air and made a most musical whirr within a foot of the Jew's ear; the basilisk look of venom and vengeance he instantly shot back amounted to a stab.

"Not if I know it," said George. And he stood cool and erect with a calm manly air of defiance, between the two belligerents. While the stick and the whip still remained in contact, Meadows glared at Isaac's champion with surprise and wrath, and a sort of half fear, half wonder that this, of all men in the world, should be the one to cross weapons with, and thwart him. "You are joking, Master Meadows," said George, coolly. "Why the man is twice your age and nothing in his hand but his fist. Who are ye, old man, and what d'ye want? It's you for cursing, any way."

"He insults me," cried Meadows, "because I won't have him for a tenant against my will. Who is he? A villainous old Jew."

"Yes, young man," said the other, sadly, "I am Isaac Levi, a Jew. And what is your religion" (he turned to Meadows)? "It never came out of Judea in any name or shape. D'ye call yourself a heathen? Ye lie, ye cur; the heathen were not without starlight from heaven, they respected sorrow and grey hairs."

"You shall smart for this: I'll show you what my religion is," said Meadows inadvertent with passion, and his fingers grasped his stick convulsively.

"Don't you be so aggravating, old man," said the good-natured George, "and you, Mr. Meadows should know how to make light of an old man's tongue; why it's like a woman's, it's all he has to hit with; leastways, you mustn't lift hand to him on my premises, or you will have to settle with me first; and I don't think that would suit your book, or any man's for a mile or two round about Farnborough," said George, with his little Berkshire drawl.

"He?" shrieked Isaac, "he dare not! see! see!" and he pointed nearly into the man's eye, "he doesn't look you in the face. Any soul that has read men from east to west, can see lion in your eye, young man, and cowardly wolf in his."

"Lady-day! Lady-day," snorted Meadows, who was now shaking with suppressed rage.

"Ah!" cried Isaac, and he turned white and quivered in his turn.

"Lady-day!" said George, uneasily, "confound Lady-day, and every day of the sort—there don't you be so spiteful, old man—why if he isn't all of a tremble—poor old man." He went to his own door, and called "Sarah!"

A stout servant girl answered the summons.

"Take the old man in, and give him whatever is going, and his mug and pipe," then he whispered her, "and don't go lumping the chine down under his nose, now."

"I thank you, young man," faltered Isaac, "I must not eat with you, but I will go in and rest my limbs and compose myself: for passion is unseemly at my years."

Arrived at the door, he suddenly paused, and looking upwards, said—

"Peace be under this roof, and comfort and love follow me into this dwelling."

"Thank ye kindly," said young Fielding, a little surprised and touched by this. "How old are you, daddy, if you please?" added he respectfully.

"My son, I am threescore years and ten—a man of years and grief—grief for myself, grief still more, for my nation and city. Men that are men pity us; men that are dogs have insulted us in all ages."

"Well," said the good-natured young man, soothingly, "don't you vex yourself any more about it. Now you go in, and forget all your trouble awhile, please God, by my fireside, my poor old man."

Isaac turned, the water came to his eyes at this, after being insulted so; a little struggle

took place in him, but nature conquered prejudice and certain rubbish he called religion. He held out his hand like the king of all Asia; George grasped it, like an Englishman.

"Isaac Levi is your friend," and the expression of the man's whole face and body showed these words carried with them a meaning unknown in good society.

He entered the house, and young Fielding stood watching him with a natural curiosity.

Now Isaac Levi knew nothing about the corn-factor's plans. When at one and the same moment he grasped George's hand, and darted a long lingering glance of hatred on Meadows, he coupled two sentiments by pure chance; and Meadows knew this: but still it struck Meadows as singular and ominous.

When with the best of motives one is on a wolf's errand, it is not nice to hear an hyena say to the shepherd's dog, "I am your friend," and see him contemporaneously shoot the eye of a rattlesnake at oneself.

The misgiving however was but momentary; Meadows respected his own motives, and felt his own power: an old Jew's wild fury could not shake his confidence.

He muttered, "One more down to your account, George Fielding," and left the young men watching Isaac's retreating form.

George, who didn't know he was gone, said—

"Old man's words seem to knock against my bosom, Mr. Meadows—gone—eh?—that man," thought George Fielding, "has everybody's good word, parson's and all—who'd think he'd lift his hand—leastways his stick it was, and that's worse—against a man of threescore and upwards—Ugh!" thought George Fielding, yeoman of the midland counties, and unaffected wonder mingled with his disgust.

His reverie was broken by William Fielding, just ridden in from Farnborough.

"Better late than never," said the elder brother, impatiently.

"Couldn't get away sooner, George; here's the money for the sheep, £13 10s.; no offer for the cow, Jenn is driving her home."

"Well, but the money—the £80, Will?"

William looked sulkily down.

"I haven't got it, George!—there's your draft again, the bank wouldn't take it."

A keen pang shot across George's face as much for the affront as the disappointment.

"They wouldn't take it?" gasped he. "Ay, Will, your credit is down, the whole town knows our rent is overdue. I suppose you know money must be got some way."

"Any way is better than threshing out new wheat at such a price," said William sullenly. "Ask a loan of a neighbor."

"Oh, Will," appealed George, "to ask a loan of a neighbor and be denied—it is bitter than death. You can do it."

"I!—am I master here?" retorted the younger. "The farm is not farmed my way, nor ever was. No!—give me the plough-handle and I'll cut the furrow, George."

"No doubt! no doubt!" said the other, very sharply, "you'd like to draw the land dry with potato crops, and have fourscore hogs snoring in the farmyard, that's your idea of a farm. Oh! I know you want to be elder brother. Well, I tell'ee what do; you kill me first, Bill Fielding, and then you will be elder brother and not afore."

Here was a pretty little burst of temper! We have all our sore part.

"So be it, George!" replied William, "you got us into the mud, elder brother, you get us out of the mire!"

George subdued his tone directly.

"Who shall I ask?" said he, as one addressing a bosom counsellor.

"Uncle Merton, or—or—Mr. Meadows the corn-factor; he lends money at times to friends. It would not be much to either of them."

"Show my empty pockets to Susanna's father! Oh, Will! how can you be so cruel?"

"Meadows, then."

"No use for me, I've just offended him a bit; besides he's a man that never knew trouble or ill-luck in his life; they are like flints all that sort."

"Well, look here, I'm pretty well with Meadows. I'll ask him if you will try uncle: the first man that meets his man to begin."

"That sounds fair," said George, "but I can't—well—yes," said he, suddenly changing his mind. "I agree," said he, with simple cunning, and lowered his eyes; but suddenly raising them, he said cheerfully, "Why, you're in luck, Bill, here's your man," and he shot like an arrow into his own kitchen."

"Confound it," said the other, "fairly caught."

Meadows, it is to be observed, was wandering about the premises until such time as Robinson should return; and whilst the brothers were arguing he had been in the barn, and, finding old Merton there, had worked still higher that prudent man's determination to break off matters between his daughter and the farmer of "The Grove."

After the usual salutations William Fielding, sore against the grain, began—

"I did not know you were here, sir! I want to speak to you."

"I am at your service, Mr. William."

"Well, sir. George and I are a little short just at present; it is only for a time, and George says he should take it very kind if you would lend us a £100 just to help us over the stile."

"Why, Mr. William," replied Meadows, "I should be delighted, and if you had only asked me yesterday I could have done it as easy as stand here; but my business drinks a deal of money, Mr. William, and I laid out all my loose cash yesterday; but, of course, it's of no consequence—another time—good morning, Mr. William."

Away sauntered Meadows, leaving William planted there, as the French say.

George ran out of the kitchen.

"Well?"

"He says he has got no money loose."

"He is a liar! he paid £1,500 into the bank yesterday, and you knew it; didn't you tell him so?"

"No; what use? A man that lies to avoid lending, won't be driven to lend."

"You don't play fair," retorted George.

"You could have got it from Meadows if you had a mind; but you want to drive your poor brother against his sweetheart's father; you are false, my lad."

"You are the only man that ever said so: and you durstn't say it if you weren't my brother."

"If it wasn't for that I'd say a deal more."

"Well, show your high stomach to uncle Merton, for there he is. Hy!—uncle!" cried William to Merton, who turned instantly and came towards them: "George wants to speak to you," said William, and shot like a cross-bow-bolt behind the house.

"That is lucky," said Merton, "for I want to speak to you."

"Who would have thought of his being about?" muttered George.

While George was calling up his courage and wits to open his subject, Mr. Merton who had no such difficulties was beforehand with him.

"You are threshing out new wheat?" said Merton gravely.

"Yes," answered George, looking down.

"That is a bad look-out; a farmer has no business to go to his barn-door for his rent."

"Where is he to go then? to the church-door, and ask for a miracle?"

"No; to his ship-fold, to be sure."

"Ay! you can; you have got grass and water, and everything to hand."

"And so must you, young man, or you'll never be a farmer. Now, George, I must speak to you seriously," (George winced.) "You are a fine lad, and I like you very well, but I love my own daughter better."

"So do I!" said George, simply.

"And I must look out for her," resumed Merton. "I have seen a pretty while how things are going here, and if she marries you she will have to keep you instead of you her."

"Heaven forbid! Matters are not so bad as that, uncle."

"You are too much of a man, I hope," continued Merton, "to eat a woman's bread; and if you are not, I am man enough to keep the girl from it."

"These are hard words to bear," gasped George. "So near my own house, old man."

"Well, plain speaking is best when the mind is made up," was the reply.

"Is this from Susanna as well as you?" said George, with a trembling lip, and scarce able to utter the words.

"Susan is an obedient daughter. What I say, she'll stand to; and I hope you know better than to tempt her to disobey me; you wouldn't succeed."

"Enough said," answered George very sternly. "Enough said, old man; I've no need to tempt any girl."

"Good morning, George!" and away stumped Merton.

"Good morning, uncle! (ungrateful old thief)."

"William," cried he to his brother, who came the next minute to hear the news, "our mother took him out of the dirt—I have heard her say as much—or he'd not have a ship-fold to brag of. Oh! my heart—oh! Will!"

"Well, will he lend the money?"

"I never asked him."

"You never asked him!" cried William.

"Bill he began upon me in a moment," said George, looking appealingly into his brother's face; "he sees we are going down hill, and he as good as bade me think no more of Susan."

"Well," said the other harshly, "it was your business to own the truth, and ask him help us over the stile—he's our own blood."

"You want to let me down lower than I would let that Carlo dog of yours. You're no brother of mine," retorted George, fiercely and bitterly.

"A bargain is a bargain," replied the other sullenly. "I asked Meadows, and he said, No. You fell talking with uncle about Susan, and never put the question to him at all. Who is the false one, eh?"

"If you call me false, I'll knock your ugly head off, sulky Bill."

"You're false, and a fool into the bargain, bragging George!"

"What, you will have it then?"

"If you can give it me."

"Well, if it is to be," said George, "I'll give you something to put you on your mettle: the best man shall farm 'The Grove,' and the other shall be a servant on it, or go elsewhere, for I am sick of this."

"And so am I!" cried William, hastily; "and have been any time this two years."

They tucked up their sleeves a little, shook hands, and then retired each one step, and began to fight.

And how came these two honest men to forget that the blood they proposed to shed was thicker than water! Was it the farm, money, agricultural dissension, temper? They would have told you it was, and perhaps thought it was. It was Susanna Merton!

The secret, subtle influence of jealousy had long been fermenting, and now it exploded in this way, and under this disguise.

Ah! William Fielding, and all of you, "Beware of jealousy"—cursed jealousy! it is the sultan of all the passions, and the Tartar chief

of all the crimes. Other passions affect the character; this changes, and if good, always reverses it! Mind that, reverses it! Turns honest men to snakes, and doves to vultures. Horrible unnatural mixture of Love with Hate—you poison the whole mental constitution—you bandage the judgment—you crush the sense of right and wrong—you steel the bowels of compassion—you madden the brain—you corrupt the heart—you damn the soul.

The Fieldings then shook hands mechanically, and receding each a step began to spar.

Each of these farmers fancied himself slightly the best man; but they both knew they had an antagonist with whom it would not do to make the least mistake.

They therefore sparred and feinted with wary eyes before they ventured to close; George, however, the more impetuous, was preparing to come to closer quarters, when all of a sudden to the other's surprise he dropped his hands by his sides, and turned the other way with a face anything but warlike, fear being now the prominent expression.

William followed the direction of his eye, and then William partook his brother's uneasiness; however, he put his hands in his pockets, and began to saunter about, in a circumference of three yards, and to get up a would-be-careless whistle, while George's hands became dreadfully in his way, so he washed them in the air.

Whilst employed in this peaceful pantomime a beautiful young woman glided rapidly between the brothers.

Her first words renewed their uneasiness.

"What is this?" cried she haughtily, and she looked from one to the other like a queen rebuking her subjects.

George looked at William—William had nothing ready.

So George said, with some hesitation, but in a mellifluous voice, "William was showing me—a trick—he learned at the fair—that is all, Susan."

"That is a falsehood, George," replied the lady, "the first you ever told me"—(George colored)—"you were fighting, you two boys—I saw your eyes flash!"

The rueful wink exchanged by the combatants at this stroke of sagacity was truly delicious.

"Oh fie! oh fie! brothers by one mother fighting in a Christian land, within a stone's throw of a church where brotherly love is preached as a debt we owe to strangers, let alone our own blood."

"Yes! it is a sin, Susan," said William, his conscience suddenly illuminated. "So I ask your pardon, Susanna."

"Oh! it wasn't your fault, I'll be bound," was the gracious reply. "What a ruffian you must be, George, to shed your brother's blood."

"La! Susan," said George, with a doleful whine, "I wasn't going to shed the beggar's blood. I was only going to give him a hiding for his impudence."

"Or take one for your own," replied William, coolly.

"That is more likely," said Susan. "George, take William's hand; take it this instant, I say," cried she, with an air imperative and impatient.

"Well, why not? don't you go in a passion Susan, about nothing," said George, coaxingly.

They took hands; she made them hold one another by the hand, which they did with both their heads hanging down. "Whilst I speak a word to you two," said Susan Merton.

"You ought both to go on your knees, and thank Providence that sent me here to prevent so great a crime; and as for you, your character must change greatly, George Fielding, before I trust myself to live in a house of yours."

"Is all the blame to fall on my head?" said George, letting go William's hand, with no great apparent reluctance.

"Of course it is! William is a quiet lad, that quarrels with nobody; you are always quarrelling, you thrashed our carter last Candlemas."

"He spoke saucy words about you."

Susan, smiling inwardly, made her face as repulsive outside as lay in her power.

"I don't believe it," said Susan; "your time was come round to fight and be a ruffian, and so it was to-day, no doubt."

"Ah!" said George, sorrowfully, "it is always poor George that does all the wrong."

"Oh!" replied the lady, an arch smile playing for a moment about her lips, "I could scold William, too, if you think I am as much interested in his conduct and behavior as in yours."

"No, no!" cried George, brightening up, "don't think to scold anybody but me, Susan; and William," said he, suddenly and frankly, "I ask your pardon."

"No more about it, George, if you please," answered William, in his dogged way.

"Susan," said George, "you don't know all I have to bear. My heart is sore, Susan dear. Uncle twitted me not an hour ago with my ill luck, and almost bade me to speak to you no more, leastways as my sweetheart; and that was why when William came at me on the top of such a blow it was more than I could bear; and Susan—Susan—uncle said you would stand to whatever he said."

"George," said Susan, gently; "I am very sorry my father was so unkind."

"Thank ye kindly, Susan; that is the first drop of dew that has fallen on me to-day."

"But obedience to parents," continued Susan, interrogating as it were her conscience, "is a great duty. I hope I shall never disobey my father," faltered she.

"Oh!" answered the goose George hastily, "I don't want any girl to be kind to me that does not love me; I am so unlucky, it would not be worth her while, you know."

At this Susan answered still more sharply, "No, I don't think it would be worth any woman's while, till your character and temper undergo a change."

George never answered a word, but went and leaned his head upon the side of a cart that stood half in and half out of a shed close by.

At this juncture a gay personage joined the party. He had a ball waistcoat, an alarming tie, a shooting jacket, wet muddy trousers and shoes, and an empty basket on his back.

He joined our group, just as George was saying to himself, very sadly, "I am in everybody's way here," and he attacked him directly.

"Everybody is in this country."

The reader is to understand that this Robinson was last from California; and California had made such an impression upon him, that he turned the conversation that way oftener than a well-regulated understanding recurs to any one topic, except perhaps religion.

He was always pestering George to go to this California with him, and it must be owned that on this one occasion George had given him a fair handle.

"Come out of it," continued Robinson, "and make your fortune."

"You did not make yours there," said Susan, sharply.

"I beg your pardon, miss. I made it, or how could I have spent it?"

"No doubt," said William, "what comes by the wind, goes by the water."

"Alluding to the dust?" inquired the cockney.

"Gold dust, especially," retorted Susan Merton.

Robinson laughed. "The ladies are sharp, even in Berkshire," said he.

Mr. Robinson then proceeded to disabuse their minds about the facility of gold.

"A crop of gold," said he, "does not come by the wind any more than a crop of corn; it

comes [by harder] digging" than your potatoes ever saw, and harder work than you ever did—oxen and horses perspire for you, Fielding No. 2."

"Did you ever see a horse or an ox ~~now~~ an acre of grass or barley?" retorted William, drily.

"Don't brag," replied the other; "they'll eat all you can mow and never say a word about it."

This repartee was so suited to the rustic idea of wit that Robinson's antagonists laughed heartily, except George.

"What is the matter with him?" said Robinson, *sotto voce*, indicating George.

"Oh! he is cross, never mind him," replied Susan, ostentatiously loud. George winced, but never spoke back to her.

Robinson then proceeded to disabuse the rural mind of the notion that gold is to be got without hard toil even in California; he told them how the miners' shirts were wet through and through in the struggle for gold; he told them how the little boys demanded a dollar a piece for washing these same garments; and how the miners to escape this extortion sent their linen to China in ships on Monday morning, and China sent them back on Saturday, only it was Saturday three weeks.

Next, Mr. Robinson proceeded to draw a parallel between England and various nations on the other side of the Atlantic not at all complimentary to his island home; above all, he was eloquent on the superior dignity of labor in new countries.

"I heard one of your clod-hoppers say the other day, 'The squire is a good gentleman, he often gives me a day's work.' Now, I should think it was the clod-hopper gave the gentleman the day's work, and the gentleman gave him a shilling for it—and made five by it."

William Fielding scratched his head; this was a new view of things to him, but there seemed to be something in it.

"Ay! rake that into your upper soil," cried our republican orator; then collecting into one his scattered items of argument, he invited his friend George to take his muscle, pluck, wind, back-bone, and self, out of this miserable country, and come where the best man has a chance to win.

"Come, George," he cried; "England is the spot, if you happen to be married to a Duke's daughter and got fifty thousand a-year and three houses.

"And a coach.

"And a Brougham.

"And a curricule.

"And ten brace of pointers.

"And a telescope, so big the stars must move to it instead of it to the stars.

"And no end of pretty housemaids.

"And a butler with a poultice round his neck and whiskers like a mop-head.

"And a silver tub full of rose-water to sit in and read the Morning Post.

"And a green-house full of peaches—and green peas all the year round.

"And a pew in the church warmed with biling eau de Cologne.

"And a carpet a foot thick."

"And a piano-forte in every blessed room in the house. But this island is the dead sea to a poor man."

He then, diverging from the rhetorical to the metropolitan style, proposed to his friend "to open one eye, that will show you this hole you are in is all poor hungry arable ground. You know you can't work it to a profit." (George winced.) "No! steal, borrow, or beg £500. Carry out a cargo of pea-jackets and fourpenny bits to swap for gold-dust. A few tools; a stout heart, and a light pair of—Oh no, we never mention them, their name is never heard,—and we'll soon fill both pockets with the shiney in California."

All this, Mr. Robinson delivered with a volubility to which Berkshire had hitherto been a stranger.

"A crust of bread in England before buffalo beef in California," was George's reply; but it was not given in that assured tone with which he would have laughed at Robinson's eloquence a week ago.

"I could not live with all those thieves and ruffians that are settled down there like crows on a dead horse; but I thank you kindly my lad all the same," said the tender-hearted young man.

"Strange," thought he, "that so many should sing me the same tune," and he fell back into his reverie.

Here they were all summoned to dinner with a dash of asperity, by Sarah, the stout farm servant.

Susan lingered an instant to speak to George; she chose an unfortunate topic. She warned him once more against Mr. Robinson.

"My father says that he has no business nor trade, and he is not a gentleman in spite of his red and green cravat, so he must be a rogue of some sort."

"Shall I tell you his greatest fault?" was the bitter reply. "He is my friend; he is the only creature that has spoken kind words to me to-day. Oh! I saw how cross you looked at him."

Susan's eyes flashed, and the color rose in her cheek, and the water in her eyes.

"You are a fool, George," said she; "you don't know how to read a woman, nor her looks, nor her words either."

And Susan was very angry and disdainful, and did not speak to George all dinner-time.

As for poor George, he followed her into the house with a heart both sick and heavy.

This Berkshire farmer had a proud and sensitive nature under a homely crust.

Old Merton's words had been iron passing through his soul, and besides he felt as if everything was turning cold and slippery, and gliding from his hand. He shivered with vague fears, and wished the sun would set at one o'clock, and the sorrowful day come to an end.

CHAPTER II.

THE meal passed almost in silence; Robinson was too hungry to say a word, and a weight hung upon George and Susan.

As they were about to rise, William observed two men in the farm-yard who were strangers to him—the men seemed to be inspecting the hogs. It struck him as rather cool, but apparently the pig is an animal which to be prized needs but to be known, for all connoisseurs of him are also enthusiastic amateurs.

When I say the pig I mean the four-legged one.

William Fielding, partly from curiosity to hear these strangers' remarks, partly hoping to find customers in them, strolled into the farm-yard before his companions rose from the table.

The others, looking carelessly out of the window, saw William join the two men and enter into conversation with them; but their attention was almost immediately diverted from that group by the entrance of Meadows. He came in radiant; his face was a remarkable contrast to the rest of the party.

Susan could not help noticing it.

"Why, Mr. Meadows," cried she, "you look as bright as a May morning; it is quite refreshing to see you; we are all rather down here this morning."

Meadows said nothing, and did not seem at his ease under this remark.

George rose from the table; so did Susan; Robinson merely pushed back his chair, and gave a comfortable little sigh, but the next moment he cried "Hallo!"

They looked up, and there was William's face close against the window.

William's face was remarkably pale, and first he tried to attract George's attention, without speaking, but finding himself observed by the whole party he spoke out.

"George, will you speak a word?" said he.

George rose and went out; but Susan's curiosity was awakened and she followed him accompanied by Meadows.

"None but you, George," said William, with a voice half stern, half quivering.

George looked at his brother.

"Out with it," cried he, "it is some deadly ill-luck; I have felt it coming all day, but out with it; what can't I bear after the words I have borne this morning?"

William hung his head.

"George, there is a distress upon the farm for the rent."

George did not speak at first, he literally staggered under these words; his proud spirit writhed in his countenance, and with a groan, he turned his back abruptly upon them all, and hid his face against the corner of his own house, the cold hard bricks.

Meadows by strong self-command contrived not to move a muscle of his face.

Up to this day and hour, Susan Merton had always seemed cool compared with her lover; she used to treat him a little *de haut en bas*.

But when she saw his shame and despair, she was much distressed.

"George, George!" she cried, "don't do so. Can nothing be done? Where is my father?—they told me he was here; he is rich, he shall help you." She darted from them in search of Merton; ere she could turn the angle of the house he met her.

"You had better go home, my girl," said he, gravely.

"Oh! no! no! I have been too unkind to George already," and she turned towards him like a pitying angel with hands extended as if they would bring balm to a hurt soul.

Meadows left chuckling, and was red and white by turns.

Merton was one of those friends one may make sure of finding in adversity.

"There," cried he, "George, I told you how it would end."

George wheeled round on him like lightning.

"What, do you come here to insult over me? I must be a long way lower than I am, before I shall be as low as you were when my mother took you up and made a man of you."

"George, George!" cried Susan, in dismay; "stop, for pity's sake before you say words that will separate us forever. Father," cried the peace-making angel, "how can you push poor George so hard and him in trouble; and we have all been too unkind to him to-day."

Ere either could answer, there was happily another interruption. A smart servant in livery walked up to them with a letter. With the instinctive feeling of class they all endeavored to conceal their agitation from the gentleman's servant. He handed George the note, and saying, "I was to wait for an answer, Farmer Fielding," sauntered towards the farm-stables.

"From Mr. Winchester," said George, after a long and careful inspection of the outside.

In the country it is a point of honor to find out the writer of a letter by the direction not the signature.

"The Honorable Francis Winchester! What does he write to you?" cried Merton, in a tone of great surprise. This, too, was not lost on George.

Human nature is human nature: he was not sorry to be able to read a gentleman's letter in the face of one who had bitterly reproached him, and of others who had seen him mortified and struck down.

"Seems so," said George drily, and with a glance of defiance; and he read out the letter.

"George Fielding, my fine fellow, think of it again. I have two berths in the ship that sails

from Southampton to-morrow; you will have every comfort on the voyage—a great point. I will do what I said for you (he promised me five hundred sheep, and a run, after the first year.) I must have an honest man, and where can I find as honest a man as George Fielding?"—"Thank you, Mr. Winchester, George Fielding thanks you, sir." And there was something noble and simple in the way the young farmer drew himself up, and looked fearlessly in all his companions' eyes.

"You saved my life—I can do nothing for you here—and you are doing no good at 'The Grove'—everybody says so!"—"everybody says so!"—and George Fielding winced at the words.)

"And it really pains me, my brave fellow, to go without you, where I know I could put you on the way of fortune: my heart is pretty stout; but home is home; and be assured that I wait with some anxiety to know whether my eyes are to look on nothing but water for the next four months, or are to be cheered by the sight of something from home, the face of a thorough-bred English yeoman, and—a friend—and—"

Poor George could read no more, the kind words, coming after his affronts and troubles, brought his heart to his mouth.

Susan took the letter from him, and read out—

"And an upright, downright honest man—" "AND SO YOU ARE, GEORGE!" cried she, warmly, drawing to George's side, and darting glances of defiance vaguely around. Then she continued to read—

"If the answer is favorable, a word is enough; meet me at 'The Crown,' in Newborough, to-night, and we will go up to London together by the mail train."

"The answer is Yes," said George to the servant, who was at some distance.

Susan, bending over the letter, heard, but could not realize the word, but the servant now came nearer, and George said to him, "Tell your master, Yes."

"Yes? George! cried Susan, "what do you mean by Yes? Is it about going to Australia?"

"The answer is Yes," said George.

The servant went away with the answer. The others remained motionless.

"This nobleman's son respects me if worse folk don't: but it is not the great bloodhounds and greyhounds that bark at misfortune's heels, it is the only village curs when all is done; this is my path. I'll pack up my things and go." And he did not look at Susan, or any of them, but went into the house like a man walking in his sleep.

There was a stupefied pause.

Then Susan gave a cry like a wounded deer.

"Father! what have you done?"

Merton himself had been staggered, but he replied stoutly—

"No more than my duty, girl, and I hope you will do no less than yours."

At this moment, Robinson threw up the window and jumped out into the yard.

Meadows under stronger interests had forgotten Robinson; but now at sight of him he looked round, and catching the eye of a man who was peering over the farm-yard wall, made him a signal.

"What is the matter?" cried Robinson.

"George is going to Australia," replied Merton, coldly.

"Australia!" roared Robinson—"Australia! he's mad, who ever goes there unless they are forced?—He shan't go there!—I would not go there if my passage was paid, and a new suit of clothes given me, and the governor's gig to take me ashore to a mansion provided for my reception, fires lighted, beds aired, and pipes laid across upon the table."

As Robinson concluded this tirade, the police-

man and constable, who had crept round the angle of the farm-house, came one on each side, put each a hand on one of his elbows, and—took him!

He looked first down at their hands in turn, then up at their faces in turn, and when he saw the metropolitan's face, a look of simple disgust diffused itself over his whole countenance.

"Ugh!" interjected Robinson.

"Ay?" replied the policeman, while putting handcuffs to him—"To Australia you'll go for all that, Tom Lyon, alias Scott, alias Robinson, and you'll have a new suit of clothes, mostly one color, and voyage paid, and a large house ashore waiting for you, and the governor's gig will come alongside for you, provided they can't find the convict's barge," and the official was pleased with himself and his wit, and allowed it to appear.

But by this time Robinson was on his balance again. "Gentlemen!" answered he with cold dignity, "What am I to understand by this violence from persons to whom I am an utter stranger?" and he might have sat for the picture of injured innocence. "I am not acquainted with you, sir," added he; "and by the titles you give me, it seems you are not acquainted with me."

The police laughed, and took out of this injured man's pocket the stolen notes which Meadows instantly identified.

Then Mr. Robinson started off into another key equally artistical in its way.

"Miss Merton," snuffed he, "appearances are against me, but mark my words, my innocence will emerge all the brighter from this temporary cloud."

Susan Merton ran in doors, saying, "Oh! I must tell George." She was not sorry of an excuse to be by George's side, and remind him by her presence that if home had its thorns it had its rose tree, too.

News soon spreads; rustic heads were seen peeping over the wall to see the finale of the fine gentleman from "Lunnun," meantime, the constable went to put his horse in a four-wheel chaise to convey Robinson to the county gaol.

If the rural population expected to see this worthy discomposed by so sudden a change of fortune, they were undeceived.

"Well, Jacobs," said he, with sudden familiarity, "you seem uncommon pleased, and I am content. I would rather have gone to California, but any place is better than England. Laugh those who win. I shall breathe a delicious climate; you will make yourself as happy as a prince, that is to say, miserable, upon fifteen shillings and two colds a week; my sobriety and industry will realize a fortune under a smiling sun; but chaps that never saw the world, and the beautiful countries there are in it, snivel at leaving this island of fogs, and rocks, and taxes, and nobles, the rich man's paradise, the poor man's—I never swear, it's vulgar."

While he was crushing his captors with his eloquence, George and Susan came together from the house; George's face betrayed wonder and something akin to horror:—

"A thief!" cried he. "Have I taken the hand of a thief?"

"It is a business like any other," said Robinson, deprecatingly.

"If you have no shame I have; I long to be gone now."

"George!" whined the culprit, who, strange to say, had become attached to the honest young farmer. "Did ever I take tithe of you? You have got a silver caudle cap, a heavenly old coffee-pot, no end of spoons double the weight those rogues the silversmiths make them now: they are in a box under your bed in your room," added he, looking down, "count them, they are all right; and Miss Merton, your bracelet, the gold one with the cameo, I could have

had it a hundred times." Miss Merton, ask him to shake hands with me at parting. I am so fond of him, and perhaps I shall never see him again."

"Shake hands with you?" answered George, sternly; "if your hands were loose I doubt I should ram my fist down your throat; but there, you are not worth a thought at such a time, and you are a man in trouble, and I am another. I forgive you, and I pray heaven I may never see your face again."

And Honesty turned his back in Theft's face. Robinson bit his lips and said nothing, but his eyes glistened; just then a little boy and girl, who had been peering about mighty curious, took courage and approached hand in hand. The girl was the speaker, as a matter of course:

"Farmer Fielding," said she, curtsying, a mode of reverence which was instantly copied by the boy, "we are come to see the thief; they say you have caught one—Oh dear!" (and her bright little countenance was overcast,) "I couldn't have told it from a man!"

We don't know all that is in the hearts of the wicked. Robinson was observed to change color at these silly words.

"Mr. Jacobs," said he, addressing the policeman, "Have you authority to put me in the pillory before trial?" He said this coldly and sternly; and then added, "Perhaps you are aware that I am a man, and I might say a brother, for you were a thief you know!" Then changing his tone entirely, "I say, Jacobs," said he, with cheerful briskness, "do you remember cracking the silversmith's shop in Lambeth, along with Jem Salisbury, and Black George, and—?"

"There, the gig is ready," cried Mr. Jacobs. "You come along," and the ex-thief pushed the thief hastily off the premises and drove him away with speed.

George Fielding gave a bitter sigh: this was a fresh mortification. He had for the last two months been defending Robinson against the surmises of the village.

Villages are always concluding there is something wrong about people.

"What does he do?" said our village.

"Where does he get his blue coat with brass buttons, his tartan waistcoat, and green satin tie with red ends? We admit all this looks like a gentleman: but yet, somehow, a gentleman is a horse of another color than this Robinson?"

George had sometimes laughed at all this, sometimes been very angry, and always stood up stoutly for his friend and lodger.

And now the fools were right and he was wrong: his friend and protegee was handcuffed before his eyes, and carried off to the county gaol amidst the grins and stares of a score of gaping rustics, who would make a fine story of it this evening in both the public-houses; and a hundred voices would echo some such conversational tristich as this:

1st Rustic. "I tawld un as much, din't I now, Jarge?"

2d Rustic. "That ye did Richard, for I heerd ee."

1st Rustic. "But, la! bless ye, he don't vally advice, he don't."

George Fielding groaned out, "I'm ready to go now—I'm quite ready to go—I am leaving a nest of insults;" and he darted into the house, as much to escape the people's eyes as to finish his slight preparations for so great a journey.

Two men were left alone; sulky William and respectable Meadows. Both these men's eyes followed George into the house, and each had a strong emotion they were bent on concealing, and did conceal from each other; but was it concealed from all the world?

The farm-house had two rooms, looking upon the spot where most of our tale has passed.

The smaller one of these was a little state par-



CHILDREN AT THE FOUNT.

lor, seldom used by the family. Here, on a table, was a grand old folio Bible; the names, births, and deaths of a century of Fieldings appeared in rusty ink and various handwritings upon its fly-leaf.

Framed on the walls were the first savage attempts of woman at worsted-work in these islands. There were two moral commonplaces, and there was the forbidden fruit-tree, whose branches diverged at set distances, like the radii of a circle from its stem a perpendicular line; exactly at the end of each branch hung one forbidden fruit—pre-Raphaelite worsted-work.

There were also two prints of more modern date, one agricultural, one manufactural.

No. 1 was a great show of farming implements at Doncaster.

No. 2 showed how one day in the history of man and of mutton, a sheep was sheared, her wool washed, teased, carded, etc., and the cloth *d and *d and *d and *d, and a coat shaped and sewed and buttoned upon a goose, whose preparations for inebriating the performers and spectators of his feat appeared in a prominent part of the picture.

The window of this little room was open, and on the sill was a row of flower-pots, from which a sweet fresh smell crept with the passing air into the chamber.

Behind these flower-pots for two hours past

had crouched—all eye, and ear, and mind—a keen old man.

To Isaac Levi age had brought vast experience, and had not yet dimmed any one of his senses. More than forty-five years ago he had been brought to see that men seldom act or speak so as to influence the fortunes of others without some motive of their own; and that these motives are seldom the motives they advance; and that their real motives are not always known to themselves, and yet can nearly always be read and weighed by an intelligent bystander.

So for near half a century Isaac Levi had read that marvellous page of nature written on black, white, and red parchments, and called "Man."

One result of his perusal was this, that the heads of human tribes differ far more than their hearts.

The passions and the heart he had found intelligible, and much the same from Indus to the Pole.

The people of our tale were like men walking together in a coppice—they had but glimpses of each other's minds; but to Isaac, behind his flower-pots they were a little human chart spread out flat before him, and not a region in it he had not travelled and surveyed before to-day; what to others passed for accident, to him was design; he penetrated more than one disguise of manner; and, above all his intelligence bored like a centre-bit into the deep heart of his enemy Meadows,

and at each turn of the centre-bit his eye flashed, his ear lived, and he crouched patient as a cat, keen as a lynx.

He was forgotten, but not by all.

Meadows, a cautious man, was the one to ask himself "Where is that old heathen, and what is he doing?"

To satisfy himself Meadows had come smoothly to the door of the little apartment and burst suddenly into it.

There he found the reverend Israelite extended on a little couch, a bandana handkerchief thrown over his face, calmly reposing.

Meadows paused, eyed him keenly, listened to his gentle, but audible equable breathing, relieved his mind by shaking his fist at him, and went out.

Thirty seconds later Isaac *awoke*! spat in the direction of Meadows, and crouched again behind the innocent flowers patient as a cat, keen as a lynx.

So then, when George was gone in, William Fielding and Mr. Meadows both felt a sudden need of being alone; each longed to indulge some feeling he did not care the other should see; so they both turned their faces away from each other and strolled apart.

Isaac Levi caught both faces off their guard, and read the men as by a lightning flash to the bottom line of their hearts.

For two hours he had followed the text, word by word, deed by deed, letter by letter, and now a comment on that text was written in these faces.

That comment said that William was rejoiced at George's departure and ashamed of himself for the feeling.

That Meadows rejoiced still more and was ashamed anybody should know he had the feeling.

Isaac withdrew from his lair, his task was done. "These men both love that woman, and this Meadows loves her with all his soul, and she—aha!" and triumph flashed from under his dark brows. But at his age, calm is the natural state of the mind and spirits; he composed himself for the present, and awaited an opportunity to strike his enemy with effect.

The aged man had read Mr. Meadows aright; under that modulated exterior, raged as deep a passion as ever shook a strong nature.

For some time he had fought against it.

"She is another man's sweetheart," he had said to himself; "no good will come of courting her." But by degrees the flax bonds of prudence snapped one by one, as the flame every now and then darted at them. Meadows began to reason the matter coolly.

"They can never marry, those two. I wish they would marry or break off, to put me out of this torture; but they can't marry, and my sweet Susan is wasting her prime for nothing, for a dream; besides, it is not as if she loved him the way I love her. She is like many a young maid, the first comer gets her promise before she knows her value. They walk together, get spoken of; she settles down into a groove, and so goes on whether her heart is in it, or not; it is habit more than anything."

Then he watched the pair, and observed that Susan's manner to George was cool and off-hand, and that she did not seem to seek opportunities of being alone with him.

Having got so far, he now felt it his duty to think of her interest.

He could not but feel that he was a great match for any farmer's daughter; whereas "poor young Fielding," said he compassionately, "is more likely to break as a bachelor than to support a wife and children upon 'The Grove.'"

He next allowed his mind to dwell with some bitterness upon the poor destiny that stood between him and the woman he loved.

"George Fielding! a dull dog, that could be

just as happy with any other girl as with my angel. An oaf so little alive to his prize, that he doesn't even see he has rivals; doesn't see that his brother loves her: ah! but I see that though; lover's eyes are sharp; doesn't see me, who mean to take her from both these Fielding's—and what harm? It isn't as if their love was like mine. Heaven forbid I should meddle if it was. A few weeks, and a few mugs of ale would wash her from what little mind either of them have: but I never loved a woman before and never could look at another after her."

And so by degrees Meadows saw that he was quite justified in his resolve to win Susan Merton, PROVIDED IT WAS DONE FAIRLY.

This resolve taken, all this man's words and actions began to be colored more or less by his secret wishes; and it is not too much to say that this was the hand which was gently but adroitly, with a touch here and a touch there, pushing George Fielding across the Pacific Ocean.

You see, a respectable man can do a deal of mischief, more than a rogue could.

A shrug of the shoulders from Meadows had caused the landlord to distrust.

A hint from Meadows had caused Merton to affront George about Susan.

A tone of Meadows had closed the bank cash-box to the Fieldings' bill of exchange—and so on; and now—finding it almost impossible to contain his exultation, for George once in Australia he felt he could soon vanquish Susan's faint preference, the result of habit—he turned off and went to meet his mare at the gate; the boy had just returned with her.

He put his foot into the stirrup, but ere he mounted, it occurred to him to ask one of the farm servants whether the old Jew was gone.

"I sin him in the barn just now," was the reply.

Meadows took his foot out of the stirrup.

Never leave an enemy behind you, was one of his rules. "And why does the old heathen stay!" he asked himself; he clenched his teeth, and vowed he would not leave the village till George Fielding was on his way to Australia.

He sent his mare to the "Black Horse," and strolled up the village: then he showed the boy a shilling, and said, "You be sure and run to the public-house and let me know when George Fielding is going to start,—I should like to see the last of him."

This was true!

CHAPTER III.

AND now passed over "The Grove" the heaviest hours it had ever known: hours as weary as they were bitter to George Fielding. "The Grove" was nothing to him now—in mind he was already separated from it; his clothes were ready, he had nothing more to do, and he wished he could fling himself this moment into the ship, and hide his head, and sleep and forget his grief until he reached the land whose fat and endless pastures were to make him rich and send him home a fitter match for Susan.

As the moment of parting drew nearer, there came to him that tardy consolation which often comes to the honest man then, when it can but add to his pangs of regret.

Perhaps no man is good, manly, tender, generous, honest and unlucky, quite in vain; at last, when such a man is leaving all who have been unjust or cold to him, scales fall from their eyes. A sense of his value flashes like lightning across their half empty skulls and their tepid hearts; they feel and express some respect and regret, and make him sadder to leave them: so did the neighbors of "The Grove" to young Fielding. Some hands gave him now their first warm pressure, and one or two voices even faltered as they said "God bless thee, lad!"

And now the carter's lad ran in with a message from a farmer at the top of the hill.

"Oh! Master George, Farmer Dodd says, if you please, he couldn't think to let you walk. You are to go in his gig as far as Newbury, if you'll walk up as far as his farm; he's afeard to come down our hill, a says, because if he did, his mare 'ud kick his gig into toothpicks, he says."

"Oh! Master George, I be sorry you be going," and the boy who had begun quite cheerfully, ended in a whimper.

"I thank him! Take my bag, boy, and I'll follow in half an hour."

Sarah brought out the bag and opened it, and weeping bitterly, put into it a bottle with her name on a bit of paper tied round the neck to remind poor George he was not forgotten at "The Grove," and then she gave George the key and went sadly in, her apron to her eyes.

And now George fixed his eye on his brother William and said to him, "William, will you come with me if you please?"

"Ay, George, sure."

They went through the farm-yard side by side; neither spoke, and George took a last look at the ricks, and he paused, and seemed minded to speak, but he did not, he only muttered "not here." Then George led the way out into the paddock, and so into the lane, and very soon they saw the village church; William wondered George did not speak. They passed under the yew-tree into the churchyard; William's heart fluttered. They found the vicar's cow browsing on the graves; William took up a stone—George put out his hand not to let him hurt her, and George turned her gently into the lane—then he stepped carefully among the graves. William followed him, his heart fluttering more and more with vague fears; William knew now where they were going, but what was George going to say to him there? his heart beat faint-like. By and by the brothers came to this—



George looked down at the grave, so did William, neither spoke awhile.

The grave was between the two men—and silence; both looked down.

George whispered "Good bye, mother? She never thought we should be parted this way;" then he turned to William, and opened his mouth to say something more to him, doubtless that which he had come to say, but apparently it was too much for him. I think he feared his own resolution. He gasped, and with a heavy sigh led the way home. William walked with him not knowing what to think, or do, or say; at last he muttered, "I wouldn't go if my heart was here!"

"I shall go, Will," replied George, rather sternly as it seemed.

When they came back to the house they found several persons collected.

Old Fielding, the young men's grandfather, was there; he had made them wheel him in his great chair out into the sun.

Grandfather Fielding had reached the last stage of human existence. He was 92 years of

age. The lines in his face were cordage, his aspect was stony and impassible, and he was all but impervious to passing events; his thin blood had almost ceased to circulate in his extremities; for every drop he had was needed to keep his old heart abating at all instead of stopping like a clock that has run down.

Meadows had returned to see George off, and old Merton was also there, and he was one of those whose hearts gave them a bit of a twinge.

"George," said he, "I'm vexed for speaking unkind to you to-day, of all days in the year; I didn't think we were to part so soon, lad."

"No more about it, uncle," faltered George; "what does it matter now?"

Susan Merton came out of the house; she had caught her father's conciliatory words; she seemed composed, but pale; she threw her arms round her father's neck.

"Oh! father," said she, imploringly, "I thought it was a dream, but he is going, he is really going. Oh! don't let him go from us; speak him fair, father, his spirit is so high."

"Susan!" replied the old farmer, "mayhap the lad thinks me his enemy, but I'm not. My daughter shall not marry a bankrupt farmer, but you bring home a thousand pounds—just one thousand pounds—to show me you are not a fool, and you shall have my daughter, and she shall have my blessing."

Meadows exulted.

"Your hand on that, uncle," cried George, with ardor; "your hand on that before Heaven and all present."

The old farmer gave George his hand upon it.

"But father," cried Susan, "your words are sending him away from me."

"Susan!" said George, sorrowfully but firmly. "I am to go, but don't forget it is for your sake I leave you, my darling Susan—to be a better man for your sake. Uncle, since your last words there is no ill will, but (bluntly) I can't speak my heart before you."

"I'll go, George, I'll go; shan't be said my sister's son hadn't leave to speak his mind, let be who it will, at such a time."

Merton turned to leave them, but ere he had taken two steps, a most unlooked-for interruption chained him to the spot. An old man with a long beard and a glittering eye was amongst them before they were aware of him; he fixed his eye upon Meadows, and spoke a single word—but that word fell like a sledge-hammer.

"No!" said Isaac Levi in the midst.

"No!" repeated he to John Meadows.

Meadows understood perfectly what "No" meant; a veto upon all his plans, hopes, and wishes.

"Young man," said Isaac to George, "you shall not wander forth from the home of your fathers. These old eyes see deeper

than yours (and he sent an eye-stab at Meadows); you are honest—all men say so—I will lend you the money for your rent, and one who loves you (and he gave another eye-stab at Meadows) will bless me."

"Oh! yes, I bless you," cried Susan, innocently.

The late exulting Meadows was benumbed at this.

"Surely Heaven sends you to me," cried Susan. "It is Mr. Levi of Farnborough."

Here was a diversion: Meadows cursed the intruder and his own evil star that had raised him up so malignant an enemy.

"All my web undone in a moment," thought he, and despair began to take possession of him. Susan on the other hand, was all joy and hope; William more or less despondent.

The old Jew glanced from one to another, read them all, and enjoyed his triumph.

But when his eye returned to George Fielding, he met with something he had not reckoned upon.

The young man showed no joy, no emotion.

He stood immovable, like a statue of a man, and when he opened his lips it was like a statue speaking with its marble mouth.

"No! Susan. No! old man. I am honest, though I'm poor—and proud, though you have seen me put to shame near my own homestead more than once to-day. To borrow without a chance of paying is next door to stealing. And I should never pay you. My eyes are opened in spite of my heart. I can't farm 'The Grove' with no grass, and wheat at forty shillings. I've tried all I know, and I can't do it. Will there is dying to try, and he shall try, and may heaven speed his plough better than it has poor George's."

"I am not thinking of the farm now, George," said William. "I'm thinking of when we were boys, and used to play marbles—together—upon the tombstones." And he faltered a little.

"Mr. Levi! seems you have a kindness for me, show it to my brother when I'm away if you will be so good."

"Hum?" said Isaac, doubtfully. "I care not to see your stout young heart give way, as it will. Ah, me! I can pity the wanderer from home. I will speak a word with you, and then I will go home."

He drew George aside, and made him a secret communication.

Merton called Susan to him and made her promise to be prudent, then he shook hands with George and went away.

Now Meadows, from the direction of Isaac's glance, and a certain half-surprised, half-contemptuous look that stole over George's face, suspected that his enemy, whose sagacity he could no longer doubt, was warning George against him.

This made him feel very uneasy where he was, and this respectable man dreaded some exposure of his secret. So he said hastily, "I'll go along with you, farmer," and in a moment was by Merton's side, as that worthy stopped to open the gate that led out of George's premises.

His feelings were anything but pleasant when George called to him,—

"No, sir! stop. You are as good a witness as I could choose of what I have to say. Step this way if you please, sir."

Meadows returned, clenched his teeth, and prepared for the worst, but inwardly he cursed his uneasy folly in staying here instead of riding home the moment George had said "Yes!" to Australia.

George now looked upon the ground a moment; and there was something in his manner that arrested the attention of all.

Meadows turned hot and cold.

"I am going—to speak—to my brother, Mr. Meadows!" said he, syllable by syllable to Meadows, in a way brimful of meaning.

"To me, George?" said William, a little uneasy.

"To you! Fall back a bit." (Some rustics were encroaching upon the circle.) Fall back, if you please; this is a family matter."

Isaac Levi, instead of going quite away, seated himself on a bench outside the palings.

It is now William's turn to flutter; he said, however, to himself, "It is about the farm; it must be about the farm."

George resumed. "I've often had it on my mind to speak to you, but I was ashamed, now that's the truth; but now I am going away from her I must speak out, and I will—William!"

"Yes, George!"

"You've taken—a fancy—to my Susan, William!"

At these words, which, though they had cost him so much to say, George spoke gravely and calmly, like common words, William gave one startled look at all round, then buried his face directly in his hands in a paroxysm of shame.

Susan, who was looking at George, remonstrated loudly. "How can you be so silly, George. I am sure that is the last idea poor William—"

George drew her attention to William by a waive of the hand.

She held her tongue in a moment, and turned very red and lowered her eyes to the ground. It was a very painful situation—to none more than to Meadows, who was waiting his turn.

George continued: "Oh, it is not to reproach you, my poor lad. Who could be near her, and not warm to her? But she is my lass, Will, and no other man's. It is three years since she said the word. And though it was my hard luck there should be some coolness between us this bitter day, she will think of me when the ocean rolls between us if no villain undermines me—"

"Villain! George," groaned William. "That is a word I never thought to hear from you."

"That's why I speak in time," said George. "I do suppose I am safe against villainy here," and his eye swept lightly over both the men. "Any way, it shan't be a mis-take or a mis-understanding; it shall be villainy if 'tis done. Speak, Susanna Merton, and speak your real mind once for all."

"Oh! George," cried Susan, fluttering with love; you shall not go in doubt of me. We are betrothed this three years, and I never regretted my choice a single moment. I never saw, I never shall see, the man I could bear to look on besides you, my beautiful George. Take my ring and my promise, George." And she put her ring on his little finger, and kissed his hand. Whilst you are true to me, nothing but death shall part us twain. There never was any coolness between us, dear; you only thought so. You don't know what fools women are; how they delight to tease the man they love, and so torment themselves ten times more. I always loved you, but never as I do to-day. So honest, so proud, so unfortunate. I love you, I honor you, I adore you, Oh! my love!—my love!—my love!"

She saw but George—she thought but of George—and how to soften his sorrow, and remove his doubts, if he had any. And she poured out these words of love with her whole soul—with blushes and tears, and all the fire of a chaste and passionate woman's heart. And she clung to her love; and her tender bosom heaved against his; and she strained him with tears and sighs to her bosom; and he kissed her beautiful head; and his suffering heart drew warmth from this heavenly contact.

The late exulting Meadows turned as pale as ashes, and trembled from head to foot.

"Do you hear, William?" said George.

"I hear, George," replied William, in an iron whisper, with his sullen head sunk upon his breast.

George left Susan, and came between her and William.

"Then, Susan," said he, rather loud, "here is your brother."

William winced.

"William! here is my life!" And he pointed to Susan. "Let no man rob me of it, if one mother really bore us."

It went through William's heart like a burning arrow. And this was why George had taken him to their mother's grave. That flashed across him, too.

The poor sulky fellow's head was seen to rise inch by inch, till he held it as erect as a king's.

"Never!" he cried, half shouting, half weeping. "Never, s'help me God! She's my sister from this hour—no more, no less. And may the red blight fall on my arm and my heart if I or any man takes her from you—any man!" he cried, his temples flushing, and his eye glittering. "Sooner than a hundred men should take her from you while I am here I'd die at their feet a hundred times."

Well done, sullen and rugged but honest man; the capital temptation of your life is wrestled with and thrown. That is always to every man a close, a deadly, a bitter struggle; and we must all wade through this deep water at one hour or

another of our lives; it is as surely our fate as it is one day to die.

It is a noble sight to see an honest man "cleave his own heart in twain and fling away the baser part of it."

These words that burst from William's better heart knocked at his brother's, you may be sure. He came to William, "I believe you," said he: "I trust you, I thank you." Then he held out his hand; but nature would have more than that; in a moment his arm was round his brother's neck, where it had not been this many a year; he withdrew it as quickly, half ashamed; and Anne Fielding's two sons grasped one another's hands, and holding hands turned away their heads and tried to hide their eyes.

They are stronger than bond, deed or indenture, these fleshy compacts written by moist eyes stamped by the gripe of eloquent hands in those moments full of soul, when men's hearts beat from their bosoms to their fingers' ends.

Isaac Levi came to the brothers, and said to William, "Yes, I will now," and then he went slowly and thoughtfully away to his own house.

"And now," faltered George, "I feel strong enough to go, and I'll go."

He looked round at all the familiar objects he was leaving, as if to bid them farewell; and last, whilst every eye watched his movements, he walked slowly up to his grandfather's chair.

"Grandfather," said he, "I am going a long journey, and mayhap shall never see you again; speak a word to me before I go."

The impassive old man took no notice, so Susan came to him. "Grandfather, speak to George; poor George is going into a far country."

When she had repeated this in his ear, their grandfather looked up for a moment—"George, fetch me some snuff from where you're going."

A spasm crossed George's face; he was not to have a word of good omen from the aged man.

"Friends," said he, looking appealingly to all the rest, Meadows included, "I wanted him to say 'God bless you!' but snuff is all his thought now. Well, old man, George won't forget your last word, such as 'tis'."

In a hutch near the corner of the house was William's pointer Carlo. Carlo, observing by the general movement that there was something on foot, had the curiosity to come out to the end of his chain, and as he stood there, giving every now and then a little uncertain wag of his tail, George took notice of him and came to him and patted his head.

"Good bye, Carlo," faltered George; "poor Carlo, you and I shall never go after the part-ridges again, Carlo. The dog shows more understanding than the Christian; bye, Carlo." Then he looked wistfully at William's dog, but he said nothing more.

William watched every look of George, but he said nothing at the time.

"Good bye, little village church, where I went to church man and boy; good bye, churchyard, where my mother lies; there will be no church bells, Susan, where I am going; no Sunday bells to remind me of my soul and home."

These words, which he spoke with great difficulty, were hardly out of young Fielding's mouth, when a very painful circumstance occurred; one of those things that seem the contrivance of some malignant spirit. The church bells in a moment struck up their very merriest peal!

George Fielding started, he turned pale, and his lips trembled. "Are they mocking me?" he cried. "Do they take a thought what I am going through this moment, the heard-heart-ed—"

"No! no! no!" cried William; "don't think it, George: I know what 'tis—I'll tell ye."

"What is it?"

"Well it is—well, George, it is Tom Clarke and Esther Borgherst married to-day; only they couldn't have the ringers till the afternoon."

"Why, Will, they have only kept company a year, and Susan and I have kept company three years; and Tom and Esther are married to-day; and what are George and Susan doing to-day? God help me! Oh, God help me! What shall I do? what shall I do." And the stout heart gave way, and George Fielding covered his face with his hands and burst out sobbing and crying.

Susan flung her arms round his neck—"Oh! George, my pride is all gone; don't go, don't think to go; have pity on us both, and don't go." And she clung to him—her bonnet fallen off, her hair dishevelled—and they sobbed and wept in one another's arms.

Meadows writhed with the jealous anguish this sad sight gave him, and at that moment he could have cursed the whole creation. He tried to fly, but he was rooted to the spot. He leaned sick as death against the palings.

George and Susan cried together, and then they wiped one another's eyes like simple country folk with one pocket-handkerchief; and then they kissed one another in turn, and made each other's tears flow fast again; and again wiped one another's eyes with one handkerchief.

Meadows gripped the palings convulsively—hell was in his heart.

"Poor souls, God help them!" said William to himself in his purified heart.

The silence their sorrow caused all around was suddenly invaded by a voice that seemed to come from another world—it was Grandfather Fielding. "The autumn sun is not so warm as she used to be!"

Yes, there was the whole map of humanity in the county of Berks. The middle-aged man, a schemer, watching the success of his able scheme, and stunned and wounded by its recoil. And old age, callous to noble pain, all alive to discomfort, yet man to the last—blaming any one but Number One, cackling against heavenly bodies, accusing the sun and the kitchen-fire of frigidity—not his own empty veins! And the two poor young things sobbing as if their hearts would break over their first great earthly sorrow.

George was the first to recover himself. "Shame upon me!" he cried; he drew Susan to his bosom, and pressed a long, burning kiss upon her brow.

And now all felt the wrench was coming. George, with a wild, half-terrified look signalled William to come to him.

"Help me, Will! you see I have no more manhood than a girl."

Susan instinctively trembled. George once more pressed his lips to her, as if they would grow there. William took her hand. She trembled more and more.

"Take my hand; take your brother's hand, my poor lass," said he.

She trembled violently; and then George gave a cry that seemed to tear his heart, and darted from them in a moment.

Poor Susan uttered more than one despairing scream, and stretched out both hands for George. He did not see her, for he dared not look back.

"Bob, loose the dog," muttered William, hastily, in a broken voice.

The dog was loosed, and ran after George, who, he thought, was only going for a walk. Susan was sinking pale and helpless upon her brother's bosom.

"Pray, sister," said gentle William; "pray, sister, as I must."

A faint shiver was all the answer; her senses had almost left her.

When George was a little way up the hill, something ran suddenly against his legs—he started—it was Carlo. He turned, and lifted up his hands to Heaven; and William could see that George was blessing him for this. Carlo was more than a dog to poor George at that cruel moment. Soon after that, George and

Carlo reached the crown of the hill. George's figure stood alone a moment between them and the sky. He was seen to take his hat off, and raise his hands once more to Heaven, whilst he looked down upon all he loved and left, and then he turned his sorrowful face again towards that distant land, and they saw him no more!

CHAPTER IV.

"The world is full of trouble."

While we are young, we do not see how true this ancient homely saying is.

That wonderful dramatic prologue, the first chapter of Job, is but a condensation of the sorrows that fall like hail upon many a mortal house. Job's black day, like the day of poetic prophets, the true sacrifices of the ancient world—is a type of a year—a bitter human year. It is terrible how quickly a human landscape, all gilded meadows, silver river and blue sky can cloud and darken.

George Fielding had compared himself, this very day, to an oak-tree, "even so am I rooted to my native soil." His fate accepted his simile. The oak of centuries yields to an impalpable antagonist, whose very name stands in proverbs for weakness and insignificance. This thin, light trifle, rendered impetuous by motion, buffets the king of the forest, tears his roots with fury out of the earth, and lays his towering head in the dust; and even so, circumstances, none of them singly irresistible, converging to one point, buffeted sore another oak, the pride of our fields, and for aught I know of our whole island—an honest English yeoman; and tore him from his farm, from his house, hard by his mother's grave, from the joy of his heart, his Susan, and sent him, who had never traveled a hundred miles in his life, across a world of waters, to keep sheep at the Antipodes: a bereaved and desolate heart went with Farmer Dodd in the gig to Newborough; sad, desolate, and stricken hearts remained behind.

When two loving hearts are torn bleeding asunder, it is a shade better to be the one that is driven away into action, than the bereaved twin that petrifies at home.

The bustle, the occupation, the active annoyances, are some sort of bitter distraction to the unfathomable grief—it is one little shade worse to lie solitary and motionless in the old scenes from which the sunlight is now fled.

It needed but a look at Susan Merton as she sat moaning and quivering from head to foot, in George's kitchen, to see that she was in no condition to walk back to Grassmere Farm to-night.

So as she refused—almost violently refused—to stay at "The Grove," William harnessed one of the farm-horses to a cart, and took her home round by the road.

"It is six miles that way instead of three, but then we sha'n't jolt her going that way," thought William.

He walked by the side of the cart in silence.

She never spoke but once all the journey, and that was about half way, to complain in a sort of hopeless pitiful tone that she was cold: it was a burning afternoon.

William took off his coat, and began to tie it round her by means of the sleeves; Susan made a little silent, peevish, and not very rational resistance; William tied it round her by brotherly force.

They reached her home; when she got out of the cart her eye was fixed, her cheek white—she seemed like one in a dream.

She went into the house without speaking or looking at William. William was sorry she did not speak to him; however, he stood disconsolately by the cart, asking himself what he could do next for her and George: presently he heard a slight rustle, and it was Susan coming back along the passage: "She has left something in the cart," thought he, and he began to look in the straw.

She came like one still in a dream, and put her

hand out to William, and it appeared that was what she had come back for.

William took her hand and pressed it to his bosom a moment; at this Susan gave an hysterical sob or two, and crept away again to her own room.

What she suffered in that room the first month after George's departure I could detail, perhaps, as well as any man living, but I will not; there is a degree of anguish one shrinks from intruding upon too familiarly in person; and even on paper the microscope should spare sometimes these beatings of the bared heart. It will be enough if I indicate by and by her state after time and religion and good habits had begun to struggle, sometimes gaining sometimes losing, against the tide of sorrow. For the present let us draw gently back, and leave her, for she is bowed to the earth—fallen on her knees, her head buried in the curtains of her bed; dark, faint, and laden, on the borders of despair—a word often lightly used through ignorance. Heaven keep us from a single hour here or hereafter of the thing the word stands for; and Heaven comfort all true and loving hearts that read me when their turn shall come to drain the bitter cup like Susan Merton.

CHAPTER V.

THE moment George Fielding was out of sight Mr. Meadows went to the public-house, flung himself on his powerful black mare, and rode homewards without a word. One strong passion after another swept across his troubled mind. He burned with love, he was sick with jealousy, cold with despondency, and, for the first time, smarted with remorse. George Fielding was gone, gone of his own accord; but like the flying Parthian he had shot his keenest arrow in the moment of defeat.

"What the better am I?" thus ran this man's thoughts. "I have opened my own eyes, and Susan seems farther from me than ever now—my heart is like a lump of lead here—I wish I had never been born—so much for scheming—I would have given a thousand pounds for this, and now I'd give double to be as I was before; I had honest hopes then, now where are they? How lucky it seemed all to go, too. Ah! that is it—'May all your good luck turn to wormwood!' that was his word—his very word—and my good luck is wormwood; so much for lifting a hand against grey hairs, Jew or Gentile. Why did the old heathen provoke me then? I'd as soon die as live this day. That's right, start at a handful of straw; lie down in it one minute and tremble at the sight of it the next, ye idiot. Oh, Susan! Susan! Why do I think of her? She loves that man with every fibre of her body. How she clung to him! how she grew to him! And I stood there and looked on it, and did not kill them both. Seen it! I see it now, it is burnt into my eyes and my heart forever; I am in hell!—I am in hell!—Hold up you blundering fool; has the devil got into you too? Perdition seize him! May he die and rot before the year's out ten thousand miles from home! May his ship sink to the bottom of the—What right have I to curse the man, as well as drive him across sea? Curse yourself, John Meadows. They are true lovers, and I have parted them, and looked on and seen their tears. Heaven pity them, and forgive me. So he knew of his brother's love for her after all. Why didn't he speak to me, I wonder, as well as to Will Fielding? The old Jew warned him against me, I'll swear. Why? why because you are a respectable man, John Meadows, and he thought a hint was enough to a man of character. 'I do suppose I am safe from villainy here,' says he. That lad spared me; he could have given me a red face before them all; now if there are angels that float in the air, and see what passes amongst us sinners, how must John Meadows have looked beside George Fielding that moment? This love will sink my soul! I

can't breathe between these hedges, my temples are bursting! Oh! you want to gallop, do you? gallop, then, and faster than you ever did since you were foaled—confound ye!" With this he spurred his mare furiously up the bank, and went crashing through the dead hedge that surmounted it; he struck his hat at the same moment fiercely from his head, (it was fast by a black ribbon to his button-hole,) and as they lighted by a descent of some two feet on the edge of a grass field, he again drove his spurs into his great fiery mare all vein and bone. Black Rachael snorted with amazement at the spur, and with warlike delight at finding grass beneath her feet and free air whistling round her ears; she gave one gigantic bound like a buck with arching back and all four legs in the air at once, (it would have unseated many a rider, but never moved the iron Meadows,) and with dilating nostril and ears laid back she hurled herself across the country like a stone from a sling.

Meadows's house was about four miles and a half distant as the crow flies, and he went home to-day as the crow flies, only faster. None would have known the staid, respectable Meadows in this figure that came flying over hedge and ditch and brook, his hat dangling and leaping like mad behind him, his hand now and then clutching his breast, his heart tossed like a boat among the breakers, his lips white, his teeth clenched, and his eyes blazing! The mare took everything in her stride, but at last they came somewhat suddenly on an enormous high stiff fence; to clear it was impossible; by this time man and beast were equally reckless; they went straight into it and through it as a bullet goes through a pane of glass; and on again over brook and fence, ploughed field and meadow, till Meadows found himself, he scarce knew how, at his own door. His old deaf servant came out from the stable-yard, and gazed in astonishment at the mare, whose flank panted, whose tail quivered, whose back looked as if she had been in the river, while her belly was stained with half a dozen different kinds of soil, and her rider's face streamed with blood from a dozen scratches he had never felt.

Meadows flung himself from the saddle, and ran up to his own room; he dashed his face and his burning hands into water; this seemed to do him a little good. He came down stairs; he lighted a pipe (we are the children of habit); he sat with his eyebrows painfully bent; people called on him, he fiercely refused to see them.

For the first time in his life he turned his back on business; he sat for hours by the fire-place; a fierce, mental struggle wrenched him to and fro.

Evening came, still he sat collapsed by the fire-place. From his window among other objects two dwellings were visible; one distant four miles, was a whitewashed cottage tiled instead of thatched, adorned with creepers and roses and very clean, but little superior to laborers' cottages.

The other, distant six long miles, was the Grassmere farm-house, where the Mertons lived; the windows seemed burnished gold this evening.

In the small cottage lived a plain, old woman—Methodist; she was Meadows's mother.

She did not admire worldly people, still less envy them.

He was too good a churchman and man of business to permit conventicles or psalm singing at odd hours in his house. So she preferred living in her own, which moreover was her own—her very own own.

The old woman never spoke of her son, checked all complaints of him, and snubbed all experimental eulogies of him.

Meadows never spoke of his mother; paid her a small allowance with the regularity and affectionate grace of clock-work; never asked her if she didn't want any more—would not have refused her if she had asked for double.

This evening, whilst the sun was shining with all his evening glory on Susan Merton's house, Meadows went slowly to his window, and pulled down the blind; and drawing his breath hard shut the loved prospect out.

He then laid his hand upon the table, and he said—"I swear by the holy bread and wine I took last month that I will not put myself in the way of this strong temptation. I swear I will go no more to Grassmere Farm, never so long as I love Susan." He added, faintly, "Unless they send for me; and they won't do that, and I won't go of my own accord, I swear it. I have sworn it, however, and I swear it again—unless they send for me!"

Then he sat by the fire with his head in his hands—a posture he never was seen in before; next he wrote a note, and sent it hastily with a horse and cart to that small whitewashed cottage.

Old Mrs. Meadows sat in her doorway reading a theological work, called "Believers' Buttons." She took the note, looked at it,—"Why this is from John, I think; what can he have to say to me?" She put on her spectacles again, which she had taken off on the messenger first accosting her, and she deliberately opened, smoothed and read the note: it ran thus—

"Mother, I am lonely, come over and stay awhile with me if you please.

"Your dutiful Son,

"JOHN MEADOWS."

"Here, Hannah," cried the old woman to a neighbor's daughter that was nearly always with her.

Hannah, a comely girl of fourteen, came running in.

"Here's John wants me to go over to his house; get me the pen and ink, girl, out of the cupboard, and I'll write him a word or two any way. Is there anything amiss?" said she quickly to the man.

"He came in with the black mare all in a lather just after dinner, and he hasn't spoke to a soul since, that's all I know, Missus: I think something has put him out, and he isn't soon put out, you know, he isn't."

Hannah left the room, after placing the paper as she was bid.

"You will all be put out that trust to an arm of flesh, all of ye, master or man, Dick Messenger," said the disciple of John Wesley somewhat grimly—"Ay, and be put out of the kingdom of heaven too if ye don't take heed."

"Is that the news I'm to take back to Farnborough, Missus?" said Messenger with quiet rustic irony.

"No; I'll write to him."

The old woman wrote a few lines reminding Meadows that the pursuit of earthly objects could never bring any steady comfort, and telling him that she should be lost in his great house—that it would seem quite strange to her to go into the town after so many years quiet—but that if he was minded to come out and see her, she would be glad to see him and glad of the opportunity to give him her advice, if he was in a better frame for listening to it than last time she offered it to him, and that was two years come Martinmas.

Then the old woman paused,—next she reflected,—and afterwards dried her unfinished letter. And as she began slowly to fold it up, and put it in her pocket—"Hannah," cried she, thoughtfully.

Hannah appeared in the doorway.

"I dare say—you may fetch—my cloak and bonnet. Why if the wench hasn't got them on her arm. What, you made up your mind that I should go then?"

"That I did," replied Hannah. "Your warm shawl is in the cart, Mrs. Meadows."

"Oh you did, did you. Young folks are apt to be sure and certain—I was in two minds about it, so I don't see how the child could be sure," said she, dividing her remark between vacancy

and the person addressed, a grammatical privilege of old age.

"Oh! but I was sure for that matter," replied Hannah, firmly.

"And what made the little wench so sure, I wonder?" said the old woman now in her black bonnet and scarlet cloak.

"Why la!" says Hannah, "because it's your son, ma'am—and you're his mother Dame Meadows!"

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN MEADOWS had always been an active man, but now he was indefatigable. He was up at five every morning, and seemed ubiquitous; added a grey gelding to his black mare, and rode them both nearly off their legs. He surveyed land in half a dozen counties—he speculated in grain in half a dozen markets, and did business in shares. His plan in dealing with this ticklish speculation was simple; he listened to nothing anybody said, examined the venture himself, and if it had a sound basis, bought when the herd were selling, and sold whenever the herd were buying. Hence he bought cheap and sold dear.

He also lent money, and contrived to solve the usurer's problem—perfect security and huge interest.

He arrived at this by his own sagacity, and the stupidity of mankind.

Mankind are not wanting in intelligence; but as a body, they have one intellectual defect—they are muddle-heads.

Now these muddle-heads have agreed to say, that land is, in all cases, five times a surer security for money lent than moveables are. Whereas, the fact is, that sometimes it is and sometimes it is not. Owing to the above delusion, the proprietor of land can always borrow money at four per cent, and other proprietors are often driven to give ten—twenty—thirty.

So John Meadows lent mighty little upon land, but much upon oat-ricks, wagons, advantageous leases, and such things, solid as land, and more easily convertible into cash.

Thus without risk, he got his twenty per cent. Not that he appeared in these transactions—he had too many good irons in the fire to let himself be called an usurer.

He worked this business as three thousand respectable men are working it, in this nation. He had a human money-bag, whose strings he went behind a screen and pulled.

The human money-bag of Meadows was Peter Crawley.

This Peter Crawley, some years before our tale, lay crushed beneath a barrowful of debts—many of them to publicans. In him others saw a cunning fool and a sot—Meadows an unscrupulous tool: Meadows wanted a tool, and knew the cheapest way to get the thing was to buy it, so he bought up all Crawley's debts, sued him, got judgments out against him, and raising the axe of the law over Peter's head with his right hand, offered him the left hand of fellowship with his left; down on his knees went Crawley, and resigned his existence to this great man.

Human creatures whose mission it is to do whatever a man secretly bids them, are not entitled to long and interesting descriptions.

Crawley was fifty, wore a brown wig, the only thing about him that did not attempt disguise, and slouched in a brown coat and a shirt peppered with snuff.

In this life he was an infinitesimal attorney; previously, unless Pythagoras was a goose, he had been a pole-cat.

Meadows was ambidexter. The two hands he gathered coin with were Meadows and Crawley. The first, his honest, hard-working hand—the second, his three-fingered Jack, his prestidigital hand; with both he now worked harder than ever. He hurried from business to business—could not wait to chat, or drink a glass of ale after it; it was all work! work! work!—money! money!

money! with John Meadows, and everything he touched turned to gold in his hands; yet for all this burning activity, the man's heart had never been so little in business. His activity was the struggle of a sensible, strong mind, to fight against its one weakness.

"Cedit amor rebus; res age tutus eris," is a very wise saying, and Meadows by his own observation and instinct sought the best antidote for love.

But the Latins had another true saying, that "Nobody is wise at all hours."

After his day of toil and success he used to be guilty of a sad inconsistency; he shut himself up at home for two hours, and smoked his pipe, and ran his eye over the newspaper, but his mind over Susan Merton.

Worse than this, in his frequent rides he used to go a mile or two out of his way to pass Grassmere farm-house; and however fast he rode the rest of his journey, he always let his nag walk by the farm-house, and his eye brightened with hope as he approached it, and his heart sank as he passed it without seeing Susan.

He now bitterly regretted the vow he had made never to visit the Mertons again, *unless they sent for him.*

"They have forgotten me altogether," said he, bitterly. "Well, the best thing I can do is to forget them."

Now, Susan had forgotten him, she was absorbed in her own grief; but Merton was laboring under a fit of rheumatism, and this was the reason why Meadows and he did not meet. In fact, farmer Merton often said to his daughter, "John Meadows has not been to see us a long while."

"Hasn't he, father?" was Susan's languid and careless reply.

One Sunday, Meadows, weakened by his inner struggle, could not help going to Grassmere church. At least he would see her face. He had seated himself where he could see her. She took her old place by the pillar; nobody was near her. The light from a side window streamed full upon her; she was pale, and the languor of sorrow was upon every part of her face, but she was lovely as ever.

Meadows watched her, and noticed that more than once without any visible reason her eyes filled with tears, but she shed none.

He saw how hard she tried to give her whole soul to the services of the church and to the word of the preacher; he saw her succeed for a few minutes at a time, and then, with a lover's keen eye he saw her heart fly away in a moment from prayer and praise and consolation, and follow and overtake the ship that was carrying her George farther and farther away from her across the sea; and then her lips quivered with earthly sorrow even as she repeated words that came from Heaven, and tried to bind to her heavy heart the prayers for succor in every mortal ill, the promises of help in every mortal woe, with which holy church and holier writ comfort her and all the pure of heart in every age.

Then Meadows, who up to this moment had been pitying himself, had a better thought, and pitied Susan. He even went so far as to feel that he ought to pity George; but he did not do it, he could not, he envied him too much; but he pitied Susan, and he longed to say something kind and friendly to her, even though there should not be a word or a look of love in it.

Susan went out by one of the church doors, Meadows by another, intending to meet her casually upon the road home. Susan saw his intention, and took another path, so that he could not come up with her without following her.

Meadows turned upon his heel and went home with his heart full of bitterness.

"She hates the sight of me," was his interpretation.

Poor Susan, she hated nobody; she only hated to have to speak to a stranger, and to listen to a stranger; and in her present grief all were strangers to her except him she had lost and her

"Let me see," said Meadows, "what chance that chap has of making a thousand pounds out there." This was no doubt the beginning of it, but it did not end there. The intelligent Meadows had not read a hundred pages before he found out what a wonderful country this Australia is, how worthy a money-getter's attention or any thoughtful man's.

It seemed as if his rival drew Meadows after him wherever he went, so fascinated was he with this subject. And now all the evening he sucked the books like a leech.

Men observed about this time an irritable manner in Mr. Meadows which he had never shown before, and an eternal restlessness; they little divined the cause, or dreamed what a vow he had made, and what it cost him every day to keep it. So strong was the struggle within him, that there were moments when he feared he should go mad; and then it was that he learned the value of his mother's presence in the house.

There was no explanation between them, there could be no sympathy; had he opened his heart to her he knew she would have denounced his love for Susan Merton as a damnable crime. Once she invited his confidence--

"What ails you, John?" said the old woman. "You had better tell me; you would feel easier, I'm thinking."

But he turned it off a little fretfully, and she never returned to the charge; but though there could be no direct sympathy, yet there was a soothing influence in this quaint old woman's presence. She moved quietly about, protecting his habits, not disturbing them; she seemed very thoughtful too, and cast many a secret glance of inquiry and interest at him when he was not looking at her.

This had gone on

some weeks when one afternoon Meadows, who had been silent as death for a full half hour, started from his chair and said with sudden resolution--

"Mother, I must leave this part of the country for a while."

"That is news, John."

"Yes. I shall go into the mining district for six months, or a year perhaps."

"Well! go, John! you want a change. I think you can't do better than go."

"And I will, and no later than to-morrow."

"That is sudden."

"If I was to give myself time to think I should never go at all."

He went out briskly with the energy of this determination.

That same evening, about seven o'clock, as he sat reading by the fire, an unexpected visitor was announced, Mr. Merton.

He came cordially in and scolded Meadows for never having been to see him.

"I know you are a busy man," said the old farmer, "but you might have given us a look in coming home from market; it is only a mile out



THE PRESIDENTIAL RESIDENCE—OCCUPIED BY GEORGE WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y., LATELY DEMOLISHED.

father. She avoided Meadows not because he was Meadows, but because she wanted to be alone.

Meadows rode home despondently, then he fell to abusing his folly, and vowed he would think of her no more.

The next day finding himself at six o'clock in the evening seated by the fire in a reverie, he suddenly started fiercely up, saddled his horse, and rode into Newborough, and, putting up his horse, strolled about the streets and tried to amuse himself looking at the shops before they closed.

Now it so happened that stopping before a bookseller's shop he saw advertised a work upon "The Australian Colonies."

"Confound Australia!" said Meadows to himself, and turned on his heel, but the next moment with a sudden change of mind he returned and bought the book: he did more, he gave the tradesman an order for every approved work on Australia that was to be had.

The bookseller, as it happened, was going up to London next day, so that in the evening Meadows had some dozen volumes in his house, and a tolerably correct map of certain Australian districts.

of the way, and you are pretty well mounted in a general way."

Then the old man, a gossip, took up one of Meadows's books. "Australia! ah," grunted Merton, and dropped it like a hot potato; he tried another, "why this is Australia too: why they are all Australia as I am a living sinner." And he looked with rueful curiosity into Meadows's face.

Meadows colored, but soon recovered his external composure.

"I have friends there," said he, hastily, "who tell me there are capital investments in that country, and they say no more than the truth."

"Do you think he will do any good out there?" said the old man, lowering his voice.

"I can't say," answered Meadows, drily.

"Tell us something about that country, John," said Merton; "and if you was to ask me to take a glass of your home-brewed ale I don't think I should gainsay you."

The ale was sent for, and over it Meadows, whose powers of acquisition extended to facts as well as money, and who was full of this new subject, poured the agricultural contents of a dozen volumes into Mr. Merton.

The old farmer sat open-mouthed, transfixed with interest, listening to his friend's clear, intelligent, and masterly descriptions of this wonderful land. At last the clock struck nine; he started up in astonishment—

"I shall get a scolding if I stay later," said he, and off he went to Grassmere.

"Have you nothing else to say to me?" asked Meadows, as the farmer put his foot in the stirrup.

"Not that I know of," replied the other, and cantered away.

"Confound him!" muttered Meadows; "he comes and stops here three hours, drinks my ale, gets my knowledge without the trouble of digging for't, and goes away, and not a word from Susan, or even a word about her—one word would have paid me for all this loss of time—but no, I was not to have it. I will be in Devonshire this time to-morrow—no, to-morrow is market day—but the day after I will go. I cannot live here and not see her, nor speak to her,—'twill drive me mad."

The next morning, as Meadows mounted his horse to ride to market, a carter's boy came up to him, and taking off his hat and pulling his head down by the front lock by way of salute, put a note into his hand.

Meadows took it and opened it carelessly, it was a handwriting he did not know. But his eye no sooner glanced at the signature, than his eyes gleamed, and his whole frame trembled with emotion he could hardly hide. This was the letter:

"DEAR MR. MEADOWS,

"We have not seen you here a long time, and if you could take a cup of tea with us on your way home from market, my father would be glad to see you, if it is not troubling you too much. I believe he has some calves he wishes to show you.

"I am,

"Yours, respectfully,

"SUSAN MERTON.

"P.S. Father has been confined by rheumatism, and I have not been well this last month."

Meadows turned away from the messenger, and said quietly, "Tell Miss Merton I will come if possible." He then galloped off, and as soon as there was no one in sight gave vent to his face and his exulting soul.

Now he congratulated himself on his goodness in making a certain vow, and his firmness in keeping it.

"I kept out of their way, and they have invited me; my conscience is clear."

He then asked himself why Susan had invited him, and he could not but augur the most favorable results from this act on her part; true, his manner to her had never gone beyond friend-

ship; but women, he argued, are quick to discern their admirers under every disguise. She was dull and out of spirits, and wrote for him to come to her; this was a great point, a good beginning—"the sea is between her and George, and I am here, with time and opportunity on my side," said Meadows; and as these thoughts coursed through his heart, his grey nag, spurred by an unconscious heel, broke into a hard gallop, and, after an hour and a half hard riding, they clattered into the town of Newborough.

The habit of driving hard bargains is a good thing for teaching a man to suppress his feelings and feign indifference, yet the civil nonchalance with which Meadows on his return from Newbury walked into the Merton's parlor cost him no ordinary struggle.

The farmer received him cordially—Susan civilly, and with a somewhat feeble smile. The former soon engaged him in agricultural talk. Susan meanwhile made the tea in silence, and Meadows began to think she was capricious, and had no sooner got what she asked for than she did not care for it. After a while, however, she put in a word here and there, but with a discouraging languor.

Presently Farmer Merton brought her his teacup to be replenished: and upon this opportunity Susan said a word to her father in an undertone.

"Oh, ay!" replied the farmer very loud indeed; and Susan colored.

"What was you saying to me about that country—that Christmas-day is the hottest day in the year?" began Mr. Merton.

Meadows assented, and Merton proceeded to put other questions, in order, it appeared, to draw once more from Meadows the interesting information of last night.

Meadows answered shortly, and with repugnance. Then Susan put in: "And is it true, sir, that the flowers are beautiful to the eye, but have no smell, and that the birds have all gay feathers, but no song?" Then Susan, scarcely giving him time to answer, proceeded to put several questions, and her manner was no longer languid, but bright and animated. She wound up her interrogatories with this climax:

"And do you think, sir, it is a country where George will be able to do any good. And will he have his health in that land, so far from every one to take care of him?"

And this doubt raised, the bright eyes were dimmed with tears in a moment.

Meadows gasped out, "Why not? why not?" but soon after, muttering some excuse about his horse he went out with a promise to return immediately.

He was no sooner alone than he gave way to a burst of rage and bitterness.

"So, she only sent for me here to make me tell her about that infernal country where her George is. I will ride home this instant—this very instant—without bidding them good-bye."

Cooler thoughts came. He mused deeply a few minutes, and then clenching his teeth returned slowly to the little parlor; he sat down and took his line with a brisk and cheerful air.

"You were asking me some questions about Australia. I can tell you all about that country, for I have a relation there who writes to me, and I have read all the books about it too, as it happen."

Susan brightened up.

Meadows, by a great histrionic effort, brightened up too and poured out a flood of really interesting facts and anecdotes about this marvellous land.

Then, in the middle of a narrative which enchained both his hearers, he suddenly looked at his watch and putting on a fictitious look of dismay and annoyance started up with many excuses, and went home—not however till Susan had made him promise to come again next market-day.

As he rode home in the moonlight Susan's

face seemed still before him. The bright look of interest she had given him, the grateful smiles with which she had thanked him for his narration—all this had been so sweet at the moment, so bitter upon the least reflection. His mind was in a whirl. At last he grasped at one idea, and held it as with a vice.

"Ay? why?"

"I see flowers that are pretty, but have no smell, and I see women that have good looks, but no great wisdom nor goodness when you come nearer to them. Now the marigold is like those lasses, but this pink is good as well as pretty, so then it will stand for you when we are apart as we mostly are, worse luck for me."

"Oh, George," said Susan dropping her quizzing manner, "I am a long way behind the marigold or any flower in comeliness and innocence, but at least I wish I was better."

"I don't!"

"Ay, but I do, ten times better, for—for—"

"For why! Susan."

Susan closed the garden gate, and took a step towards the house. Then turning her head over her shoulder with an ineffable look of tenderness, tipped with one tint of lingering archness, she let fall, "For your sake, George," in the direction of George's feet, and glided across the garden into the house.

George stood watching her: he did not at first take up all she had bestowed on him, for her sex has a peculiar mastery over language, being diabolically angelically subtle in the art of saying something that expresses one oz. and implies one cwt.; but when he did comprehend, his heart exulted. He strode home as if he trod on air, and often kissed the little flower he had taken from the beloved hand, "and with it words of so sweet breath composed as made the thing more rich;" and as he marched past the house kissing the flower, need I tell my reader that so innocent a girl as Susan was too high-minded to watch the effect of her proceedings from behind the curtains. I hope not, it would surely be superfluous to relate what none would be green enough to believe.

(To be continued.)

A Word in Season.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THEY have a superstition in the East,
That AILAH, written on a piece of paper,
Is better unction than can come of priest,
Of rolling incense, and of lighted taper:
Holding, that any scrap which bears that name,
In any characters, its front imprest on,
Shall help the finder through the purging flame,
And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.

Accordingly, they make a mighty fuss,
With ev'ry wretched tract and fierce oration,
And hoard the leaves—for they are not, like us,
A highly civilized and thinking nation:
And, always stooping in the miry ways,
To look for matter of this earthly leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.

So have I known a country on the earth,
Where darkness sat upon the living waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth,
Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters:
And yet, where they who should have ope'd the door

Of charity and light, for all men's finding,
Squabbled for words upon the altar-floor,
And rent The Book, in struggles for the binding.

The gentlest man among these pious Turks,
God's living image ruthlessly defaces;
Their best high-churchmen, with no faith in works,
Bowstrings the Virtues in the market-places:
The Christian Pariah, whom both sects curse,
(They curse all other men, and curse each other,)
Walks thro' the world, not very much the worse—
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.

A fool's heart is in his tongue, but a wise
man's tongue is in his heart.

[For the New York Journal.]

Madame Vestris.**REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD PLAY-GOER.**

THE annals of the stage furnish us with no parallel to the fame acquired by this accomplished actress and vocalist. Her just claims to excellence never ascended to the higher range of legitimate drama, or approached even to that of a successful exhibition in the classical opera of the Italian stage. She lacked those concentric powers by which she could embody, the thoughts of the author of genteel comedy, or delineate the life-like character proceeding from the graphic pen of a Sheridan, or the sterling dramatists of her own day. Still whatever she undertook in the range of genteel drama, if by comparison with her contemporaries she was not considered as eminently successful, had a redeeming charm and was never known to fail.

Matchless in person, graceful, easy, elegant in her natural deportment, with a voice singularly rich and mellow, an eye beaming with intelligence and vivacity, she was a thing of life, which could assume no form but that which was inherently its own. In fact, she was, to a certain extent, the improvisatore of the stage, joyous and buoyant, not to be restrained by the guidance of any of the laws of the drama in the personation of character, or to be kept within the bounds assigned her in the rôle she had undertaken.

We remember her well—that little fairy form, while yet a child, expanding in its growth to womanhood, in the beauty of its symmetry and loveliness of feature, rarely if ever excelled.

We remember her in the sweetness of her youth, when the taint of the world was not upon her, and the beauty of her young and ardent mind was not excelled even by those charms of person and buoyancy of spirits, which rendered her an object of universal admiration. Gay, spirited, but amiable, with a lively vein of wit, a sufficiency of sarcasm to be amusing, pointed, but not severe, she never made an enemy or lost a friend. Highly educated in the arts—qualifying her for the brilliant circles of a fashionable society, and equally for the stage, as a resulting means of sustaining that position in the gay world which the vanity, ambition and prodigality of her unamiable mother, Madame Bartolozzi, selfishly aimed at—no expense was spared in improving her natural talents and in the exposition of those powers with which nature had endowed her. Signor Waldi, Dominico Corri, and other experienced and distinguished masters, undertook the cultivation of her voice; and Mademoiselle Parisot, the accomplished ballet mistress of the Italian stage, then in the heyday of her fame, the Taglioni of her day, was retained to perfect her in that art which, in the opinion of her mother, was to yield her fame and fortune. She was ultimately consigned to the charge of Armand Vestris, the greatest ballet dancer probably that ever appeared on the boards of a theatre.

It may possibly be lamented by the friends and admirers of the young Eliza Bartolozzi, who knew her at this early period of her history, that her natural protectors were not of the order of society qualified to take charge of the young and tender mind in its moral training. Madame Bartolozzi herself, voluptuous, and but little restrained by public opinion in the indulgence of her expensive pleasures, rendered up her house to the unprincipled libertine, to the dissipations of *roués*, and the professionals of the Italian Opera and the ballet. Armand Vestris, of profligate reputation, was said to have contributed his aid in support of this establishment of luxury and profuse expenditure. It is certain that Madame Bartolozzi's extravagance was unbounded and her means, to say the least, equivocal. By these contributions, and other arrangements of a pecuniary nature, he obtained the hand of the daughter in the year 1813, Miss Bartolozzi being then in the sixteenth year

of her age. Thus she became the sacrifice of her mother's dissipations and of a profligate's cupidity.

Vestris, sensual and profligate, without affection, incapable of a proper estimate of the prize he had secured, valuing her only as an available means in enlarging the boundary of his dissipations, trained her for the ballet, in the belief that her youth and beauty would sufficiently compensate for any deficiency in that art in which he himself excelled, and precipitated her on the stage at the earliest period, and within a very few months after their marriage. She was announced for Ariadne in the gorgeous and popular grand ballet of *Ariadne et Bacchus*, as a young lady, the pupil of Monsieur Vestris, being her first appearance on any stage. The house was crowded with fashionables, and she was greeted on her *entrée* with the loudest plaudits, which continued to the end of the performance. Brilliant, however, as was her reception, it was evident that the courtesy of approval was rather extended to the lady than the actress. Her *debut* was a failure. She knew it and had anticipated the result, prior to her appearance. She could not become a member of the ballet corps except in a subordinate situation, which her self-pride resisted, and she could not be prevailed upon by entreaty to risk a second attempt. The speculation of her husband failed. He had deceived himself; his mortification was keenly felt. The hope which he had inconsiderately cherished was blighted, and the embarrassments produced by his improvidence were pressing.

Signor Naldi, who had formed a very high estimate of the qualities of her voice, himself the Prima Buffa of the King's Theatre, supported by the opinions of Viganoni, Morelli, and Rovidenio, felt assured of her success in Opera. To this she resolutely applied herself, but here she was again overruled in her own judgment and also in that of her preceptors. Naldi was strenuous for the comic as best adapted to her powers, and those fascinations which so peculiarly distinguished her then, as well as in her after life. But Vestris was inexorable. Serious opera was her forte, and in serious opera she must establish her reputation and follow in the steps of a Grassini and a Catalini. Young and inexperienced, tremblingly alive to her husband's embarrassments, which she was anxious to remove, she was then driven to submission. On the 30th day of July, 1815, she made her first appearance on the occasion of her husband's benefit, in the Italian Opera, "*Il Ratto de Proserpine*;" and was, to quote the public press, eminently successful.

The applause, however, of a crowded audience collected together on such an occasion, although abundantly bestowed, is seldom received in evidence of a successful *debut*.

Madame Vestris was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The rich tones of her clear, full, round voice, with her lovely presence, commanded admiration, and disarmed criticism in the soundness of its judgment. But, when the enchanting vision had passed away of one of the loveliest of women, with grace in every movement, refinement in every grace, and unquestionably the sweetest artificial songstress of the day; when the eye, no longer dazzled by their united charms, yielded to inquiry in its sober judgment as to the claims of the Italian stage, it decreed at once that those claims were not satisfied in the performance of Madame Vestris. It was, to use a questionable term, a splendid failure. To speak of it concisely, Madame Vestris could not render herself serious but by the severest restraint; her natural vivacity could not be repressed but in short intervals of submission.

The opera season of the King's Theatre drawing to a close, Monsieur and Madame Vestris visited Paris, professionally. In the same opera of *Il Ratto Proserpine*, she appeared before a

Parisian audience, and was pronounced by the judicious a failure.

In the year 1817, Armand Vestris left his young wife, then in the twentieth year of her age, eloping with Miss Mori, the talented sister of the leader of the orchestra of the King's Theatre. She was thus thrown upon the world in the bloom of her youth and beauty, destitute of every resource, in a state of splendid misery, in a princely palace with a suite of servants at her disposal, and as she has been heard to say, with seven louis in her purse; all that was left to her to commence the world with.

We can only add of our own knowledge that Madame Vestris was more sinned against than sinning. She remained in that luxurious capital, surrounded by admirers, until the close of the year 1819, when she returned to London, after an absence of four years, under an engagement with Elliston, the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, who had just begun his management with the most brilliant prospects of success before him.

Madame Vestris made her first appearance at Drury Lane on the 9th of February, 1820, in the part of Lilla in the "*Siege of Belgrade*." She was most completely successful, and was said to eclipse Signora Storaci, whose fame still lived in fond remembrance as the only Lilla of the stage. She equally succeeded as Adela, in the "*Haunted Tower*," and in operatic characters of that class in which the Signora stood so long alone and unrivalled. But there remained the full development of those commanding powers which was to burst forth with a brilliance not paralleled in the history of the Operatic stage, which was to give life and vigor to the pen of the modern dramatists in novelties of a new mould not fashioned after the rules and ordinances of legitimate drama. Madame Vestris was not really a legitimist. None but herself could be her parallel; superior in accomplishments, inimitable in graceful deportment, excellent in ballad song, arch and playful in her delineations, and altogether unapproachable in elegant burlesque, her wit, her humor had long charmed private society in her acting travesties of the Italian stage. We have been convulsed with her "*Semiramide*," and with many of those tragic scenes in classic opera which she would portray with a comic effect perfectly original. Her mock bravuras were inimitably extravaganzied while she faithfully adhered to the composition. Elliston, fully aware of this extraordinary talent, and anxious to make the most of it, conceived the idea of burlesquing "*Don Giovanni*." Madame Vestris consenting to undertake the representations of that extravagant libertine. Moncrief's eccentric pen produced the rôle, and the theatre-going people were taken as it were by storm. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which she was received on her first and every succeeding representation, for a period extending over one hundred and forty nights, only interrupted by the occasional necessity of rest and relaxation from such incessant labors, before crowded houses filled to repetition, even to the lobbies, crammed to the surfeit whither neither sight nor sound could travel. It must be remarked, by the way, the piece was admirably cast, unique in all its parts.

Vestris's *Don Giovanni* was beyond criticism; it was the perfection of art; admirable in its conception, bold, vigorous, joyous, reckless. So deeply studied and yet apparently unstudied, it trespassed on licentious daring with so light a step, it left no trace to excite a frown, or cause a blush. It was surprising, the even balance she sustained in those critical situations, where the *roué* was most prominently exposed and censure seemed ready, under its moral influences, to condemn. With a dexterity, perfectly unexampled, that censure was evaded, while the buoyancy of the active spirit of the libertine labored under no restraint, neither checked nor subdued. She was the *vraisemblance* of the reck-

less *roué*, the life-like picture of the unholy Don, highly refined; flippant, but never gross. Nature had created her for the character assumed, unchecked by that consummate art which masked its moral deformities and gave a rich effect to all she said and did. We have seen many delineators of the Don Giovanni of Moncrief, who have followed in the steps of the great original; but the spell, which bound us to the witchery of the scene, was broken in her absence. Vestris was not there, and Vestris was the magic power, wielding the wand which no other hand could grasp.

From this period may be dated that crowning success which attended all her efforts, rendered her famous in her profession, and gained for her a wealth, which, if properly husbanded, had never been equalled by that of any one of the most admired and successful members of the profession. But, profuse in her expenditure, unbounded in her extravagance, her princely income was scarcely ever equal to her inordinate demands. She valued money only as the medium by which she could pursue a course of life agreeable to her taste. Shut out from association with moral society by circumstances which embittered the few moments she ever gave to reflection, she indemnified herself in its loss by throwing her rooms open to the gay and thoughtless, to the inconsiderate; to fashion in its follies and in its vices, and she whirled herself away in its vortex.

Authors and actors crowded her drawing-rooms; managers her levees. No drama could be accepted at the theatres without a character in which she could appear and which she had not accepted.

But we are exceeding our limits.

After a due course of the most successful engagements, provincial as well as metropolitan, she took the Olympic theatre and turned her attention to management. It may be justly said of her, that in the exercise of those functions she evinced a capacity, which, in soundness of judgment, superior tact, and decorative taste, has had no equal. She made the little Olympic, by her consummate skill, the focus of

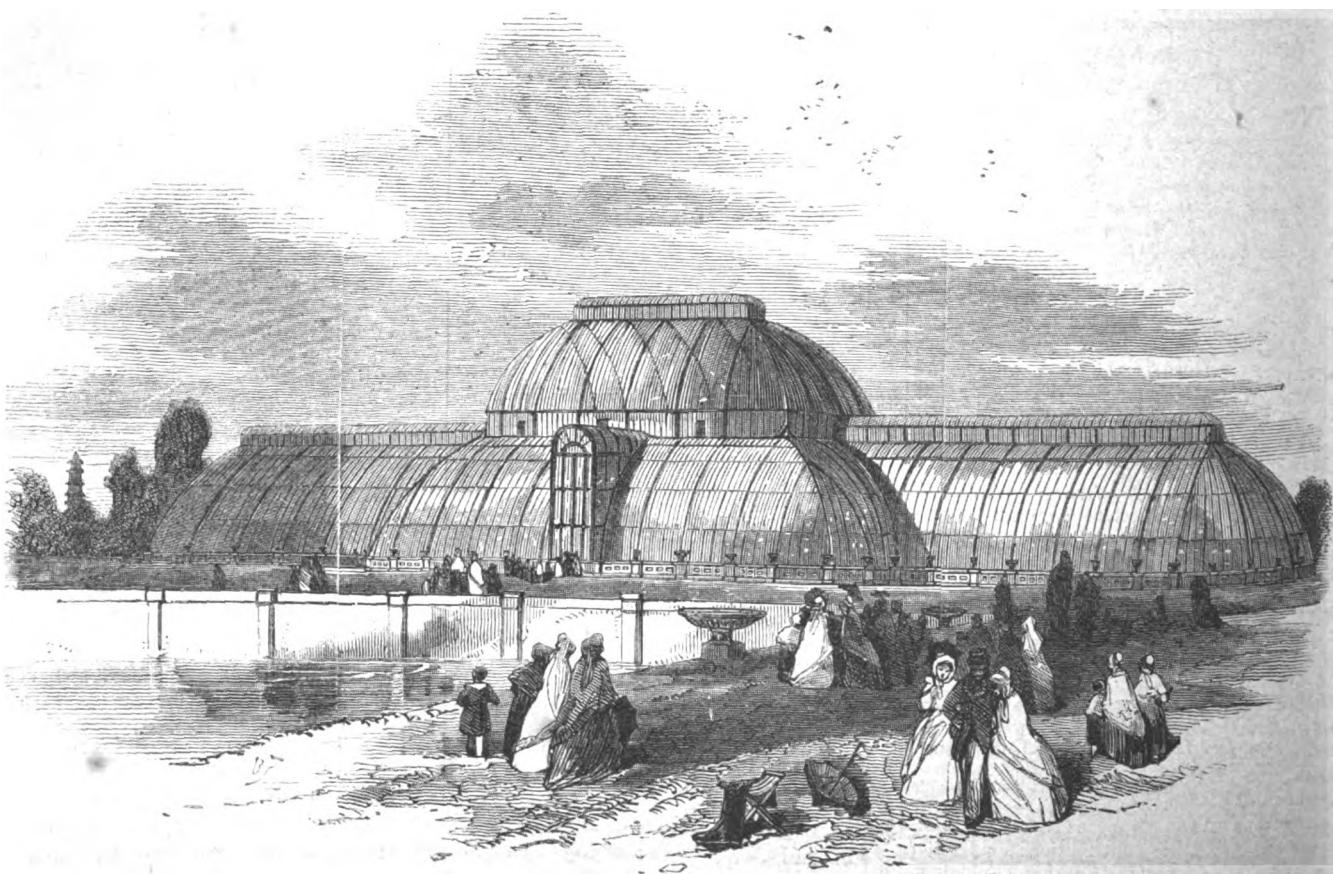
attraction, the most productive and the most fashionable among the theatres. It was here she reared into reputation many a young professional, who might have withered in their blooming, unknown and unseen, but for that adept hand which drew them forth to public notice. Absolute in rule, she directed with firmness, not to be resisted, and closely applied herself to the strictest minutiae. In the decorations of the stage, in its costume, its appropriate scenery and in its properties—nothing was ever to be seen out of its place and nothing was ever wanting to render it a startling likeness of that which it was made to represent. The best writers of vaudeville, burletta and minor drama, were employed, and directed in the management of their scenic plot; and Planche, whose eccentric pen was drawn into requisition in supply, was governed by that master-mind which knew so well to guide and influence the public taste. Lavish in expenditure, she would devote thousands of dollars to the embellishment of the scene; and the gorgeous drawing-room and the cottage were equally represented with a truthfulness in their most minute detail of appropriate properties.

We cannot be allowed to follow this extraordinary woman in the extensive range of characters she assumed; nor is it necessary to establish the proofs of her genius so universally acknowledged. In the year 1838, in the fulness of her fame and the forty-first year of her age, after a provincial tour in which she had been hailed and received with the enthusiasm which had attended her in all her campaigns, she decided on visiting America with her husband, Mr. Charles Mathews, whose name she had never hitherto assumed in her professional announcements. A liberal engagement had been entered into with Mr. Price, the manager of the Park, and she made her first bow to an American audience on the evening of Monday, the seventeenth of September, to a house overflowing in every part.

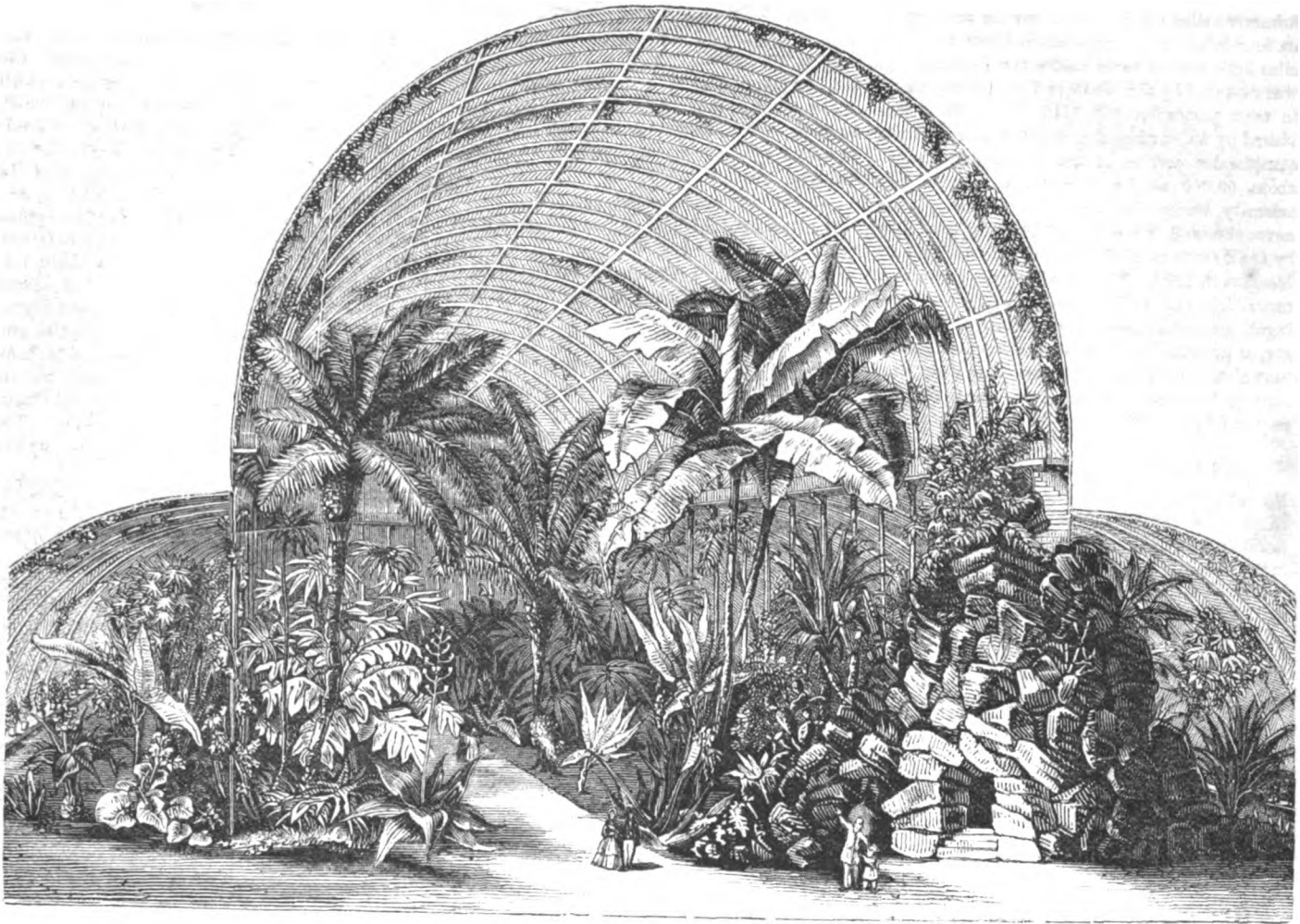
It was a night of fearful excitement to madame, who had received, from time to time, in anonymous letters, indications of opposition,

under charges which, although unfounded in the main, had still their influence on the public mind. The press had materially confirmed these anonymous correspondences in their chief feature—that of insulting behavior to the ladies, accompanied by remarks on America and American character, at Saratoga, where it was avowed she had been residing in the summer months intervening between her arrival and that of her first public appearance. A foul libel on her private character, which had been pronounced infamous by a London jury, had been imported and circulated in quarters calculated to do the most injury, in order to effect her disgrace and drive her from the stage. These were the efforts of secret malignants, the enemies, not more of Vestris, than of the unfortunate theatre, then rapidly falling in the decline of its long-established fame and reputation.

On that memorable night—memorable to all play-goers and admirers of the scenic art—Madame Vestris was quick to perceive the slight sprinkling of ladies in the boxes—a most unfavorable indication, according to her estimate; and that, in the tumultuousness of the audience on her first appearance, with the waving of handkerchiefs and the loudest shouts of applause, the mingling hiss was heard and the groan, not doubtful or equivocal, with difficulty kept down, but bursting forth at intervals during the evening. The performances were a miserable production from the pen of Planche, written expressly for the occasion, under the title of *The Introduction*, in which she sustained the character of *Praise*; in other words, a fulsome eulogium on herself, gratifying probably to her own vanity, but very little gratifying to public taste, or adapted, under circumstances, to her own peculiar position. It was succeeded by the *Dramatic Trifle*—the *Barrack Room*—in both of which pieces she fully realized public expectation. The plaudits were immense; but, on the fall of the curtain and her retirement from the stage, she was heard to say to her husband, "We have seen America, and are booked for our return by the way we came." It was a singular remark,



PALM HOUSE, KEW, NEAR LONDON.



PALM HOUSE, KEW, NEAR LONDON.

after, to all appearance, so signal a triumph; but her practiced eye and practiced ear, in the commotions of that night, were not to be deceived.

On her second appearance the house was only half filled, and upon no subsequent occasion, up to the second day of October, when she departed for Philadelphia, could she ever succeed in obtaining a paying audience. Equally unsuccessful in that city, she returned to New York with old pieces played to empty benches, closing her engagement on the eighth day of November with her benefit, which was, it being her last night, very fully attended.

We cannot conceive anything more injudicious than her selection of dramas for representation on our stage, which had been acted to the surfeit, and well acted by Mrs. Keeley and other ladies of distinguished merit and celebrity. To this cause, rather than to any other, may be reasonably attributed that ultimate failure which attended her exertions. But she was inexorable to persuasion. Her Don Giovanni would have crowded the house nightly; she had overcome prejudice—was greatly admired for what she did do—but the public craving was for more; for characters in which she was known to stand alone, and beyond all competition.

On her return to England, Madame Vestris took to the management of Covent Garden, and ultimately settled down in the management and direction of the Lyceum theatre, which she opened in 1847, and continued until the season of 1854-5, when her health began to fail, and she appeared only at rare intervals, until the latter part of last year, when the House passed out of her hands by the bankruptcy of Charles Mathews.

She was incomparably the best actress in the line of business she pursued, that ever appeared on the boards of a theatre—the loveliest songstress of familiar ballad that ever enchanted the ear. She never touched but she adorned everything she did; she imparted a lifefulness

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so true to nature, beaming with so much buoyancy and graceful beauty, imparted with such ease in the absence of all effort, that it might be truly said nothing could be truly like her. She preserved her beauty to the last, against the decay naturally produced by age and the withering hand of Time. As a manager and directress she stood perfectly alone. As the vocalist of simple ballad she enriched the composer by her exquisite thrill and by the richness of her voice and delightful taste: whatever she sung obtained a world-wide fame, and was duplicated by tens of thousands by the publishers of vocal music. No actor or actress ever drew such heavy drafts from a delighted people, and no one ever equalled her in extravagance.

But Madame Vestris is no more! that joyous and buoyant spirit, not susceptible of depression, has passed away.

She died on the ninth day of August last, aged fifty-nine years and seven months, having been born on the 11th day of January, in the year 1797.

Lisbon: Capital of the Kingdom of Portugal.

(See page 258.)

This beautiful city—one of the most attractive in Western Europe—the capital of Portugal, and of the province of Estramadura, is situated on the Tagus, near where it empties into the Atlantic ocean. The city is built on a succession of hills, rising more or less abruptly from the quay, forming an amphitheatre, and exhibits a variety of churches, convents and magnificent residences, which have an imposing effect when viewed from the river. The length of the city in a straight line is three miles and a half, the breadth one and a half miles. A very considerable portion of the space is occupied by gardens and ruins, and the naked declivities of hills. The favorable impression which a detailed view of the city produces is dissipated upon a near survey. The streets in general are narrow and steep, wretchedly paved, and often disgustingly filthy, and the

houses, with many noble exceptions, are old-fashioned and mean. That part of the city rebuilt since the great earthquake in 1755 is regularly laid out, well built, and kept at least decently clean. At the northern extremity of these streets are the *Praca de Figueira*, a square of the most picturesque appearance used as a public market, and another square called the *Rocio*, containing a magnificent national theatre, recently erected on the site of what was once the Inquisition. Excepting the Castle of St. George, remarkable for the beauty of its situation, the most noteworthy buildings are churches and convents. The numerous convents which crown the hills, and appear like palaces and fortresses, are for the most part imposing structures. The palace of the *Necessidades*, in which the meetings of the Cortes are held, has a respectable appearance, and the theatre of San Carlos is a large and handsome edifice. But unquestionably the most remarkable specimen of architecture of which Lisbon can boast, and one of the greatest works of the kind either in ancient or modern times, is the aqueduct which conveys water to the city from springs rising near the village of *Bellas*, about ten miles distant. It is partly conducted underground, but on approaching Lisbon it crosses a deep valley, which is spanned for nearly 2500 feet by a bridge of thirty arches, the loftiest of which is 240 feet high, and 110 wide. Lisbon is admirably situated for commerce. The harbor is one of the finest in the world. Its entrance is defended by Fort St. Julian, on the north with a lighthouse 120 feet above the level of the sea; and Fort Bugio, having a lighthouse sixty-six feet high. The commerce of Lisbon, which was formerly very extensive, has greatly fallen off since the separation of Brazil from the crown of Portugal. The exports consist of wine, oil, fruit and salt; and the principal imports are hemp, flax, corn, steel, hardware, dried ale, porter and coals. Lisbon was

formerly called Olisipo, some say on account of its foundation being ascribed to Ulysses. Felicitas Julia was its name under the Romans. It was captured by the Moors in 716, and remained in their possession till 1145. In 1755 it was visited by an earthquake, which threw down a considerable portion of the city, and destroyed about 60,000 of its inhabitants. From this calamity, traces of which are still visible, it has never thoroughly recovered. The city was taken by the French in 1807, but resisted an attack by Massena in 1809. The population is very mixed, containing natives from every province of Portugal, numerous negroes, mulattoes, and Gallegos, or natives of Galicia, who perform the greater part of the laborious work, and are water-carriers or household servants noted for their honesty or fidelity.

Children at the Fountain.—(See page 264.)

No subjects are more popular with artists than those which combine groups of children about fountains. In these objects we have some of the most charming things in nature, and when brought together and wrought up with artistic skill, seldom fail to attract the attention of the most casual observer. Compositions which are termed scriptural and classic, although evincing great talent, and often combining the highest elements of art, will be passed by, and the observer will turn to the beautiful groups of children, artless, innocent, blooming in health, and engaged in the simple amusements peculiar to just budding humanity. Our picture is one of the handsomest that ever emanated from the French school.

The First Presidential Residence—Occupied By George Washington, Franklin Square, New York.—(See page 258.)

THE opening of the Bowery to Franklin square will cause the demolition of most of the "oldest remaining houses in the city." The vicinity of Franklin square at the close of the last century, was the aristocratic portion of our city. The "Walton House," which faces it on the east side, is now one hundred years old, and still, in spite of the luxury of the present time, retains a degree of magnificence that forms no unfavorable contrast with our best palatial mansions. Chief-Justice Jay lived at the head of Cherry street, and many of the most distinguished members of the first Congress had residences in the vicinity. At this moment (September 16th, 1856) the workmen have just taken down "the first Presidential mansion," so familiar in comparatively modern time as the music store of Firth, Pond & Co. This building was erected for Walter Franklin, a rich merchant and Quaker; on its gable-end were originally the following significant letters and figures:

W. F.
1770.

DeWitt Clinton, George Clinton, and John S. Norton, married daughters of Franklin. Mr. Genet, the French Minister to this country, who created so much mischief in his day, married the daughter of S. Osgood, who married the widow of Walter Franklin. Genet's wife was born in this house, as were also probably the wives of DeWitt and George Clinton. When the Government of the United States was organized, the national capital was New York city. Washington, who was sworn into office in this city on the 30th of April, 1789, selected this house for his private residence, and was much complained of for "going so far out of the city;" at this time he attended religious service in St. George's Chapel in Beekman street, where he was a communicant. In later days this residence has been dedicated to the circulation of music, and the buildings in the neighborhood, under the "logic of events," have degenerated into stores and boarding-houses. Quite recently,

the magnificent pile of iron known as Harper's book establishment, has shed a splendor on the west side of Franklin square; and as soon as the Bowery, the widest and finest laid-off street in the city, reaches the classic locality, we see no reason why Franklin square shall not again assume its primal grandeur, different in kind, but grandeur still.

The Great Palm House, Royal Gardens, Kew.
(See pages 272, 273.)

THIS magnificent building was erected from the design of Decimus Burton, Esq., under the direction of the director and curator of the establishment, who are held responsible for the successful cultivation of the plants. This noble building, or stove, consists of a centre and two wings, occupying an area of 362 feet in length; the centre is 100 feet wide, and sixty-six feet in height to the summit of the lantern; the wings fifty feet wide and thirty feet high. The whole iron, stone, brick and sheet glass, the latter slightly tinged with green, in order to temper the otherwise too powerful rays of light. The ribs are inserted in enormous blocks of Cornish granite, placed on the most solid concrete. The central portion of the building (138 feet long and 100 feet wide) has a substantial gallery all round at the height of thirty feet from the floor, ascended by a light spiral staircase, so as to give the opportunity of seeing the plants from above as well as below by bringing the spectator on a level with the summits of many of the loftiest, and also the means of watering the plants from above. The whole interior is heated by hot-water pipes and tanks, constructed by Mr. Turner, judiciously distributed under the tables and beneath the level of the floor. The hot-water pipes, four and a half inches in diameter, are estimated to extend 24,000 feet in length, and the hot-water tanks 1000 feet. The extent of glass for covering this vast building 45,000 square feet. To avoid the unsightliness of a chimney attached to, or placed near, so noble a structure, the smoke is conveyed by an underground flue, within a brick tunnel six feet high, (from the underground furnaces, twelve in number,) to a distance of 479 feet from the stove, where a shaft or ornamental tower, with a large reservoir near the top for the supply of water to the stove, as before observed, is now erected, ninety-six feet in height, so situated and of such form as to be a pleasing architectural object when seen from a distance. One hundred and fifty thousand persons visit this noble structure—devoted to the production, in a cold country, of tropical plants—annually. Prominent among the horticultural treasures, are the noble Palms, which attract particular attention from their richness of vegetation, and perfect health, although reared under the artificial heat of stoves, instead of a fiery sun. By the magnificent enterprise of the Palm House, the inhabitants of London and surrounding country can behold the wonders of tropical vegetation in all their glory, and without the annoyance and expense of lengthy and dangerous journeys enjoy all the beautiful demonstrations of the vegetable world, so much more profuse under a hot sun and eternal summer than in seasons when winter lingers in the lap of May, as the summer scarce begins before the cold winds of the north sweep down, destroy vegetation, and again dress the landscape in the habiliments of death.

What is wanting in reason, upon an argument, is too often supplied by rage.

Pride and roughness may turn one's humor, but flattery turns one's stomach.

The soul is a prisoner that always kills its jailor when it makes its escape.

Envy is the breath which dulls the polished steel of friendship.

Truth is a picture; the manner of speaking it is the frame that displays it to advantage.

Fortification.

FORTIFICATION must be considered under two heads—natural and artificial. Of course the former relates entirely to those situations which are completely inaccessible or nearly so, and which require but few additions to make them suitable for defence. Such, for instance is the fortress of Ootradroog, situate in the dominions of the late Tippoo Sahib, Sultan of the Mysore, and such is Gibraltar. Artificial fortification applies to every description of defence, regular or irregular, pure or mixed, and may be divided into offensive and defensive. The former relates chiefly to those works used in attacks and sieges: the latter appertains to the more general purpose of securing towns, depots, choice situations, defiles, harbors, &c., and tends more to self-preservation and control than to the annoyance of others or the extension of dominion. This science must again be subdivided into the permanent and temporary.

Defensive fortification consists of three systems, each of which has its particular uses—the first, the little, which is adopted in the construction of works having four or five sides, or citadels, various small detached posts, horn works, crown works, &c., where the exterior of the defences—viz., between the salient angles of the two bastions—does not exceed 350 yards.

The second, the mean, which is of general use and forms a very considerable portion of all regular fortifications, whose exterior sides of defence may be from 300 to 400 yards. The third, or great, is principally used where the exterior of the defence measures more than 400, and as high as 500 or 600 yards. Fronts as extensive as these, even in hexagon, would inclose an immense area, and require a great number of men to man the defences. Consequently this system generally composes only a portion of the work—such, for instance, as are on the borders of a lake or marsh, or along the banks of a river, while the other sides are defended by the second or mean system. Such are the principal features and applications of the three systems. Fortifications are regular when the inclosed area is of such a form as can be inscribed in some regular figure—a triangle, rectangle, circle or ellipsis.

It is customary to divide the perimeter, whenever either of the two latter figures are adopted, into as many faces as may admit of suitable defence in either of the three systems already detailed. Great judgment is required in facing a fortification—for as this is disregarded, so does the plan become weak. The fronts of a fortification, however numerous, may all be dissimilar, both in proportion and extent. In laying down the plan of a fortification, the several lines describing the outer part of each rampart exhibit the situation of a semi-circular projection called the cordon, which is generally made at the top of their respective facings of stone, brick, &c., and called revetements. The line following the direction of the cordon proceeding along the works is termed the principal. All angles projecting outwards from the body of the place are salient angles. A dead angle is that which enters at such a point in the outworks, that its apex or point cannot be seen, and consequently cannot be defended from the body of the fortification.

It may be well here to remark, that works intended for mutual defence should not exceed an angle of 120 deg. nor be less than 60. The medium of these two extremes—i. e., 90, which forms a right angle, is indisputably the best adapted for the above purpose. When batteries stand at such an opening that their direct fire is parallel with the front of the part they flank, it is a rasant, or grazing fire; but when the angle is less than 90, so that the direct fire would strike upon the face of the work to be defended, it is a fishant or plunge.

The construction of the counterguard, lunette, and tenailon is not upon any exact scale in pro-

portion to the principal, as the raveline. The counter-guard is always placed on the counter-scarp, its front immediately behind the glacis, and its rear a continuation of the revetement of the counterscarp, so that the passage lays along its terre-pleine or battery.

This kind of work may proceed from raveline to raveline without interruption, or it may break off where it enters a lunette, a tenailion, or a redoubt; or may be formed of two parallels, equal in length with the faces of the bastion. Counter-guards are generally made hollow, their entrances at each end being secured by barriers and draw-bridges.

Lunettes are generally constructed by producing their faces at about one-half the length of the raveline, which they flank at right angles, their faces being drawn perpendicular to the face of the bastions which command them.

Tenaillons—signifying piccers or claws—are frequently made on each side of a raveline, beyond which is sometimes added a small detached raveline, or a bonnet. The rule generally observed in constructing a tenailion is to prolong the other fence of a raveline, thus making its front, the length of which is determined by a flank drawn perpendicular to the centre of the face of that bastion before which the tenailion stands.

Redoubts standing in ravelines and being intended as a resort for the troops driven from the defence of its faces, require great strength of defenders, and are generally casemated throughout in the most substantial manner. These occasionally mount batteries on their ramparts commanding those of the ravelines wherein they are placed. They may also be pierced with loopholes and with embrasures for cannon, provided the ditch be of sufficient width and depth to prevent assault, and that the interior of the raveline be perfectly level, and contain nothing to conceal the enemy. Redoubts made to flank each other are generally placed to most advantage, and can have no fixed rule.

Crown-works form a limb of immense importance. Much attention is necessary to give them every defensive property, while at the same time they are so constructed as to be of little value in the hands of an enemy. These works are generally supported by lunettes, tenailles, tenailions, fleches, advanced lunettes, redoubts, bonnets, &c. The glacis is a gradual slope, commencing at a distance from the exterior of the outworks, seldom less than fifty yards, and when within about five toises of the ditch, stops abruptly, occasioning a sudden fall, not less than seven and not more than nine feet; here it is supported by a revetement, and is partly met by a lanquet of turfed soil, which is raised—within four and a half feet of the crest of the glacis. A row of palisades protects the front of the revetement.

The primary defences are in the covert way, but they are only for musketry. This part, from its laying low, is subject to be enfiladed; there are, therefore, at every forty or fifty yards, parapets, whose slopes point towards the salient angle of the covert way, that the defenders may make a stand behind these parapets until at last forced into the outworks by the enemy. A defence called a horn-work is sometimes substituted for a crown-work. The latter is composed of a full bastion between the curtains, whose exterior sides are terminated by demi-bastions; whereas the horn-work, instead of expanding as it recedes from the principal, contracts, and its front is formed only of a curtain terminated by two demi-bastions. Thus has science displaced and caused to be superseded the catapulta, battering-ram, and tower. Such is fortification as improved by Vauban and others of acknowledged skill.

He hazardeth much, who depends for his learning on experience.

[Written for the New York Journal.]

I Love the Beautiful.

I LOVE the beautiful! Oh let me find,
A pathway for my spirit, where on high,
The midnight stars their shining leaves have twined
And hung a wreath of glory round the sky—
Blossoms of light! whose beamy petals seem
Dripping with silver or with amber dew,
While trembling o'er me, how I love to dream
That troops of angels tend the garden where ye
grew.

And when along the far horizon's verge,
The twilight clouds lie bright as fairy land,
I love to watch the ocean billows surge,
And seem to break upon that purple strand;
When the full moon seems wafted by the waves,
Onward and upward, gently to the skies,
As some vast gem, upheaved from ocean caves,
And cast upon the deep blue shore of Paradise.

And when the night with sable drapery seems,
Hiding the whole immensity of space,
I love to watch the morn with pencil beams,
On the vast canvas of the darkness trace
A picture of the universe, the lines
So dim at first, floods, fields, and mountains grey,
Then bright'ning—till earth's panorama shines
Perfected through the gilded vistas of the day.

Morn seems to lean her easel on the skies,
And from the fountains of the sunlight there,
Stealing bright drops to mix her matchless dyes,
Paints with her magic hand, 'till passing fair,
A picture hides that canvas dark and vast,
Whose God-created hues, man still once more
Will strive to imitate, but, foiled at last,
Can only look on it, and wonder and adore.

Up to the storm-clouds I have often gazed,
When far aloft their gloomy grandeur grew,
And thought they were like huge volcanoes raised,
To bound an ocean beautiful and blue;
Then when the thunder's muffled bells were tolled
And from those phantom craters leaped the glare,
Of the red lightning, lo! its hot floods rolled
Like lava sweeping down the pathways of the air.

I love the beautiful! Oh let me go
Into the forest's stilly depths afar,
Where in the dark ten thousand fire-flies glow,
Like atoms wafted from some shattered star—
Where there is stillness so profound, it fills
The soul with silence, and we almost start
To hear the dew which Memory distills,
Dropping upon the folded blossoms of the heart.

I love to see the ruddy life-blood gush
Up from the heart's full fountains, and then steal
Over the brow of beauty, in a blush,
(Of lovely innocence, the rosy seal);
And by the voice of love's impassioned vow,
To see a lofty nature gently stirred,
As gently as the aspen's graceful bough
Is shaken by the song of some wild forest bird.

I love to watch the host of butterflies,
To which the breezes of the Spring give birth,
Like mimic angels floating from the skies
To make the myriad blossoms of the earth;
Stirring the leaves on every graceful stem,
To find the honey in its perfumed bowl,
As a fair woman seeking for the gem
Of genius hidden still within her child's pure soul.

I love the beautiful! the gushing swell,
The low lament, the soft unceasing wail
Of music sweeping through an ocean shell,
Unto my listening fancy tells a tale
Of some lost Peri who once made her home
Within that mystic cell; so passing fair,
Her fading beauty flushed its pearly dome,
And her departing spirit left its death-song there.

Up to the west, where scattered fragments shine
Of day's rich banquet, I would love to go;
When the red light, like rosy rippling wine
From evening's sapphire goblet seems to flow.
There would I quaff the splendor she distills,
And then amid her cloudy realms explore
The caves of light that rift those purple hills,
And mid their wonders seek the sunset's golden
ore.

On fancy's sea I launched my spirit-boat,
With airy sails, by Hope and Memory wrought,
And o'er its mystic billows onward float
To cruise among the haunted isles of Thought.
Some verdant in the tropic clime of Joy,
And some begirt by Sorrow's frozen zone,
Yet who their solemn beauty would destroy,
Or break the sacred spell of silence round them
thrown.

I love the beautiful! I stand in dreams,
Beneath that arch of glory which the sun,
Reaping the rich abundance of his beams,
About the fountains of the rain has spun;
And gazing down into their crystal spring,
And up to where that misty circle falls,
My spirit chained with beauty folds her wing,
And lingers spell-bound in the rainbow's glistening
halls.

Canton-Place, July 2d, 1866. ROSA.

The Author of "Bertram."

POOR MATURIN!—Bonaparte was wont to say that the most reliable courage was the "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage." This, however, is mere animal courage, which we share with the mastiff and the bull-dog. The highest courage is that of the mind.* It enables us to bear up against loss of fortune, the consequent loss of friends, and "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes"—and this we conceive to be a victory surpassing those of a Cæsar or an Alexander. It is the triumph of mind over matter; of honor over dishonor; of nobility of soul over baseness of spirit. It is the only true courage—its possessor the only real hero. He spurns the rod which the mercenary fool Fortune bids him kiss. He will not pass under the yoke, nor turn upon his heel to save his life:

"Who conquers *him*, will find a stubborn foe."

The world takes him at her word, and seeks to crush him by an act of cowardice.

Poor Maturin!—He lived to realize the sad truth of his own line in "Manuel":

"How desolate the poor man's path is left!
Alas, he had lived too long!—lived,
To soothe indignity, and, face to face,
Meet sordid rage, and wrestle with disgrace!"

Lived, to make pilgrimages of woe to the shrine of that friendship of the world which opens the door to Dives, and closes it upon Lazarus; which wounds, if it does not openly insult, the powerless recipient of its extorted alms; lived, to have for an hourly companion a spectre more hideous than sin or death—penury; lived to bear witness to the truth, that the cannibal roasting his victim alive upon living coals is a merciful savage, an angel of light, compared with man in his conduct to his fellow man, when wielding over the penniless the power of the purse!

Poor Maturin!—His brief but sad history constitutes one of those episodes in the great epic of human life that frequently transcend, in all their attributes, the most studied effusions of the tragic muse. He could not "subordinate the shaping spirit of his imagination;" and his fate, as a man of letters, forcibly recalls, if it does not exemplify, the truth of the poet's lines—not, to be sure, as a general reflection, but in their occasional applicability:

"When Fame's loud trump hath blown its latest blast,

Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
And Glory, like the Phoenix midst her fires,
Exhales its odors, blazes, and expires!"

* Well illustrated in the instance of the French officer (we forget the name) who was promoted for his gallantry in battle, and immediately resigned his commission. On being asked for a reason, he replied, that he would not again encounter what he had just gone through for any honors that could be conferred upon him. This was mental courage, with which we can sympathise. With animal courage there can be no sympathy.

The Cochineal Insect.

THE cochineal is properly reckoned among the most useful insects in supplying the wants of man. Formerly Poland afforded the best cochineal, but now South America has the preference over all others in the superiority of the crimson dye afforded by the insect. In 1518, the Spaniards found it used by the natives of South America for the purpose of dyeing their garments, feathers, and other ornaments; yet its true nature was not discovered until nearly 200 years had passed, when the observations of Hartsoeker, Leeuwenhoek, De la Hire, and Geoffroy clearly proved the color to be the product of the insect's body, and not the result of a grain, or seed, as had been previously imagined. The insect feeds upon the nopal, which is a species of fig-tree, very common in New Spain, and in lower parts of India; the leaves are thick and full of saccharine juice. At the approach of the rainy season the cultivators sweep from the leaves certain well-known insects which are found sucking

loss for space to feed on, while they are so delicate, that it would be impossible for them to pass from one plant to another, if nature did not provide for them admirable means of emigration: at the period of their birth a multitude of spiders fasten their nets to the leaves of the nopal; and it is along these slender threads, which answer the purposes of a bridge, that the cochineal-insect finds an easy way to a neighboring tree in quest of food. In the immediate vicinity of Oaxaca, Mexico, the cultivators of this insect feed it in the plains during the dry season, which extends from October to April. In the month of April the rain sets in, and continues until October. At the beginning of this season they transport their stock of insects, and place them to feed on plantations of nopals in the neighboring mountains, where the weather is more favorable. The dams live but a little time after they have laid their eggs, and are what may be called the first crop. The young, forsaking the baskets, disperse themselves over

is offered by the East India Company for its introduction into our territories.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.—Shakespeare's house, if reports speak true, it would seem after all to have a crystal palace to itself. Our readers may perhaps remember that, during the year of the Great Exhibition, 1851, an idea was first started—by some considered an importation from America, but one, we believe, that really emanated from Leamington, namely—of inclosing the house in which Shakespeare is reputed to have been born, at Stratford-upon-Avon, in a large structure of glass, isolating it at the same time from the surrounding buildings by removing them, in order to ensure its preservation from fire, even as the former arrangement was calculated to protect it from the effects of the weather. This proposal was submitted successively to the American Minister, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Foster, Mr. Macready and others; but the guild of literature monopolised the



THE COCHINEAL BUG.

the juices of the green plant. These insects are preserved in the houses of the natives, who feed them with great care upon branches of the nopal. At the close of the rainy season twelve or fourteen of these insects, by that time grown strong, are put in little baskets made of moss or the down that covers the cocoa-nut. These baskets are placed among the branches of the nopal tree, and in a few days the cochineal insects spread over the tree, and give birth to an infinite number of young. The cochineal insect is very small, and has a trunk so brittle that they cannot be moved from place to place without breaking them. The consequence is, that during the whole term of their life they remain fixed to the spot where they first settled, and never willingly move from the vegetable nipple which feeds them. When the females have obtained the age of puberty, the males are supplied with wings, and enabled to quit the plant on which they are hatched. The females remain stationary, and hatch their young on the spot; but the latter would soon become so numerous as to be at a

all the verdure of the nopal, and thrive to that degree that in the space of three months they become prolific in their turn. The second brood are permitted to live, but all the parents are carried home and killed: the new offspring on the tree have likewise young at the end of about three months; but lest they should all be destroyed by the rainy season, the cultivators carry home the parents as well as their offspring, and this is the third produce. A sufficient number of the young insects are preserved to continue the species the next year, and all the rest are killed in hot water, or ovens, or upon the flat stones with which the American women bake their bread. The inside of the insects thus destroyed is filled with the beautiful red dust so well known to dyers. Plantations containing fifty or sixty thousand trees, growing in straight lines, may be seen in some districts of America. The quantity of insects annually exported from South America is valued at £500,000. The Spanish government are jealous of its being naturalized elsewhere, while a reward of £6000

literary mind at that epoch, and it fell to the ground, although the suggestion was warmly approved by some of those gentlemen. Within these few weeks, however, a certain Mr. John Shakespeare, who claims relationship (of course very remote) with the family of the immortal bard, has been in Stratford making inquiries and arrangements preparatory to carrying out a plan similar in all respects to the one we have above described. The sum, we understand, he intends spending in thus gratifying his feelings is about three thousand pounds; and we learn, moreover, that whenever the preliminaries are arranged, Sir J. Paxton and Messrs. Fox and Henderson are to be consulted as to the details.—*Literary Gazette.*

The silent eye is often a more powerful conqueror than the noisy tongue.

Law and equity are two things which God hath joined, but which man hath put asunder.

Many persons, when they look at caricatures, little suspect that they are before a looking-glass.

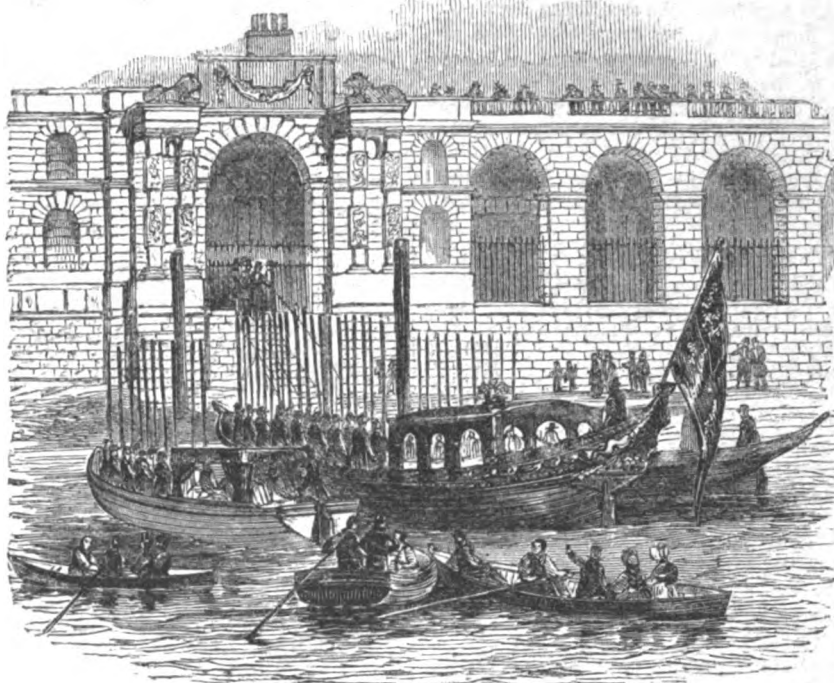
The London City Barge.

THAT glorious old barge! how many thought, it crowds upon our memory, as, even in contemplation of the artist's sketch of its ample proportions, we are led back by imagination to the old original itself, and see it in its pride and pomp of numerous oarsmen, turning its course in measured pace in true aldermanic dignity breasting old Father Thames like a leviathan on the face of the waters!

It is a fine old barge, that same state elephant of civic splendor; it was old and decaying long before the memory of man. All can vouch that; for it must be admitted that your "oldest man" is invariably endowed with an astonishing memory, truthful as—well, never mind the simile—truthful as something, and that's enough. Why, it has been patched and painted, painted and patched, gilt and regilt, carved and recarved, and it is reasonably questioned by many whether there has been anything left of the real old state barge in its progress through centuries of renovation. It is doubtful, we admit, but what signifies that? it is the same old state barge, in original model and design, as that which received the King William of pious Protestant memory, when the venerable City Fathers were wont to admit him to the festivities of their own Guildhall; the same old nymphs and Tritons with their horns and shells, blazing in burnished gold, and supposed to be trumpeting the triumphs of old Father Thames, who is seated in their midst, still cluster round the sides and the prow, with as much animation as they exhibited some four or five hundred years ago.

Oh, it is a glorious old barge! the city's magna charta, its bill of rights, its Neptunal throne, from which the sovereign of Finsbury issues his decrees in maritime matters to his delighted subjects, specially permitted or specially entitled to hear them on his water excursion, or on those great and solemn occasions of civic state, when they are issued in strains of green turtle and venison, and washed down by a glass of Johannisberger or Champagne.

The King of England, indeed, who is he? He may be King of England and so he is; and we have often invited him to dinner in good fellowship—but who is King of the City? Aye, that's the rub; why my Lord Mayor to be sure; and let me catch any King of England putting his foot in the old barge or crossing the threshold of Temple Bar, without special permission first had and obtained, and I warrant me he'll get the worst of it, that he will. Now be it known that my Lord Mayor, the unquestioned King of civic rule, Easter Balls, and November banquets, is also Sovereign Lord of the mighty Thames from its mouth to where the tide ends, which gives by corruption to the small settlement on its banks the name of Teddington; and our reader is allowed to imagine in the correct engraving of our civic barge, His Lordship, ruling in his realm of waters, surrounded by his state officers and invited guests, proceeding onward in their Swan Hopping expedition—that is, in other words, a glorious revelling of several days duration in marking the civic boundary. What signifies a name, or what the cost; it is a glorious revel,



RECEIVING THE LORD MAYOR AT SOMERSET HOUSE, ON THE THAMES.

and the city pays for all, it foots the bill, and pays the consumer most liberally for the time employed in getting quit of the luxuries of an overgorged table. AN OLD LONDONER.

An Interesting Event.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

AUTHOR OF "PENDENNIS," "THE NEWCOMES," ETC.

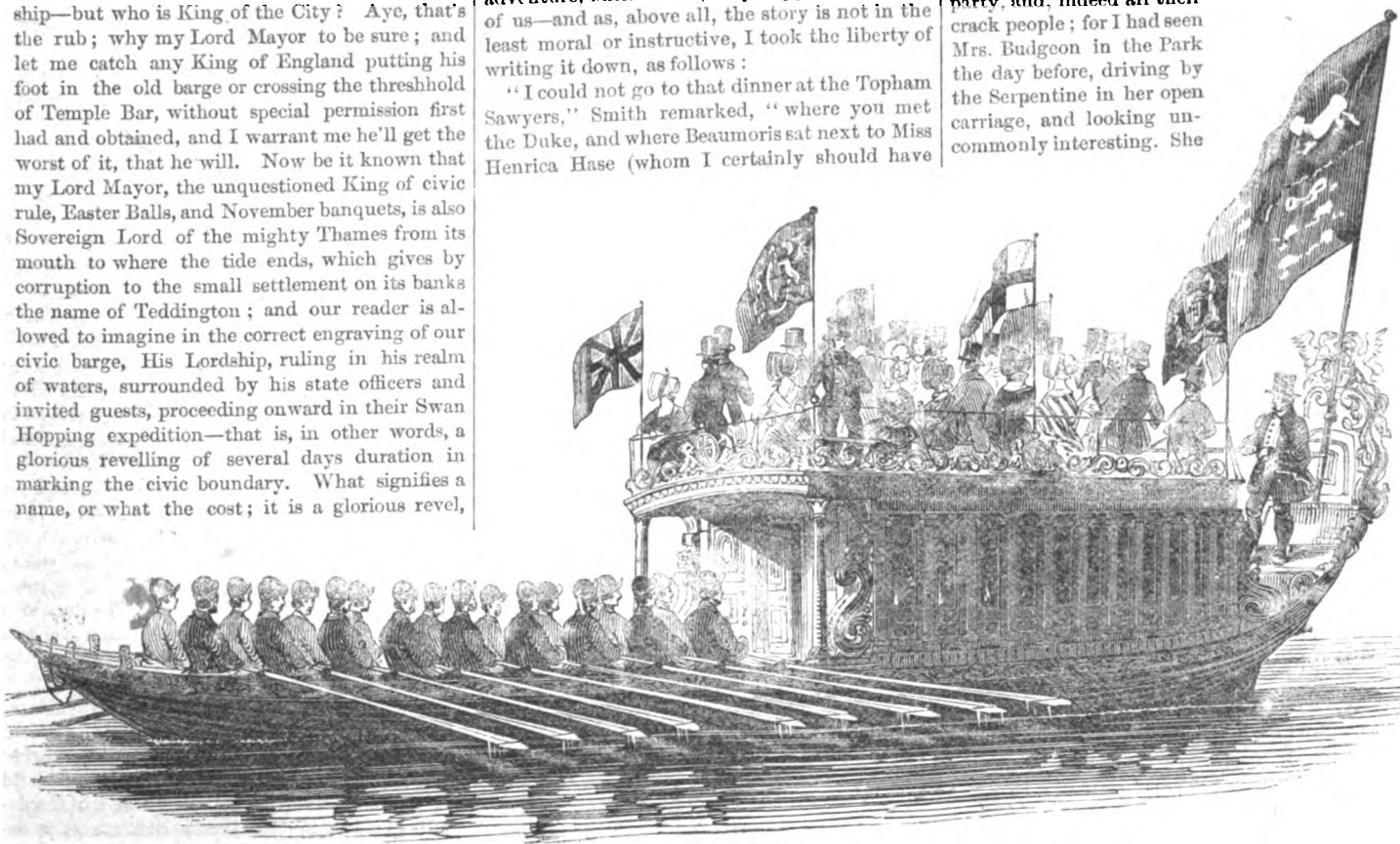
SITTING the other day alone at dinner at the club, and at the next table to Smith, who was in conversation with his friend Jones, I could not but overhear their colloquy, or, rather, Mr. Smith's communication to his friend. As, after all, it betrays no secrets of private life—as his adventure, such as it is, may happen to any one of us—and as, above all, the story is not in the least moral or instructive, I took the liberty of writing it down, as follows:

"I could not go to that dinner at the Topham Sawyers," Smith remarked, "where you met the Duke, and where Beaumont sat next to Miss Henrica Hase (whom I certainly should have

manœuvred to hand down to dinner, and of course should have had as good a chance as Bo of proposing for her, of being accepted, and getting a wife notoriously consumptive, and with six thousand a year)—I could not go to Topham Sawyers, because I had accepted an invitation to dine with my old schoolfellow Budgeon. He lives near Hyde Park Gardens, in the Tyburn quarter. He does not give dinners often, and I make it a point, when I have said I will go to a man—why, sir, I make it a point not to throw him over."

Jones here remarked that the wine was with Smith, which statement the other acknowledged by filling up a bumper, and then resumed:

"I knew that the Budgeons had asked a large party, and, indeed all their crack people; for I had seen Mrs. Budgeon in the Park the day before, driving by the Serpentine in her open carriage, and looking uncommonly interesting. She



THE LORD MAYOR'S BARGE—LONDON.

had her best folks—she mentioned them; nor did I forget to let her know that I was myself invited to the Topham Sawyers on the same day—for there is no use in making yourself too cheap; and if you do move about in a decent circle, Jones, my boy, I advise you to let your friends know it."

Jones observed that he thought the claret was corked, and the filberts were fine. Smith continued:

"I do not always array myself in a white neck-cloth and waistcoat to go to dinner, Jones; but I think it is right on grand days to do so—I think it's right. Well, sir, I put myself into my very best fig, embroidered shirt, white waistcoat, turquoise buttons, white stockings, and that sort of thing, and set out for Budgeon's at a quarter to eight. I dressed here at the club. My fool of a servant had not brought me any white gloves though; so I was obliged to buy a pair for three-and-sixpence, as we drove by Houbigan's."

"I recollect it was the thirty-first of June, and as a matter of course, it was pouring with rain. By the way, do you *bake* your white neckcloths in damp weather, Jones? It's the only way to keep 'em right."

Jones said this was a better bottle than the last.

"I drove up, sir, to Budgeon's door at Hyde Park Gardens, and of course, had a row with the scoundrelly cabman about his fare. I gave him eighteenpence; he said a gentleman would have given him half-a-crown. 'Confound your impudence, sir!' said I. 'Vell,' said the impudent brute, 'vell, I never said you vos one.' And at this moment Budgeon's door was opened by Cobb, his butler. Cobb was still in pepper-and-salt trousers, which surprised me. He looked rather dubiously at me in the cab."

"Am I late?" says I.

"No, sir; only—you haven't got your note? But my master will see you, sir. You stop here, cab."

"And quitting the vehicle, of which the discontented rascal of a driver still persisted in saying, that 'a gentleman would gimmy 'alf-a-crown,' I entered Mr. Budgeon's house, splashing my white stockings in the mud as I went in, to the accompaniment of a hee-haw from the brute on the cab-box. The familiarity of the people, sir, is disgusting."

"I was troubled as I entered. The two *battens* of the hall-door were not cast open; the fellows in black were not there to bawl out your name up the stairs. There was only Cobb, in a dirty Marsella waistcoat, jingling his watch-chain."

"'Good Heavens, Cobb!' says I—for I was devilish hungry—'what has happened?' And I began to think (for I have heard Budgeon is rather shaky) that there was an execution in the house."

"Missis, sir—little girl, sir—about three o'clock, sir—master will see you—Mr. Smith, sir.' And with these words Cobb ushered me into the dining-room, where Budgeon sat alone."

"There was not the least preparation for a grand dinner, as you may suppose. It is true that a soiled and crumpled bit of old table-cloth was spread at one corner of the table, with one knife and fork laid; but the main portion of the mahogany was only covered with its usual green baize, and Budgeon sat at a farther end in his dressing-gown, and writing letter after letter. They are a very numerous family. She was a Miss Walkingham, one of the Wiltshire Walkinghames. You know her name is Fanny Decima, and I don't know how far the teens in the family went. Budgeon has five sisters himself, and he was firing off notes to all these amiable relations when I came in. They were all, as you may suppose, pretty much to the same effect:

"'My dear Maria,' (or Eliza or Louisa, according to circumstances,) 'I write a hasty line to say that our dear Fanny has just made me a

present of a fifth little girl. Dr. Bloxam is with her, and I have the happiness to say that they are both doing perfectly well. With best regards to Hickson, (or Thomson, or Jackson, as the case and the brother-in-law may be,) 'I am, my dear, &c., affectionately yours, LEONARD BUDGEON.'

"Twenty-three of these letters to relatives, besides thirty-eight to put off the dinner and evening party, Budgeon had written; and he bragged about it as if he had done a great feat. For my part, I thought, with rage, that the Topham Sawyers' dinner was coming off at that minute, and that I might have been present but for this disagreeable *contratemp*s."

"'You're come in time to wish me joy!' says Budgeon, looking up from his *paperasse* in a piteous tone and manner."

"'Joy, indeed!' says I. In fact, I wished him at Bath."

"'I'm so accustomed to this sort of thing,' said he, 'that I'm no longer excited by it at all. You'll stay and dine with me, now you're come.'"

"I looked daggers at him! I might have dined at the Topham Sawyers, I said, but for this sudden arrival."

"'What is there for dinner, Cobb? You'll lay a cover for Mr. Smith.'"

"Cobb looked grave. 'The cook is gone to fetch Mrs. Walkingham. I've kep the cab, to go to Queen Charlotte's Hospital for—for the nuss. Buttons is gone out with the notes, sir. The young ladies' maid has took them to their haunt Codger's; the other female servants is busy upstairs with missis, sir.'"

"'Do you mean there's no dinner?' cries Budgeon, looking as if he was relieved though. 'Well, I have written the notes. Bloxam says my wife is on no account to be disturbed; and I tell you what, Smith, you shall give me a dinner at the Club.'"

"'Very good,' I growled out; although it is deuced hard to be obliged to give a dinner when you actually refused the Topham Sawyers. And Cobb, going up to his master's dressing-room, returned thence with the coat, hat, and umbrella with which that gentleman usually walks abroad."

"'Come along,' said I, with the best grace; and we were both going out accordingly, when suddenly the door opened, and Mrs. Wake, Mrs. Budgeon's maid, who has been with her ever since she was born, made her appearance."

"A man who has in his house a lady's maid who has been with his wife ever since she was born, has probably two tyrants, certainly one, over him. I would not take a girl with ten thousand a-year and a maid who has been with her from the nursery. If your wife is not jealous of you, that woman is. If your wife does not know when you slip in from the Club after midnight, that woman is awake, depend upon it, and hears you go up stairs. If, under pretence of a long debate in the House of Commons, you happen to go to Greenwich with a bachelor party, that woman finds the Trafalgar bill in your pocket, and, somehow, hears of your escapade. You fancy yourself very independent, and unobserved, and that you carry on, you rogue! quite snugly and quietly through life. Fool! you are environed by spies, and circumvented by occult tyrants. Your friends' servants and your own know all that you do. Your wife's maid has intelligences with all the confidential females and males of your circle. You are pursued by detectives in plain (some in second-hand) clothes, and your secrets are as open to them as the aragate by which they enter your house. Budgeon's eye quailed before that severe light-blue one which hawk-beaked Mrs. Wake fixed upon him."

"'You're not going out, sir?' said that woman, in a cracked voice."

"'Why, Wake, I was going to—to dine at the

Club with Mr. Smith; that's all—with Mr. Smith, you know;' and so, of course, I was dragged in."

"'I'll tell my missis, sir, that Mr. Smith wished to take you away; though I'm sure he didn't know her situation, and a blessed baby born only five hours, and the medical man in the house.'"

"'Hang it,' says I, 'I never asked—I—that is—'

"'O! I dessay, sir, it was master as ast himself,' Mrs. Wake answered. 'And my poor missis upstairs, and I've been with her ever since she was born, and took her from the month—that I did, and I won't desert her now. But I won't answer for her life, nor Dr. Bloxam won't, if master should go out now, as you are a goin' to, sir.'"

"'Good Heavens,' Wake? why shouldn't I? There's no dinner for me. You turned me out of Mrs. Budgeon's room when I went upstairs, and ordered me not to come up again.'"

"'She's not to be disturbed on no account, sir.' The dear suffering think, Mrs. Wake said. 'Her mar is coming, and will soon be year, that's one comfort, and will keep you company.'"

"'Oh yes, Mrs. Walkingham,' Budgeon ruefully said. 'Where is she to sleep, Wake?'

"'In the best bedroom, sir; in coarse, in the yellow room, sir,' Wake answered."

"'And—where am I to go?' asked the gentleman."

"'Your things are halready brought down into the study, and your to sleep on the sofa and harm-chair, of course, sir,' the other said."

"Budgeon, now, is a very stout, bulky little man, the 'sofa' is only a rout-seat, and the arm-chair is what you call a Glastonbury—an oak-chair ornamented with middle-age gim-cracks, and about as easy as Edward the Confessor's fauteuil in Westminster Abbey. I pictured the wretch to myself, stretched out on a couch which a fakeer or a hermit would find hard to lie on."

The Romance of a Dust-heap.

OUR neighbor opposite is having his cellar cleared out; basket-load after basket-load is brought up on those four brawny shoulders and deposited in the street. What an unsightly pile of rubbish and coal-ashes! and hovering around it, flapping their smutched wings, the city harpies, with eager eyes, raking with their iron talons."

Yes, unsightly altogether, a nuisance, an eyesore—but stop, what's that? A child's shoe, a very tiny thing, once pink and prettily ribboned, telling of tottering baby-steps, of a household darling, of a tyrant two feet high, of a despot that babbled. Who is it who says that of all things the little shoe recalls most vividly a dead baby to its mother's eye? We know not; but who that has read Victor Hugo's thrilling story of Notre Dame, in which just such a shoe plays a serious part, can fail to acknowledge the truth of that testimony, borne by some maternal heart?

An old hat! ah, the boys have that; now for a game at foot-ball with its fallen majesty. The crowning glory of the outer man is at the thirty toes' ends of the three barefooted urchins, whose irreverence is equalled only by their raggedness, dirt, and incipient wickedness. The hat of a dandy, on the face of it—sadly battered and dejected by its recent hard straits, but with the unmistakable signs of original best quality—nattily shaped, graceful, (so far as that term may be applied to the modern style of fashionable tile,) fine, and delicately curved in the brim. Whilom it reposed, just the least in the world to the left, on the softest ambrosial curls, redolent of Macassar; the artistic half circles it described in the well-sunned air, in honor of fair Amelias and Anna Marias rolling by en coiture, or floating past in a voluminous maze, carried

triumph to the respective bosoms of those ladies; and such smiles as were bestowed upon its dazzling blackness in return! That self-same hat—at this moment, alas! ignobly moored in the gutter—has seen the interior of Mrs. Potiphar's mansion—indeed, has found itself, without a tremor, face to face with the far-famed lady herself; for one delightful ball-night it actually slept beneath that august roof, in the gentleman's room. At the opera, theatre, concert-room, and Grace Church; at matinees and soirees; at dinners, morning calls, and evening promenades, it assisted during its brief but brilliant success. But Genin opened a new style, one sixteenth of an inch wider in the brim, and so our poor friend is here.

The busy *chiffonniers* pick away at the increasing heap, detecting at a glance an availability—a glass bottle, or a scrap of rag or paper—to consign to their bags or baskets. A very Topsy of a little colored wench drags out a satin slipper of such Cinderella-fitting proportions that, with great pullings-on and pinchings-in, she can barely succeed in getting her toes into it. It is even now quite white and smartly decorated with rose and buckle: a dancing shoe, instructed in forward-two and chassée, in *le pantalon* and ladies' chain, familiar with polka, schottisch and the German waltz; accustomed to the best society only, to gaslight and the dazzling, dear five hundred; once wondered at for its Lilliputian smallness, and watched by envying and admiring wall-flowers as its fairy mistress swam in the dance—

"Her feet, beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As though they feared the light;
And ah! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight."

Had the pretty giddy-head read Hans Christian Andersen's story of the Red Shoes, and how a certain little maiden was so proud of them that she was compelled to dance for years and years all over the world, morning, noon and night, summer and winter, over mountains and through thorny thickets, as a punishment for her vanity? and was that the reason she threw these away, though still so new and pretty?

A silk apron—one of those bewitching coquetties worthy the seductive waist of a *femme-de-chambre* or a *grisette*—is recovered next; of hues once

"Brighter than the silks of Samarcand;"

with pockets just large enough to hold the saucy, dimpled fists of the wearer: gaily ribboned and much bedizened with gimps and laces. About what fragrant boddice were entwined those silken cords, and what happy lover knotted or loosed them at his will, not forgetful of the old German form of betrothal?

What becomes of all the pins was once a much-vexed question. We think it might easily be answered by any one so fortunate as to have seen yonder rosy-cheeked frau, whose extensive bosom is converted for the nonce into a vast expanse of toilette cushion, glistening with the pins she is rapidly picking out of the refuse.

A sheet of an old letter—ah! you may be sure no love-letter, to come to such a sorry pass; or if it be, the oracle is dumb, for time and dampness and a mouldering burial amid household ruins guard its confidences more sacredly than did its owner.

Battered tin-pans; a spoutless coffee-pot; the remains of a feather brush, once wielded by my lady's own dainty fingers, to dust the costly senselessness of an *étagère*; old boots, a scrubbing brush, bits of broken china, and countless relics that defy an antiquary to guess at their original shape or use; chips and stray splinters for kindling, collected by dozens of little brown fingers; bits of coal eagerly gathered for scan-

tily-fed fires; and ashes, ashes, ashes, enough to have supplied the mourning-season of a Babylon. And so let us shake the dust from off our feet and move on.

The Art of Lithography.

Wood engravings are executed in relief, and the subject is printed from the raised surface; while in steel and copper-plate engravings the subject is cut in, and the work printed from the sunken parts of the plate. Lithography differs entirely from both processes—the printing surface of the stone being perfectly flat, and the design neither raised upon it nor cut in it.

Alois Senefelder, the inventor of lithography, was born in Prague, in the year 1772. His father, who was an actor at the Court Theatre of Munich, sent the young Alois to study at college, where he greatly distinguished himself. At the age of sixteen he was sent to the University of Ingolstadt for the purpose of studying the law; returning, however home to his family, he devoted himself to dramatic literature; and scarcely had he been encouraged by the success of his first piece, when he had the misfortune to lose his father, and then he became the sole support of the family. Having had several of his pieces printed, he was acquainted with the processes employed in printing, and experiencing some difficulty in getting his works published, he sought for means of printing them himself, without all the costly apparatus of a printing office. After trying several different modes of obtaining characters in relief from which to print, he succeeded by first imprinting the characters in a soft paste, and then running melted sealing wax into this mould. However, this process was not satisfactory; and he then conceived the idea of writing with varnish upon a plate of copper and obtaining the relief by eating away the copper with nitric acid. But the number of copper-plates destroyed in his experiments soon became a serious drag upon the purse of the poor author. It was necessary to write everything that he had to print backwards, or in reverse; and he therefore looked about for some material which he could procure cheaply, and upon which he could practise this reverse writing. He noticed the stone of Solenhofen, which was easily polished, and which cost him nothing, and commenced his practice upon these, intending to resume experiments upon copper as soon as he could write correctly and well. He had made an ink of wax, soap, and lamp-black, which was soluble in water, and which he used like Indian ink. The story is that one day he had to make a memorandum, and having no paper at hand, he wrote it upon one of the stones with this compound ink. Having afterwards to polish the stone, a thought struck him that he should like to know what would be the effect of pouring acid upon it. He did so; and what was his astonishment to see the stone eaten away, and the whole of his writing standing in relief. From this moment may be dated the invention of lithography.

However, Senefelder at once saw that he should never be able to produce results of the requisite degree of neatness and perfection by means so rude as this, and that neither the typographic nor the copper-plate printing presses were of the kind required for the new process; then commenced his serious labors and trials, for all that he had done was nothing to what yet remained to be accomplished. He very soon saw that he must give up the idea of his relief characters, and he succeeded in printing from the flat stone by the principle as now used.

He invented a press entirely different from those employed for copper-plate printing, of which he had formerly made use. This press has since been very much altered, but the mode of pressure was the same as at the present day. He afterwards prepared a paper upon which he could write, and then by wetting the paper and

forcibly pressing it upon the stone, could transfer the writing from the paper to the stone. A proof freshly printed upon this paper, whether from a typographic or copper-plate press, could in like manner be transferred, and he showed how old books or prints could also be transferred to the stone. He printed in two different tints and showed how, by the use of several stones printing in colors could be done. He composed several recipes for pencils for drawing upon stone; and, in fact, foresaw the greater part of the improvements which have since been made in the art. Senefelder died at Munich on the 26th of February, 1834, after having had the satisfaction of seeing his art making a progress far more rapid than he could have hoped for.

We will now glance at the *modus operandi* in lithographic printing.

The subject to be printed is drawn or written upon the stone, either with lithographic chalk or lithographic ink. These are both composed of similar materials, though in somewhat different proportions. The materials are tallow, virgin-wax, soap, shellac, and lamp-black. The ink is used mixed with water, like Indian ink; the chalk is used dry, like a pencil.

Chromolithography is the art of printing from designs on stone in colors. The drawing is first made on paper, then transferred to a stone from which are taken as many proofs as there are colors required in the picture; each of these proofs is transferred to a separate stone, and then all the picture effaced, except those parts which are required to be of the color with which each stone is to be printed. By making one color fall on another, a great variety of half-tints and secondary colors is produced. The subject on each stone is then printed successively in the proper color upon the paper, which is worked dry, so that it may not shrink during the process.

Autography is very similar to the *fac-simile* process, except that the writing is here done upon the prepared paper, and with the lithographic ink in the first instance, instead of being traced over.

The principle upon which the process of lithography depends, is that water and greasy matter have a mutual antipathy to each other—that is, water will not adhere to a greasy surface, nor will any greasy matter adhere to a surface that is wet. The lithographic stone will take either water or oil, and of this property in the stone advantage is taken in lithography.

The chalk or ink with which the drawing or writing is done upon the stone, is, as we have seen, of a greasy nature, but, owing to the soap in the mixture, it is soluble in water, and can be applied with a brush in water like Indian ink. Before, therefore, the first operation in printing from the stone (which consists of sponging it over with water) can be proceeded with, the alkali in the soap must be neutralized, which being done, the ink is insoluble in water, and the drawing cannot be washed out with the wet sponge. To effect this, the stone has a weak solution of nitrous, or hydrochloric acid poured over it, which acid, uniting with the alkali, produces the required neutralization. After this, a solution of gum arabic is floated over the whole surface of the stone, or sometimes the acid and gum are mixed, and applied to the stone together. These substances adhering to the stone, make it more capable of resisting the oily matter contained in the printing ink where the paper is to be left white.

The stone after having been washed again with water, and wiped over with turpentine, is ready for printing from. Being laid upon the press, the printer, as we have said, first sponges it over with water, which, adhering to the stone in those parts only where there is nothing drawn or written, (the greasy nature of the lithographic ink repelling the water as we have before described,) leaves the whole of the design

dry. A roller covered with printing ink is then passed backwards and forwards over the stone. Here the effect is reversed. The damp portions of the stone repel the greasy ink, while it adheres to every part of the design, for the ink of which it has a strong affinity. A sheet of paper is then laid upon the stone, one or two sheets of waste are laid above it, a frame similar to the tympan of a typographic press is then brought down on to it, and by means of a rack and winch the whole is carried under the pressure. When a sufficient number of proofs have been printed for present use, the stone is inked over with a peculiar ink, which has the property of not drying; it is then gummed over so as to preserve it from dust, and from influence of the air. When the stone is wanted to be printed from again, the gum is removed, and surface of the stone washed over with turpentine, when it is again ready for use.

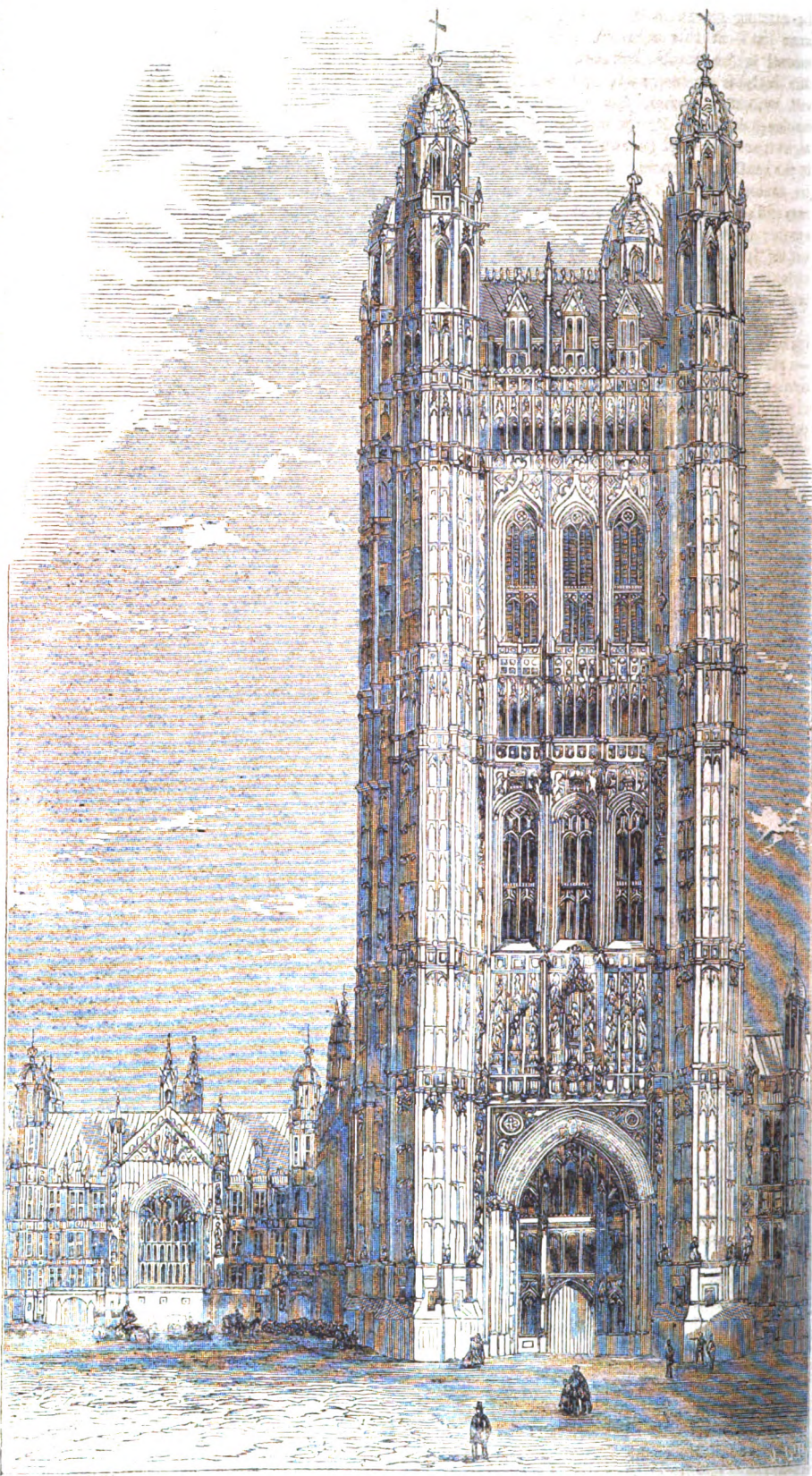
The Victoria Tower.

THIS magnificent tower, built in the florid gothic style, rises to the height of 360 feet above the level of the Thames. Based on the solid edifice, seventy feet square, are the turrets, seventy feet in height, above which it is proposed to plant a lofty flagstaff, from which, whenever the Queen visits the Houses of Parliament, the broad banner of England will be displayed.

With respect to the architecture of the tower, which from the immense weight of the materials the architect has been compelled to construct by degrees, in order that one part might be consolidated before the pressure became immoderate—there are various conflicting opinions. Some have objected to Sir Charles Barry's design that it wants the effect and emphasis of deep lights and shadows. The shape is too formal; the angles are too sharply defined; the surface, with all its ornamentation, is too flat, for this class of critics. Others reply that, whereas in smaller structures, projecting masses, a graduated pile as if of tower on tower, with fretwork in high relief, might be necessary, this edifice is too imposing to stand in need of such architectural artifices.

For the present we will not discuss the subject, as an opportunity will shortly occur of viewing the Houses of Parliament as a whole, in comparison with some celebrated structure of a more ancient date. Meanwhile, it is a curious reflection how an Englishman who left London in 1840, when not a stone of the edifice had been laid, would be astonished, on making a trip up the Thames, to see in Westminster this mighty mass of architectural beauty, covering six acres, with the Victoria Tower, rising nearly to the height of the cross of St. Paul's.

To put together half a mile of stone is no easy matter, however it be done; much less easy when it is done with Mr. Barry's grandeur of effect and breadth of style. The New Palace at Westminster now shows many traces of advance, the envious boarding that has long marked the beauty of the Peers' front having been removed. The great tower springs skyward, firm as a pyramid, and graceful as an obelisk. Never before in England has such a building arisen. Long flights of oriel windows pierce the new front, and combine with pierced pinnacle, wavering vane, and figured parapet, to give the broad masses of stone a feeling of being penetrated by sun, light, and air. In it we see that Mr. Barry is leaving a grand autograph for posterity to read; and it certainly seems to be the work of a great man, who expresses the great thought of a great nation. Gaslights have been erected,



THE VICTORIA TOWER OF THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

and the roadway has been cleared. The Peers' front stretches a distance of 350 feet, from St. Stephen's Porch to the Victoria Tower—its height being eighty-two feet. In the centre rises a tower, feathering up with its pinnacles, and massive with its kingly greatness; and below is the Peers' entrance, rich with heraldic emblems. On each side, like servitors, are ten oriel windows, which turn the stone transparent and let in day and night. Allowing that there is excess of detail, we are sure that, when it is completed, this royal building will wear it all as lightly as a king his pearls. It will no more

fritter the general effect than the embroidered border of an emperor's robe, or the chased crystal ivory of his throne, would draw our attention from the emperor's face and the smile or frown that decided the fate of nations. Where there are piles of towers, who will look at the ornament of a door lintel? Where there are streets of windows, catching the sun and returning the moon, who will peddle about a rosette or a finial? Who but a working mason would care for a stone awry, when there is a Domdaniel of grandeur and vastness, with two senates busy within its chambers?

In this building we see reflected the commercial enterprise, the courage, and the religion of England—an old architecture recast and old things become new. Before these new things become old, there will be nations risen and nations fallen—great men born and dead—new kings and new dynasties. The old abbey may become a ruin before this new bride of it falls into decay. London will become blacker and older—the Thames muddier and duller—but this new palace will, centuries hence, be in its youth—wearing its flowers, lightly as a coronet—gilded by a thousand suns, silvered by centuries of moons. It will become associated with our glories and our failures—our honor and disgrace—with our victories and our defeats; and while it stands, the name of Barry can never be forgotten.

The New Houses of Parliament.

In one fearful night of conflagration, on the sixteenth of October, 1834, those ancient edifices the Houses of Lords and Commons were swept away, leaving no vestige of their former existence but in the smoking ruins which announced their final doom. The morning dawned, and those venerable seats of legislation with their ample libraries, their valuable records, and a vast amount of historical treasures which time had accumulated, and which no time can restore, were found to have perished in one terrible conflagration resulting from a shameful negligence. The work of a Guy Fawkes was in part accomplished; that work which had escaped the dilapidating mania of a Roundhead faction was consummated in one night, to the great grief of the antiquarian and irreparable loss of the nation.

Government having resolved on the erection of a new building upon a scale of appropriate grandeur for the legislative councils, a committee was appointed for the management of its construction, who threw open to competition the object in view, inviting architects to submit designs accompanied by estimates. Ninety-seven designs were sent in, many of extraordinary beauty, but the one furnished by Mr. Charles Barry was unanimously adopted by the Commissioners, who at the same time awarded premiums to several competitors whose works had elicited the warmest commendations. The

noble work was commenced in the year 1836 and completed in the year 1852, being sixteen years in construction. It is raised on the site of the former Houses of Parliament, and covers an area of eight acres of ground, with a magnificent water front on the Thames. It has four fronts, but that which is known as the River Terrace is the most elaborate; still there is harmony in the whole—a keeping, to use the term of artistic architectural skill, and taste not equalled in any modern work of enterprise and genius. It has been pronounced the most magnificent edifice of the nineteenth century. The entire building is of stone, the magnesian limestone of Yorkshire, which is said to resist the ravages of time, and Aberdeen granite.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to give a full description of this senatorial palace, and a partial one would very inadequately convey an idea of its grandeur, symmetry and beauty.

Our illustration, to which we refer, represents the Eastern front of the House of Parliament taken from the Thames Tower.

Volcanoes.

Geological theorists assert that the inequalities on the earth's surface arise from upliftings by volcanoes, earthquakes, &c.; and to these they ascribe the inclination of strata, &c. But the minute seams in sandstones, and the parallelism of the strata in the same formation indicate that the whole is the effect of depositions and precipitations, while in the submersions by the sea, and the advance and retreat during perihelion periods we have the aqueous agency required for the precipitation.

About 200 active volcanoes are recorded, of which eighty-nine are in islands. Submarine volcanoes often throw up islands. The Azores, the Lipari, the Canaries, &c., are examples.

The ashes from volcanoes often produce total darkness from thirty to fifty miles round, and they often fall in showers from 200 to 300 miles distant. Pieces of rock are ejected with the force of a cannon-ball. Cotopaxi once threw a piece of 100 cubic yards eight miles. Fish ejected from volcanoes are those of neighboring waters.

Lava is a stony substance like basalt, and may

sometimes be seen at the bottom of a crater red-hot, like melted metal, bubbling as a fountain. When it overflows the crater it is very fluid. At Vesuvius a red-hot current of it was from eight to ten yards deep, 200 or 300 yards broad, and nearly a mile long. In Mexico a plain was filled up by it into a mountain 1,600 feet high, by an eruption in 1759. Its heat was so great that it continued to smoke for above twenty years afterwards; and a piece of wood took fire in lava three years and a half after it had been ejected, at five miles from the crater.

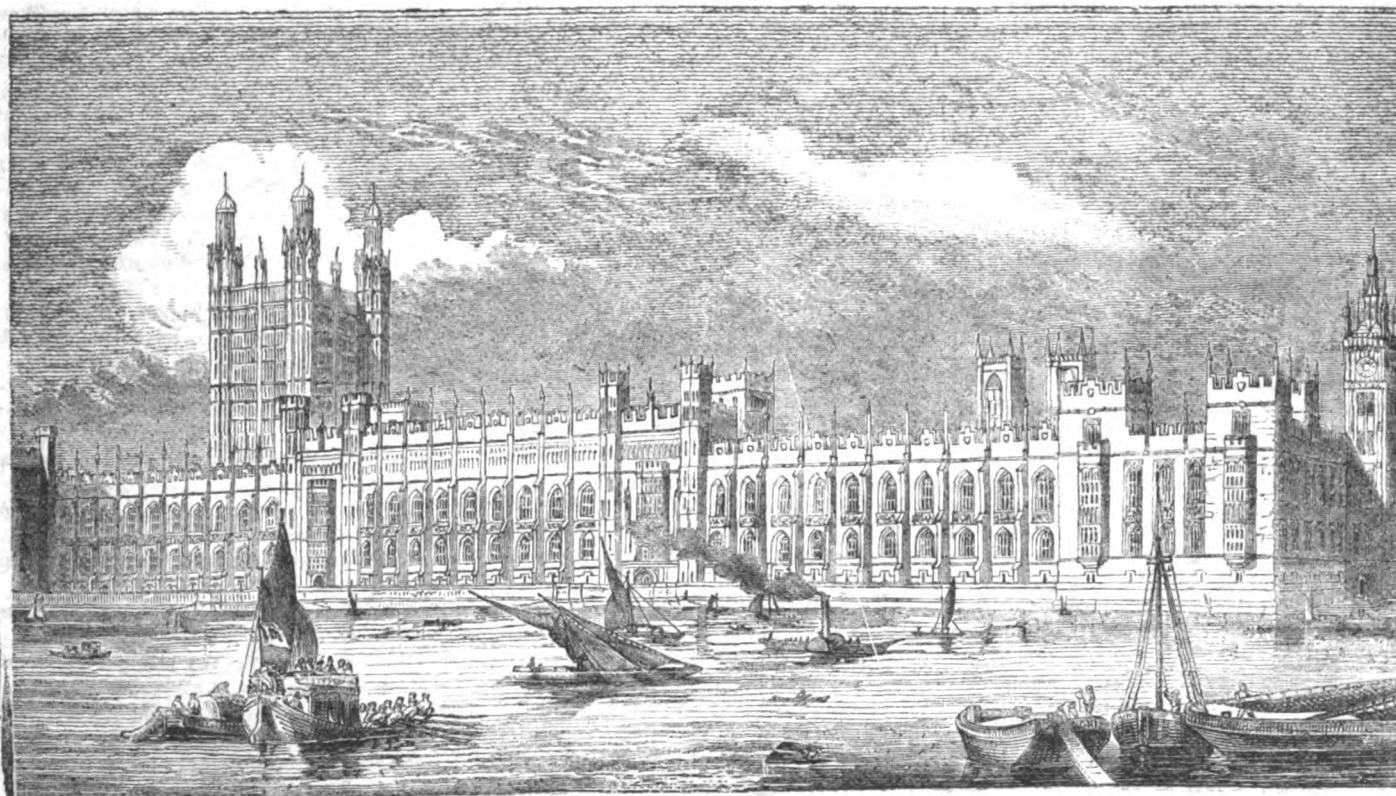
Stones of immense size rise to the height of 7,000 feet, and others, darkening the air, fall 100 miles distant.

Thirty-one great eruptions of Etna have occurred within the records of history.

In an eruption in the year 1693 the city of Catania was overturned in a moment, and 18,000 people perished in the ruins. The crater of Etna is a quarter of a mile high on a plain three miles across. It falls in about every 100 years. The mouth is a mile in diameter, and shelves as an inverted cone lined with salts and sulphur. The central fiery gulf varies in size, and noises arise from it with volumes of smoke. D'Orville descended by ropes near to the gulf, but was annoyed by flame and sulphurous effluvia.

Pompeii was destroyed by showers of ashes, but Herculaneum by hot mud, over which six streams of lava have since accumulated. They had recently been destroyed by an earthquake, and were rebuilding. In the barracks of Pompeii were found the skeletons of two soldiers, fastened by chains; and in the vaults of a country house was a perfect cast of a woman with a child in her arms.

A NATURAL ALMANAC.—It is a singular fact that by counting the knuckles on the hand, with the spaces between them, all the months with thirty-one days will fall on the knuckles, and those with thirty days or less will come in the spaces. January, first knuckle; February, first space; March, second knuckle; April, second space; May, third knuckle; June, third space; July, fourth knuckle; August, first knuckle; September, first space; October, second knuckle; November, second space; December, third knuckle.



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON.

[For the New York Journal.]

The Rising Fawn or the Falls of Yaloo.

A LEGEND OF THE CHEROKEE COUNTRY, ALABAMA.

The generous points of Indian character, though often exhibited, have passed away like the phantoms of a dream. In the perspective of the picture, which portrays the trials of our own ancestry, we see the savages reluctantly retiring before the waves of civilization; and in the history of their cruelty forget to recall the instances of magnanimity sometimes displayed, rivalling the most noted instances of Greek and Roman philanthropy. It is not our duty to criticize the objects of a decree under which the Anglo Saxon race became the agents of the settlement of the West. Doubtless it was for wise purposes, in the advancement of intellectual and moral freedom, that a wild but happy people, content amid their native forests, where in Arcadian simplicity they followed the pursuits which nature alone had taught, found themselves suddenly surrounded by a strong race of men; driven from their rude homes; the sacred depository of their dead ancestry dispersed by the plough-share; and themselves forced either to a new shelter, further in the forests of the west, or to remain the victims of physical, moral and mental deterioration.

The Cherokees, who occupied that section of Alabama and Georgia which is watered by the various tributaries of the Coosa, or "clear water" stream, were the last of the Northern tribes of this region to retire to the West. At a ball play upon the banks of the Etowa or "high bank" river, they won that lovely country of green valleys and smiling hills from the more treacherous and cruel Creeks. Here they lived, and it was their boast that they had never shed the white man's blood. A more noble race of savages never existed. Manly, generous, and brave, their forms displayed the characteristics of a bold but magnanimous people. In the beautiful valleys with which that portion of country is diversified, they followed their rural pursuits, happy in the genial climate and miniature mountain scenery around them. The temperate climate tended to soften their original character, until even their native tongue became mellifluous as the purest Greek. It was therefore not wonderful that they were permitted to remain in the country of their choice long after the whites had intruded into it, and that when the long trains of the tribe, marshalled by their chiefs, were about to leave it forever, they paused upon the top of Lookout Mountain, where its blue elevations seemed to mingle with the clouds, and looking down upon the bright green vales through which the silver water-courses flowed, made the wild echoes answer to the most pitiable lamentations.

It was my lot, not long since, to meet one of this people, who still lingered in the noble country of his birth. He imparted many memorials of his race. He loved to speak of the history of his people, and to point out places where remarkable events had occurred. I met him at a romantic spot in Cherokee County, Alabama, known as Blue Pond. This is a small lake, lying at the eastern base of Lookout Mountain. Near it are the Falls of Yaloo. The little stream of Yaloo runs along the mountain in a southern direction. The scenery around it is sublime and beautiful, grand and imposing. South, you see spreading far to the east the Tulladega mountains, like blue clouds upon the horizon. Upon the eastern sky you observe the striking outline of the Altona; and north, the various chains of the Cumberland, displaying upon a magnificent scale the curves of the line of beauty.

Yaloo flows onward, calm and unruffled as one of those bright ideal streams depicted upon the western sky just at sunset. Wandering down its banks, presently we hear a roar as of a sudden tempest. Its course is arrested by a

range of rocks, broken into every form, lying across its bosom. The unity of the stream is broken into a thousand ripples. We hear its whole flood dashed into an abyss below. We approach with awe. Below us the stream falls perpendicularly 200 feet. Just below the broken rocks, which first arrested attention, the various streams unite and are poured in a sheet into one of the wildest chasms ever seen. Nature appears by some terrible convulsion to have torn out the bosom of the mountain and scattered the fragments in wild confusion round. There, down, down, into the dreadful depth, lie rocks piled upon rocks, in every conceivable variety, upon which the stream of snowy waves is poured with ceaseless roar, filling the entire basin with spray and smoking mist. Upon the right, the water has worn an amphitheatre whose lofty impending roof reaches over you with imposing grandeur. The water, enabled to fall no deeper, spins around like a sullen, disappointed animal, which, when finding it is conquered, spends its last breath in impotent rage. If you visit this remarkable scene, go at midday when the sun stands just south of the Falls. You will find a succession of caves reaching from the eastern side of the chasm to the stream, where quickly it passes down the ravine to turn a little rude mill below. Stand with your back to the sun, and look up to the rocks over which the water rushes. You will see clusters of vines and ferns, in everlasting green, hanging upon the blue granite. Upon those, broken by the prisms of the waters, rest the sun's rays in every variety of rainbow hue.

I stood upon this spot. In the old times a party from the north had pitched their tents upon the mountain. Their chief had grown old in the wars with the Creeks. He was happy in the evening of his day in his son, who from his courage was soon to become chief. It was Woonega. When about ten years old, the Creeks invaded the tents of his father's people. They were put to flight. In their haste they left a white boy, of the age of Woonega, whom they had stolen from one of the lower Carolina settlements. The old chief made the white boy the companion of his son and gave him the name of Yaloo, which means the red leaf in autumn. As the boys grew up their affections twined about them. They hunted together, and were never apart.

In the progress of time Woonega became enamored of the daughter of a neighboring chief. She was known as the Rising Fawn. Her father's camp was far north upon the mountain; and she has left her name in connexion with a spot in Dade county, Georgia.

To hunt in the neighborhood of the old chief, the father of Woonega, the father of the Rising Fawn came with his people. They put up their tents by the Blue Pond, and there Yaloo first saw the lovely maid. He had become thoroughly acquainted with the language and customs of the Indians, and was the confidant of Woonega. Love, as the divine and truthful Shakespeare has said, cannot be overcome by friendship—Yaloo became himself enamored of the Rising Fawn.

The time was approaching for the wedding feast of Woonega and the Rising Fawn. She was to be carried upon a litter, covered with an arbor of flowers, accompanied by maidens and young men, to her lover, when he was to receive her in a tent, hung with the soft skins of game hunted by himself.

Woonega, which signifies the "fleet foot," had gone into the forest, to hunt a spotted fawn, upon the skin of which the feet of his bride were to rest. He had hunted long, and was weary. He reached the banks of Yaloo, and drank of the yellow stream. The sun was falling rapidly down the slope of the western sky. He stopped to rest upon the rocky wall which rises upon the eastern side of the ravine. Far in the west, the long line of the Sand Mountain rose blue

before him. At his feet, the foam of the Falls boiled up, as in a great cauldron. The sun was pouring long golden beams through the forest, and a train of wild geese were seeking homes in the north. Spring had but lately dressed the black, long, quaint arms of the trees with green leaves. The "chip-will-de-widder," or whip-poor-will, was raising his melancholy cry from the thick underwood. The scene to Woonega became dreamy. His senses, gradually overcome, became as it were steeped in lethargy. His eyes floated as upon the changing scenes of a phantasmagoria. The day seemed to depart as with a wink of his eyelids, and they appeared to open upon the rising of morn rather than the close of day. Every thing had changed. The valley below him was no longer covered with forests. Fields were cleared; the ploughman was driving his team a-field: comfortable mansions were spread over the land as far as his eye could reach; and in the place of the Indian, the white man had possession of the soil. The tents of his tribe were no longer spread by the Blue Pond, nor did it look as in days when upon its banks he plunged his dart into the fish. A discordant roll as of wheels struck his ear. Presently, he heard the blowing of a horn, and some vehicle drawn by four horses came rushing onward. It stopped at the strange house, by Blue Pond; strange men and children rushed out, and strange beings tumbled from the vehicle. Among the crowd at the door of the house he saw Yaloo and the Rising Fawn, but grown old and leaning upon each other; around them, in wild ecstasy, hung a band of cheerful children.

Woonega roused from his dream, started to his feet. As he rose, a displaced rock fell over the chasm, and went bounding and rattling below. Suddenly two forms were discovered in the mist of the evening by the falling waters. How the heart of the sturdy Indian beat against his breast. How did his head turn! There, by that spot, stood Yaloo and the Rising Fawn! shall we tell how strong the contest between friendship and love, or how raging the tempest of jealousy and heroism! shall we attempt to paint the surprise and indignation of Woonega, or the surprise of the lovers as, awaked from their dream of security, the excited Woonega stood before them? Piercing now one and now the other with flashes from his eyes; now seeming to be raging in anger, now softened by love—"When," cried he, "oh white man, was I false to thee? You have told me of the great spirit that loves mercy. Long years made you my brother. Destiny has spoken—have I not seen it in my sleep upon the mountain? Go! you love one another. May the great spirit make you happy; I go to the setting sun. When you see him go down, remember Woonega, and that he loves mercy." So saying, he bounded away and was lost to sight in an instant.

A family of happy half-breeds lives in the valley of the Coosa. They are the descendants of Yaloo and the Rising Fawn.

Every nature is not a fit stock to graft a scholar on.

The uncertain man is as a wave of the sea, forever tossed to and fro.

The steel edges of a purse may be kept from rusting by active charity.

Idleness is the "Dead Sea" that swallows all the virtues.

Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes her best resolutions.

Trifles often fill up the measure of human character and actions.

As we must render an account for every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.

The most honorable part of talk is to give the occasion.

The want of leisure is often only the want of inclination.

The "London Times."

The power of the newspaper is familiar in America, and in accordance with our political system. In England it stands in antagonism with the feudal institutions, and it is all the more beneficent succor against the secretive tendencies of a monarchy. The celebrated Lord Somers "knew of no good law proposed and passed in his time, to which the public papers had not directed his attention." There is no corner and no night. A relentless inquisition drags every secret to the day, turns the glare of this solar microscope on every malfeasance, so as to make the public a more terrible spy than any foreigner; and no weakness can be taken advantage of by an enemy, since the whole people are already forewarned. Thus England rids herself of those incrustations which have been the ruin of old states. Of course, this inspection is feared. No antique privilege, no comfortable monopoly, but sees surely that its days are counted; the people are familiarized with the reason of reform, and, one by one, take away every argument of the obstructives. "So your grace likes the comfort of reading the newspapers," said Lord Mansfield to the Duke of Northumberland; "mark my words; you and I shall not live to see it, but this young gentleman (Lord Eldon) may, or it may be a little later; but a little sooner or later these newspapers will most assuredly write the Dukes of Northumberland out of their titles and possessions, and the country out of its king." The tendency in England towards social and political institutions, like those of America, is inevitable, and the ability of its journals is the driving force.

England is full of manly, clever, well-bred men, who possess the talent of writing off-hand pungent paragraphs, expressing with clearness and courage their opinion on any person or performance. Valuable or not, it is a skill that is rarely found out of the English journals. The English do this as they write poetry, as they ride and box, by being educated to it. Hundreds of clever Praeds, and Freres, and Froudes, and Hooda, and Hooks, and Maggins, and Mills, and Macaulays, make poems, or short essays for a journal, as they make speeches in Parliament and on the hustings, or as they shoot and ride. It is a quite accidental and arbitrary direction of their general ability. Rude health and spirits, an Oxford education, and the habits of society are implied, but not a ray of genius. It comes of the crowded state of the professions, the violent interests which all men take in politics, the facility of experimenting in the journals, and high pay.

The most conspicuous result of this talent is the *Times* newspaper. No power in England is more felt, more feared, or more obeyed. What you read in the morning in that journal, you shall hear in the evening in all society. It has ears everywhere, and its information is earliest, completest, and surest. It has risen, year by year, and victory by victory, to its present authority. I asked one of its old contributors whether it had once been abler than it is now? "Never," he said; "these are its palmiest days." It has shown those qualities which are dear to Englishmen, unflinching adherence to its objects, prodigal intellectual ability, and a towering assurance, backed by the perfect organization in its printing-house, and its world-like net-work of correspondence and reports. It has its own history and famous trophies. In 1820 it adopted the cause of Queen Caroline, and carried it against the King. It adopted a poor-law system, and almost alone lifted it through. When Lord Brougham was in power, it decided against him, and pulled him down. It declared war against Ireland, and conquered it. It adopted the League against the Corn Laws, and, when Cobden began to despair, it announced his triumph. It denounced and discredited the French Republic of 1848, and checked every sympathy

with it in England, until it had enrolled 200,000 special constables to watch the chartists, and make them ridiculous on the 10th April. It first denounced, then adopted the new French empire, and urged the French Alliance and its results. It has entered into each municipal, literary, and social question, almost with a controlling voice. It has done bold and seasonable service in exposing frauds which threatened the commercial community. Meantime it attacks its rivals by perfecting its printing machinery, and will drive them out of circulation; for the only limit to the circulation of the *Times* is the impossibility of printing copies fast enough; since a daily paper can only be new and seasonable for a few hours. It will kill all but that paper which is diametrically in opposition; since many papers, first and last, have lived by their attacks on the leading journal.

The late Mr. Walter was printer of the *Times*, and had gradually arranged the whole material of it in perfect system. It is told that when he demanded a small share in the proprietary, and was refused, he said, "As you please, gentlemen; and you may take away the *Times* from this office when you will; I shall publish the *New Times* next Monday morning." The proprietors, who had already complained that his charges for printing were excessive, found that they were in his power, and gave him whatever he wished.

I went one day with a good friend to the *Times* office, which was entered through a pretty garden-yard, in Printing-House Square. We walked with some circumspection, as if we were entering a powder-mill; but the door was opened by a mild old woman, and, by dint of some transmission of cards, we were at last conducted into the parlor of Mr. Morris, a very gentle person, with no hostile appearances. The statistics are now quite out of date, but I remember he told us that the daily printing was then 35,000 copies; that on the 1st March, 1848, the greatest number ever printed, 54,000 were issued; that, since February, the daily circulation had increased by 8,000 copies. The old press they were then using printed 5,000 or 6,000 sheets per hour; the new machine, for which they were then building an engine, would print 12,000 per hour. Our entertainer confided us to a courteous assistant to show us the establishment, in which, I think, they employed 120 men. I remember I saw the reporters' room, in which they redact their hasty stenographs, but the editor's room, and who is in it, I did not see, though I shared the curiosity of mankind respecting it.

The staff of the *Times* has always been made up of able men. Old Walter, Sterling, Bacon, Barnes, Alsiger, Horace Twiss, Jones Loyd, John Oxenford, Mr. Mosely, Mr. Bailey, have contributed to its renown in their special departments. But it has never wanted the first pens for occasional assistance. Its private information is inexplicable, and recalls the stories of Fouché's police, whose omniscience made it believed that the Empress Josephine must be in his pay. It has mercantile and political correspondents in every foreign city; and its express outrun the dispatches of the government. One hears anecdotes of the rise of its servants, as of the functionaries of the India House. I was told of the dexterity of one of its reporters, who finding himself on one occasion where the magistrates had strictly forbidden reporters, put his hands into his coat pocket, and with the pencil in one hand and tablet in the other, did his work.

The influence of this journal is a recognized power in Europe, and, of course, none is more conscious of it than its conductors. The tone of its articles has often been the occasion of comment from the official organs of the continental courts, and sometimes the ground of diplomatic complaint. What would the *Times* say? is a

terror in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, in Copenhagen, and in Nepal. Its consummate discretion and success exhibit the English skill of combination. The daily paper is the work of many hands, chiefly, it is said, of young men recently from the University, and perhaps reading law in the Chambers in London. Hence the academic elegance, and classic allusion, which adorn its columns. Hence, too, the heat and gallantry of its onset. But the steadiness of the aim suggests the belief that this fire is directed and fed by older engineers; as if persons of exact information, and with settled views of policy, supplied the writers with the basis of fact, and the object to be attained, and availed themselves of their younger energy and eloquence to plead the cause. Both the council and the executive departments gain by this division. Of two men of equal ability, the one who does not write, but keeps his eye on the course of public affairs, will have the higher judicial wisdom. But the parts are kept in concert; all the articles appear to proceed from a single will. The *Times* never disapproves of what itself has said, or cripples itself by apology for the absence of the editor, or the indiscretion of him who held the pen. It speaks out bluff and bold, and sticks to what it says. It draws from any number of learned and skilful contributors; but a more learned and skilful person supervises, corrects and coördinates. Of this closet the secret does not transpire. No writer is suffered to claim the authorship of any paper; everything good, from whatever quarter, comes out editorially; and thus, by making the paper everything, and those who write it nothing, the character and the awe of the journal gain.

The English like it for its complete information. A statement of fact in the *Times* is as reliable as a citation from Hansard. Then, they like its independence; they do not know when they take it up what their paper is going to say; but, above all, for the nationality and confidence of its tone. It thinks for them all; it is their understanding and day's ideal daguerreotype. When I see them reading its columns, they seem to be becoming every moment more British. It has the national courage, not rash and petulant, but considerate and determined. No dignity or wealth is a shield from its assault. It attacks a duke as readily as a policeman, and with the most provoking airs of condescension. It makes rude work of the Board of Admiralty. The Bench of Bishops is still less safe. One bishop fares badly for his rapacity, and another for his bigotry, and a third for his courtliness. It addresses occasionally a hint to Majesty itself, and sometimes a hint which is taken. There is an air of freedom even in their advertising columns, which speaks well for England to a foreigner. On the days when I arrived in London in 1847, I read among the daily announcements one offering a reward of fifty pounds to any person who would put a nobleman, described by name and title, late a member of Parliament, into any county jail in England, he having been convicted of obtaining money under false pretences.

Was ever such arrogance as the tone of this paper. Every slip of Oxonian or Cantabrigian who writes his first leader, assumes that we subdued the earth before we sat down to write this particular *Times*. One would think the world was on its knees to the *Times* office, for its daily breakfast. But this arrogance is calculated. Who would care for it, if it "surmised," or "dared confess," or "ventured to predict," &c. No; it is so, and so it shall be.

The morality and patriotism of the *Times* claims only to be representative, and by no means ideal. It gives the argument, not of the majority, but of the commanding class. Its editors know better than to defend Russia, or Austria, or English vested rights, on abstract grounds. But they give a voice to the class who, at this moment, take the lead; and they

have an instinct for finding where the power now lies, which is eternally shifting its banks. Sympathising with, and speaking for the class that rules the hour, yet, being apprised of every ground-swell, every Chartist resolution, every church squabble, every strike in the mills, they detect the first tremblings of change. They watch the hard and bitter struggles of the authors of each liberal movement, year by year—watching them only to taunt and obstruct them until, at last, when they see that these have established their fact, that power is on the point of passing to them—they strike in, with the voice of a monarch, astonish those whom they succor, as much as those whom they desert, and make victory sure. Of course the aspirants see that the *Times* is one of the goods of fortune, not to be won but by winning their cause.

Punch is equally an expression of English good sense as the *London Times*. It is the comic version of the same sense. Many of its caricatures are equal to the best pamphlets, and will convey to the eye in an instant the popular view which was taken of each turn of public affairs. Its sketches are usually made by masterly hands, and sometimes with genius, the delight of every class, because uniformly guided by that taste which is tyrannical in England. It is a new trait of the nineteenth century, that the wit and humor of England, as in *Punch*, so in the humorists, Jerrold, Dickens, Thackeray, Hood, have taken the direction of humanity and freedom.

The *Times*, like every important institution, shows the way to a better. It is a living index of the colossal British power. Its existence honors the people who dare to print all they know, dare to know all the facts, and do not wish to be flattered by hiding the extent of the public disaster. There is always safety in valor. I wish I could add that this journal aspired to deserve the power it wields, by guidance of the public sentiment to the right. It is usually pretended, in Parliament and elsewhere, that the English press has a high tone—which it has not. It has an imperial tone, as of a powerful and independent nation. But as with other empires, its tone is prone to be official, and even official. The *Times* shares all the limitations of the governing classes, and wishes never to be in a minority. If only it dared to cleave to the right, to show the right to be the only expedient, and feed its batteries from the central heart of humanity, it might not have so many men of rank among its contributors, but genius would be its cordial and invincible ally; it might now and then bear the brunt of formidable combinations, but no journal is ruined by wise courage. It would be the natural leader of British reform; its profound function, that of being the voice of Europe, the defender of the exile and patriot against despots, would be more effectually discharged; it would have the authority which is claimed for that dream of good men not yet come to pass, an International Congress; and the least of its victories would be to give to England a new millennium of beneficent power.—*Emerson's English Traits*.

LOQUACITY AND SILENCE.—The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers, but the tongue is only busy in expending the treasure received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast or faster than they are received, it must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But if the receivers take in still without utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much and utter nothing, lest I be covetous; nor spend much and store up little, lest it be prodigal and poor.—*Bishop Hall*.

BEETHOVEN'S VIOLIN.—The first violin ever used by Beethoven was sold at Ghent, a few days ago, in an auction, for \$140.

The Mother's Picture.

IN the Louvre there is the picture of an old woman's head, by Denner. While everybody knows that the picture interests them, everybody does not know that a curious and somewhat romantic narrative is connected with it. Yet such is the fact, and this is the story:

One day in his studio Balthazar Denner was disturbed by the entrance of a naval officer, suddenly ordered off for India, and bent, if possible, on taking with him his mother's picture. Now there have been artists in London, and it is doing no wrong to the profession to say that there are in London still many and many an artist who would only have been too glad to close with the offer, to take the first sitting, to complete the work, and to receive the honorarium for their artistic ability. But then Balthazar Denner was not a needy man. Moreover, he was a man who cared about his reputation. It would not have suited him to sell a mere piece of painted canvas for the gold it might fetch: he was a painter who loved his art, and who was not willing to sacrifice his own fame for purposes of pecuniary gain. So he absolutely refused to undertake the work. The term was too short, the picture could not be completed in the time. Honorable Denner! how many would have daubed the picture, and written "pinxit" in the corner! But the young man's grief, his tender filial love, the absorbing desire which he seemed to have for the possession of his mother's picture, overcame the artist's scruples, inspired his genius, excited his talent; he consented to undertake the work, and entered on his labors with that enthusiasm which is sure to end in success.

The first, second, and third sittings were taken. Denner was proceeding rapidly and efficiently with his work;—a few more hours, and the young man—by name George Wilson—would be in possession of his coveted treasure. The picture, next to the presence, of a loved one, is a consolation to the human heart. But, alas! before the work was finished, orders arrived for Wilson to join his ship and sail immediately for India. Then, as well as now, if red tape and routine kept people waiting an incalculable time, they never permitted themselves to be kept waiting by anybody; so the young man was forced to tear himself away, and to go on board the Vulture, fiery Dragon, Scorpion, or whatever the vessel's name might be. He had only time to write a note to Denner, begging him to finish the picture, and to forward it to him at Calcutta, as he had no prospect of returning before five years.

So the artist did all he could to console the mother. His art had taught him to be gentle. The study of the beautiful had rendered him benevolent. He finished the picture, and it was regarded as the triumph of art. Mrs. Wilson undertook to forward it to Calcutta. The calls upon the time of the artist fully occupied his leisure. Thirty or forty noblemen were simultaneously soliciting his services: his fortune and reputation were made. But a fatality seemed to attach itself to the mother's picture. Before the day arrived for forwarding it to the vessel for transportation to Calcutta, the lady herself fell ill, grew worse, and died. Then it was found that she was in debt. A seizure was made of her goods and chattels. All she possessed was brought to the hammer; the picture itself was put up to auction, and knocked down to the highest bidder. Brokers' and brokers' men are not remarkable for the finer feeling of our nature; their sentimentality gets blunted in the rough auction of the world—everything is a nice little lot: going, going, going—gone!

Well, after five years, George Wilson came back to London with more gold in his pockets and yellow in his complexion than when he started; but he found neither the original nor the portrait. Thus, by a double stroke, he

seemed twice orphaned. The picture would have relieved his sorrow; but the picture was not to be found. What had become of it he could not learn? Still he was resolved to obtain possession of it, if that all potent charm—gold—had not quite lost its influence. He learnt that it had fallen into the hands of the picture dealers—first in England, then in Germany, then in Holland.

Amsterdam picture-dealers were visited by an Englishman—a connoisseur who had travelled. It was George Wilson, looking for his mother's picture. Here were pictures enough and to spare. Interiors of kitchens, exteriors of roadside inns, grand effects of light and shadow, now of a palace, now of a prison, prodigal sons dressed like burgomasters, and burgomasters looking as debauched as prodigal sons. No, no; these would not suit the connoisseur. At last he saw it: that pensive expression, those mild eyes, that simple hood, that plain background; he could not be mistaken—it was his mother's picture. What do you want for it? How much? His agitation betrayed his secret: the negotiator saw the value of the treasure he possessed. That portrait, said the picture-seller, was so splendid a work that he would prefer keeping it. "Hans, turn the face to the wall." No; the picture must be sold—at any cost, what should it be? But the salesman absolutely refused, promising to think of it if he would call next day, and when he called next day the phlegmatic Dutchman asked a price which was so enormous as to preclude the purchase. He had overshot the mark. Next day, and the next the young man renewed his application, and was at length informed that the picture was sold to a wealthy burgomaster, and famed connoisseur of painting. The young man was in despair. As he left the picture-dealer's and hurried through the streets, his attention was suddenly arrested by one face in the swarm of faces which appeared familiar to him. He was sure he had seen that face before. He could not be mistaken. It was that of the painter Denner. The young man laid his hand on the painter, explained the circumstances of their acquaintance, told him the story of his grief, and found him the same kind, sympathising friend as ever. Prosperity spoils some men; having reached the summit of the mountain they forget the dwellers in the valley. It was not so with Denner. Inquiring the name of the purchaser of his picture, he assured the young man of his cordial assistance, "for," said he, "this worthy burgomaster is a friend of mine, and will, I have no doubt, permit me to copy this picture; if the burgomaster refuses, his excellent wife must be appealed to, and if both applications fail, we must engage the sympathies of his daughter Phæbe, and she governs them both."

So the worthy painter made his application next day. The burgomaster readily consented. His lady and Phæbe, fresh and bright as a summer's morning, were interested immediately in the story of the orphan. "What was he like?" "Would they like to see him?" "Above all things." Next morning Denner introduced George Wilson. The burgomaster considers him sensible; the burgomaster's wife, a pattern son; the burgomaster's daughter—well, the burgomaster's daughter does not say a word, but her blushes mean anything, she is eloquent in his praise. The visit was repeated; again and again came George Wilson to the house of the burgomaster, and every time he came it was observable that Phæbe looked her best and brightest, and when he and the painter walked in the geometrical garden, they were sure to meet Phæbe accidentally of course, engaged in some floral occupation.

One morning Denner called upon George Wilson, and made the somewhat startling statement that he intended him to have, not a copy, but the original of his mother's picture.

"Impossible," said the young man, "the burgomaster values it too highly; I must be content with its reproduction."

"I have not completed the copy," said the painter, "and I never intend!"

"But you promised me faithfully."

"And I am better than my word."

"How can this be?"

"I assure to you the possession of the original picture: I give and bequeath it to you with items following—a lively wife—two worthy parents, the favor of a burgomaster—and the handsome portion of a wealthy burgomaster's daughter."

"What do you mean?"

"You have heard the name Phœbe?" Of course he had heard that name—it was a very pretty name—he admired it; yes—he would not mind admitting that he did.

"Give me," said the painter, "the right to dispose of you—and give me the ring off your finger."

"Well, the plain state of the case is this, I have already disposed of myself."

"I know it; both our lines are drawn to the centre of one circle—now for the ring."

It was his mother's ring, and the young man hesitated for a moment in parting with it; he gave it up at last, and Denner departed promising to return within two hours.

The Dutch are proverbially a slow people. The hours never seemed so slow, even in Amsterdam, as did those two to George Wilson. The bells tolled the hour with a tedious deliberation; the sands in the hour-glass fell with a stolid tediousness, that might be tediously described to the length of several paragraphs. At last, however, Denner came back. Then without a word, but a warm grasp of the hand, he hurried the young man away. Then they arrived at the burgomaster's; the burgomaster left off smoking for the space of two minutes and a half, and was heard to make some general observations, complimentary and conciliatory; then the burgomaster's wife shed some tears; then both mentioned that Phœbe was in the geometrical garden, and thither went George Wilson to seek her.

The conclusion of all this may be readily imagined. George Wilson married the burgomaster's daughter, and along with a handsome portion, such as only Dutch burgomasters could afford to give, was the picture of his mother, painted by Denner, and bearing the name of the painter, as it still does, with the date 1724. How it came into the possession afterwards of a certain nobleman who sold it to the Art Commissioners of the Louvre, has nothing to do with the story, only when you next visit the Louvre, and glance at his portrait, it may in some degree add to its interest to know how much filial affection it once excited, and how much happiness was wrought out by the painter of that Mother's Picture.

Four Short Stories for Children.

By MARY HOWITT.

I.—THE GARDENER AND HIS ASS.

ONE market-day a gardener who was going with his wares to the town loaded his ass with so many different vegetables and fruits that but very little more than the head of the poor animal was to be seen.

The way led through the wood, and the gardener cut a quantity of willow withes, which he wanted. "Such a small bundle as that," said he, "the ass can very well bear in addition." And he laid them on his back.

A little further on they came to a quantity of nut bushes. The gardener wanted a few dozen of hazel twigs for his flowers; "and they are so light," thought he to himself, "that the ass will never feel the difference;" and he laid them on also.

In the meantime the sun had ascended higher in the heavens, and the heat was very great. The gardener, therefore, took off his coat and threw it too on the ass. "It is not far to the town now," said he, "and a garment which I can lift with my little finger will never matter to the ass."

Scarcely had he said this when the ass stumbled over a stone and fell, and, oppressed with the heavy burden which he bore, never rose again.

The man, sadly terrified, then exclaimed, aloud—"Now I see, to my great sorrow, that no one should lay too heavy burdens either on man or beast."

Life, which God hath given, may perish,
Through thy thoughtlessness alone,
If unto the heavy burden
Thou but add one single stone.

II.—FAGOTS AND STRAW.

A poor widow and her two sons were returning one evening from the neighboring wood, where they had been collecting fagots for burning. The mother carried a large bundle on her head, and each of the boys a lesser bundle of willow fagots, and the bundles were bound together with twisted bands of straw.

By the way they met a rich merchant coming from the city, and from him they begged an alms. But the rich man said to the woman: "You have no need to beg. Give your two boys up to me, and I will put them in the way of turning fagots and straw into gold!"

The mother took it for a joke; but the merchant assured her that he was in serious earnest. On that she gave her consent. The merchant took the boys with him, and had the one taught basket-making and the other straw-plaiting.

Two or three years afterwards they returned to their mother's poor cottage, and there they made the most beautiful baskets and the finest straw bonnets, with which they supplied the merchant. One day the merchant arrived at the cottage: he was come to pay for the wares which he had received from them; and, as he paid them in bright gold coin, he said to the mother, smiling:

"Was I not right, now? Have I not kept my word?"

Still ever, youth, fast by industry hold,
For willow twigs and straw it changes into gold.

III.—WHO CAN SEE US?

Jacob and Anna were left alone at home. Then said Jacob to Anna: "Come, let us find something good to eat; let us have a real feast!"

Anna said: "If you can take me anywhere where nobody will see us, then I will go with you."

"Come, then, into the dairy," said Jacob; "let us have a good draught of sweet cream."

"The neighbors will see us, for they are cutting firewood on the hill," replied Anna.

"Well, then, come with me into the kitchen; there is a potful of honey in the cupboard. We will dip our bread into it."

"Nay," said Anna; "the old woman who sits on the opposite side of the street spinning by the window will see you easily."

"Then we will go down into the cellar and eat apples," said Jacob; "it is pitch dark there, and there nobody can see us."

"Oh, my dear Jacob," replied Anna, "do you, then, really believe that nobody sees us there? Do you know nothing about an Eye which can penetrate stone walls, and which sees clearly that which is concealed?"

"You are right, my good sister," said Jacob. "Even where no human eye can see us we are still under the eye of God. We will therefore on no account do anything which is wrong."

Anna was very glad that her brother received

her counsel in such good part, and gave him a beautiful drawing. It represented the eye of God surrounded with rays of light, and beneath it was written:

Bethink thee, child, whatever thy wish may be,
That God in every place beholdeth thee!

IV.—THE BETTER LAND.

A father and mother lived with their two children upon a desolate island in the midst of the great ocean, and where they were cast in shipwreck. Roots and herbs sufficed them for food; they slaked their thirst at a spring, and a cavern of the rock furnished them with a dwelling. Terrible storms and lightning frequently visited that desolate island.

The children had lost all remembrance of the manner in which they came to the island, and knew nothing about the mainland. Bread, fruit, milk, and all other good things were now almost forgotten by them.

One day there landed on the island a little vessel manned by four negroes. The parents were delighted and hoped that now, at last, deliverance had come for them. But the boat was too small to convey them all at once across to the mainland, and the father undertook to be the first who should venture on the voyage.

The mother and children wept when they saw him descend into the little fragile bark, and when the black men conveyed him away. "But he said," "Weep not; yonder is a better land, and you will soon follow me."

When the little vessel returned for the mother, the two children wept still more bitterly. But she too said, "Weep not; we shall meet again in the better land."

In process of time the boat returned to fetch away the children. They were very much afraid of the black men, and trembled at sight of the billowy sea across which they were to be conveyed. With fear and trembling they approached the land.

But what joy was theirs when they beheld their parents standing on the shore, who extended to them their hands, and led them into the shade of the lofty palm trees, and seated them upon the green grass, and refreshed them with milk and honey and delicious fruits. "Oh, how foolish was our terror," said the children; "we ought not to have been afraid, but to have rejoiced when the dark men came to convey us to the better land."

"Dear children," said the father, "our voyage from that desolate island to this glorious country has a higher significance for us. There lies before us all a far longer journey to a far more beautiful land. The whole earth upon which we dwell resembles an island; this glorious land is also for us an image, although an insufficient one, of Heaven. The voyage hither across the deep sea is death. The little boat reminds of the coffin in which we shall one day be conveyed away by black men. But when this hour comes, when we—I, your mother, or yourselves—must leave this world, fear not; for good people, who love God, and who wish to do his will, death is merely the voyage to the better land."

Death brings no terror to a Christian soul,
To whom the heavenly life has been the goal;
He is conducted by God's father hand,
Across the deeps, unto a better land.

Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast
In idleness as in employ.

While we are executing one work, we are
Preparing ourselves to undertake another.

Vague, injurious reports are no men's lies,
But all men's carelessness.

The longer the saw of contention is drawn
The hotter it grows.

The jealous man poisons his own banquet,
And then eats of it.

The Turquoise Mines of Nishapoor.

These celebrated mines are near the village of Madene, and the only ones known in the world. This village is about thirty-two English miles from Nishapoor; the road to it is for the first five miles across a plain of great extent, covered with villages, gardens, well cultivated fields marvellously productive, owing to the many streams which flow from the Benaloo Koh and other mountains near.

The road which led to the Turquoise mines—the principal object of our excursion—ran through some high and naked rocks, which, by their dark color, seemed to be of porphyry: I think, however, they were of a hard, compact, calcareous nature, strongly stained, as I did not see any rocks of another system. At their highest elevation they had a metallic appearance, which made me think that iron was the coloring matter; but, not being sufficiently learned in geology, I could not possibly determine this. In the middle of this rocky and broken ground we came, at length, in sight of two villages, one on the crest of a hill, the other in a pretty valley. Beneath they were fortified by a loopholed wall, and inhabited by about 150 families, who emigrated here from Badakshan under the protection of one of the last of the Persian kings. These colonists speak bad Persian, and have quite forgotten their own language; they show considerable tact and intelligence in working the mines.

The turquoises are divided into two classes, according to the positions in which they are found. The first, called *sengui*, or stony, are those which are incrustated in the matrix, and which must be removed by a blow of the pick or hammer; the second are found in washing the alluvial deposits, and are called *khaki*, or earthy: the former are of a deep blue; the latter, though larger, from being paler and spotted with white, are of less value. If we are to believe the miners, no turquoises have been found except in this group of rocks. The Persian government never makes any explorations on its own account, and is content to lease the mines at an annual rent of five hundred tomanas. I understood that the most valuable stones are found amongst the *debris* of the old workings, and at the bottom of shafts long since abandoned. Excavations have been made one above the other, but for the most part near the base of the mountain. Here are to be seen galleries, tunnels, and shafts, the largest of which are thus designated—Abdoorryzak, Shaiperdar, Kharydji, Kemeri-Khaki, and Geor Sefid.

Having given a largesse to the miners to strike a few blows with the picks in honor of the happy planet of the traveller, *Bé-talet sahab*, we were permitted to enter the first of these mines to witness the operations. These were simple enough; the mattock was again the only instrument, but it was very skilfully used, and, when a layer of rock was detached, great precautions were taken to remove it without disturbing the turquoises which might be met with.

These worthies affirmed that turquoises are similar to cherries, inasmuch as both one and the other acquire their color as they ripen; and they added, although a cherry comes to perfect maturity in one season by the vivifying rays of the sun, a turquoise requires a thousand to obtain the same result. The miners here do not enjoy a great reputation for honesty, and very fine turquoises are said to find their way to Nishapoor instead of into the pockets of the owners of the mines, being sometimes transferred for a consideration to parties who visit the mines. But here the uninitiated may be taken in, for the miners keep them for some time in a wet cloth, which deepens their color; and the purchaser does not find how pale the stone is until he has parted with his money. I

was informed that turquoises of immense size are sometimes found in the washings.—*Alexandre Chodsko.*

The Diamond.

The word diamond is derived, through the French *diamant*, from a Greek word which signifies invincible, and this again from two other Greek words which signify to crush or subdue, from the supposed property of resisting the action of fire, and the heaviest strokes of the hammer. The full-grown diamond exceeds in value more than a hundred thousand times its mass in gold; it is the most cherished property and the proudest ornament of kings; it is the most prized and the brightest jewel in the chaplet of beauty; and yet it is but a lump of coal, which heat reduces to a cinder, and dissipates into that unhealthy gas which ascends from the most putrid marsh, and bubbles from the filthiest quagmire.

Sir Isaac Newton conjectured, from its high refractive power, that the diamond was "an unctuous substance coagulated," and in 1694, a diamond of nearly four carats was so volatilized by a burning glass at Florence, that the pieces into which it broke were dissolved. The same experiment has often been repeated; and in our own days Sir H. Davy, with the Grand Duke of Tuscany's burning glass, found that a diamond introduced into a glass globe supplied with oxygen, and kindled by the solar rays, continued to burn after it was removed from the focus. Carbonic acid gas was the exclusive result of the experiment. Sir George Mackenzie, of Coul, was the first person in this country who burned diamonds, making a free use of his mother's jewels; and by means of diamond powder he converted iron into steel. Mr. Smithson Tennant, in America, volatilized a diamond in a gold tube with a stream of oxygen, and found that the oxygen gas was transformed into an equal volume of carbonic acid gas.

The diamond is the hardest of all mineral bodies, scratching zircon, sapphire, ruby, rock-crystal, and all the gems, and cannot be scratched by any of them. Its superiority as an ornamental gem depends, not only on its high refractive power, which alone separates the colors of white light to a very great degree, but also on its low dispersive power, which prevents them from being separated too much, and detained, as it were, within the stone, or rather prevented from emerging from it after reflection.

Diamonds are cut by a horizontal iron plate, about ten inches in diameter, called a *schyf*, which revolves from 2,000 to 3,000 times per minute. The diamond is fixed in a ball of lead which is fitted to an arm, one end of which rests upon the table in which the plate revolves, and the other, at which the ball containing the diamond is fixed, is pressed upon the plate by movable weights, varying, according to the size of the facets to be cut, from two to thirty pounds.

It is difficult to express in words or in numbers the commercial value of the diamond; but we may truly say that a string of diamonds the size and value of the Koh-i-noor, (which was exhibited in the Crystal Palace,) such a ring a furlong in length would purchase the fee-simple of the globe; while a ring encircling the Arctic zone would buy up the whole planetary system. Such is the estimate formed by Sir David Brewster, and expressed by him in an article which appeared in the *North British Review*.

Diamonds are generally weighed by the carat, a weight of four grains; thus:

1 carat is worth	- - - - -	£	8
2 carats are worth	- - - - -		16
3 " "	- - - - -		72
4 " "	- - - - -		128
5 " "	- - - - -		200
10 " "	- - - - -		800
20 " "	- - - - -		3,300
30 " "	- - - - -		7,200
50 " "	- - - - -		20,000
100 " "	- - - - -		80,000

The diamond and the garnet are distinguished from all other precious stones by their having only *single refraction*; the others having *double refraction*, or giving a double image of a taper or small light when it is viewed through their facets. By the same means all precious stones except diamond, garnet, and spinelle, are distinguished from artificial ones by the former having double refraction, and the latter only single refraction. Even when the precious stones are set opaque—that is, when we cannot see through them—it is easy to find whether the refraction is single or double, by looking into the stone at the image reflected from the posterior facets. If any of the precious or artificial stones are immersed in alcohol, or even water, they lose their lustre, while the diamond does not. This arises from their having an inferior refractive, and, consequently, reflecting power, so that the light reflected from their facets is very small, compared with that which comes from the diamond. On a modification of this principle, Sir David Brewster has constructed an instrument which he calls a *lithoscope*, for distinguishing precious stones from one another, and from their imitations.

A well-known, though generally ill-practised method of distinguishing precious from artificial stones is, to touch them with the tongue. The stone being the best conductor of heat will feel cold, and the glass much less so. The two should, previous to the experiment, be placed close to each other, till they have acquired the same temperature.

Those beautiful imitations called "Parisian diamonds" are made by chemists in Paris, and are only the oxide of tin. After being for some time exposed, they become as dull as common glass.

It is known that the diamond will cut glass. Dr. Wollaston ascertained that the parts of the glass to which the diamond is applied are forced asunder, as by a wedge, to a most minute distance, without being removed, so that a superficial continuous crack is made from one end of the intended cut to the other. After this, any small force applied to one extremity is sufficient to extend this crack through all the whole substance and across the glass; for, since the strain at each instant in the progress of the crack is confined nearly to a mathematical point at the bottom of the fissure, the effort necessary for carrying it through is proportionally small. Dr. Wollaston found by trial that the cut caused by the mere passage of the diamond need not penetrate so much as the two hundredth part of an inch. He found, also, that the other mineral bodies, recently ground into the same form, are capable of cutting glass; but they cannot long retain that power from want of the requisite hardness.

Ground to impalpable powder, coke constitutes the true "diamond paste" for sharpening razors, and is the only "secret" which some of the manufacturers pretend to preserve inviolate.

Coke possesses one of the most remarkable properties of the diamond, for with it glass may be cut so cleanly and perfectly as to exhibit the most beautiful prismatic colors; since the minute plate-formed crystals of which a mass of coke is composed possess a diamond-like hardness. When this fact was announced to the British Association in 1848, it was added that it would lead to a saving of nearly £400 a-year in one establishment at Birmingham.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—It is not what we earn, but what we save, that make us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. All this is very simple, but it is worth remembering. If you act with a view for praise only, you deserve none.

Ladies are like violets; the more modest and retiring, the more you love them.

Irony and Sarcasm.

SARCASM has been said to be the language of the devil: and it is certain that a man habitually accustomed to its use becomes a sort of Ishmael in society, from whom we instinctively shrink. Nevertheless, irony and sarcasm have their legitimate uses, though, like other sharp instruments, they are dangerous in the hands of the weak or the wicked. The surgeon's knife may be used to commit a murder, and that may be made to kill which, in the hands of an honest man, would be used to cure.

The following instances of the use of irony and sarcasm may, perhaps, be interesting to our readers:

Grattan, of all the great Irish orators, was master of the most condensed invective. But he understood, also, the effect of the contemptuous method. The best illustration of his use of it, is his reply to an obscure but aspiring opponent, who, in the Irish House of Commons, assailed him in a stupidly scurrilous speech, with the hope of drawing upon himself the invective which had so often smitten Flood and Fitzgibbon. But Grattan had too lofty a sense of his own importance to waste his wrath on so vulgar and inconsiderable an opponent. He declined to give his defamer the celebrity of having provoked the rage of Grattan. Accordingly, rising in his seat, he simply said, "I shall make no other remark on the personalities of the honorable member who has just spoken, than merely to say that, as he rose without a friend, so he has certainly sat down without having made an enemy."

Macaulay, several years ago, devoted a vacation to explore, in Hansard, the varying course of Sir Robert Peel; and then came into the House of Commons and delivered a vehement speech, in which he probed, with remorseless accuracy, all the inconsistencies of "the right honorable gentleman at the head of the government." Sir Robert made no elaborate defence, but carried the House with him by the simple retort, that the "member for Edinburgh had discharged upon him the hoarded venom of a three months' preparation." Macaulay's positiveness of assertion on the most obscure points of history and policy is well known to all his multitudinous readers. Lord Melbourne, who combined great accomplishments and unerring political shrewdness with the scepticism of a Hume, and the languid airs of a Brummell, once hit off this universal dogmatism of the great essayist with inimitable tact. "I wish," said he, "that I knew anything as well as Tom Macaulay knows everything."

When the managers of the impeachment of Warren Hastings were justly reprehended for the harshness of their language, Burke sneeringly retorted: "The Commons of Great Britain, my lords, are a rustic people; a tone of rusticity is therefore the proper accent of their managers. We are not acquainted with the urbanity and politeness of extortion, and the sentimental delicacies of bribery and corruption."

The encounter of Curran with Judge Robinson is one of the most celebrated examples on record. Robinson owed his elevation to his sycophancy to power, and especially to his composition of certain miserably written political pamphlets, whose only recommendation was their venomous personality. Curran, when a young man, and struggling with poverty, had a case to argue in the judge's court, and, in controverting a position taken by the opposing counsel, remarked that he had "studied all his law books, and could not find a single case where the principle contended for was established." "I suspect, sir," interrupted the judge, "I suspect that your law library is rather contracted." Curran, feeling that this was intended as a sneer at his poverty, looked the judge steadily in the face, and said, "It is true, my lord, that I am

poor, and the circumstance has rather curtailed my library; my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be of my wealth, could I stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible." The attack was felt both by the audience and the judge, but it stunned the bully at which it was directed so completely, that he offered no opposition. To have committed Curran for contempt of court would have been to acknowledge the application of the sarcasm; and all that the judge could do was to allow the advocate to proceed unrebuked, and never afterwards to provoke his wrath.

In his reviews Macaulay occasionally hits upon an author whose book defies his powers of scornful depreciation, and is really worse than epigram can represent it. He who has attempted to struggle through "The Life of Warren Hastings," by the Rev. Mr. Gleig, is painfully sensible of the shortcomings even of the statements of scorn. "This book," says Macaulay, "seems to have been manufactured in pursuance of a contract, by which the representatives of Warren Hastings, on the one part, agreed to furnish papers, and Mr. Gleig, on the other part, agreed to furnish praise. It is but just to say that the covenants have been faithfully kept on both sides; and the result is before us in the form of three big bad volumes, full of undigested correspondence and undiscerning panegyric."

Perhaps the following is one of the best specimens of Macaulay's power of sarcasm. It is taken from the article on Barère. In alluding to the constancy with which Barère hated England as the only consistent thing in his character, the cunning essayist at first joyously congratulates himself on the fact. "It is possible," he says, "that our inclinations may bias our judgment, but we think we do not flatter ourselves when we say that Barère's aversion to our country was a sentiment as deep and constant as his mind was capable of entertaining." But this is only a stealthy ironical introduction to the cumulative wrath which explodes at the conclusion of the long paragraph. "It was but little that he could do to promote the honor of our country, and that little he did strenuously and constantly. Renegade, murderer, traitor, slave, coward, liar, slanderer, hack-writer, police-spy—the one small service he could do to England was to hate her; and such as he may all who hate her be!"

Lord Thurlow's answer to the taunt of the Duke of Grafton on his want of noble birth is a magnificent specimen of personal invective combined with lofty self-assertion. Its effect in the House of Lords was overwhelming, and may have been all the more appreciated by the Talbots, Bedfords, Howards, and Devonshires, from the fact that Grafton's ancestor owed his existence to the fact that Charles the Second had a mistress as well as a wife. "The noble duke," said Thurlow, "cannot look before him, or behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these as to being the accident of an accident? . . . No man venerates the peerage more than I do; but my lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more—I can say, and will say, that, as a Peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this Right Honorable House, as

Keeper of the Great Seal, as Lord High Chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me—as a MAN, I am, at this time, as much respected as the proudest peer I now look down upon." A burst like this, thundered out in an aristocratic and supercilious assembly, and so forcibly done as to confound at the moment all distinctions of birth, should entitle swearing Lord Thurlow, rough and profane as he was, to a place among the benefactors of the race.

PERSIAN CARPETS.—The carpets of Kermanshah are a manufacture which adds much to the wealth of the province; none can be more rich, soft and beautiful; the patterns are in perfect taste, and the colors most brilliant; but these are not their only merits, for they are cheap and very durable. These carpets are made in the villages, and in the tents of the nomadic tribes, generally by the women and the children. Here there is no complicated machinery; four stakes fixed in the ground, which serve to twist the woollen thread, form the simple mechanism employed in weaving these beautiful carpets. Persian carpets are justly celebrated for the beauty of the patterns, the fineness of the wool, and the durability of the colors—vegetable dyes—green not made elsewhere, conjecture saffron and indigo. Some of them fetch high prices, as \$30 or \$40 for one two yards square, in the country itself. The finest are made at Senna, and there is a famous manufacture carried on at Ferahoun, near Teheran, which belonged to the late Sidar Baba Khan. Carpets of any size can be made there. The finest carpets of all used to be made at Herat, and there are some splendid ones in the Chehil Minar, at Ispahan, one of which is 140 feet long and seventy feet wide. Large numbers were exported to England through Trebizonde before the late war.—*Ferrier's Caravan Journeys.*

THE ORIGIN OF THE TURKISH CRESCENT.—When Philip of Macedon approached by night with his troops to scale the walls of Byzantium, the moon shone out and discovered his design to the besieged, who repulsed him. The crescent was afterwards adopted as the favorite badge of the city. When the Turks took Byzantium, they found the crescent in every public place, and, believing it to possess some magical power, adopted it themselves.

Encounter of a Sealer with a Sea-Lion in a Tussac Bog.

Our engraving represents an encounter of a sealer with a sea-lion in a Tussac bog, in Port William, Falkland Islands. The male of the Falkland seal resembles in no slight degree in the head and mane the king of the forest. He is, when full grown, about ten feet long, and, although not disposed to make an attack, is a most formidable antagonist to come upon unawares in the thick groves of the Tussac, where, more particularly in the breeding seasons, he with his family are found. The female is scarcely one half the size of the male, and is more gentle in disposition.

In some of the smaller islands, which are generally covered with Tussac grass, the seals congregate in great numbers, called rookeries; and, to avoid the danger of attacking them under cover, the sealers set fire to the grass, which, of course, obliges the alarmed inhabitants to scamper helter-skelter down their pathways to the sea, on the road to which they are attacked and slain in great numbers for their oil and skins.

In the foreground of this view there are plants of the Tussac grass (*Dactylis cæspitosa*) and Balsam bogs (*Bolax glebæria*). The latter is thus described by Sir. W. Hooker:

Living or dead and dried, it could not but be desirable that so remarkable a vegetable production should be brought to England; but all our attempts to procure it were in vain till the present time, (February, 1856,) when the late Governor of the Falkland Islands, George Rennie, Esq., had the extreme kindness, and with no small labor and expense, to bring home with him a very fine specimen for the museum of the Royal Gardens, Kew, and in the most perfect state of preservation. At the railway station the single box, with its solitary specimen, including the soft packing materials (filamentous lichens) was found to weigh 547 lbs. Deducting the strong case, 234 pounds, and the soft packing, ten pounds, we have 303 pounds as the actual weight of the specimen. It was an interesting occupation for stay-at-home travelers to witness the opening of the case. The very packing stuff had charms for the cryptogamic botanist, consisting, as just observed, of the filamentous lichens of the country. They consisted of noble specimens of the *Ulex melanantha*, a species of both arctic and antarctic, and inhabiting the higher mountains of the Andes, even under the Equator; several states of the ubiquitous *Ramalina copulorum*, severally in copious fructification, and no better package could possibly have been employed. They retained a certain degree of moisture, were soft and elastic, not in the least disposed to heat or decay; all looked as fresh and as bright colored as if they had been that day gathered from their native rocks—a lesson for those who have occasion to pack many living plants for long voyages.

On the removal of the lichens, the hummock of the *Botax glebaria* came fully into view. Its broad base rested firmly on the bottom of the box; it required four men to remove it. Its shape is an irregular hemisphere, two feet high, three and a half feet broad in its greatest diameter; the circumference at the base is ten feet; and it measured from side to side, carrying the line over the summit, six feet three inches. Externally

it forms a compact, nearly even crust, consisting of the stellated, or rosulated ultimate shoots of the plant, so closely packed that not a pin's breadth of vacancy can be perceived between them. Beneath is a cavity—

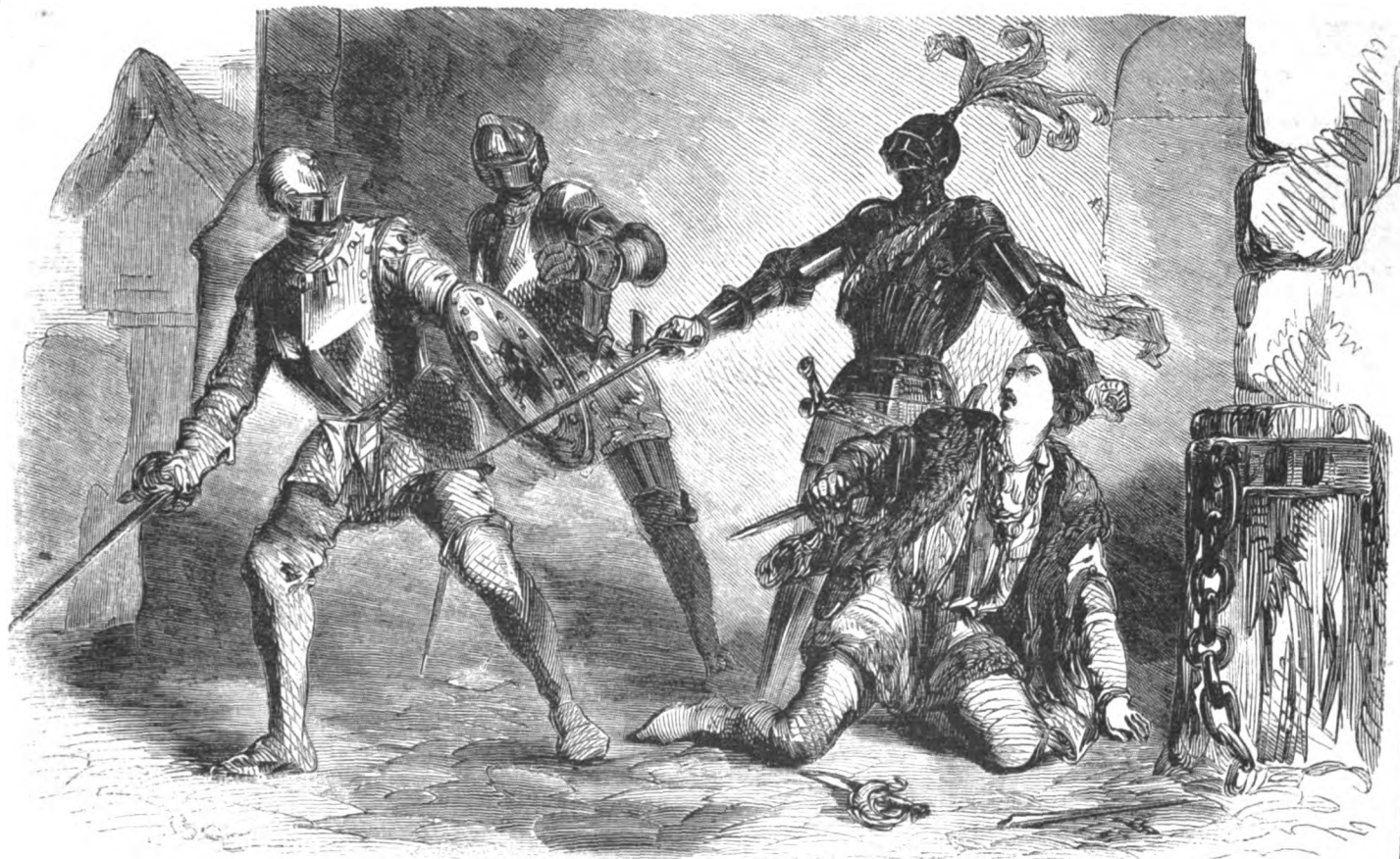
but to a foreigner also. There has emerged from the side of the crust, near the base, a very fine specimen of the *Empetrum rubrum*, (an exact representation of our northern cranberry, *Empetrum nigrum*, only bearing red instead of black



FIGURE WITH A SEA LION.

how [deep we know [not—occupied by decayed vegetable matter, the detritus of former years, root, and stem, and leaves—a perfectly black soft mould. This has not only afforded nutriment to the surviving limbs of the parent plant

berries,) a tuft a foot in length; and from the very summit of the bolax rises another specimen of *Empetrum*, forming a crest to the hummock."—Abridged from the "Transactions of the Kew Museum."



MARGARET:
OR, THE DISCARDED QUEEN.
A TALE OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

(Continued from page 207, vol. IV.)

CHAPTER XVII.—ROLAND AND MARGARET.

IF Margaret Fitz-Allan on the present occasion appeared handsomer than ever in the eyes of the Earl of Bassentyne, he himself shone not less advantageously to the view of the damsel. The heightened color was likewise upon his own cheeks; and his fine expressive eyes sparkled with hope as he accosted her. There was no boyish timidity in his manner; but there was a manly dignity and confidence in his demeanor, mingled with a courtly elegance, which well became the high-born and opulent Scottish peer. Margaret, quickly recovering her self-possession, saw the necessity of assuming an aspect as if she were utterly unsuspecting of the motive for which he now sought her; and she said in a gay lively tone, "What, my lord! have you no occupation for this forenoon? Is your steed left pawing the ground impatiently in his stable? and is there no diversion for which the Earl of Caithness or my brother would rejoice in your companionship?"

"Beautiful Margaret," replied the young nobleman, with a look of tender significance, "how could I better employ myself than by seeking your presence and soliciting the pleasure of an hour's confidential discourse with you?"

"Oh, truly, my lord!" she exclaimed, with an air of the frankest gaiety, "if you desire to study how birds and flowers may be embroidered on this satin, I shall cheerfully give you a lesson:"—and she smiled so as to display the brilliancy of her faultless teeth.

"Full well, Margaret, do I appreciate all your accomplishments," rejoined the Earl; and no one understands or admires them more than myself. But let the embroidery rest there for the present;

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I would fain press the fair hand which otherwise might be bestowing its skill upon the satin."

Thus speaking he took the damsel's hand and carried it to his lips. Margaret rose from her seat, for her heart was now fluttering violently with the rapturous emotions that were excited within her by this fulfilment of the hope which she had entertained; for she saw that Roland was about to seek her as his bride.

"May I claim this fair hand?" he asked, in a low gentle voice, at the same time bending upon her a look of ineffable tenderness: "may I entertain the hope that the Earl of Bassentyne is not altogether an object of indifference to the beautiful Margaret Fitz-Allan, and that she will consent to share his titles and his fortunes? Would that the first were loftier and that the last were ampler; for were I a crowned King, it would rejoice me to lay my diadem at your feet!"

"My lord," said Margaret, in a tremulous tone as she gently withdrew her hand, "methought that your heart was devoted to her whom I love as a sister—the Lady Albertina!"

"The Lady Albertina," replied the Earl, "is at this moment in the company of him whom she loves and whose heart I believe is equally devoted to her. You, Margaret, who must be in your brother's confidence——"

"Yes, my lord," she softly interrupted him: "it were a pitiful affectation on my own part, as well as an act of untruthfulness, to pretend ignorance of the love which my brother cherishes for the daughter of the Earl of Caithness. But the Earl himself——"

"Must be dealt frankly with!" exclaimed Roland: "his lordship must be disabused of the idea which he has entertained in reference to myself! Albertina possesses not my heart: and even if it were otherwise, she has not a heart to bestow upon me. It is you, Margaret, whom I love—you whose hand I seek—you only whom I will lead to the altar! The Earl of Caithness is just and generous—he is a kind father and magnanimous friend—he seeks only the happiness of those in whom he is interested. Believe me,

dearest Margaret, if from your lips I receive the assent which will infuse bliss into my soul, all will progress favorably and well! We are not strangers to each other—ours is not an acquaintance of yesterday: in our younger years were we friends and playmates: and now I feel—Oh! believe me I feel that even *then* the sentiment of love was germinating in my heart! Say, then, Margaret—think you that as Countess of Bassentyne you can be happy?"

The damsel bent upon the young Earl a look that was eloquently expressive of an affirmative; and of her own accord she gave him her hand. Again he pressed it to his lips—but this time with even a more fervid rapture than before, as he exclaimed,

"Hear me, beloved Margaret, while I pledge my faith and honor, as a nobleman and a knight, that henceforth thine happiness shall be mine only study—that thee only will I wed—and that whatsoever may betide, thine image only shall occupy my heart! Speak to me, dearest Margaret, in a similar strain!—give me the betrothing pledge which may inspire me with fullest confidence and enable me to look upon thee as mine own!"

"Roland," replied the damsel, now for the first time addressing him by his Christian name since the days when they were playmates together, "with equal truth and sincerity do I pledge myself unto thee! Thee only will I wed—and thine image only shall occupy my heart!"

An exclamation of joy burst from the lips of the Earl of Bassentyne; and drawing a ring from his finger, he placed it on the hand of Margaret. From one of her own taper fingers she likewise drew a ring, which she proffered to Roland; and these pledges being exchanged, their betrothal was complete. Then he strained her to his breast, and imprinted kisses upon her moist lips and upon her blushing cheeks.

The lovers remained in conversation together, indulging in that discourse which is so sweet when following upon a mutual avowal of affection, and when the future is tinted with that roseate hue over which no cloud of mistrust or uncertainty flings its shade. But suddenly they

were started by an unusual bustle in the castle—persons hurrying to and fro in the court-yard and speaking in loud and excited tones. They instantly became aware that something must have occurred; and they were about to issue from the room to ascertain what it might be, when the door was thrown open, and Hepburn the steward rushed in with dismay and consternation upon his countenance.

"What is it, Hepburn?" demanded both Roland and Margaret, as if speaking in the same breath.

"The Earl—my master—my much-loved lord—" and the steward gasped for further utterance.

"Speak, speak, Hepburn!" exclaimed Margaret: "what has happened to his lordship? The blessed Saints grant that no accident—"

At this moment the voice of Fleming Fitz-Allan was heard shouting in the court-yard, "To horse! to horse! Where is the Earl of Bassentyne!"

"Here!" cried the nobleman, throwing open the casement which looked upon that court-yard. "I come, my friend, for whatsoever service my presence may be needed! What is it, Hepburn? Speak quick!"

"The Earl, my lord," replied the steward, "has been seized upon and carried off by the followers of the Douglas!"

"Oh, this is indeed terrible!" exclaimed Margaret. "Away, Roland!—away to the rescue!"

A moment's pressure of her hand, and the Earl of Bassentyne was the next instant rushing down the staircase to join those who were mustering in the court-yard. In the vestibule he met three or four female domestics who were bearing the inanimate form of Albertina; but he tarried not a moment—for his services would be in this case unavailing, and they were moreover needed elsewhere. Albertina was borne in a deep swoon to her chamber, where Margaret was immediately in readiness to minister unto her; and while adopting the requisite measures to bring her back to consciousness, she learnt from the attendant damsels sufficient to make her aware of what had happened.

As we have already stated, the Earl of Caithness was occupied that forenoon in superintending certain repairs that were being made in the stone bridge across the glen to the entrance of the castle. There were some dozen workmen engaged in the task; and during an interval when his supervision was not immediately required, the Earl rambled to a little distance on the side of the glen facing the rock on which the fortalice stood. All of a sudden between twenty and thirty of the Borderers, armed to the teeth and mounted on horseback, rushed forth from the thick wood in which they had been concealed, and surrounded the Earl. His sword flashed from its sheath—but he was instantaneously overpowered, bound, and placed upon a horse that had hitherto been led, and which was no doubt provided for some such purpose as that we are describing. The men who were at work upon the bridge, rushed forward, armed with their mattocks and spades, to the succor of their master; but it was too late. They were on foot—the Borderers were mounted; and urging their steeds to a gallop, they disappeared with their prisoner along the winding road which ascended amidst the dense woods on the acclivity of the glen. For an instant the party appeared upon the summit, and then they again vanished from the view as they sped down the slope leading to the plain. The tidings of the outrage had been quickly conveyed to the castle: Fleming Fitz-Allan and Albertina, returning from their walk in the pleasure-grounds, were at the moment traversing the court-yard; and the effect produced upon the lovely damsel has been already seen. Fleming consigned her to the care of her maidens, and at once gave orders for

the male dependants of the establishment to muster for the purpose of pursuit.

The horses were soon brought forth—the lieutenant Redman displayed his accustomed activity in marshalling a number of the Earl's retainers—those of Lord Bassentyne were equally prompt in making their preparations—and in a very few minutes a party of some sixty men, headed by Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, Roland, and the lieutenant Redman, galloped across the stone bridge and thundered up the ascent on the opposite side of the glen.

When Albertina returned to consciousness, it was only to awaken from the happiness of oblivion to plunge into the wildest paroxysms of grief. She threw herself into the arms of Margaret, upon whose bosom she wept copiously; and then she gave way to the most passionate lamentations. Margaret, though of a selfish disposition, was however far from being so callous as to remain unaffected by the dire calamity which had occurred; she loved the Earl as a benefactor, and she deeply loved Albertina. She was smitten with affliction for the outrage committed against the former; she said all she could to soothe and console the latter.

"Alas, my poor father!" murmured Albertina, in a broken voice; "what dreadful fate is in store for thee? I tremble—Oh! I tremble!—for thou hast drawn down upon thy head the vengeance of the Black Douglas!—and the vengeance of a Douglas is terrible!"

"Let us hope, dearest Albertina," said Margaret, "that the pursuing party will overtake the Borderers. From the intelligence which has reached us, it is certain that the party of our friends is more numerous than the lawless horde of the Douglas: and that if there should be a fight, the result is beyond all doubt? Console yourself therefore, my beloved Albertina!"

"Oh, Margaret!" murmured the sobbing and weeping girl, "my heart is filled with the sorest misgivings; for, I repeat, the vengeance of a Douglas is terrible! Have we not heard how the Knight of Liddesdale starved to death in his Castle of Hermitage the brave Sir Alexander Ramsay, years ago!—and did not that Knight himself perish the other day from the assassin blows dealt him by his kinsman the Earl? Oh, Margaret! I shudder—I shudder when I think of all these things!"—and the afflicted young lady trembled as if under the influence of an ice-chill.

Margaret likewise shuddered; for she knew full well that Albertina's apprehensions were far from being unfounded. The idea of vengeance was ever a terrible association with the name of Douglas: no scion of that family was ever known to forgive an injury or to neglect the means of chastising an offender. The Earl of Caithness had become the trustee and executor on behalf of the deceased Knight of Liddesdale; and this circumstance, even if there were no other considerations, was regarded by the two young ladies as quite sufficient to render him an object of hatred on the part of the unscrupulous Earl of Douglas. It was no wonder, therefore, if Albertina was so passionately afflicted by the calamity which had overtaken her father—or if Margaret Fitz-Allan were compelled to admit within herself that the case was most grave and serious, and that the life of the Earl of Caithness perhaps depended upon the success of the pursuing party that had gone forth to his succor.

The gentlest dispositions are often those which in certain circumstances give way to the wildest paroxysms of grief;—and so it was now with Albertina Roslin. Margaret, who was stronger-minded, was the first to recover a sufficient degree of self-possession for the purpose of serious deliberation; and she thought within herself that she ought not to remain idle there in so grave an emergency. The Borderers might outstrip the pursuing party—which was indeed

most seriously to be apprehended, considering the start which the former had of the latter. The latter might moreover find themselves at default by losing the track taken by the others; and thus the Earl of Caithness might become the inmate of a dungeon before his friends could even ascertain to which of the several strongholds possessed by the Black Douglas the unfortunate nobleman had been consigned as a captive. Therefore Margaret was unwilling to leave the Earl's safety to a single chance—namely, success on the part of the pursuers. She thought that something else should be done, so that measures might be set on foot to meet any emergency; and with the natural vigor of her mind she speedily resolved upon the adoption of a particular course.

"Compose yourself, dearest Albertina," she said; "for tears and lamentations will avail nothing; but we should look about us and see whether there be not duties which we have now to perform."

"Yes, Margaret—you speak well and wisely," said Albertina, hastily wiping her eyes. "What can we do? Oh, tell me what we can do on behalf of him whom we both so much love!"

"The King of Scotland," replied Margaret emphatically, "has recently been the guest of the Earl of Caithness within these walls; and at parting he pledged his royal friendship to your noble father. But even apart from that vow which he thus made, he is bound to vindicate the majesty of the law, protect those who are outraged, and punish the outrager. I will at once repair to Edinburgh—I will seek the King—I will throw myself upon my knees before him—and I will alike demand and implore his immediate interference in this case! No time is to be lost—and we must not trust to the chapter of accidents to ensure your father's safety!"

"Margaret," said Albertina, with a degree of composure which surprised her friend, and with an amount of dignity which she seldom displayed, "accept my sincerest thanks for your wise suggestion and sisterly proffer: but I will go to Edinburgh! It is for me to plead my father's cause in the presence of our King!"

"No, Albertina," rejoined Margaret; "the proper place for the heiress of Roslin is Roslin Castle itself! The deadly feud is but too evidently proclaimed by the Black Douglas against the house of Caithness; and who can tell but that a beleaguering force of the fierce Borderers may assemble around Roslin? In the absence of their lord and master, the retainers on the Roslin domain will look to that chief's daughter for countenance and encouragement. I see, Albertina, that you are now equal to the present emergency. Issue your mandates that Hepburn may assemble those who owe feudal service to their lord, your noble father; and suffer me to repair without delay to the capital and lay everything before the King."

"Be it as you say, dearest Margaret," replied Albertina. "Go!—and may Heaven speed your errand! Rest assured that in your absence I shall fulfil my duty as a chieftain's daughter."

Margaret hastened to her own chamber, where she speedily assumed her travelling-attire and made preparations for the journey which she was about to undertake to Edinburgh. In the meanwhile her palfrey was caparisoned; and horses were likewise gotten in readiness for the female dependant whom she purposed to take with her, and four armed retainers who were to accompany her as an escort. She bade farewell to Albertina and set out upon her expedition. Thus, in less than two hours after the pursuing party had crossed the stone bridge, Margaret Fitz-Allan and her little escort were likewise traversing that viaduct. The distance to Edinburgh was, as we have already stated, merely about seven miles; and thus between three and

four o'clock in the afternoon Margaret entered the capital.

We should observe that Sir Casimir D'Este, when taking his departure from Roslin upwards of a fortnight back, had intimated where he purposed to reside in Edinburgh—for indeed he had been recommended to a particular hostelry by the Earl of Caithness himself. It was therefore to this hostelry that Margaret inquired her way; and on arriving there, she at once asked for the Teutonic Knight. But to her disappointment she learnt that Sir Casimir D'Este had departed on the preceding day, accompanied by his squire Jassent; and the landlord of the Golden Falcon—for such was the name of the hostelry—knew not whither the travellers were gone.

"It is however sure, lady, that he will return shortly," added the host; "for the worshipful Knight has left his mail-trunks in my keeping; and he moreover intimated that his absence would not extend beyond a few days. If it will please you to await the good Knight's return—or if you have other business to keep you in our fair city of Edinburgh—you will find no more comfortable quarters than at the sign of the Golden Falcon,—though I say it who should perhaps be the last to blow the trumpet of mine own house."

Margaret had already decided upon adopting the course which the landlord suggested; and she was speedily installed with her maid in apartments that were sufficiently comfortable—while the four male retainers were assigned to a different portion of the establishment. On questioning the landlord, the enterprising young lady learnt that the King was at Holyrood; and she resolved to lose no time in seeking an interview with his Majesty. She accordingly proceeded to make the requisite changes in her toilet; she apparelled herself rather with neatness than with richness, at the same time that her garb bespoke her to be a gentlewoman. Then, attended by her maid, and by the youngest of the armed retainers, so that he might have the appearance of a page, she set out for the palace.

The Holyrood House of the present day is not the Holyrood Abbey of which we are now writing: it occupies the same site, but it is not the same structure. The Abbey to which our history refers was razed to the ground by the English invaders in the middle of the sixteenth century, with the exception of the nave of the church, which alone survived the conflagration, and was subsequently used as a chapel. A spacious and a noble building was the Abbey,—having numerous courts or quadrangles, surrounded by cloisters, and with extensive pleasure-grounds attached. It was then altogether a monastic establishment, and bore not the designation of a palace. It had its mitred abbot and its brotherhood of monks; it likewise had its prison for criminals,—but its altar served as a sanctuary for whomsoever a dread of the law drove thither to seek such refuge. Tradition declared that an angel had appeared to King David I., the founder of the Abbey, and placed in his hands a silver cross, or rood, as a proof of heaven's recognition of his piety; and that this cross, on being assigned to the chapel of the newly established institution, originated the name of Holyrood. The rood was taken by King David II.—the monarch who figures in our tale—when he set out on the expedition which terminated with the overthrow at Nevill's Cross; and there the holy relic fell into the hands of the English, by whom it was carefully preserved for a long time afterwards in the cathedral of Durham.

Although the Abbey of Holyrood was not a royal palace, yet King David II. occasionally occupied apartments there, by leave and license of the reverend superior. When in the capital his general abode however was in the Castle; but in the present instance he was making one of the

few exceptions to that rule by sojourning within the walls of the ecclesiastic establishment. All the suites of rooms surrounding the first quadrangle had been placed at the royal disposal; and it was with this quadrangle that the main entrance immediately communicated.

There the King was holding his Court; and the rigor of monastic regulations, which excluded females from admission within the walls, was suspended in deference to Majesty. Thus, on presenting herself at the gates of the Abbey, Margaret's request to be admitted to an audience of the King excited no surprise,—though in the granting of it some little difficulty was raised. It was then five o'clock in the evening: his Majesty had only just risen from the banqueting-table, where he had been entertaining the nobles attached to his person; and he had retired to an apartment to listen to the strains of his favorite minstrels. It was therefore scarcely possible, said the lay-brother who officiated as porter at the entrance, to disturb his Majesty at such an hour; for the usual period of granting audiences to persons on public or private business was between nine and eleven in the forenoon.

"Yet if it be possible to convey this request to his Grace," said Margaret, in the most urgent tone, "I shall ever hold myself grateful unto you. It is perhaps a matter of life and death, regarding one of the noblest peers in Scotland."

"In this case, lady," replied the lay-brother, who, being a young man, contemplated the handsome Margaret with no inconsiderable degree of interest, "I will forthwith ascertain what can be done. Step into my lodge for a few moments; so that you and this bashful following-maid may be beyond the gaze of those flaunting varlets of royal pages who are already thronging at the door of the vestibule."

Margaret, her damsel, and her male follower accordingly entered the porter's lodge, while the lay-brother proceeded to communicate the request to the senior page in waiting. This official deemed it absolutely necessary in the first instance to know the lady's name in order that he might mention it to the King; and this point having been ascertained by the friendly disposed lay-brother, the page ascended to the apartment to which the monarch had retired some half hour previously.

His Majesty—who had partaken with tolerable freedom of the generous juice of the grape, though he was very far from being intoxicated—was lounging indolently upon a species of elongated settle or sofa, listening with half-closed eyes to the melody and the metrical chant of his three favorite harpers. On beholding the entrance of the page, the King demanded somewhat impatiently, "How now, Cochrane? Is my privacy to be intruded upon at an hour when you know I would be alone?"

"May it please your Grace," replied Cochrane, who was a genteel-looking but sedate man of about five-and-thirty, "a young lady has so earnestly craved an audience of your Highness, touching and concerning certain grave matters in which the life of a nobleman is involved—"

"A truce to the tale of a nobleman!" exclaimed the King, starting up from his indolent posture, and opening his expressive blue eyes quite wide, as if all in a moment he had thus the power to shake off his drowsiness; "but tell me more of the young lady. Hath she the advantage of beauty as well as usefulness? and what name doth she bear?"

"The eye, my liege," replied Cochrane, "has seldom settled upon a handsomer countenance—"

"Say you so," ejaculated David; and he at once made a sign for his minstrels to retire. "But her name?"

"It is one Mistress Margaret Fitz-Allan," answered Cochrane, "who entreats an audience of your Grace."

An expression of mingled joy and surprise appeared upon the King's countenance, as he exclaimed, "By St. Andrew! the very damsel whose image was uppermost in my thoughts as those harping rhymesters were describing the heroine of their own metrical romance! Let the fair applicant be admitted. But comes she alone?"

"With a serving-maid and an armed page, as it would seem, sire," rejoined Cochrane.

"Then let the serving-maid and the armed page remain where they are," at once ejaculated the King; "and give their mistress to understand that it is contrary to all courtly rules for her to enter thus attended into the presence of Royalty. And hark you, Master Cochrane! Take heed that there be not a leer upon the countenances of those insolent underlings of yours who throng in the vestibule, at the moment when the beauteous Margaret passes through it. On the contrary, see that she be treated with all deference and respect!"

Cochrane bowed and withdrew; and when the King was alone, he said to himself, "'Tis strange that she should come at the very moment I was thinking of her!—though for that matter I have meditated upon her superb charms often and often during the fortnight or upwards that has elapsed since I beheld her at Roslin Castle. Yes—by St. Andrew! she is gloriously handsome;—and methinks there is a certain wickedness in those fine flashing eyes of hers. But ah! she comes!"

The door was thrown open, and Margaret Fitz-Allan was ushered into the presence of the King.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ALBERTINA.

The circumstances of our narrative now require that we should shift the attention of our readers to incidents that on this same afternoon were taking place elsewhere; and for this purpose we must return to Roslin Castle.

Immediately after the departure of Margaret, the Lady Albertina Roslin showed that she was determined to fulfil the promise made to her friend, and act with the energy becoming a chieftain's daughter. She had dried her tears—her lamentations were silenced; and though her heart was still cruelly afflicted, yet she was now nerved with an heroic self-possession. Naturally modest, bashful, and timid, yet there was in her a sufficient degree of spirit to render her equal to the emergencies that were only too well calculated to give an impulse to that latent strength of mind. She now summoned Hepburn and issued her mandates with firmness, clearness, and decision.

"Let messengers go forth," she said, "to summon a sufficient number of my sire's people for the defence of the castle in case of a still further development of the hostility of the Black Douglas. Let the pass-word be whispered to each vassal thus summoned: let the drawbridge be raised and the portcullis dropped; and let only those enter who give the pass-word or who are otherwise known to be friends. And on the summit of the donjon let keen-eyed watches be stationed, that at a glance they may sweep all the surrounding district and give us immediate notice of aught suspicious which appears within the range of their vision."

"All shall be done, lady," replied Hepburn, "according to your mandates."

Within the next two hours there were continuous arrivals of the feudal retainers now summoned to render service at the castle; and at the expiration of that interval upwards of a hundred men were under arms in the courtyard or on the ramparts. The watches were likewise upon the donjon—the drawbridge was raised—the portcullis was lowered. The Lady Albertina, attended by her maids, passed round the ramparts and traversed the quadrangle, speaking kind words to the assembled vassals, and in all

respects bearing her part as became a noble chieftain's daughter. Her countenance was pale—but its expression was firm; and her voice scarcely trembled as she spoke. Her nerves were strung to the extremest degree of tension: she was making efforts unnaturally powerful to maintain this settled firmness of demeanor: but she was compelled to admit within herself that not for many hours longer could she endure so severe a trial—she knew that the moment of reaction would come, and that all her present fortitude must dissolve in a flood of passionate weeping. As she stood upon the ramparts and looked with straining eyes across the glen in the hope of seeing Fleming Fitz-Allan's party return with some sign of success, such as a pennon or handkerchief waving, she felt as if the tortures of suspense must suddenly cause her courage to give way: but still she did her best to sustain it.

It was now about five o'clock in the evening—the pursuing party had not returned—and Albertina's uncertainty in respect to her father's fate was every instant growing more and more intolerable. She retired from the ramparts to one of the sitting-apartments; and bidding her maidens leave her, she communed with herself, endeavoring to conjure up every possible idea, hope, and circumstance that might be calculated to sustain her courage. She had not been many minutes thus alone, when one of her female dependants reentered, with the intimation that a holy monk desired an immediate interview with her ladyship. Albertina ordered that he should be admitted into her presence; and the reverend visitor was accordingly conducted to the apartment. He was a man of middle age, with a long flowing grizzled beard; and he had a stern decisiveness of look which would have perhaps better befitted the warrior than the priest. But he bowed with courtesy to the young lady; and in a bland, mournful, sympathizing tone gave her the usual benediction. She did not know by his garb to what ecclesiastical order he belonged; but she knew full well that he did not wear the dress of the Cistercian fraternity at Melrose. With her wonted affability she desired him to be seated; and she then waited with some degree of anxiety for him to explain his business—for in the feverish state of her mind she associated every fresh incident with the circumstances that were troubling her.

"Daughter," said the monk, "I come to speak to you in reference to your father."

Albertina's heart bounded for a moment with a wild hope; but this feeling was instantaneously succeeded by a sickening sensation, as she dreaded lest something might have happened to her sire. She gasped for utterance; and the monk, perceiving her emotion, said, "Do not despair, daughter! Your noble father has sustained no injury—and no very long interval need elapse ere he again clasp you in his arms."

"Oh! say you so, holy father?" exclaimed Albertina joyously. "Then heaven bless thee for becoming the bearer of such welcome intelligence! Where is my father? is it he who sent you unto me?"

"It is he, lady," replied the monk. "As a proof thereof, he gave me his signet-ring, bidding me present it unto thee as a token that I am a messenger in whom you may put implicit faith."

The beautiful Albertina took the ring and pressed it to her lips; and then she said, "But apart from this token, holy father, I should have reposed confidence in you; for the ministers of the Church and the preachers of the holy Gospel are not wont to practise treacheries—but it is their office to aid the cause of truth, and right, and justice."

"True, daughter!" said the monk, crossing himself. "Though a humble member of the Church, yet Father Julius, who now addresses

you, is not the least devoted in executing all its pious offices."

"I believe you, holy father," said Albertina. "But what communication do you bring me from my sire? what intelligence is this token," and she placed the signet-ring upon her finger, "intended to herald?"

"Your noble father, lady, the Earl of Caithness," continued the monk, "is detained at a place at no great distance hence. He desires to have an immediate interview with you —"

"I will go to him, holy father!" exclaimed Albertina, rising from her seat, her delicately beautiful frame quivering with joyous hopefulness, and with anxiety to behold her sire. "I will but summon a fitting escort of my people —"

"Patience, daughter! patience!" said the monk: "the proceeding cannot be thus conducted, for reasons which I will quickly demonstrate to your intelligence."

Albertina resumed her seat—for her heart was already beginning to sink within her; and with feverish anxiety she exclaimed, "But you repeat the assurance, holy father, that my sire is in safety and that he may be speedily restored unto me?"

"I repeat that assurance, lady," rejoined Father Julius. "Within an hour may you embrace your sire—and at the expiration of another hour he may be within these walls!"

"Oh, a thousand thanks for this assurance!" cried the beautiful maiden. "And now indeed I can listen to you, holy father, in patience!"

"I need scarcely inform you, daughter," resumed the monk, "that your noble sire, the Earl of Caithness, was seized upon and carried off by the retainers of the Earl of Douglas —"

"And what motive of hostility does the Earl of Douglas entertain against my father?" inquired Albertina.

"Without pausing to comment upon the justice or injustice of that motive," answered the priest, "but simply to perform the part of an emissary, I must explain to you, daughter, that the spirit of the Earl of Douglas is chafed, inasmuch as the Earl of Caithness consented to become the holder, and therefore the executor, of the testamentary instructions left by the Knight of Liddesdale, to which the signature of the King was by some undue means obtained. It grieves me to add, daughter, that the Earl of Douglas has placed before your sire these two alternatives betwixt which to choose: either to suffer death —"

"O horror!" murmured the damsel, becoming deadly pale, and at the same time clasping her hands with a species of spasmodic agony.

"Or else," the priest hastened to add, "to surrender up the tablets containing the deceased Knight of Liddesdale's instructions and the royal sign-manual."

"And the Douglas has dared thus to treat my sire?" murmured Albertina: "he has had the mingled cruelty and audacity —"

"Patience, daughter—and listen to me?" interrupted Father Julius. "Let us think only of the facts as they stand sternly and palpably before us; and let us not waste valuable time in useless comment."

"Pardon me, holy father," said the young lady deferentially, "for giving expression to my feelings: but I could not altogether conquer them! Proceed: I will not interrupt you."

"Those, lady," resumed the priest, "were the alternatives which were presented to your sire; and after due consideration, he has made his choice. He will live for the sake of his daughter; and he trusts to the noble generosity of Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan to forgive him for whatsoever selfishness there may be in the course which he has thus elected to adopt."

"Oh! and Fleming will forgive him!" exclaimed Albertina, with enthusiastic confidence in her lover; and at the same time she remem-

bered the assurances which our young hero had given her sire that he would sooner scatter to the winds all his claims to the heritage of Liddesdale than take a step which should in any way injure his benefactor, the Earl of Caithness.

"Yes—doubtless," said Father Julius, "the magnanimous young Knight will rejoice that your noble sire, lady, should have adopted the alternative which may restore him in peace and safety to the home from which he has been snatched away. And now am I here—within the walls of Roslin Castle—a messenger from the Earl of Caithness—the bearer of his signet-ring as a token—to instruct his daughter in the manner wherein she must proceed to carry out the compact."

"Oh, tell me, holy father," exclaimed Albertina, quivering with impatience, "and I will hasten to do your bidding!"

"In the first instance, lady," continued the monk, "you must search in the place where you may happen to know that the tablets are deposited —"

"I know full well, holy father," interjected the damsel, "where my sire has deposited those tablets. Proceed."

"Possess yourself of them," continued the monk; "and then accompanying me without delay to the place where your sire awaits your presence with those tablets as the means of restoring him to liberty. But you must come with me alone!—there must be no armed escort: for the retainers of the Douglas who hold your sire in captivity, are few in number, and they naturally dread that if you proceeded to their hiding-place with a troop of armed warriors, the matter would be left to the issue of the sword instead of being settled according to the amicable compact agreed upon."

"But if Albertina Roslin pledges her word," exclaimed the damsel, proudly, "that she herself is incapable of such treachery, and that she will answer for the fair and upright dealing of the escort she may take with her—"

"No, daughter—this cannot be!" interrupted Father Julius. "The Black Douglas and his retainers, being themselves treacherous, suspect treachery on the part of others. They have stipulated the mode by which the compact is to be carried out—your noble father has agreed to it—and the proof is in the transmission of his signet-ring as a token."

"Were I addressing any other messenger than a holy father of the Church," answered Albertina, "I should suggest that those who had carried off my father by force, had likewise by force possessed themselves of his signet-ring as a cover and a gloss for a foully intended stratagem. But if you, holy father, pledge yourself that you received your instructions direct from my sire's lips, and this ring, voluntarily taken by himself from his finger, I dare not—Oh! I dare not for a moment insult you by a scintillation of disbelief!"

"Daughter," replied the monk solemnly, "if even for a single instant you have deemed me capable of deceiving you, I would rather at once retire from any further meddling in an affair which progresses so ungraciously towards myself. I leave you, daughter. Farewell."

Father Julius rose from his seat, and was moving towards the door, when Albertina bounded after him, caught him by the arm, and with almost frantic excitement exclaimed, "No—leave me not! I meant not to give you offence! On my knees will I entreat your pardon!"

"No, daughter—I demand not this self-humiliation on your side!" responded the monk. "You have said enough to appease my somewhat wounded feelings. Alas! is it not strange that in this world mistrust and diffidence should so often throw their shade upon the deeds which the friendly disposed are prepared to perform with uprightness and sincerity!"

"Again I say, pardon me, holy father!" murmured Albertina entreatingly. Yes—I do indeed see that you are all goodness and sincerity! Tell me therefore how to act, and I obey without further questioning or hesitation!"

"Yet must I say one word more on my own behalf and for mine own credit's sake," resumed the priest. "Bear in mind that I do not ask you to give the tablets into my keeping: I merely request that you will accompany me to the place where, as the price of your father's life and liberty, you will hand those tablets to the person who by your own sire shall be appointed to receive them. Now, lady, decide! But understand me well! All that now takes place is in strictest confidence between us; and to no living soul within these walls—not even to your most confidential hand-maiden—must you breathe a syllable relative to the transaction. For the honor of your sire is compromised herein; and the secret must rest with the fewest possible number of persons!"

Albertina sighed at the thought that the honor of her father should be involved in the alternative which he had adopted as the means of saving his life; but she said, "I have told you, holy priest, that I place my trust in you—and I will be guided by you in all things. Remain here while I procure the tablets."

Having thus spoken, the Lady Albertina quitted the apartment. She proceeded to her father's chamber; she touched a secret spring, which opened a panel in the wainscoting of the wall; and she took from a recess which was thus revealed, the tablets containing the Knight of Liddesdale's dying instructions, and to which the royal signature had been appended. Having scoured these tablets about her person, Albertina returned to the room where she had left Father Julius.

"I have found the tablets," she said: "I have them with me. What am I now to do?"

"Can you, without exciting suspicion or subjecting yourself to impertinent questioning, go forth from the castle in my company? Or would it be preferable," continued the priest, "that I should in the first instance go forth alone, and that you follow incontinently, so that we may meet at some given point on the opposite side of the glen? Thence I would lead you to the cavern, at no very great distance, where your father is detained a prisoner in the hands of his captors."

Albertina reflected for a few moments: and then, having adopted her decision, she said: "It were better, holy father, that you should in the first instance go forth alone, and I will follow presently. For, as you have only too well observed, the honor of my sire is compromised; and alas! I am placed in the position of one who must dissemble, or at least avoid the chance of all questioning!"

"Then be it as you have decided, lady," said the priest. "I will await your ladyship on the opposite side of the glen, at the extremity of the path which winds through the wood. But tell me—is it needful to use any pass-word in issuing from the castle?"

"Did your reverence use any on obtaining admittance?" inquired Albertina.

"No," responded the priest. "The draw-bridge was lowered and the portcullis was raised when I proclaimed that as a holy votary of the Church I sought an interview with the Lady Albertina Roslin, to invoke her charity for pious purposes."

"Then be assured, holy father," said the Earl's daughter, "that freely as you obtained admission, with equal readiness will you be enabled to pass out."

The priest pronounced the usual benediction as he took a temporary leave of Albertina; and he left the room. When she was alone, the young lady reflected deeply and seriously upon all that had just passed: for a moment a faint suspicion of some possible treachery agitated

her mind; but she banished it—and it was natural that she should do so, for her father's life seemed to be at stake, and its salvation to depend upon the course which she should now adopt. Moreover, the monk's tale appeared to be consistent in its parts; and besides, Albertina's pure soul recoiled from the idea that perfidy could cloak itself with the mantle of the priesthood.

About half-an-hour after the monk had taken his leave of her, Albertina descended from the apartment, and by traversing several long stone corridors, she reached the neighborhood of the entrance-gates without the necessity of passing through the court-yard. She thus escaped observation, until the opening of a private door at the end of the series of corridors brought her to the immediate vicinage of the gate; and there she received the respectful salute of the sentinel who was stationed on the spot. Proceeding to the warder's room beneath the arch of the gateway, she desired that the portcullis should be raised and the drawbridge lowered: but she did not condescend to any untruth as a pretext for thus issuing from the castle. The warder and his assistants therefore naturally conceived that their chieftain's daughter, inspired by the same fortitude and zeal which she had previously been displaying during the afternoon, was bent upon continuing a personal inspection without the walls of the fortalice as well as within them. Her present proceeding consequently enhanced the admiration which her previous conduct had already excited.

Albertina slowly crossed the stone bridge; and ascending the winding path, she was soon lost in the wood to the view of the warder who remained stationed upon the lowered draw-bridge, as well as to that of the watchers upon the walls. When, however, she recollected that from the shades of this very wood which clothed the deep shelving side of the glen, the fierce Borderers had rushed forth to make her father captive, she was stricken with a sensation of affright; and for a moment she was about to turn and flee back to the castle. But then she again succeeded in banishing all mistrust, as she said within herself, "No! he is a holy member of the Church, and he could not possibly deceive me!"

Albertina continued her way with renewed courage and hopefulness—sustained and cheered by the idea that she should soon embrace her sire, and that he would return with her in that same hour to his own home. The pathway up the acclivity of the glen was threaded—the outskirts of the wood was reached—and now not a single scintillation of mistrust or shadow of suspicion remained in the mind of the beautiful Albertina; for she thought within herself, "If treachery had been intended, I should not have thus in safety threaded the dense maze of foliage which clothes the side of the glen?"

And now, as she glanced behind, the castle was again within view: she beheld the watchers upon the summit of the donjon—and she marvelled what they must think of her wandering forth thus far from the walls of the fortalice.

"But they will be rejoiced," she murmured, her heart leaping with hope, "when they behold me return with my father!"

The pathway now led through a mass of crags, in the midst of which it was cut; and a few minutes walk brought the damsel upon the verge of the plain where the lists had been laid out for the combat in which her lover so gloriously signalized himself. At a little distance Father Julius was descried sitting upon a broken piece of rock and awaiting her presence. He rose when he perceived her; and as she accosted him, he said, "Daughter, you have put faith in my assurances, and you shall now reap your reward. The Earl of Caithness will bless the confiding disposition of his loving child! Follow me."

Instead of proceeding any further upon the plain, Albertina was now conducted over the rugged masses of crags which overlooked the wooded slope of the glen. Then the route was continued for about half-an-hour in silence, and by this time the Castle of Roslin had diminished into comparatively dwarfish proportions in the distance. The scenery was growing wilder—the ground more rugged and uneven: but Albertina, who had known the district tolerably well in her childhood, was aware that there were several caverns in this neighborhood; and she had no doubt that it was to one of these she was being led. She followed the priest in confidence, and with a fervid hope of speedily finding herself folded in the arms of her father.

At length they reached a place where the crags appeared completely to overhang a precipice below; but Father Julius, indicating a sloping path, the existence of which Albertina had for an instant forgotten, said, "Give me your hand, daughter, and I will assist you to descend. The way is easier than it may at first seem; and there is no danger. But your ladyship ought to have a better knowledge of these parts than even I."

Albertina, naturally timid, shrank for a moment from the declivitous pathway: but the next instant, ashamed of her irresolution when the life of her sire seemed to be at stake, she summoned all her fortitude to her aid and gave the priest her hand. At that moment the trampling of a steed reached the young lady and her conductor; they glanced around—and from behind a mass of crag, they beheld a warrior in complete steel panoply riding at a little distance.

"Ah!" ejaculated Albertina; "It is Sir Casimir D'Este."

"What!" cried the priest; "the Teutonic Knight? Come, lady, come!"—and it was almost with a degree of violence that he began to drag her down the sloping pathway.

There was such a sudden alteration in the tone of Father Julius—such a strange expression came over his naturally sinister countenance—and he seemed so anxious to withdraw her beyond the view of the warrior whose abrupt appearance had evidently so much troubled him, that a far stronger suspicion than at any previous moment she had experienced flamed up in the mind of Albertina. Hastily snatching away her hand, she exclaimed resolutely, "I will first speak to Sir Casimir D'Este ere I proceed another step!"

"No—by heaven, you shall come!" said her companion in a fierce tone, and with looks of corresponding menace, as he again seized her by the hand; and the two or three steps which he thus forcibly dragged her down the shelving path completely concealed them both in a moment from the view of the Teutonic Knight.

A shriek was about to peal from Albertina's lips—but the monk's hand was suddenly placed over her mouth; and at the same instant half-a-dozen of the Douglas Borderers came rushing up the pathway, they having thus emerged from a cavern in which they were previously concealed. The young lady, driven to desperation by thus suddenly discovering herself to be the victim of a detestable perfidy, struggled with such force against the hold which the monk had upon her, that she disengaged his hand from her mouth; and now the cry for assistance rang pealing from her lips. But the fierce Borderers seized upon her: in wildest affright she glanced behind up the pathway—she just caught a glimpse of the brave Teutonic Knight springing from his steed—and then, overpowered by various feelings that were so tensely strung, she lost all consciousness.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE PATHWAY AND THE PRECIPICE.

THE scene of the occurrences which we have just related was, as the reader may have comprehended, a narrow sloping pathway jutting out from the rugged and almost perpendicular face of a rock, and overhanging a precipitous abyss. This therefore was no pleasant place for a hostile encounter; but the fierce Borderers were on the one hand determined to retain possession of the beautiful victim on whom they had pounced—while the Teutonic Knight was equally resolute on the other hand in rescuing her from their arms. Nor was the warrior alone; for his faithful squire Jassent was close behind him, both having ridden to the spot and leapt from their steeds at the sound of that wild pealing cry which rang from Albertina's lips.

The course of the Borderers was instantaneously adopted and executed on the appearance of Sir Casimir and his squire. They were six in number. The inanimate form of Albertina was passed rapidly to the two who were hindmost; and they hurried her down the pathway towards the cavern, closely followed by Father Julius. The four remaining Borderers posted themselves, two and two, in the midst of the shelving pathway, to dispute the passage with the Knight and Jassent. They held their spears horizontally, thus seeming to present an impassable barrier; while their fierce, determined looks, as they stood there motionless and silent, proved that it would be no child's play which Sir Casimir and Jassent were about to enter upon. It was a fearful scene for a combat. There was the yawning precipice on one hand, and the slightest false step, or the least impulse given in that direction, must inevitably be followed by a reeling over the edge and a plunge down into the chasm.

But it must not be supposed that because we have occupied some little space in explaining these details—that delaying the progress of our narrative—that there was any such halt or interval ere the struggle commenced. No! not for a single instant did the dauntless Sir Casimir hesitate. With a glance keen and rapid as that of an eagle, did his eye embrace the entire scene: he beheld the inanimate form of Albertina being borne quickly down the pathway by the two Borderers and the traitorous monk—he saw how the other four Borderers were resolved to cover the abduction and defend the passage of the pathway. Forth from its scabbard flashed the mighty brand of the stalwart warrior; a shout of "To the rescue!" rang from his lips, raising a thousand echoes amongst the hills and far down into the glen; and the cry was as loudly repeated by Jassent.

Then, as if it were a wild bull rushing on to clear for itself a desperate path—or as if it were a maddened tiger dashing on the hunters that sought its life—the Teutonic Knight literally hurled himself with all his force upon that little compact armed band of four which formed the human wall to bar his way. The points of the Borderer's spears struck with a clanging din upon his shield; and at the same instant his mighty weapon smote that one of the two foremost who stood nearest the edge of the precipice. Down through the iron casque went the falchion, cutting its crashing way and literally cleaving the head of the Borderer in twain! Over the verge of the chasm toppled the wretch—down he fell; and almost as speedily as the eye can wink, over went another—not slain by the sword, but impelled to destruction by the violence of the shock with which the Knight rushed upon the little party. Jassent, obtaining a footing on the almost escarped side of the rock, but climbing a few paces up it by aid of the rugged indentations, now threw himself down, so to speak, upon the flank of the remaining two Borderers, so that one of them was sent after his two comrades down the precipice, his yells and cries ringing fearfully and exciting

horrible reverberations. Another instant and the Teutonic Knight's weapon cut down the remaining Borderer, who fell back heavily upon the pathway. In something less than a minute the whole feat was accomplished—the human wall that had for a few moments seemed to oppose the passage of the Knight and his squire, was hurled down, as a house of cards may be destroyed by the breath of a child!

"Bravely done, Jassent!" exclaimed the redoubtable warrior, as with a spurning kick of his foot he cleared the path of the corpse which cumbered it; and the last of the four Borderers was sent tumbling down the abyss to join his comrades at the bottom.

On sped the Knight, with his good sword in his hand, and closely followed by Jassent. But in the meanwhile Father Julius, from the mouth of the cavern a little farther down the pathway, had witnessed the astonishing feat which we have recorded; and in mingled amazement and affright he communicated it to the two Borderers who were just depositing the unconscious damsel upon the floor of the cave. Not for a single moment had they anticipated such a result; and it seemed to be incredible. They rushed forth to assure themselves with their own eyes that their comrades had disappeared and that Father Julius had not become demented by some panic terror. It was all too true!—and down upon them was coming the Teutonic Knight, with Jassent immediately behind him.

"Away with the lady!" they shouted to the monk; "and leave us to avenge our comrades!"

Father Julius caught up the unconscious form of Albertina in his arms and rushed down the pathway, which grew rapidly wider and wider as it descended into the depth of the glen. The two Borderers, not trusting to their spears, drew their swords with the stern resolution of covering the monk's retreat and disputing the passage. Vain hope! Down upon them rushed Sir Casimir D'Este with a shock as irresistible as that which their comrades had ere now experienced: his weapon clashed against both their own—one of the men was literally borne down by the violence of the attack—the other, with a wild cry, felt the soil at the edge of the precipice give way beneath his feet, and down he went, his yells ringing horribly along the glen. The man who had fallen, suddenly wound his arms round the legs of Sir Casimir, who thus for an instant was placed in direst peril of likewise being hurled over the edge of the dizzy abyss; but a slashing blow from Jassent's ready weapon suddenly disabled the arms of the prostrate Borderer, and the next instant Sir Casimir's falchion dealt the wretch his death-blow.

But where were the monk and Albertina? No longer to be seen! Down the pathway sped Sir Casimir D'Este, still closely followed by the valorous and faithful Jassent. Wider grew the path, as we have already said; and at a very short distance the escarped rock suddenly ceasing, revealed the bottom of the glen. There seven horses were discerned,—six belonging to the borderers who had all met their death in defending the pathway—the seventh pertaining to the treacherous monk. Albertina had just recovered herself, and she was struggling desperately with Father Julius who was endeavoring to mount his steed with the young lady in his arms. The sudden appearance of Sir Casimir made the monk think of his own safety: he now sought to dash Albertina away from him that he might leap upon the horse and take to flight; but the damsel, perceiving that succor was at hand, clung forcibly to him—and the next instant he was a prisoner in the iron grasp of Sir Casimir D'Este.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the knight, "you shall pay the full penalties of your abhorrent treachery—and not even your sacred garb shall protect you! Hold him, Jassent!"

Thus resigning the captive priest into the

hands of his squire, Sir Casimir hastened to sustain Albertina, who was again ready to sink to the ground under the effects of the excitement which this last struggle had produced. She speedily recovered a sufficiency of self-possession to pour forth her fervid thanks to the great warrior and his valorous squire for this happy deliverance; and then she said, "Let us hasten to the castle—or much alarm will be excited by my prolonged absence!"

"Secure you the prisoner, Jassent, in a suitable manner," said the Knight; "and contrive also that we take the whole of these steeds with us as the spoil and trophy of our success. Answer, Sir Monk!" added the knight, fiercely, "is it far from hence to the summit of the heights where you were first surprised in your villainous exploit?"

"The path, great warrior," responded Father Julius, meekly, "winds upward from the glen to the plain; and some quarter of an hour's riding by this circuitous route will bring us to the spot where yourself and your squire alighted from your steeds."

"Tis well," said Sir Casimir. "And now let our preparations be made."

Jassent compelled Father Julius to mount one of the steeds, and he fastened the monk's feet beneath the belly of the animal. Sir Casimir assisted Albertina to place herself upon the saddle of the second horse; he mounted a third—Jassent took possession of a fourth—and he so attached the other three together that he was enabled to lead them. In this manner the party commenced their issue from the glen; and during the ride Sir Casimir learnt from Albertina's lips the whole particulars of the memorable day's occurrences. Thus she informed him of her father's forcible abduction in the morning by the retainers of the Earl of Douglas—of Margaret Fitz-Allan's departure for Edinburgh—and of the iniquitous stratagem by means of which she herself had been ere now decoyed away from the castle. Sir Casimir listened with grief and astonishment to the narrative of the outrage perpetrated against the Earl of Caithness; and he expressed his fears that the party of pursuers led by Fleming and the Earl of Bassentyns would fail to accomplish the nobleman's rescue. It was with an equal amount of anger that the good knight learnt how perfidiously Father Julius had borne himself towards Albertina; and he bent a menacing look upon that trembling culprit, who was riding a little way behind in the custody of Jassent. The tears flowed from Albertina's eyes as she spoke of her father, and of the cruel manner in which her hopes, after being so joyously elevated by the representations of the monk, were doomed to the bitterest disappointment.

"Now that the plot has so signally failed, fair lady," said the knight, "and that your safety is ensured, it were useless to dwell upon the somewhat deficiency of caution which you displayed. Neither can I blame you when I reflect that your conduct was influenced by the purest and most admirable filial motives. But you will not take it ill of me, lady, if I suggest that in future you listen not so readily to such tales as these. Alas! treachery lurks in this world beneath the cowl of a priest as well as beneath other disguises! The whole affair is a matter for further investigation; and it is therefore fortunate that this treacherous monk has fallen into our hands."

The higher ground was now reached; and there the steeds of the Knight and his squire were discovered quietly browsing upon the grass with which the plain was richly clothed. Jassent skilfully managed to attach the two horses which he and his master had temporarily used, to the others which formed part of the spoil; and mounting their own chargers, they continued their way, with the lady and the cap-

tive monk. On reaching the bridge, the presence of so singular a cavalcade, consisting of so many horses and such a comparative paucity of riders, naturally excited the astonishment of those who beheld the spectacle: but a few hastily spoken words informed the warder of what had happened, and the tidings quickly spread throughout the castle that the Lady Albertina Roslin had experienced most treacherous treatment, from which however she was rescued by the Knight and his squire. Hepburn and the numerous retainers who were assembled in the fortalice, gathered around their beloved young mistress to welcome her safe return; and they were fervid in the acclamations with which they greeted Sir Casimir and Jassent. In answer to a hastily put query, Albertina learnt that the pursuing party, headed by Sir Fleming, the Earl of Bassentyne and Redman, had not returned—nor had any messenger arrived from them at the castle.

"We will now without delay," said Sir Casimir, "examine this perfidious priest, if a veritable priest he be; and perchance the traitor will be only too glad to save his miserable life by such confessions and revelations as may serve our own purposes."

This speech was addressed in an undertone to the Lady Albertina and Hepburn; and the Teutonic Knight then gave certain requisite orders to his squire Jassent. Sir Casimir accompanied Albertina to a sitting apartment: the lady hospitably ordered refreshments to be immediately served up—but the Knight would partake of nothing save a goblet of wine ere he had examined Father Julius. The monk was accordingly conducted into his presence by Jassent and Hepburn; and the demeanor of the wretched man showed how keenly sensible he was of the perilous position in which he had placed himself.

"Look you!" said the Knight, addressing him in a stern tone; "you have done a deed that is worthy of death, even were you ten thousand times a priest!—but your life shall be spared on certain conditions. These are that you give whatsoever explanations may in any way interest us, and that you speak truly in thus making your avowals and confessions. In this castle shall you be detained a prisoner until such time that your words may have been put to the test; so that if in aught you deceive us, death shall still be your portion; but if we hereafter find that you have spoken truthfully, you may count upon a restoration to freedom. Accept you these conditions—yea or nay?—or shall the mandate at once go forth to hang you as a scarecrow on the castle-walls."

"Magnanimity and true valor are ever inseparable," answered the priest: "of the latter you, most worshipful Knight, have given many proofs, whereof your achievement this evening is not the least significant. On the former I throw myself, with full confidence that in dealing truthfully touching and concerning such matters as I may have to explain, I shall experience your merciful consideration."

"Proceed," said the Knight. "Tell me the tale after your own fashion; for full easily must you understand that although we can tolerably well penetrate the motives which prompted such treacherous dealing in reference to the Lady Albertina Roslin, yet do we require explicit details."

"And these shall be given," said Father Julius. "Know in the first place, Sir Knight, that I occupy the post of chaplain at Tantallon Castle, a fortress belonging to the high and mighty Earl of Douglas—"

"As false a baron and as unworthy a knight as ever bore a lance or wore golden spurs!" interrupted Sir Casimir. "Proceed."

"For the last two or three weeks," continued Father Julius, "I have been sojourning with a reverend friend of mine in a village at no great

distance. The Earl of Douglas, after the late encounter in the lists, sped to the Castle of Hermitage, where his Lordship still remains—"

"Ah! then it is to Hermitage that the Earl of Caithness is by this time conveyed," interjected Sir Casimir, "if the plot of forcibly carrying him off has altogether succeeded—which Heaven forefend!"

"Yes—to Hermitage," replied the monk.

The color fled from Albertina's cheeks; she became very pale, and an expression of anguish flitted over her features at the idea of her beloved father being borne to a fortalice with which such terrible incidents were associated. Sir Casimir D'Este perceived that change of countenance, and comprehending the reason, hastily whispered to Albertina, "Despair not, lady; I can full easily fathom the policy of the Douglas; his aim is to take measures to force Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan into terms which may lead to the renunciation of the rights which are his by the Knight of Liddesdale's bequest. Your noble father, lady—unless by this time rescued—is held as a sort of hostage; but he shall be delivered!"

The sudden hopefulness inspired by this assurance on the part of a man who was no idle boaster, and who seemed so fully able to accomplish whatsoever he bent his mind upon, brought the animating hue back to the damsel's cheeks; and she bent upon Sir Casimir a look of fervid gratitude.

"Proceed," said the Teutonic Knight, again turning towards the monk. "Is it not the case that the lord of this castle has been carried off in order that the Black Douglas may by certain means of intimidation forward his own selfish interests against the just rights of Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan?"

"It is even so," rejoined Father Julius. "Magnus Balveny arranged and conducted the exploit by which the Earl was carried off. At the same time he bethought himself that if this scheme succeeded it might be possible to inveigle the Lady Albertina likewise into his master's power. Falling in with me he issued his command that I should aid and abet in this design; and next to disobedience of the commands of the Black Douglas, a neglect of those issued by Magnus Balveny is the most serious offence that can well be conceived. Thus against my will was I constrained—"

"Defend not yourself, Sir Priest!" interrupted the Teutonic Knight sternly; "facts speak for themselves—and we know what significance to attach to your conduct. Hasten to make an end of your narrative."

"I will therefore curtly say, Sir Knight," continued the priest, "that I assented to the task enjoined me by Magnus Balveny. I awaited him in the village where I was sojourning. Anon he and his party came dashing along, with the Earl of Caithness in their midst. Balveny gave me the earl's signet-ring, and away he sped with his Borderers and his prisoner, leaving however half a dozen of his men behind, under my orders. You know the rest. But I may add that if I commanded those half dozen men to study so carefully the means of concealment in the cavern at the extremity of the glen, and there to remain in ambush while I worked by dint of stratagem, it was because I found that the retainers of Roslin were flocking from every direction towards the castle soon after the carrying off of the Earl of Caithness; and I feared lest there should be a conflict with my handful of Borderers, the result of which might have interfered with my plan."

"And if your iniquitous project had succeeded to the utmost," said Sir Casimir D'Este—"I mean if both father and daughter had fallen into the power of the Earl of Douglas, what course would have next been pursued by that traitorous baron?"

"In the first place it was considered expedi-

ent," replied the priest, "to obtain possession of the person of the Earl of Caithness as a hostage, so to speak, and as a means of enforcing certain negotiations with Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan in respect to the Liddesdale estates. Secondly, it was considered still more advisable to obtain possession, if possible, of the person of the Lady Albertina. But the grandest stroke of policy of all would have been for the Earl of Douglas to get into his hands the testamentary tablets with the royal sign-manual. And there was yet another consideration—"

The priest hesitated, and glanced with timidity towards Albertina.

"Speak!" said Sir Casimir; "keep not back a single syllable which may in any manner interest us! What was the other consideration whereunto you have alluded?"

"The Earl of Douglas," continued Father Julius, speaking slowly and diffidently, "ventured to entertain the hope that the heiress of Roslin might not deem herself too highly placed to bestow her fair hand upon his lordship; and thus by means of an alliance betwixt the proud families of Douglas and Caithness, the bonds of former friendship might be restored and strengthened."

"Enough, Sir Priest!" interjected Albertina indignantly, while the warm blood glowed in anger upon her beauteous countenance. "Sir Casimir, have you further questions to put to this man?"

"I have, fair lady," responded the Teutonic Knight. "He knows the conditions on which he is now speaking; let him take heed that he answer me not falsely! Sir Priest, what is the number of the garrison at the Castle of Hermitage?"

"I learnt from the lips of Magnus Balveny the very particulars which now enable me to reply to this query. There are twelve belted knights doing feudal service at Hermitage Castle," continued Father Julius, "under the banner of the Black Earl of Douglas; and the soldiers of the garrison muster to the number of three hundred spears. In addition thereto there are a hundred billmen, drawing the bow or ready to wield the cut-throat-axe."

"Then, according to this estimate," said Sir Casimir D'Este, "there is an aggregate force of somewhat above four hundred warriors crowded within the walls of Hermitage. Is it so?"

"This is the precise truth, as I have a soul to be saved!" rejoined the priest. "And I will tell you more, Sir Knight, so that in no sense I may deceive you! The Black Douglas is resolved to maintain unto the very death his rights, as he asserts them, to the estates and castle belonging to his late kinsman the Knight of Liddesdale. I have now no more to say."

"For the present you must be detained a prisoner within these walls," observed the Teutonic Knight. "Hepburn, away with him!—but see that he be treated not too harshly."

Scarcely was Father Julius conducted from the apartment, and before Sir Casimir D'Este had leisure to make a single observation about the intelligence received from his lips, one of the watchmen from the donjon entered the apartment and announced that the pursuing party, headed by Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, was just crossing the drawbridge. Immense was now the anxiety of Albertina; she would have rushed from the room to learn whether her father was amongst the band—but her limbs failed her—she was overpowered by the excruciations of suspense. In a very few moments the troop of horsemen rode into the court-yard of the Castle. Albertina now rushed to the window. It was indeed the pursuing party which had returned: Sir Fleming was there—the Earl of Bassentyne was there—Redman likewise; but the Earl of Caithness was not amongst them! The damsel's heart sank within her; for though at a glance she was assured of her lover's safety,

yet her filial feelings were sorely distressed at the evident failure of the enterprise in respect to her sire.

Sir Fleming and the Earl of Bassentyne speedily joined Albertina and Sir Casimir in the sitting-apartment. They had already heard of the Teutonic Knight's arrival; they had likewise heard somewhat of Albertina's adventures—but with the minute details they were unacquainted. Their own tale was however first told. They had pursued the Borderers at the utmost speed to which they could possibly urge their horses—ascertaining by the way, through the medium of occasional inquiries, that they were upon the right track; and they thus experienced no doubt that the Borderers with their prisoners were bound for the Castle of Hermitage. On they sped—for miles and miles they went!—but it became painfully apparent that those whom they pursued were much too far ahead of them to render it probable of their being overtaken. The distance from Roslin to Hermitage was fifty miles; and at least so much of this distance was accomplished as to enable the pursuers to compute only too accurately that the Borderers must inevitably reach their destination, along with their captive, a good hour before they (the pursuers) could even come within sight of Hermitage Castle at all. Thus, with reluctant hearts and saddened spirits, they were compelled to turn their steeds and retrace their way to Roslin Castle.

Albertina wept as she thought of her father; but the Teutonic Knight hastened to say some encouraging words. And now explanations were given to Sir Fleming and Roland in respect to all that occurred since their departure. Warm were the expressions of admiration and gratitude which those young men poured forth in respect to the chivalrous conduct of the Teutonic Knight; but it was with a secret feeling of disappointment and sorrow that the Earl of Bassentyne found that Margaret was absent.

"And now what is to be done?" inquired Albertina, with feverish anxiety.

"Give me writing materials," said Sir Casimir D'Este; "and let some one get himself in readiness to repair forthwith to Edinburgh and bear my letter to the King. It will probably avail even more than the intercessions and representations of the heroic Margaret!"

"I will undertake the errand!" exclaimed the Earl of Bassentyne with vivacity.

"Be it so," said the Teutonic Knight; and without suspecting the reason which prompted this readiness on Roland's part to hasten to Edinburgh, the warrior bestowed upon him a smile of approval.

Sir Casimir's letter was soon finished; it was addressed to King David himself. He fastened it with a silken string, according to the custom of the times—and he sealed it carefully.

"Into the hands of the Scottish Sovereign—and into his hands only," said the warrior emphatically, as he gave the letter to Roland, "must you deliver this missive. I need not recommend promptitude and haste; you, young Earl, full well understand the urgency of present affairs!"

"I will take with me but a couple of retainers," said Lord Bassentyne, "so that I may ride all the more quickly by being disencumbered of a numerous suite."

The young nobleman thereupon took his departure; and Sir Casimir D'Este said to Albertina, "Again I bid you despair not, lady!—for all that human means can accomplish towards the rescue of your noble father, shall be performed. Tell me, if it be in your power, what is the number of those brave warriors who owe feudal service to the Earl of Caithness?—how many can be mustered within four-and-twenty hours march beneath the banner of Roslin?"

"That question can I full readily answer!"

exclaimed Fitz-Allan. "Three hundred men, and those of the bravest, will respond to the call. But you must also bear in mind, Sir Knight, that our noble friend the Earl of Bassentyne will unite his troops with ours; and if your mind be set on active warfare—as I joyously see that it is—at least six hundred brave fellows may be arrayed to combat on our side."

"Good!" said the Teutonic Knight, who was committing all these memoranda to paper. "Let Redman be summoned hither."

The lieutenant soon made his appearance; and Sir Casimir D'Este questioned him minutely in reference to the number of suits of panoply which the armory of the castle could furnish—the quantities and varieties of weapons which could likewise be rendered available—and several other points on which he desired information. To all these queries Redman answered with precision; and the details were duly recorded amongst the written notes upon the paper.

Thus half an hour was spent, after the departure of the young Earl of Bassentyne; and now that the Teutonic Knight had transacted the business which he deemed immediately requisite, he began to think of taking refreshments. But just at this moment a messenger arrived at Roslin Castle from Melrose Abbey, bearing a despatch which he was charged to deliver in all haste to Sir Casimir D'Este. The Knight opened the packet; and when he had read its contents, a gleam of satisfaction shot athwart his countenance.

"Everything progresses favorably to my wishes," he said. "But there is now no time for explanation! Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, you must at once set out for Edinburgh. Hasten to array yourself in knightly style—put on your armor—bid Seton and another page or two make their own preparations to accompany you—and to horse with the least possible delay! Had this despatch arrived half an hour sooner, it would have saved the Earl of Bassentyne the journey which he has undertaken—But of that no matter!"

"In all things, my excellent friend," replied Sir Fleming, "will I do your bidding. Heaven has sent you amongst us for the best of purposes! Yes—blindly will I obey you as a leader and chief!"

Thus speaking, the youth wrung the hand of the Teutonic Knight, and he hastened from the apartment.

"Do not question me, Lady Albertina," said Sir Casimir D'Este, "in reference to these proceedings! Let it be sufficient for you to know that I am working for the benefit of all those in whom I am interested!"

"That assurance suffices, best of friends!" exclaimed the grateful Albertina. "I am now full of hope and confidence; for I see that everything over which your influence is brought to bear, progresses prosperously and well! In my father's absence you must hold yourself as the presiding authority here: for you perceive how gladly and proudly Sir Fleming will serve under your orders! Oh, Sir Casimir!" added the young lady enthusiastically, "when I look at you, it seems as if I were regarding one who was born to command his fellow men!"

A smile appeared upon the countenance of the Teutonic Knight, and a transient glow for an instant animated his cheeks: but the next moment his demeanor was calm and sedate as usual.

Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan made his appearance, completely arrayed in a suit of steel panoply; and Albertina bent a look of mingled tenderness and admiration upon her lover. His fine dark eyes flashed back a reciprocal regard; and for a moment Sir Casimir D'Este affected to be referring to the despatch which had arrived from Melrose—for he did not choose to suffer the young lovers to perceive that he was acquainted with their secret.

"The instructions I have to give you, my young friend," he said to Fleming Fitz-Allan, at the same time drawing a ring from his finger, "are brief. Immediately upon arriving at Edinburgh—no matter for the lateness of the hour—proceed straight to Holyrood, and demand an audience of the King. Go thither alone—take not your followers with you;—leave them at the hostelry of the Golden Falcon—for it is needless to appear with any state or ceremony in the presence of the Sovereign. Present that ring to his Majesty—and you will see the result. I need say no more—your own intelligence will suffice for the rest!"

Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, having taken leave of Albertina and the Teutonic Knight, set out for Edinburgh, attended by Malcolm Seton and by three other pages. It was now near nine o'clock in the evening; and he knew that an hour's riding would, if there were no mishap, take his little party to the metropolis.

CHAPTER XX.—MARGARET AND THE KING.

To the Scottish capital the thread of our narrative again conveys us; and we once more penetrate with our readers to the interior of Holyrood Abbey.

We left Margaret Fitz-Allan at the moment when she was conducted by Cochrane, the senior page in waiting, into the presence of the King. David had already dismissed his minstrels from the apartment—the discreet Cochrane at once withdrew, and Margaret found herself alone with Scotland's royal master. As we have said in a previous chapter, the monarch had been banqueting with the nobles of his household; he had partaken somewhat freely of wine—but though very far from being inebriated, he was yet sufficiently excited to be rendered somewhat reckless in his conduct, and to be all the more susceptible of the passion-inspiring influence of Margaret Fitz-Allan's superb beauty. As he beheld her in the simple yet neat and tasteful apparel which set off her richly moulded form to the utmost advantage—the masses of her raven hair falling in luxuriant tresses upon her well-sculptured shoulders—the tight-fitting corsage defining the contours of the bust—the color upon the cheeks heightened by the agitation of her feelings—and yet the air of a calm feminine dignity blending with the demeanor of profound respectfulness towards her Sovereign,—as he thus contemplated her, we say, he thought within himself that she was more faultlessly handsome, more perfect in her queenly beauty, than even his imagination had been depicting according to the impression it had retained of her appearance as he had seen her at Roslin on the day of the combat upwards of a fortnight back.

Advancing towards her with that courtly grace, which was unstudied on his part, but which he nevertheless knew to wield no mean influence when associated with the prestige of his regal rank and the advantages of a handsome commanding person, he took her hand, saying in his blindest tone, "To what am I indebted for this unexpected pleasure?—what seeks Margaret Fitz-Allan of the King?"

"Sire," she responded, "I come to throw myself at the feet of Scotland's Majesty on behalf of my noble benefactor the Earl of Caithness, against whose person a violent outrage has been committed by the Earl of Douglas."

"Ah! say you so, fair lady?" exclaimed the King, who had retained Margaret's hand in his own a little longer than was needful for the mere purpose of a welcoming courtesy: "we will investigate this matter. But rest assured that with all our desire to render justice to our faithful subjects, and to ensure the weal of Scotland generally—as the great sacrifices we have made for our beloved people only too well prove—the present case comes before us with additional



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weight when pleaded by language flowing from such sweet lips."

Margaret's looks were deferentially bent downward as the King thus spoke to her: she did not therefore perceive the regards of passionate admiration with which the monarch gazed upon her countenance—and she attached no significance to the terms of his phraseology, taking it only as the usual complimentary manner in which the stronger sex were wont to address the weaker in that chivalrous age.

The King conducted her to a seat: and placing himself opposite to her, at a little distance, he went on to say, "Tell me, fair Margaret, how all this happened, and in what manner you think that I can best serve the Earl of Caithness?"

"This morning, sire," continued Margaret, "the noble Earl, when outside his castle-walls, was suddenly seized upon by a horde of the fierce

Borderers, and was hurried away. I fear, sire, that his destination was Hermitage Castle; and your Grace knows that Hermitage is a name which sounds fearfully ominous for any one who has the misfortune to offend any bearer of the name of Douglas. I should add that my brave brother and the gallant young Earl of Bassentyne"—here an involuntary blush suddenly appeared upon Margaret's splendid countenance—"at once set out with a body of men in pursuit; but I fear that it was too late!—and not choosing to leave anything to the chapter of accidents, I bade the Lady Albertina Roslin enact the part of a chieftain's daughter by placing her sire's castle in a state of defence, while I sped away to Edinburgh to throw myself at the feet of the King. And now therefore, gracious monarch, on my knees do I implore your royal intervention that the Earl of Douglas may, under pain

of outlawry, restore his noble captive to freedom!"

Suiting the action to the word, Margaret sank upon her knees at David's feet. He hastened to raise her, exclaiming, "Rest assured, fair lady, that the King will do his duty in the present case—and perhaps all the more willingly," he added, in a lower and more significant tone, "because the exercise of his authority is invoked by one whom of all beings he would most gladly oblige!"

There was again a somewhat fervid pressure of the damsel's hand as the King retained it in his own; and now too there was that significance in his voice which it was scarcely possible to mistake. Margaret knew his character for gallantry, and even libertinage, amongst the fair sex; and for an instant she flung upon him a troubled look as she rose from her suppliant

posture and hastily withdrew her hand. David, fearing that he had gone a little too far—or at least was proceeding too fast—at once assumed an air of respectful courtesy, as he said, "Be seated once more, Mistress Margaret; and we will discuss the matter under notice."

The damsel was reassured; and she took her seat. The King had noticed that blush which crossed her countenance as she had just now mentioned the name of the Earl of Bassentyne; and a suspicion had flashed to his mind. What was more probable than that the young Earl, thrown in the way of so handsome a creature, had paid his suit to her?—or what more likely than that she reciprocated the affection, or at least was dazzled by the addresses of one of Scotland's most brilliant nobles? David—a thorough man of the world in many respects—was shrewd and keen; he thought that he had fathomed a secret—but still, as he felt not certain on the point, he was resolved if possible to clear up the doubt; for it became a matter which might interfere with the designs which he had already entertained of making Margaret his mistress.

"And you tell me, fair one," he said, "that your chivalrous brother—and—who else was it that you named?"

"The Earl of Bassentyne, sire," she replied, and again, despite her wonted self-possession, the tell-tale blush for an instant appeared upon her countenance.

David knew very well whom it was that she had mentioned: but he thus forced her to repeat the name, while he keenly studied her looks, without however appearing to do so; and now all uncertainty was banished—he saw that he had a rival in the young Earl.

"And you fear," he continued, "that the party of pursuers may fail in rescuing the Earl of Caithness?"

"Such is my apprehension, sire; and therefore was it that I came to throw myself at your royal feet."

"It is no light matter," resumed David, "for even the King of Scotland to proclaim hostility to the Black Douglas. But how can I refuse any boon which you may demand at my hands?"

"If the lasting gratitude of one so humble as I," rejoined Margaret, "could possibly prove an adequate recompense—"

"Ah, that word *gratitude*!" exclaimed the King: "it is often used, in all its unmeaning vagueness, where the utterance of another word would be far more welcome—say, for instance, *friendship*!"

"The King of Scotland," answered Margaret, "is so highly placed as to be far beyond the influence of the sentiment of friendship on the part of one of his humblest subjects."

"The King of Scotland," rejoined David, "may single out from amongst the millions of his subjects a being whose friendship he would esteem as a pearl of great price—and what, Margaret, if you yourself were that being?"

The damsel for a moment gazed upon the monarch in astonishment and even with bewilderment; for she scarcely knew whether she had heard aright—and if she had indeed heard rightly, what interpretation she was to put upon language which appeared to be rapidly and strangely passing the bounds of ordinary compliment.

"There are certain circumstances," proceeded David, whose voice was becoming more and more tender, and his looks more and more significant, "which place a monarch thus disadvantageously—that when he addresses a subject in terms such as these, he inspires awe or mistrust, or he is regarded with incredulity and suspicion, instead of finding that for the moment he may be permitted to descend from his lofty pedestal and place himself on terms of equality with the individual whom he is addressing. Thus, from that indi-

vidual's lips no reciprocal avowal comes! If it be a beautiful lady—as in the present case—the King proffers his friendship, and he meets naught but regards of bewilderment and terror. How, then, dare he proceed even a step farther, and following the impulse of his heart, whisper the words, "I love thee?"

Margaret Fitz-Allan started with affright: then all in a moment a joyous thrill swept through her frame. Was it possible that the King could be serious?—was it possible that she might become a queen? No!—the next instant she discarded the idea as preposterous, ridiculous, and absurd; her very pride was wounded that for a moment she should have allowed herself to be so far carried away by what she could now only look upon as a sentiment of the most egregious vanity; and this transient sense of humiliation produced its natural effect by arousing all her feminine dignity, so that the burning blush of indignation mantled upon her cheeks as she comprehended that the King's overture was a dishonorable one and that he sought to win her as his mistress.

"Sire," she said, "we are wandering strangely from the subject which brought me into your royal presence, and which is so grave and pressing—"

"Ah!" ejaculated the King, with an accent of petulance; "a rebuff? though thus delicately conveyed!"—then instantaneously resuming a mingled affability and tenderness of tone and look, he said, "Surely, fair Margaret, you may afford me a few instants of your attention while I speak with all truthfulness and sincerity? Listen, I beseech you. Though a King yet have I the feelings of any other mortal; and who can gaze upon your charms without being interested and moved by them? If you know how often and often I have thought of you since first we met at Roslin Castle, you would not be surprised that I should address you in these terms! I swear, Margaret, that amidst the galaxy of all Caledonia's beauties there is none who has ever made upon my soul such an impression as you have done! It was immediate—it was instantaneous!—and as my eyes settled upon you, a presentiment flamed up in my mind, forcing upon me the conviction that you were a being formed to exercise the utmost influence upon my destinies!"

Margaret had listened with feelings which we can only describe as a species of consternation of joy—a rapturous bewilderment—an awful pleasure, such as one experiences when some startling instance of good fortune is announced, and which is followed by the dread lest proving too good to be reality, it should turn out to be all a dream!

"Yes, Margaret," continued the King, who failed not to perceive the full effects which his words had produced; "I love you—and now the truth is proclaimed! Ah! I conjecture—I suspect, dearest Margaret, that another has already pleaded his suit and has besought that fair hand! But tell me, is your heart so completely engaged to this other that when your Sovereign pleads his own cause—when he is even prepared to kneel at your feet—you cannot listen to him?"

Strong-minded though Margaret Fitz-Allan naturally was, yet she was now seized with an agitation that made her tremble all over; while the color went and came in rapid transitions upon her cheeks. She no longer thought that the King's overtures were dishonorable; she fancied that the crown of Scotland itself might be within her grasp;—and oh! what were all her pledges to the Earl of Bassentyne in comparison with such a destiny as this?

"If your happiness, dearest Margaret, can be ensured by me," resumed David, "rest assured that it shall henceforth be my constant study; You shall dwell in a palace—all luxuries shall

surround you—troops of servants shall be ready to do your bidding—the proudest nobles of Scotland will seek to do you honor, for they will know that where Margaret smiles the King will likewise smile, and that where Margaret frowns, there likewise will the King seem angry! Riches shall be lavished upon you—and as for titles, Margaret, the Earl of Bassentyne may give you the coronet of a Countess, but the King can place you that of a Duchess upon your brow!"

Margaret's golden dream was utterly destroyed; it had deluded her for a moment—it had now vanished! The King sought her not as his queen; it was as a mistress that he dared to woo her! Again did the warm blood glow indignantly upon her cheeks—her eyes flashed fire—her superb form dilated, as rising from her seat, she said, "Yes, Sire, it is true that the Earl of Bassentyne has paid his suit unto me; and that suit is an honorable one! The blush which appeared upon my cheek when I first mentioned his name in your presence, was that of maiden pride at the thought of possessing a love of which I need not be ashamed; but the blush which now glows upon my countenance, is of a very different nature! I may live to wear with honor the coronet of a Countess which the Earl of Bassentyne proposes to place upon my brow: but I would sooner perish than wear in dishonor that coronet of a Duchess which you, sire, have proffered me!"

The King was not prepared for so complete and absolute a rejection of his overtures. Accustomed to conquests in the sphere of gallantry, he had flattered himself that he had merely to urge his suit with a certain degree of caution, and yet in a dazzling manner, in order to experience success. For an instant he was bewildered how to act: but quickly recovering his self-possession and hardihood, he said, "Be not angry with me, Margaret! I have tried you—and now I appreciate the excellence of your principles. At first I knew you only well enough to be enamored of your beauty—I was unacquainted with your disposition: pardon me if I have adopted means that were somewhat of the rudest, in order to put it to test! Tell me that you can love me—and peradventure you may find that there is no sacrifice which I am unwilling to make in order to prove the sincerity of my own love in return!"

Again did the golden vision envelop Margaret in its halo; and for a few moments she abandoned to the King the hand which he gently took, and which he was now pressing in his own. But as her eyes were bent down, and rapid reflections were passing through her mind she caught sight of the ring which Roland had in the morning of that same day placed upon her finger. She was not so utterly depraved in her selfishness as to disregard her vows altogether; and withdrawing her hand, she said, "Sire, you may easily conceive that all this has come upon me so suddenly—so unexpectedly—that I am bewildered—yet would I not give your gracious Majesty offence—"

"And I, Margaret, would not for worlds," exclaimed the king, "torture your heart with uncertainties! I have proclaimed my love: it is for you to decide whether you can accept it—whether you can love me in return? I will not now press you for your answer. Promise me that I shall see you in the morning:—indeed it is necessary for more reasons than one, inasmuch as the special business for which you sought me, demands the attention of the Royal Council—and that cannot be obtained in a moment. Say that you will return to me at eleven in the forenoon of to-morrow—and the course which I may pursue in reference to the Earl of Caithness will convince you whether the first boon which the fair Margaret has asked at my hands shall have been demanded in vain!"

"In this respect," responded Margaret, "I rely upon your justice and generosity."

The damsel felt the necessity of being alone with her own thoughts: she likewise felt that there was danger in her present position, and that all her strength was needed. She therefore made a low reverence to the King, and hurried from the apartment. Cochrane was on the landing, ready to escort her back to the place where she had left her handmaiden and her page; and he treated her with the profoundest respect.

"I shall win her! she is mine!" ejaculated the King to himself, as the door closed behind her. "She will return to-morrow! Then will I place before her the coronet of a Duchess—yes, and a casket of the most splendid jewels! I will assign her a palace as her dwelling, with a revenue fitted for a peeress! And she will yield! There is more ambition than real virtue in her character—more of worldly selfishness than of virgin pride! Yes—she is mine! But ah! this young Earl may nevertheless have made some impression on her heart—all rivalry is dangerous—and prudence now offers its suggestions!"

Thus mused the King to himself while pacing to and fro in his apartment. He rang a silver bell which was upon the table; and Cochrane quickly answered the summons.

"My faithful servitor," said the King, "I have business to intrust to your discretion. That fair damsel who has just gone forth from my presence—what think you of her, Cochrane? Is she not fitting to become the mistress of Royalty? Yes—I read the answer in your looks! But even a King may have a rival, Cochrane—"

"And what rivalry," asked the page, "need a monarch dread? At all events he may crush it—"

"True, Cochrane," said the King; "and this course must be adopted in the present case. You know the young Earl of Bassentyne—it were idle to deny that he has many advantages in his favor. In a word, Cochrane, it suits me that for the present there should be no chance of a meeting betwixt this nobleman and Margaret Fitz-Allan. A few days—a few weeks, perhaps, may suffice—"

"Your Grace's will shall be executed," said Cochrane: "it will harm not the young Earl that he sleep for a few nights in Edinburgh Castle. Trust to me, sire, to devise a fitting pretext for his arrest, if your Majesty can but indicate where at the present time he can be found."

"He is most probably at Roslin Castle," answered the King. "But understand me well! No deed of open violence must be done—naught that may attach suspicion to myself as the instigator—"

"Your Highness has often confided in my discretion," rejoined Cochrane; "and your Majesty's gracious condescension shall not now be misplaced. At daybreak I will ride with an armed party towards Roslin. There are deep woods in which we may be concealed—we will watch our opportunity—and doubtless in a short time the Earl will be captive in our hands."

"And then," added the King, "it were well perhaps if the report were spread that he has gone over to the cause of the Black Douglas."

Cochrane bowed, and withdrew from the royal presence.

Meanwhile Margaret had returned to the Golden Falcon, where she shut herself up alone in her chamber and gave way to her reflections. She had not been duped by the King's sophistry. She saw that so far from desiring to test her true character, he had really intended to seek her love on dishonorable terms: she saw likewise that he was deeply enamored of her; and her heart thrilled with the idea that if her cards

were well played, she might share with him the throne of Scotland. She asked herself deliberately whether in this idea she were yielding to the promptings of her feminine vanity? or whether she were reasonably calculating on what might be the effect of the monarch's infatuation? There was in reality something of both in the matter: but Margaret looked upon it all in the light most flattering to her own hopes.

Two or three hours passed. It was now nine o'clock in the evening, and Margaret's handmaiden entered the room to announce that the Earl of Bassentyne had just arrived at the Golden Falcon, and was anxiously waiting to see her. Margaret's heart palpitated at the thought that already in her mind had perfidious intents with reference to the young Earl been harboring; but instantaneously composing herself she repaired to her sitting apartment, to which she desired that Roland might be introduced. In a few moments he made his appearance, and embracing her with fervor he exclaimed, "Oh, the happiness, dearest Margaret, of thus beholding you again amidst all the calamities and perplexities that have occurred!"

It did her harm thus to find herself strained to his breast when she felt that he might perhaps full soon have reason to reproach her for her perfidy; but still, thoroughly wordly-minded, she inwardly thought, "If I fail to become the Queen of Scotland, I at least may become Countess of Bassentyne!" and therefore she appeared to greet him with a reciprocal fervor.

"Have you seen the King?" he eagerly inquired. "Have you succeeded with his Majesty?"

"I have seen the King, Roland," she responded, with the completest dissimulation, so that there was not the slightest shade of a heightening color upon her cheeks; "I represented to his Grace all that has occurred—and he has held out fair promises for to-morrow. But wherefore have you come thus suddenly? Has anything new transpired? Is the Earl of Caithness restored to his home?"

"Alas, no!" rejoined Roland; "we failed in overtaking the Borderers with their noble prisoner. Sir Casimir D'Este is at Roslin; and he has despatched me with a letter for the King. First, however, ere proceeding to Holyrood, I halted at the Golden Falcon, to enjoy the pleasure of this interview with yourself, beloved Margaret!"

The Earl of Bassentyne then proceeded to relate all that had occurred to Albertina—how a treacherous snare had been set for her—how she had been rescued by Sir Casimir D'Este, and how Father Julius was a prisoner at Roslin Castle. Margaret listened with the most painful interest, and it was with no affected emotion that she exclaimed, "Poor Albertina! from what a fearful danger has she escaped!"

"And now, dearest Margaret," said the Earl of Bassentyne, "I must speed to Holyrood to deliver the Knight's letter to the King. From what Sir Casimir said when he placed the letter in my hand, I have no doubt that it will confirm his Majesty in whatsoever good intents he may have harbored from the representations already made to him by yourself."

For a moment Margaret Fitz-Allan dreaded a meeting between the young Earl and the King; but the next instant her apprehensions vanished, as she thought to herself, "No! his Majesty will not afford Roland the slightest clue to aught that may have ere now taken place."

Again the young Earl strained Margaret to his breast; and then he hastily quitted her for the purpose of seeking Holyrood Abbey. Thither he repaired alone, not deeming it requisite to be attended by the escort he had brought with him from Roslin Castle; for the circumstances of his mission demanded not ostentatious formalities or ceremonies.

Cochrane, the monarch's discreet servitor,

was agreeably surprised when he found the Earl of Bassentyne presenting himself at Holyrood; and he thought to himself, "This is indeed a fortunate chance, and much trouble may be now saved!"

In the course of ten minutes the young Earl was introduced to the King, but not before Cochrane had for a few moments conferred privately with his Majesty. David received Roland with every appearance of the utmost affability and courtesy. The Earl presented the letter, which David hastened to open, and when he had read its contents he said, as if quite in an off-hand manner, "Perhaps your lordship has seen that young lady—I forget her name—ah! Mistress Margaret Fitz-Allan."

"Yes, sire," replied the Earl; "I tarried for a few minutes at a holstery where she has taken up her quarters; and she informed me that your Grace heard with favor the representations she humbly made on behalf of the Earl of Caithness."

"True," said the King. "I promised that lady to take the advice of my Council early in the morning in reference to these grave and serious complications. It were now, well, my Lord Earl, if you were to speed back to Roslin—or at least despatch a messenger thither, to convey an assurance to Sir Casimir D'Este—who is a most worthy knight, and the representative of a noble Order—that his demands shall have the fullest weight with me."

The Earl bowed and retired, well pleased with the result of his mission, but making up his mind to remain in Edinburgh until the morrow, so that he should be enabled to escort Margaret back to Roslin. It was therefore his purpose to despatch a messenger thither with a billet for the Teutonic Knight. Cochrane escorted the young nobleman to the very threshold of the Abbey; and Roland placed in the royal servitor's hand a liberal reward for his seeming attentions.

It was now past ten o'clock at night; but a lovely moon, with its chaste company of stars, was shining in glorious argentine effulgence upon the city of Edinburgh. The Earl of Bassentyne was rapidly pursuing his route back to the Golden Falcon, when, on passing through a narrow gateway, which at that period existed in the Canongate, he was suddenly confronted by two men dressed in complete armor, and the vizors of whose helmets were closed.

"Resist not, my lord!" said one of them. "You are our prisoner!"

Scarcely were the words spoken when the Earl of Bassentyne's sword leapt from its sheath; and though merely clad in a travelling suit, with no defensive armor of any kind, the chivalrous young nobleman showed his resolve to trust to the issue of a combat.

"Ah! is it so?" exclaimed both the armed men, as if speaking in the same breath; and they at once commenced an attack upon the earl.

At the first clash of weapons Roland's sword was snapped in twain. Quick as lightning he drew his dagger from its sheath; but his two opponents hurled him to the ground by their united force—for they had received positive orders not to take his life, nor to injure him more than they could possibly help. Thus overpowered, Roland for an instant seemed to be entirely at their mercy—when another form, emerging through the gateway, suddenly threw its shadow upon the scene—and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, arrayed in complete armor, thus opportunely appeared to the succor of his friend.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE KNIGHT'S KING.

A GLANCE through the barred visor of his helmet showed our hero the aspect of circumstances, and revealed to his astonished eyes his friend the Earl of Bassentyne in the person of the prostrate

individual whose life or liberty seemed at the moment to have been so seriously imperilled. It was the clashing din of weapons which had brought Fitz-Allan to the spot; his own sword was already drawn in his hand—and he rushed upon the two armed men. Beaten back in the twinkling of an eye, they took to sudden flight, and disappeared from the view up some court or round the angle of some adjacent street. Fitz-Allan would have followed them; but he knew not whether his friend were wounded—and if this were the case, the attentions that he would require were of far greater consequence than the infliction of any chastisement on his assailants. But the young nobleman, springing up to his feet, assured Fitz-Allan that beyond a slight scratch on the left arm he had sustained no injury: and by the aid of the silver moonlight our youthful hero ascertained that such was the fact. The sleeve of the Earl's doublet had been ripped up—the blood was trickling from the wound which the point of the hostile sword had inflicted; but it was little more than the mere grazing of the skin—and a kerchief being bound upon the arm, stanching the blood.

Explanations now took place between the young men. Fleming, on alighting at the Golden Falcon, had seen Margaret for a moment; and he therefore knew that the Earl was gone to obtain an audience of the King. He now learnt that everything appeared to progress favorably in reference to what was demanded of his Majesty towards procuring the liberation of the Earl of Caithness from the power of the Black Douglas. But who the two armed assailants could be—how their anger could have been provoked—or if their intent were perfidious, what object their treachery could have in view—on these points the Earl of Bassentyne was utterly unable to give any information or even to form a conjecture. Fitz-Allan suggested that they might possibly have been lying in wait for some other person, for whom the young Earl had been mistaken; for that they were not common desperadoes, inspired only by the hope of plunder, was to be argued from the fact that each was clad in a suit of panoply of no mean price.

Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan now explained to the Earl the reasons which had brought him to Edinburgh so quickly upon the heels of the other; and Roland expressed his delight that Sir Casimir D'Este should possess the means, however mysterious they might appear, of influencing the King.

"For monarchs," he said, "often promise that which they do not intend to perform; and we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that it is no light thing to demand that our own Sovereign should pursue a course of policy which is only too well calculated to excite the deadly hostility of the Douglas and all his powerful connexions."

"What the presentation of the ring to the eyes of David may produce, I have yet to learn," said Fleming: "but I must delay not in fulfilling my mission. Return you, Roland, to the hostelry, and await me there. Or, when I bethink me, I will accompany you to the gate of the Golden Falcon, for fear lest those unknown bravoos should be lying elsewhere in wait, to repeat their dastard attack on one who is comparatively defenceless."

"You shall not retrace a single step of your way, nor tarry on my account," exclaimed the Earl; "for now that I am placed upon my guard, I shall prove watchful and wary; and if the attack be repeated, those villains shall not again have the advantage of me. Hasten you, therefore, to Holyrood Abbey; for it waxes late, and the King may soon retire to rest."

The young Knight saw that it would be a species of imputation on the valor of his friend if he persisted in accompanying him to the hostelry; and he therefore urged not the point.

They separated; and while the Earl proceeded in one direction Fleming bent his steps in another. The former reached the Golden Falcon without further mishap or molestation. Margaret was awaiting his return with some little degree of anxiety; for she was yet too much of a novice in the actual practice of duplicities to be devoid of the apprehension of their discovery. She however at once perceived by Roland's manner that nothing had emanated from the King's lips to impair the integrity of her character in the Earl's estimation. As the reader is aware, she already knew that her brother had just arrived in Edinburgh; but she was now to learn that he had providentially become the means of rendering a most signal service to the young nobleman.

Meanwhile Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan had arrived at Holyrood Abbey; and on soliciting an interview with the King, he was at once referred by the lay-brother at the gate to Cochrane, the page in waiting. On mentioning his name, the young Knight found himself treated with the utmost respect by this functionary; for the fame of Fitz-Allan had been spread throughout Scotland—and moreover Cochrane thought it prudent to make favor with the brother of a young lady who he fancied was destined to become the mistress of the King.

"It is late, Sir Knight," said Cochrane, "verging, I perceive, towards eleven of the clock;" and he glanced at a clepsydra, or water-timepiece which stood in the waiting-room. "Nevertheless, his Majesty has not yet retired; and I will forthwith bear your message to the royal apartment. Doubtless your object, Sir Knight, is the same which has already brought your lady sister hither, and likewise the Earl of Bassentyne?"

"Ah! speaking of the Earl," cried Sir Fleming, without answering the question that was put to him, "reminds me of something the mention of which it were a sin to commit; for it would seem that even the presence of Royalty in the capital has not the effect of over-awing the minds of evil-doers."

"Indeed?" said Cochrane, inwardly troubled by the remark, though his countenance in its unruffled sedateness betrayed not that uneasy feeling. "Say you so, Sir Knight?"

"It is even as I tell you," answered Fleming. "Not many minutes have elapsed since two knaves in complete panoplies of steel, and with their aventayles closed, set upon my friend the Earl of Bassentyne; and ill might it have fared with his lordship if the din of weapons had not suddenly brought me to the spot."

"And I trust that the Earl sustained no injury?" said Cochrane.

"Naught beyond a mere scratch," rejoined Fleming; "and as for the bravoos, they at once fled, like cowards as they are. Meseems that the streets of the capital are perilous; for no watch nor patrol was at hand to afford succor—"

"Those sleepy burghers who undertake to provide for the security of the capital and of the King's lieges," said Cochrane, "are most inefficient for the purpose. All this shall be seen into, I promise you, Sir Knight. But you have no idea who the villains were, nor what was their object?"

"I could only surmise that it was some private vengeance which actuated them," responded Fitz-Allan, "and that they mistook the Earl of Bassentyne for another."

"Truly, it must have been so!" exclaimed Cochrane. "But time is passing, and I will now bear your message to the King."

The page issued from the waiting-room; and after an absence of a few minutes he returned for the purpose of escorting Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan to the royal presence. King David wondered exceedingly for what object this interview was sought by the young Knight; for he could scarcely conceive that after all he had said to

Margaret and the Earl of Bassentyne in reference to the Earl of Caithness and the Black Douglas, another appeal was about to be made to him touching that affair. He almost feared that Margaret must have been speaking to her brother in reference to what had recently taken place in the royal apartment, and that Sir Fleming had come to ascertain what were the monarch's intentions with respect to that lady. Thus, being completely on his guard, David assumed a most affable air as the young Knight was introduced into his presence.

"Welcome, Sir Fleming," he said: "for though the hour be an unusual one for us to accord audiences, yet are we at all times willing to sacrifice our own comfort and convenience on behalf of our faithful lieges; and none possess better claims upon our attention than a warrior who has so worthily gained our admiration by his prowess."

"My sincerest gratitude is due to your Majesty," said Fitz-Allan, respectfully inclining his plumed head, "for these most gracious assurances. I come from Sir Casimir D'Este; and I have the honor to present that worthy Knight's ring to your Highness."

"Ah!" ejaculated the King, with an air of the utmost surprise; "is it you, then, young Knight, who are appointed to a command which older warriors might shrink from undertaking?"

Fitz-Allan, according to the etiquette of the time, had sunk upon one knee while he presented the ring to his sovereign; and as he now rose from that posture of respect, it was his turn to be astonished, for the words which had just emanated from David's lips were utterly incomprehensible to our young hero. The King perceived the air of surprise with which his speech was received by the Knight; and he said, "Surely there can be no error in all this? You tell me it is by the express desire of Sir Casimir D'Este that you have presented me this ring?"

"It is even so, sire," responded Fitz-Allan. "Sir Casimir D'Este is at Roslin Castle, where he arrived this evening; and there did he receive a despatch from Melrose Abbey—"

"True!" ejaculated the King. "That despatch was from the Secretary of our Council, and it bore the signature of our own royal hand. There is consequently no error! and though I expected that ring to be speedily presented unto me, yet little did I anticipate that it would be borne by the hand of so youthful a warrior. As the matter stands, however, I give thee the sincerest welcome, Sir Knight; and I comprehend, by Sir Casimir D'Este's mode of action, that he has discreetly and respectfully left it unto myself to initiate thee in certain State secrets of moment and importance. Be seated, Sir Knight, and we will at once confer together."

The King sat down as he thus spoke; and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan likewise took a seat, while with strangely bewildered feelings he prepared to listen to the revelations that had been so seriously prefaced.

"Of your valor, Sir Knight," resumed the King, "you have already given the most signal proof; while of your discretion Sir Casimir D'Este must entertain the highest opinion when he fixed upon you for the performance of a most important duty. I need not tell you, Sir Knight, that I have bitter wrongs to avenge against England, and a burning hatred to wreak upon those fierce Southrons who for eleven long years held me in captivity. Nor need I do more than remind you that the defeat of Nevill's Cross is yet to be atoned for;—while it is a source of pain and humiliation to the mind of your Sovereign to reflect that the holy rood which an angel bestowed upon mine ancestor, hangs not within these dark walls, but graces the Southrons' cathedral at Durham. I must however proceed to inform you, Sir Knight, that certain negotiations which were at one time opened between myself

and the English King—and which, if carried out, would have led to the restoration of that holy symbol—have utterly failed. You will not therefore be surprised to learn that it is my resolve to take early measures for the purpose of avenging all my wrongs against England, and of obtaining the blessing of heaven by the recovery of the silver cross and its restoration to the sanctuary of this Abbey."

The King paused: Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan was listening with the utmost attention and curiosity—for he could scarcely conjecture to what all this was to lead, though he saw enough to comprehend that through the kind interest of Sir Casimir D'Este something was in store that would tend to his own personal aggrandizement; and the significance of the prophetic lines chanted by the mysterious apparition in the vaults of Roslin Castle, came vividly back to his recollection.

"I must not hesitate to confess to you, Sir Fleming," resumed the King, "that I feel diffident in again setting the armies of Scotland in battle-array against the fierce Southron hordes. Not that my faith in Scottish courage is impaired. Heaven forbid! But the terrible wars which we have waged against our Southron neighbors, have decimated our male population; and it would be impossible to marshal an armament numerically strong enough to cope with the hosts that the English Sovereign might lead against us. And then too, it is with equal pain I am forced to admit that there is a want of union amongst many of the most powerful Scottish Barons; and the throwing-down of the gauntlet against England would prove a signal for disputation with one another as to who should hold the most important commands in the martial expedition. There is another point which must be likewise borne in mind. Many powerful feudal peers are the advocates of peace, and would only be induced to enter into a war by the presence of a moral certainty of success. On all these matters have I for a long time past been reflecting;—and, to be brief, I arrived at the conclusion that Scotland is not at the present time in a position to enter, *unassisted*, into hostilities with the Southrons. Do you follow me well, Sir Knight?"

"I do, sire," answered Fitz-Allan. "Point by point do I mark clearly the explanations which your Grace is condescending to bestow."

"Some short time back," proceeded the King, "the good offices of the French monarch put me in private correspondence with Prince De Salza, the valiant and sagacious chief of the most religious Order of the Teutonic Knights. Negotiations were thus to a certain extent opened, until they reached a point at which it was deemed expedient either that I should despatch a trusty messenger to Marienburg, the capital city of the Teutonic dominion—or that Prince De Salza should accredit an emissary unto me. His Highness the Prince preferred the latter course: but it was agreed that the Teutonic Envoy should come to Scotland under all circumstances of privacy, so that England might not obtain any premature idea of the grave matters that were thus in progress. The choice of Prince De Salza alighted upon Sir Casimir D'Este, who is described to me in a letter from his Highness as a most sagacious statesman; while we all know that he is a most redoubtable warrior. For the politic reasons to which I have already alluded, Sir Casimir D'Este came not with a numerous suit nor with pomp and ceremony, but as a simple travelling Knight, attended by a single Squire. Yet did he set foot in Scotland as the plenipotentiary of the Prince De Salza, furnished with full powers to carry out with me a negotiation on such terms as might be deemed honorable and fitting for both sides to agree unto. Again I ask, Sir Knight, do you follow me well?"

"Nothing can be more clear," replied Fitz-Allan, "than the language in which your Highness is shaping these explanations."

"Good!" said the King. "Now, to proceed a step farther, I must inform you, Sir Fleming, that Sir Casimir D'Este, acting on behalf of his princely master, has proposed to place at my disposal a force of twenty thousand Teutonic warriors, to fight beneath the Scottish banner against the armies of England. The conditions on which this proposal was proffered, or could be accepted, gave rise to some discussion between myself and Sir Casimir D'Este, and left the subject open for consideration. On my side I insisted, as a guarantee of the faithful allegiance of the Teutonic auxiliary forces to the banner under which they would come to fight, that they should be placed under the command of a Scottish warrior owing direct fealty to myself. To this Sir Casimir D'Este assented with the proviso that he himself should appoint and nominate the Scottish warrior whom he might deem most fitting to take command of the Teutonic legion. Furthermore, Sir Casimir D'Este stipulated that when such nomination should be made, the Scottish warrior thus chosen for the command of the expected Teutonic auxiliaries, should have the right and privilege, on being presented to me, of requiring the fulfillment of any special boon that he might ask,—such concession on my part to be looked upon as a proof of my royal countenance and favor towards the warrior selected as General-in-Chief of the Teutonic auxiliaries. At the same time Sir Casimir D'Este pledged himself that the boon to be so demanded, should not prove of a nature which I, having due regard of my honor as a king, a knight, and a man, might hesitate to grant. All that I have been describing to you constituted the basis of the conditions which were duly discussed between Sir Casimir D'Este and myself. I required a short time to consider them well; and for this reason did Sir Casimir D'Este remain for upwards of a fortnight in my capital. But yesterday the knight intimated to me that he was about to pay a brief visit to Melrose Abbey, in pursuance of an invitation which to that effect he had received from the holy Prior, Father Benedictus. This morning after a long and serious consultation with some of my most trustworthy councillors, I arrived at a final decision in reference to the proposal made by Sir Casimir D'Este and the conditions with which it was accompanied. I resolved upon accepting the proposal on the terms and stipulations with which it was associated. The secretary of my Council accordingly drew up a document to this effect; and therein a notification was embodied that whosoever might at any time present himself to me as the bearer of the signet-ring of Sir Casimir D'Este, should be at once recognized as the individual selected to wield the high and important command which circumstances may soon require. This despatch was sent off to Sir Casimir D'Este at Melrose; and thence it followed him, as you have already explained to me, to Roslin Castle. It would appear that in anticipation of a favorable decision on my part, Sir Casimir D'Este had already made his choice of the Scottish warrior whom he would appoint to the command of the auxiliary force of his brethren; and thus in all haste he sent you, Sir Knight, unto me as the bearer of his signet-ring. I have accepted the token—I have acknowledged the emblem—I have welcomed thee into my presence; and though thy years be so green, yet do I regard thee as the young General who is destined to play no mean part in the game of renewed warfare against our Southron foes."

It was with exulting soul, with throbbing heart, and with animated countenance, that our young hero listened to these final explanations from the lips of his Sovereign, and which explanations so materially regarded his own interests. Where was the youthful warrior who would not have felt proud in finding himself thus selected for the command of a splendid force to be detached from the ranks of the mightiest armament in Christen-

dom? More than ever did Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan feel the prophetic power of the metrical lines which had flowed upon his ear in the vaults of Roslin Castle. Immense therefore though the responsibility of such a command would necessarily be, he hesitated not for a single moment as to whether he should accept it. For what said that prophetic legend?

"Be ever in thy purpose strong,
And swerve not as thou speed'st along
In this career of thine!"

Sinking upon one knee at the feet of the royal David, the young hero—his countenance glowing with pride, and hope, and joy—exclaimed, "I accept, sire, the important office for which my excellent friend Sir Casimir D'Este has chosen me, and which nomination has been so graciously confirmed by the lips of your Highness. Rest assured, sire, that neither in thought nor deed will I ever prove faithless to the Sovereign who thus generously confides in me—but that all my energies shall be sincerely devoted to your royal service."

"More, Sir Knight, you cannot say," replied the King, giving his hand for Sir Fleming to kiss. "Rise—and now exercise the right with which you have become invested. You have the privilege of demanding a boon. Speak therefore? What asks Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan of his King?"

The youth was not immediately prepared to answer. Should he throw himself at David's feet, avow his real name, confess that he was a branded outlaw on account of the traditional decrees of the Black Parliament, and demand the repeal of those decrees so far as himself and sister were concerned? Or should he, as the boon which he was empowered to crave, solicit the immediate fulfilment of a decree of outlawry and confiscation in reference to the Black Douglas and his estates, unless within a given period the Earl of Caithness were restored to liberty? Such were the alternatives between which Sir Fleming had now to decide. If for a moment he hesitated, it was not through any selfish consideration for his own interests in preference to a regard for the safety and security of his benefactor the Earl of Caithness; but it was because he said to himself, "Perchance, after all, in the species of promise which the King held out to my sister and the Earl of Bassentyne, his Majesty has already decided upon taking a vigorous step in reference to the Earl of Douglas?—and if this be so, it were useless for me to demand as a boon that which has already been resolved upon."

"You seem to hesitate, Sir Knight," said the King, speaking kindly and graciously. "Is it because you fear to ask too much? Fully confident am I that you will demand naught which in honor I may refuse to grant: and therefore be not afraid to speak."

"If, sire," responded Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, "there be no need to demand your royal interference on behalf of my benefactor the Earl of Caithness, I will reserve my privilege for use in another sense. My sister told me, ere now, in a few hurried words, how graciously your Majesty had spoken and the hopes which your royal words had held out; and the Earl of Bassentyne failed not to inform me of the assurance which he was ordered to convey on the part of your Highness to Sir Casimir D'Este, to the effect that the Teutonic Knight's representations should have the fullest weight with your Majesty."

"All this is true enough," replied the King; "and it is my intention to seek the advice of my Council on the morrow, touching and concerning the unfortunate affair which has bred hostility betwixt two powerful Earls. But I dare not anticipate how my councillors may recommend me to proceed in the case."

From this speech on the King's part, Fitz-Allan perceived that nothing was decisively settled in

the royal mind with regard to the case thus alluded to; and therefore not for another instant did he hesitate in the course which he himself should adopt. His own personal interests were at once set aside, and all the sympathies of his generous nature were thrown into the channel flowing towards the benefactor who had supplied to himself and his sister the place of a perished sire. Again sinking upon his knee at the King's feet, Sir Fleming exclaimed, in a firm voice, "The boon which I ask is that your Majesty will at once agree to make proclamation of pains and penalties against the Earl of Douglas on being duly summoned to surrender up the person of the Earl of Caithness!"

"It shall be as you demand," replied the King; and proffering his hand he again forced the young Knight to rise from his suppliant posture. "But inasmuch as I hold myself under certain obligations to your fair sister, Mistress Margaret Fitz-Allan—and considering that it were most unkingly and ungracious to exclude her from the due enactment of her own gracious part in these proceedings—the decree which you have demanded shall be placed in her hands to-morrow morning. Do you accompany her hither at the hour which I have already named to your sister, and all shall be accomplished according to your desire. Doubtless Sir Casimir D'Este, when despatching you hither in such haste, foresaw that such was to be the boon that you would demand."

"My sister and myself will have the honor of waiting on your Majesty at eleven of the forenoon to-morrow."

Having thus spoken, Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan was about to retire, when the King detained him, saying, "Remember, Sir Knight!—all that has passed between us touching and concerning matters of warfare and of state policy, is strictly confidential. Not even to your own sister—nor to your bosom friend—nor even to your lady-love, if you possess one, must a syllable of all this be breathed. The seal of silence must rest upon your lips until such time as the promised auxiliary force of Teutonic warriors shall have set foot in Scotland. At present, therefore, the secret subsists betwixt myself, my privy councillors, Sir Casimir D'Este, and you."

"Your Grace's commands," rejoined Fitz-Allan, "shall be implicitly obeyed to the very letter."

The young Knight then bowed; and retiring from the royal presence, he began to bend his steps hastily back towards the sign of the Golden Falcon.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE HURRIED INTERVIEW.

We must avail ourselves of this break in our narrative to inform the reader that the letter which the Earl of Bassentyne had borne from Sir Casimir D'Este to the King, contained an earnest entreaty that his Majesty would at once adopt vigorous measures on behalf of the Earl of Caithness. We must farther observe that when Fitz-Allan presented the Teutonic Knight's ring to David, the latter actually believed that Sir Casimir's motive and intention were that the youthful warrior should demand that interference as the boon which his nomination to the command of the auxiliaries entitled him to ask. He had already made up his mind to take vigorous steps in the matter, in fulfilment of his pledge to Margaret; and thus it really cost him nothing to grant the boon which Sir Fleming had required. He had not the generosity at the moment to admit that his conclusion was already foregone in this respect, and thus leave it to Fitz-Allan to demand some other favor on his own personal behalf: for David, naturally mistrustful and suspicious, was afraid of all mysteriously demanded pledges and of promises

given in the dark. He therefore flattered himself that he had acted with consummate policy in the course which he had just been adopting—and all the more so because by means of one action he was achieving a twofold object—namely, maintaining the word he had given to Margaret, and at the same time seeming to grant off hand the boon sought of him by her brother. He knew likewise that they could not, by comparing notes, discover this little duplicity on his part,—inasmuch as he had placed the seal of silence on Fleming Fitz-Allan's lips.

To the foregoing explanations we should add that David was resolved to see Margaret again; and as he knew that she could not come alone to the palace without exciting a suspicion in her brother's mind that dishonorable overtures had been made to her or were intended, he had expressed the wish that they should come together; for he trusted to his ingenuity to devise some means of finding himself alone for a few minutes on the morrow with the handsome and superb Margaret. According to what might then pass between them, should he be enabled to regulate his policy towards the Earl of Bassentyne. The King nevertheless saw that he had a very difficult game to play; for Sir Casimir D'Este had evidently conceived the most friendly regard towards Fleming, and it was likewise to be supposed that the same generous interest extended to Fleming's sister; and the dishonor of this young lady might lead to the destruction of all the grand hopes which his Majesty had entertained of avenging himself by a successful warfare against England. However, the wily monarch flattered himself that he should be enabled to conduct his various schemes in a manner suitable to his own views and wishes, and that his passion for Margaret might be gratified without the production of a rupture between himself on the one hand, and the Teutonic Knight and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan on the other.

While the King was reviewing his several projects, and estimating their chances of success without any inconvenient clashing, the delighted Fleming Fitz-Allan was pursuing his way back to the Golden Falcon. Little dreaming in how close a degree of relationship he stood towards the Teutonic Knight—and equally far from suspecting the use to which Sir Casimir had really hoped he would turn the right of demanding a boon of the King—our young hero experienced an illimitable gratitude towards that warrior for having selected him for a post in which he might possibly win a deathless renown. It was hard to be compelled to keep the seal of silence upon his lips, and abstain from rushing into Margaret's presence with the joyous announcement that he was entering upon a career of the most brilliant destinies; but still that silence must be maintained! Therefore, on returning to the Golden Falcon, where Margaret and the Earl of Bassentyne were awaiting our hero's presence, his communications were limited to the compass of but a few words.

"I have seen the King," he said, "and was graciously received by his Majesty. The presentation of Sir Casimir D'Este's ring had the effect of obtaining from the royal lips a solemn confirmation of whatsoever pledge he might have partially made to you first of all, Margaret—and to yourself, Roland, subsequently. With the utmost urbanity his Majesty has desired me to present myself with my sister at Holyrood Abbey at eleven in the forenoon to-morrow, when a proclamation decreeing pains and penalties against the Earl of Douglas shall be placed in our hands. You, Roland, may of course accompany us: for your rank as a belted Earl gives you the right of access to the King, and you are certain of experiencing a cordial reception."

But when the three had retired to their respective chambers, Margaret Fitz-Allan reflected deeply on all she had just heard. She compre-

hended that while her brother was present in the capital, she could scarcely go alone to Holyrood; and her natural intelligence quickly made her perceive that David had devised a pretext to obtain another interview with her. She still entertained the same golden dreams as those which had filled her mind after her meeting with the King;—she was still resolved to reject his suit if he continued to urge it on dishonorable terms, and to play her cards according to circumstances, betwixt the Monarch and the Earl, so that if she failed to become a Queen she might at least wear the coronet of a Countess. As for the Earl of Bassentyne himself, he was as far from suspecting as Fleming Fitz-Allan was, that David entertained any dishonorable design in reference to Margaret. Both the young men conceived that the Sovereign's wish to see her again was merely one of those chivalrous impulses of the age which prompted kings, nobles, and knights to be most courtly and delicate in their attentions towards the fair sex.

The Earl of Bassentyne, not knowing what might take place between Fleming and the King, had already sent off a message to Roslin Castle to intimate the hopefulness which might be entertained in reference to his Majesty's sympathy towards the Earl of Caithness; and our young hero now despatched Seton with a letter for Sir Casimir D'Este. Thus every precaution was adopted to relieve of suspense the mind of those who were awaiting at the castle the issue of the various steps that were being adopted in Edinburgh on behalf of the captured nobleman.

Precisely at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the ensuing day, Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, Margaret, and the Earl of Bassentyne presented themselves at Holyrood Abbey. They were at once escorted into the presence of the King, who was appraised in the most sumptuous manner, that all the graces of his person might be thrown out to the fullest effect so as to produce the most advantageous impression upon Margaret. He had not expected to behold the Earl of Bassentyne in company with the brother and sister; but he was not particularly annoyed at the circumstance, inasmuch as the same pretext which he already designed as the means of leaving himself and Margaret for a while alone together, could be equally well carried out. He welcomed the handsome Lady with an air of most courtly graciousness, as it appeared to her brother and lover: but to her own keenness of perception it was fraught with a significant tenderness. Towards the Earl and the young Knight his demeanor was polite and affable.

Having conversed for a few minutes upon some general topics with his visitors, King David said, "There are certain little formalities to be observed in reference to the case which is doubtless uppermost in your thoughts. A statement of the facts must be made to the Clerk of our Council, and duly attested by the signature of those who make the deposition. This fair lady need not be troubled with such dry details of business. It will be sufficient if you, my Lord Earl of Bassentyne, and you, Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, will pass into the adjoining room and fulfil this requisite formula."

Having thus spoken, the King rang the silver bell which was upon the table. Cochrane entered—and having already received his instructions, he conducted Roland and our hero into the adjacent apartment. There the Secretary of the Council was seated at a writing-table; and perhaps he likewise had received a particular hint, for he delayed the progress of the business as much as he possibly could without exciting the suspicion that he was designedly doing so. Thus the King contrived to obtain a tolerably long interview with Margaret in the adjoining apartment.

"Dearest Margaret," said the King, as soon as they were alone together—and taking her

hand, he carried it to his lips—"have you thought well upon all that took place between us last evening?"

"Yes, sire," she responded, gently withdrawing her hand when for a few instants she had abandoned it to his clasp; "and methinks that your Grace has already disported sufficiently with the feelings of one whom you must have deemed a silly maiden——"

"Ah, by heaven, Margaret!" exclaimed David, "if you think that I was trifling, you do me wrong! I was serious in all that I proposed——"

"If, sire, you were serious," interrupted Margaret, "your Grace must have regarded my vanity as being greater than my virtue; and perhaps if I dared reproach my Sovereign, I might add that it was unkindly and ungenerous to take advantage of one who came to throw herself as a suppliant at the feet of Royalty. In a word, sire, I beseech you not to renew the strain in which you addressed me—but permit me at once to rejoin my brother."

"Answer me one word, Margaret—answer me, I beseech you!" said the King: "have you either to your brother or to the Earl of Bassentyne breathed a syllable of what took place——"

"No, sire," rejoined Margaret proudly: "I restrained my own feelings rather than suffer my brother and his companion to learn that the King of Scotland had ventured to breathe a dishonorable overture in the ears of a maiden who came to him defenceless and as a suppliant!"

"This speech is cruel on your part!" cried the King, almost passionately; "for I swear by my crown and sceptre that in proclaiming how I loved you, Margaret, and how deep was the impression your superb beauty had made upon me, I was most truthful—most sincere! Speak not of dishonorable overtures!—deem not yourself insulted!—for if the same words had been mentioned in the ears of any one of Scotland's proudest and best-born ladies, they would have been received not as offensive, but would have been answered by a smile!"

"It may be so, sire," responded Margaret, with an air of pride and severity; "and pity 'tis that Scotland's King, who ought to know his subjects well, should deem that he has grounds thus to speak of their morality. I am neither titled nor high-born; and yet the humble Margaret Fitz-Allan has her own pride,—that pride which will not permit her to listen to dishonorable overtures, even though coming from the lips of a King!"

David looked annoyed, surprised, and almost discomfited, as Margaret thus addressed him: but still there was so much admiration as well as passion in his gaze, that the damsel felt assured she was not proceeding too far, nor destroying the infatuation which the monarch experienced towards her. She therefore spoke with a mingled dignity and pride, as well as with a severity savoring of indignation, which had an air most genuine and sincere, and which gave her a queenly aspect. The heightened color upon her cheeks, and the fires which flashed in her eyes, added to her beauty; while her attitude, though seeming to be all unstudied, was nevertheless a deliberately adopted one as the most advantageous for enabling her fine person to show itself off with the fullest effect.

"By St. Andrew!" thought the King to himself, "she is truly majestic in her mein!—she is royally handsome! She is formed to become a queen!"

He gazed upon her while he thus mused: she bent down her eyes—he took her hand—she suffered it to linger a few moments in his own, that he might experience the influence of the contact; and then withdrawing it, she said, "Sire, suffer me to rejoin my brother!"

"Margaret, Margaret," said the King earnestly, "I love you!—by heaven I love you! Will you not consent to be thus loved——"

"Oh! if the King offered me an honorable love," exclaimed Margaret, "I could—I could——"

She stopped short, she flung upon him for a moment a quick vibrating glance from out of the depths of her luminous eyes; and then her regards were instantaneously curtailed by the long ebony fringes.

"What would you do, Margaret? Speak—Oh, speak," said the King, with impassioned tone and looks: and again he took her hand.

The damsel for an instant bent upon him the whole power of those splendid dark eyes of hers; she seemed to be trembling with emotion, as she said in a low voice, "If the King proffered me an honorable love, I could love him most fondly—most devotedly—in return!"

"Say you so, Margaret?" ejaculated David, whose passion was getting the better of his selfishness, his subtlety and his calculating astuteness. "You could love me in return? Do you mean that you could love me as if we were equals—as if there were nothing in my sovereign rank to dazzle or bewilder——"

"I respect my King," answered Margaret, in a tone of the deepest veneration; "but I am not dazzled or bewildered by the glory of his rank. I repeat," she continued, now throwing a certain tremulousness into her accents, and sending forth look after look vibrating upon him as if smiting his heart blow upon blow, "if he offered me an honorable love, I could love him—yes, love him with the sincerest tenderness in return!"

"And is it not ambition, then, Margaret," said the King, "which prompts your bold aspiration?"

"I have no ambition, sire," she replied, "to be other than an honorable woman, retaining in its purity that fair fame which has never been sullied, and the maintenance of which is above all other considerations."

The King was firmly impressed with the idea that Margaret's virtue was a genuine and truthful sentiment, and not for a moment did he suspect that it had all the coldness of worldly-minded calculation. The veriest libertine admires a virtuous woman: this admiration is forced upon him even in his own despite; and it is a marvellous auxiliary to the passion with which she has inspired him. It even chastens that passion, and renders him all the more anxious to possess her, though on the different terms at which a wife may be won from those on which a mistress may be bought. The King grew every instant more and more infatuated with Margaret; he could not endure the idea of losing her—and yet he still hesitated to pronounce the words which should offer to raise her up to become a sharer of his throne.

"You have said that you can love me," he resumed; "and this must mean that you can love me if I place a crown upon your brow. But that would be mere gratitude on your part; for if the sentiment be more tender, you must already love me! Love will not enter your heart at your bidding; and to promise that you *can* love, is to love already! If therefore you do already love me, are you prepared to make no sacrifice on my behalf——"

"Sire," interrupted Margaret, "every sacrifice would I make for you except the one that should brand me with dishonor? I might lay down my life for you—but I could not become degraded in my own estimation!"

"And what, Margaret—what," said the King, hesitatingly impelled by one sentiment to continue speaking, and by another to hold his peace,—"what, Margaret, if I were to propose that the blessing of the priest should hallow this love of ours—but if at the same time I were to implore that for several reasons our nuptials were kept secret until a fitting opportunity presented itself for me to acknowledge my beautiful Queen in the sight of Scotland and of the whole world?"

"Sire, if you be serious," said Margaret, "you have already spoken enough to convince me of your love; and I am not insensible to such a proof of affection on the part of my Sovereign."

"You consent! you consent! adorable Margaret!" exclaimed the King, his whole countenance beaming with rapture; and catching her in his arms, he strained her to his breast.

His lips touched her cheek for a moment; then withdrawing herself from his embrace, she said, "I do not consent, sire—but I do not refuse. A secret marriage has its dangers and its inconveniences—there is flight from one's home—disappearance from the midst of one's friends—the excitement of a thousand cruel uncertainties in the hearts of those friends—The sacrifice, sire, is very great—and it can only be made after deliberation, as well as under circumstances incontestably proving that all is genuine, honorable, and legal in the proceedings——"

"And by heaven, you shall have that proof, Margaret!" ejaculated the King, who since he had for a moment strained her in his arms, was scarcely any longer the master of himself. "You consent! Oh, you consent!"

"Hush, sire!" said Margaret, with a look of affright: "methinks my brother and the Earl are returning!"

The King listened for a moment, and then said "One word, Margaret!—one word! I fear that you must now return to Roslin—there is no immediate help for it! But if I shortly devise a means under all honorable circumstances for ensuring the solemnization of our nuptials, secretly and privately—and if you have no doubt as to the integrity and sincerity of the proceeding—what will you do, Margaret? what am I to rely upon? what hope dare I entertain?"

"Sire," she replied, with downcast looks—with a blush upon her cheeks—and with a bosom that was swelling through no feigned emotions; "I will be yours!"

She gave him her hand: he pressed it to his lips; and almost immediately afterwards the door communicating with the adjoining room was thrown open by Cochrane for the return of Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan and the Earl of Bassentyne followed by the Secretary of the Council.

(To be continued.)

General Lewis Cass,

U. S. SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN.

(See page 297.)

Mr. Cass is at present the oldest member of the U. S. Senate. His personal history became familiar with the people of the country in the celebrated contest when he ran for the Presidency against Gen. Taylor. Gen. Cass is a representative of the type of what may be termed successful politicians, men who manage to keep office whatever may be the enactments of the House, or the change in public opinion. As an early settler of the Western country, he took advantage of the low price of land and purchased large tracts, the rise in value of which has made him one of the wealthiest men of the country; so that he has displayed with his political sagacity—the rare quality of a professed politician—the acquirement of a large fortune. No event connected with the political, natural history of the country, that has transpired for the last quarter of a century, that has not been participated in by Mr. Cass, but we believe he has originated no great measure.

His success while minister to France, in breaking up the European coalition against slavery, gave him a widespread reputation, and formed the most brilliant event in his public life. Of late years he has occupied a conspicuous place in the Senate, because he was associated with the great minds that once adorned that body, and caused it to be looked upon as the most dignified legislative Assembly in the world.

A Turkish Scribe—Constantinople.

IN Turkey, where the art of writing is an accomplishment acquired by comparatively few, that of reading written documents must be almost equally rare. The consequence is, that

"spectacles on nose," may be seen reading the contents of a letter from the country to some anxious friend, or deciphering his "correspondent's" account to some small merchant of the bazaar; or, mayhap, inditing the fitting reply

THE UNLOVED WIFE.—There is no loneliness, there can be none, in all the waste of peopled deserts of the world, bearing the slightest comparison with that of an unloved wife! She stands amidst her family like a living statue

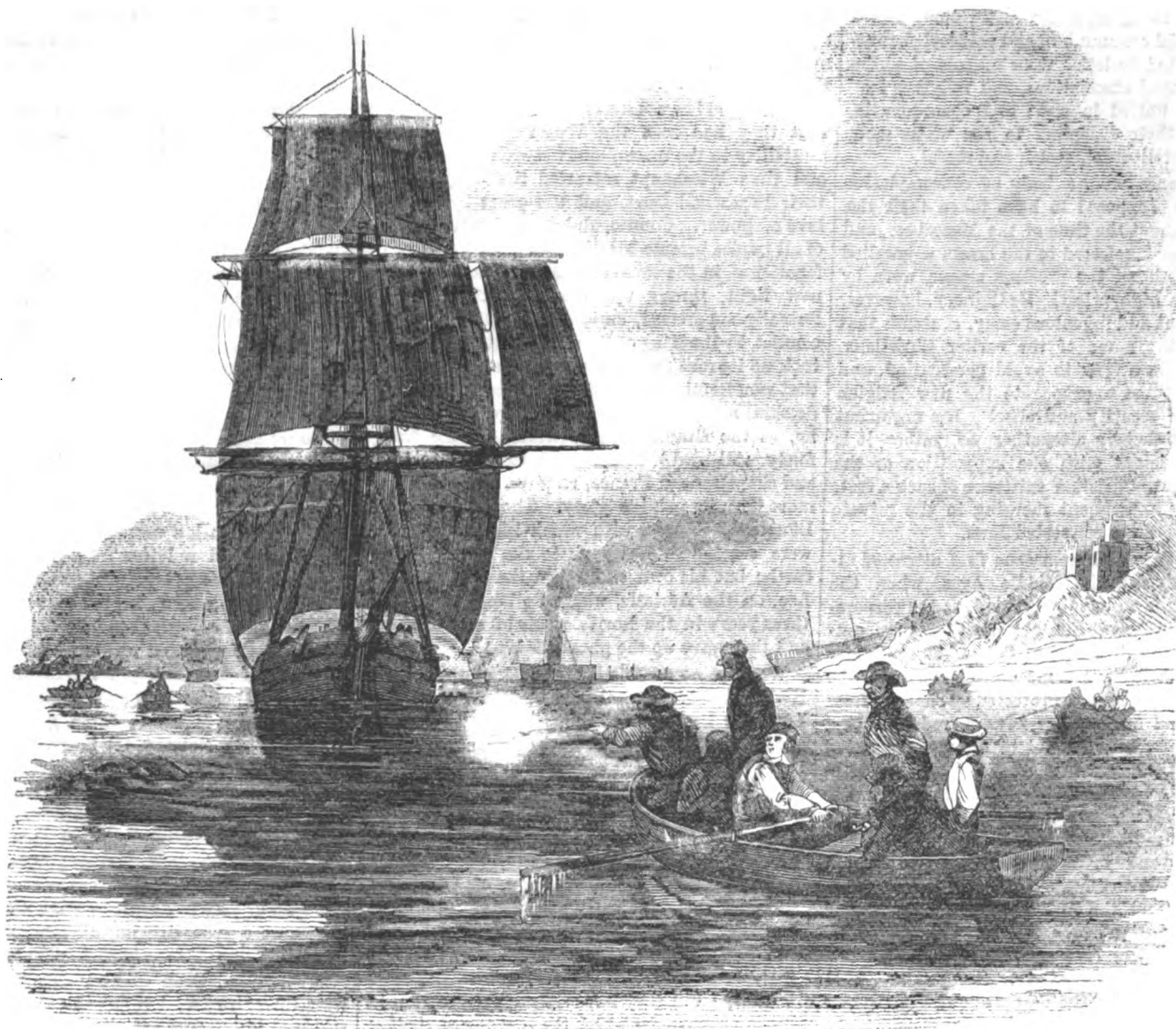


A TURKISH SCRIBE—CON. T. ANTINO, E.

the professed Scribe is a man of considerable importance, always in request, and tolerably well paid. In the highways of business, and, indeed, in all parts of the town, some grave old gentleman, with a particularly long beard, and

to some such communication. His writing implements are displayed with great care on the table before him. The narghille and chibouque are freely plied by himself and his customers, who always form a very picturesque group.

amidst the marble memorials of the dead—instinct with life, yet paralyzed with death—the burning tide of natural feeling circling round her heart—the thousand channels frozen through which that feeling ought to flow.



Seal Killing in the Arctic Regions.

EUROPEAN and American ships are constantly employed in high northern latitudes to procure the oil and skins of seals, and consequently the number destroyed in a single season, by the regular sealers, may well excite surprise. One ship has been known to obtain a cargo of four or five thousand skins, and upwards of a hundred tons of oil. Whale ships have accidentally fallen in with and secured two or three thousand of these animals during the month of April. The sealing business is, however, very hazardous when conducted on the borders of the Spitsbergen ice. Many ships, with all their crews, are lost by the sudden and tremendous storms occurring in those seas, where the dangers are vastly multiplied by the driving of immense bodies of ice. In one storm that occurred in 1774 no less than five seal ships were destroyed in the course of a few hours, and six hundred valuable seamen perished. The best situation for sealing is in the arctic seas, in the vicinity of Jan Mayen's Island, and the best season the months of March and April. When the boats arrive the sealers immediately commence their work of destruction by attacking the animals with clubs, or, if they take to the water, shooting them from boats with a rifle. Where the seals are very numerous the sealers stop not to slay those they have killed, but set off to another ice-field to slay more, merely leaving one man behind to take off the skins and fat. This latter work is sometimes a horrible business, since many of the seals are merely stunned, and occasionally recover after they have been flayed and flensed. In this condition, too shockingly mangled for description, they have been seen to make battle and even swim off in their endeavors to escape. Our en-

graving represents a seal ship on the coast of Finland, with a number of the crew in a boat pursuing a seal, that unexpectedly made its appearance near the shore, the hardy mariners thus amusing themselves preparatory to their severer labors upon the sealing grounds.

Secret Societies.

No phenomena in history have been more constant, or more powerful in their effects, though not always flagrant, or even apparent, than the operations of secret societies. Among the oldest monuments of social life, carrying us back into the debatable land which hovers between a misty mythology, and a scarcely less misty traditional history, in the clouds of which men swell into the proportions of demi-gods, and the reformer, the civiliser, the thinker, and the poet take the shape, in the imaginations of their followers, of celestial divinities, we find traces of certain mystic associations, which were spread over vast empires, gathering into their shadowy folds the wisest men of the day, teaching through symbols the most exalted sentiments, and depositing, for the most part, the seeds of a superior social order. And in each subsequent age—from the Eleusinian and other mysteries of Greece, and the Bacchanalia of Rome—through the *Disciplini Arcani* of the earlier Christians—the Odinic priesthood of Scandinavia—the Druidism, the Freemasonry, the Monachism, the Rosicrucianism, the Knighthoods of the Middle Ages—the Santa Hermandad of Spain, the Vehm-Gerichte of Germany, the Carbonari of Italy—down to the Red Republican conclaves of France, the Trades Unions of England, the Odd-Fellowship and Know-Nothingism of the United States, the number and power of such associations have in-

creased, until we may safely regard them as co-extensive with the civilized world.

A certain uniformity of character pervades these associations, in the midst, however, of a very marked and contrasted variety. The principle of secrecy they all have in common; and this implies, also, the use of symbols, or mystic signs, and the practice of hidden ceremonies. But their objects, both in respect to the persons comprised in each fraternity, and the world outside, differ as widely as the circumstances of place or time under which they exist, and range from a simple exercise of good feeling or charity to the inculcation of a profounder philosophy, the overthrow of empires, and the reconstruction of society.

A controversy exists among learned men as to the origin and purpose of the ancient mysteries, which some regard as simple political devices, designed to impress the prevailing spontaneous religious faith more deeply upon the minds of the initiated, by imposing ceremonies and artistic effects; while others see in them profound institutions, founded by great and good men, for the deliberate end of conveying to those who were worthy to receive them, the recondite doctrines of a pure morality, and a divine science.

Whatever may be the truth in respect to the mysteries, we are left in no doubt as to the general designs of the secret orders instituted by distinguished men, such as the schools of Pythagoras, or of those still larger fraternities, like the Essenes, the Templars, the Freemasons, the Rosicrucians, &c., which were organised with the express purpose of moral and social reform.

The sage of Samos, though he concealed his principal doctrines in a nimbus of words, or under a seal of inviolable silence, openly avowed

his objects to be scientific instruction, moral culture, social communion, and political change. His celebrated societies were schools of philosophy, political associations, and religious brotherhoods, united in one; and, consequently, extending their discipline to the whole man, physical, intellectual, social, and moral.

The Essenes were a body of contemplative religionists, supposed to have taken their rise in Judea, about the time of the Maccabees, and whose name is referred to the Essen, a jewelled plate, containing the precious stones, worn by the Jewish high priest. De Quincey, however, in a brilliant and ingenious essay, contends that this was the name of the earlier Christians, adopted with a view to avoid persecution, and to enable them to propagate the new religion with more security and effect. His argument is not satisfactory altogether, or, rather, it is not inconsistent with the supposition of the obscure, ante-Christian existence of such a sect, and of its subsequent merging in the private assemblies of the converted Jews.

The Society of Freemasons first attracted attention during the Middle Ages, when the trades began to be incorporated, as the corporation of the Architects, because they were concerned in the structure of those grand religious edifices which have come down to us under the name of cathedrals. Protected by charters from the clerical and secular powers, and composed of members selected out of all the nations of Europe, they grew into great power, and, dropping their technical character, came at last to be mere social and charitable societies, having for their motto, "Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth," and interesting themselves in the establishment of schools, the extension of hospitality, and the practice of a pure morality. The conversion of the world to the principles of social equality and freedom has always been imputed to them, as a main design of their organization, by the despots in church or state, who have from time to time anathematized or persecuted them.

Whether this comprehensive scheme was cherished by the Freemasons or not, it was confessedly an object with the secret order of the Illuminati, which arose in Germany previous to the French Revolution, and which, as revived by that arch-quack and mystagogue, Count Cagliostro, had, according to Louis Blanc, a great deal to do with the preparation of that event. Founded in 1776, by Adam Weishaupt, a professor of law at Ingoldstadt, it soon spread over Europe, and sent a shiver through all the established governments. A republican, a moralist, and a scholar, he sought to extend republicanism, morality, and learning to the whole human family. In order to do this more effectually, he resorted to the known influences of decorations, symbolic initiations, &c., which impress the popular imagination and heart. By the sole attraction of mystery, by the single power of association, to submit to one will, and to animate with the same breath thousands of men in every country of the globe; to make entirely new beings of these men by a slow and progressive education; to render them obedient to madness, to death, to invisible and unknown leaders; to weigh secretly with such a legion upon courts; to envelop sovereigns; to direct governments at their pleasure, and to lead Europe to that point that every superstition should be annihilated, every monarchy abated, every privilege of birth declared unjust, the very right of property abolished, and the equality of the first Christians proclaimed—such was the gigantic plan of the founder of the Illuminati.

He appeared, too, at a time most favorable to the adoption of hidden practices. The German mind was agitated with wonders and novelties. A curate named Gassner, who exorcised devils, and cured the sick by simple formularies, counted almost a million of adherents. At

Leipsic immense crowds gathered in the public square to see the ghost of the magician Schoffa; numerous interpretations of the mystic book of the Revelations were circulated; and the Queen of Prussia and her women themselves maintained that they had seen the White Lady. Thus sensibility to the marvellous was widely awake; and thus Weishaupt attracted the simple by their hopes and fears, and the great by their love of power. Counts, dukes, and noblemen of all grades became his disciples; and a perfect fanaticism, in the cause of enlightenment in the new light, sprang up, when the order was formally suppressed, amid storms of rage and conflict, by the King of Bavaria. But Cagliostro took up its rent and dissevered mantle, and, in that wonderful compound of mesmerism, legerdemain, magic, exorcism, and folly, by which he, as the Grand-Kophta, (which Goethe has finely ridiculed,) humbugged the visionaries and simpletons of France, restored the order to more than its pristine glory. The story of the Diamond Necklace, with which his impostures were connected, has gone to the ends of the earth; but his own end was in the castle of St. Leo, on the Adriatic, where he languished for three years in the horrible pits of a dungeon, and then gave up the ghost, in 1795.

We have no space now to speak of the Santa Hermandad of Spain, the Carbonari of Italy, the Lomburg Brothers of Denmark, and a score of secret institutions which have arisen at different times and in different countries; and we refer to those we have named only as an illustration of one or two important principles. They show that this bent to mysterious brotherhoods is a permanent phenomenon of history, while they help us to explain the causes of their sudden and prodigious success, as well as their inevitable tendency, after a temporary triumph, to dissolution and decay. A great many people ascribe their advent and sway to mere delusion and trickery; but they have a deeper foundation in human nature, for which the cunning of the few and the folly of the many, that easy solution for troublesome problems, will not entirely account. In their origin, the greater number of these associations have been really benevolent, and of sincere and honest purpose. A true honest sympathy in the cause of mankind, a chivalric and heroic enthusiasm, and profound religious convictions have often lain at their roots. This was the case with the ancient mysteries, with the Knights Templars, with the Illuminati, with the revolutionary societies of Europe, and with many of our own secret charitable societies. And it was this which mainly fastened upon them the regards and attachments of their followers; for the theory of delusion, of imposture, of a wilful trifling and hocus pocus, which certain minds consider amply adequate for the clearest explanation of whatever is strange or surprising in this strange world, we hold at the cheapest rate. Great and stirring movements—movements which extend over large tracts of space, which conquer a species of perplexity as to time, which, if they do not survive in a continuous line, still reappear with an evident constancy, diving down like a duck in one age, (because the sportsman's shot-gun, perhaps, is levelled that way,) to come up in another—do not argue a universal and undying gullibility in our race, but deeper principles at work, and striving to get acceptance.

He who has a love for nature can never be alone. In the shell he picks up on the shore—in the leaf, fading at his feet—in the grain of sand and the morning dew, he sees enough to employ his mind for hours. Such a mind is never idle. He studies the works of his Master which he sees all around him and finds a pleasure of which the devotee of sin and folly can form no conception.

A Romantic Catastrophe.

THE first Arctic voyage undertaken by Englishmen was characterized by an ominous but romantic catastrophe. Three gallant ships, built as ships had never been previously constructed—for their timbers were of surpassing strength, and their keels were plated with lead—swept proudly past the palace at Greenwich on a May morning, in the year 1553. Clustered at the windows and in the turrets of the building where the sixth Edward lay stretched on a couch of suffering, noble dames and courtly gentlemen were assembled to cheer the mariners with their presence, and bid "God speed" to the adventurous little fleet. Thousands of the commonalty lined the banks of the stream, and eyed the bold crews who were about to tempt the perils of the North with feelings of curiosity, such as we should entertain were it possible to launch an expedition for the planet Uranus. Few flotillas of discovery have probably put to sea under more exhilarating auspices. The good wishes of the nation seemed to have filled its sails. It carried a letter from the King addressed to all the princes and governors of the earth, requesting them to give his servants free passage "by their regions and dominions." The object of the expedition was to discover a short route to India and Cathay, for it was hoped that, by probing the north in an eastern direction, a path might be found to those golden climes. In a storm off Norway, Sir Hugh Willoughby the commander, was separated from his second, Richard Chancellor. The latter reached Archangel, and for a while escaped. The former, with a consort vessel, rambled onward till a barrier of ice forbade his further advance. Then he turned round and found shelter on the shores of Lapland. After a lapse of some months, two vessels were seen drifting at random by some Russian sailors. On boarding them not a living soul could be found. The bodies of the men were there, frozen; but not one of the company survived to tell how his comrades had perished.

LIFE.—"Man," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal! splendid in ashes, glorious in the grave: solemnizing natiivities and funerals with equal lustre, and not forgetting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature!" Thus spake one who mocked, while he wept at man's estate, and gracefully tempered the high soundings of philosophy with the profound compassion of religion. As the sun's proudest moment is his latest, and as the forest put on its brightest robe to die in, so does man summon ostentation to invest the hour of his weakness, and pride survives when power has departed: and what, we may ask, does this instinctive contempt for the honors of the dead proclaim, except the utter vanity of the glories of the living? For man indeed must be the real state of man, and false the vast assumptions of his life, when the poorest pageantry of a decent burial strikes upon the heart as a mockery of helplessness. Certain it is that pomp chiefly waits upon the beginning and the end of life; what lies between, may either raise a sigh or wake a laugh—for it mostly partakes of the littleness of one and the sadness of the other. Human life is like a dream in the after-dinner sleep of a demon, in which an image of heaven if interrupted by a vision of hell: a thought of bliss breaks off to give place to a fancy of horror, and the fragments of happiness and discomfort lie mingled together in a confusion which would be ridiculous if it were not awful. The monuments of man's blessedness, and of man's wretchedness, lie side by side; we cannot look for the one without discovering the other. The echo of joy is the moan of despair, and the cry of anguish is stifled in rejoicing.

POLITENESS.—Politeness is like an air cushion—there may be nothing in it, but it cases your jolts wonderfully.

The Little Shoe.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

I FOUND it here—a worn-out shoe,
All mildew'd with time, and wet with dew,
'Tis a little thing; ye would pass it by
With never a thought, or word, or sigh,
Yet it stirs in my spirit a hidden well,
And in eloquent tones of the past doth tell.

It tells of a little fairy form
That bound my heart with a magic charm:
Of bright blue eyes, and golden hair,
That ever shed joy and sunlight there;
Of a prattling voice, so sweet and clear,
And of tiny feet that were ever near.

It tells of hopes that with her had birth.
Deep buried now in the silent earth;
Of a heart that had met an answering tone,
Which again is left alone—alone!
Of days of watching and anxious prayer—
Of a night of sorrow and dark despair.

It tells of a form that is cold and still;
Of a little mound upon yonder hill
That is dearer far to a Mother's heart
Than the classic "Statue of Grecian Art."
Ah, strangers may pass with a careless air,
Nor dream of the hopes that are buried there.

Oh, yes, who have never o'er loved ones wept,
Whose brightest hopes have ne'er been swept
Like the pure white cloud from the summer sky,
Like the wreath of mist from the mountain high,
Like the rainbow, beaming a moment here,
Then melting away to its native sphere;

Like rose leaves, loosed by the zephyr's sigh,
Like that zephyr wafting its perfume by,
Like the wave, that kisses some grateful spot,
Then passes away, yet is ne'er forgot;
If your life hopes like these have never fled,
Then ye cannot know of the tears I shed!

Ye cannot know what a little thing
From memory's silent fount can bring
The voice and form that was once so dear!
Yet there are hearts, were they only here,
Which could feel with me, when, all wet with dew,
I found it this morning—this little shoe.

The Man a Little too Gay.

SHE married Wilmslow, and soon found out what was meant by a man having been too gay. Poor dear, good Jane! She struggled with all a woman's noble obstinacy against her conviction that her husband was a good-for-nothing fellow, but the conviction was too strong for her. I shall not annoy you by describing the series of levities, wickedness, and insults by which Wilmslow forced that conviction upon her. I have shown what he was in his bachelor days, and I would not have dwelt upon that part of the picture as I did but that it was necessary to understand the man, and but that, by explaining his nature while its developments had somewhat more extenuation, and somewhat less offensiveness, we might escape from delineating vice and folly when they had darkened into crime and cruelty. Her fifteen hundred a year was speedily squandered, with the exception of two hundred, which Molesworth had thought proper to secure, and to secure in a way which enabled him to defy all Henry's attempts to get at the principal, and even to resist poor Jane's entreaties, when her husband had compelled the poor girl to ask that this little fund might be given up to him. The rest went as Aunt Albrede's allowance first, and then her legacy, had gone, and as the commission money had gone, and every other sum that Wilmslow could lay hands on had gone. The hardships, privations, and humiliations to which a vicious spendthrift's wife is exposed came heavily on poor Jane Wilmslow. Sometimes more heavily than she could well bear; for she never had the consolation of being loved to arm her against all this world's storms, and to be her assurance of another world's peace. And, at last, though not without a desperate resistance on the poor

woman's part, her husband took from her the power of loving him. All was at length over between them, except the marriage link, and Jane's never weakened sense of duty. But there was another love, which the vain, and vicious, and hardening man could not disturb or destroy. They had three children, girls, born in the earliest years of their marriage. Jane never had any more. To these children she became the angel which she should have been to their father, had his nature permitted it. To these children she devoted herself with an unvarying and sedulous affection, which neither his ridicule nor his threats ever turned aside from its holy course. She could tremble away from his taunting presence, and cry her very heart out beside her bed; but when she rose from her knees it was to go to the cot, or assist in the lesson, or arrange the walk, or to work at the little dress, or to do some other kindness at which he had been scoffing. Not that he did not rather like his little girls, after his manner. Indeed they were so beautiful, and of such various beauty, that his vanity and his caprice could hardly but be flattered when he vouchsafed a glance at the group. Nay, he took the trouble to do his utmost to counteract his wife's teaching, and stooped to occasional fits of education in his own school, seasons at which poor Jane's heart was well nigh bursting. It needed not, however, for the wisdom of childhood served each child, in turn, better than its loving mother's wisdom had served her. They found their father out, and three more hearts, little, but warm, ones, dropped away from Henry Wilmslow. Who could love that vain, noisy, passionate sensualist?

Troubles, thick and fast, hard troubles from abroad, harder in her uncertain home—so passed the first twenty years of Jane Wilmslow's wedded life. Had Wilmslow been asked what was the chief grief of their household, he would have answered "Poverty." They were poor, sometimes miserably poor, but Jane's heart would have scorned to make that answer. I do not know any one word which would have expressed her misfortunes—two words would have done it, but she was too good to use them, for they were the names of her husband.—*Aspen Court.*

Golden Rules for Gardeners.

NEVER work with bad tools. The difference between the work done in a month would buy a set of new ones.

Have a place for every tool, and never leave one out of its place; or, to go further, "a place for everything, and everything in its place."

Never waste animal nor vegetable refuse. The very soap-suds from the laundry are rich manure.

Have all flowerpots washed, dried and put away as soon as they are empty. Never fill a pot so full of soil but that it may hold water enough to go through it; every pot should have an inch of space above the compost.

Never grow a bad variety of anything if you can help it. It takes the same room, and wants the same attention as a good one.

Never buy cheap seed. It is only by getting good prices that a seedsman can supply articles to be depended on.

Cover all seeds with at least their own thickness of soil; but as some of it gets washed off, you must allow for it.

Gather fruit in dry weather, and with the sun shining, and place them as carefully in the baskets as if they were glass. The smallest bruise commences a decay.

Never subject a plant to a rapid change of temperature. Sudden check or sudden excitement are equally injurious.

Never grow the same crop or crops of the same family twice on the same spot without an intervening crop of a different nature.

Never tie up lettuces or endives, or earth up celery, except when perfectly dry. They are sure to spoil if you do.

Keep your plants clean. Dust and dirt on leaves make the plant unhealthy, and will in time kill it.

Never grow a plant too fast; it is no credit to you, because anybody can do it, and it spoils the plant to a certainty.

Never train or support a plant unnaturally. Climbers will not do hanging about. Trailers will not do climbing.

Mow lawns before the dew is off the grass, unless you have a machine, which cuts it best when dry.

Rapid growth makes a mild flavor, slow growth a strong one. Therefore grow vegetables quick, and fruit moderately.

THUNDER.—It is well known that in old times, and indeed up to a comparatively recent period of history, eclipses, meteors and comets have been viewed with awe and terror by all who saw them. They were regarded as dire portents of some coming calamity, or as signs of the anger of that Power which, under some form or other, has been worshipped in all ages. If such was the effect of these harmless appearances, it will reasonably be supposed that thunder-storms, which sometimes visibly resulted in death, would be regarded with still more fear. Such, in fact, was the case, and we find that the kings and heroes of old were, in many instances, no more exempt than the vulgar from the dread thus excited. Augustus trembled at the sound of thunder, and always carried on his person a scal-skin, which was then supposed to be an infallible protection from thunder. When a storm approached he would hide himself in the cellars of his palace. Suetonius, who gives us these details, states also that Caligula was struck down with terror at a flash of lightning, or a peal of thunder, and that he was accustomed (tastes are various) to hide himself under his bed. The ancient inhabitants of Russia placed thunder in their list of evil deities, and they erected a gigantic statue of the god, round which a perpetual fire of oak-boughs was kept burning. The Peruvians, who worshipped the sun as the supreme deity, regarded thunder as the minister of that god's anger; the places struck by lightning were marked by them with peculiar signs; no person was permitted to enter them, and they were regarded as forever accursed. At the time of the invasion of Peru, the Spaniards, who carried fire-arms, were taken for supernatural beings, charged with the vengeance of the deity; and this idea contributed in no small degree to weaken the resistance of the Peruvians. The many experiments which have been made on atmospheric electricity have resulted in establishing the following facts: The clouds are usually charged with positive electricity, that is to say, the same electricity which is produced by rubbing a glass with a piece of cloth. During a storm it sometimes happens that there are also clouds which are charged with negative electricity, and as the opposing electricities attract each other, we see the clouds moving about with great rapidity, and often against the wind. A grand electric spark, or flash of lightning, is produced by the collision of these two kinds of clouds, and the noise which accompanies the flash is echoed from the neighboring clouds, or from different objects on the earth's surface.

As we explain the rumbling of thunder which is heard long after the flash has been observed, in consequence of the well-known fact that light travels with far greater speed than sound.

PEACE.—Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your object than triumph. Value triumph only as the means of peace.

The Peter Cooper Institute.

Our engraving represents the new building now being erected in Eighth street by Mr. Cooper, designed, when finished, to be devoted to scientific purposes, galleries of art, &c., &c. It has been donated by Mr. Cooper to the city of New York, to be forever kept as a public institution. Mr. Cooper has expressed a wish to us that no details be given of the noble enterprise until the building is inaugurated. We yield to his wishes, and shall refer to it, therefore, at the proper time in our columns.

A MODISTE FOR THE ARISTOCRACY.—The following anecdote recalls that of the famous Parisian shoemaker, who "did not make shoes for people who walked!" A lady went one day into the atelier of a fashionable modiste, exclaiming, "Ma-

down. Lord Durham took no notice of me. At last I said to him, "Will your lordship do me the honor of drinking a glass of wine with me?" He answered, "Certainly, on condition that you will come and dine with me soon."—*Rogers's Table Talk.*

THE RIVAL HOUSES OF SMITH AND JONES.—The surname of Smith is preëminently the most common in England, as that of Jones is in Wales; and so great is the multitude of Welsh Joneses, that the latter name not only enters into competition for priority in point of numbers with the Smiths, but in several years shows a majority over its rival. With a view to determine the relative frequency of these two widely spread surnames, I have ascertained the number of each entered in the indexes during the years 1838-54. The result is, the births,

than a quarter of a million, and the Joneses to little less; together forming no inconsiderable portion of the English population.—*English Paper.*

THE SCOTCH.—A people whose education and habits are such, that in every quarter of the world they rise above the mass of those with whom they mix, as surely as oil rises to the top of water; a people of such temper and self-government, that the wildest popular excesses recorded in their history partake of the gravity of judicial proceedings, and of the solemnity of religious rites; a people whose national pride and mutual attachment have passed into a proverb; a people whose high and fierce spirit, so forcibly described in the haughty motto which encircles their thistle, preserved their independence during a struggle of centuries from the



PIETER COOPER INSTITUTE, N. Y.

dame, you have made my dress too long." "Too long!" echoed the surprised dressmaker. "Yes. As I passed along a lighted cigar end was lying upon the pavement, and see what a hole it has burnt in my flounces." "Then madame must have walked!" suggested the modiste, in a tone of surprise. "In that case I am not responsible, of course!" and with an air of injured dignity she terminated the audience.

THE LATE LORD DURHAM.—When people have had misunderstandings with each other, and are anxious to be again on good terms, they ought never to make attempts at reconciliation by means of letters—they should see each other. There had been for some time a coolness between Lord Durham and myself, and I was not a little annoyed to find that I was to sit next him at one of the Royal Academy dinners. We sat

down. Lord Durham took no notice of me. At last I said to him, "Will your lordship do me the honor of drinking a glass of wine with me?" He answered, "Certainly, on condition that you will come and dine with me soon."—*Rogers's Table Talk.*

deaths and marriages of the Smiths registered in this period were 286,037, and those of the Joneses 282,900; the excess in favor of the former being 3,137 in 17 years. Smith is, therefore, unquestionably the most common surname amongst us, although the Joneses are little less numerous, and in six of the years actually contributed to the registers larger numbers than the Smiths. Together, the bearers of these common names amounted to 568,937, or one in thirty-six of the whole number registered during the period referred to. Assuming that the persons of the surnames of Smith and Jones are born, marry and die in the same proportions as persons of all surnames, it will follow that in England and Wales there are no less than half a million of persons bearing one or other of those two surnames. The Smiths amount to more

encroachments of wealthier and more powerful neighbors—such a people cannot be long oppressed.—*Macau ay.*

FLOWERS AND WEEDS.—A lady asked her gardener why the weeds always outgrew and covered the flowers. "Madam," answered he, the soil is mother to the weeds, but only step-mother to the flowers."

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—It is a fine remark of Rousseau that the best of us differ from others in fewer particulars than we agree with them in. The difference of a tall and short man is only a few inches, whereas they are both several feet high. So a wise or learned man knows many things of which the vulgar are ignorant; but there is a still greater number of things the knowledge of which they share in common with him.—*Hazlitt.*



A Practical Puzzle—A Maze.

LABYRINTHS were common in ancient times; not only were they constructed of shrubbery, as in modern times, but there are remains to be found in which solid masonry has been used. The art of gardening has been brought to great perfection, particularly in England, and labyrinths and mazes are not uncommon. A summer-house is erected, and its approaches are so laid out that unless you start right you only become more and more confused, and totally fail to meet your wishes. The plan we give is very complicated, and it seems quite impossible upon first trial even to reach the centre, but if our readers curious in such matters will, with some sharp-pointed instrument, pursue the windings, they will find after more or less experimenting, that they will reach the desired object, the summer-house in the centre of the maze.

Cigar Smoke.

BY E. W. D.

It was the third anniversary of our wedding-day; and Mary and I (my prettiest and best of wives has, as is fitting, the prettiest and gentlest of names)—Mary and I having enjoyed a commemorative cake at tea, of wonderful excellence, and having been up stairs together to look at dear little Charlie in his crib, were now seated at our fireside, I with an unreprieved cigar between my lips, and Mary very near me, enjoying a harmonious matrimonial chat. What we talked about, and what pleasant reminiscences were indulged in—what trifles—what nothings were called to mind, may be so very easily imagined—at least by all happy married couples—that it is by no means worth my while to try to write them down here.

The conversation was as charmingly monotonous as such conversations usually are, till I chanced, in my foolish confidence to say, with a smile, "I can't help laughing, Mary, to think what a fool I was, once upon a time, to worry and fret myself about that young dandy, Morris, who was dazing about you at the same time I was. I might have known better, mightn't I?"

"I don't know about that," said Mary, with a blush, and a coquettish toss of the head. "Perhaps you are not at the bottom of that mystery yet—wise as you think yourself, sir!"

My countenance fell. This had been a sore subject with me in former years; but Mary's unquestionable affection had just convinced me

that my old doubts had never had any foundation—that she *must* have loved me first and always.

My wife continued, with mischievous candor, "I can tell you, John, you had some cause for jealousy in those times; for I was *very* near taking Mr. Morris instead of you. Only the merest trifle decided me in your favor. Shall I tell you what it was? Nay," she added, quickly, "you need not look so gloomy; you've no cause for jealousy now, you spoiled creature. It's a great mistake to suppose that all girls fall in love at first sight. With some—and the most sensible I flatter myself—the proceeding is by no means such a summary process. We consider, and weigh the respective merits of our admirers quite coolly and philosophically before we decide, I assure you. We make our comparisons—draw our inferences—compare characters, all from trifles, I grant, but with wonderful shrewdness sometimes, as in the present case. It cost me, however," she continued archly, "some trouble to decide whether I preferred you or Mr. Morris, and indeed to determine whether either of you were worth my going to the extreme length of actually falling in love. As I told you, a trifle decided me, but it was a significant trifle, one that showed me which way the wind blew. Do you want to hear about it, John? Are you prepared for a full and free confession? Yes, I see by your smile that you are both curious and good-natured; so I will tell you the truth, and the whole truth for once."

So looking at me, with a glance of mingled sauciness and affection, my little wife spoke out.

"There never was a poor woman so distressed as I was to decide between you and Mr. Morris. If you only knew all the sleepless nights you caused me! I used to lay awake, and think and think, till my head ached. I knew that you both wanted me, and that I might have either, but for my life I could not tell which I loved best. Mr. Morris was certainly the handsomest—you need not make such a grimace—it is true!—but there was something honest and manly about your face, such as it was, that I liked—oh, you smile now, do you? Mr. Morris dressed best, was most elegant in his manners, had the most fashionable friends, was most admired by other girls; but still, notwithstanding all these advantages, I had an unaccountable and groundless leaning towards you, which prevented my quite deciding in his favor. A

conversation which I had with you, sir, one day on the most trivial subjects determined my life's choice; a conversation which I do not believe you remember, or have ever thought of since."

"What was it about?" I asked, curiously.

"About smoking!" cried Mary, with the merriest laugh. "Do you remember, as we sat in the piazza at our country house one summer day after dinner?"

"No, I recollect nothing about it."

"Well, it was simply this. I desired you to make my presence no obstacle if you wished to enjoy a cigar. You replied that you did not smoke. 'Why not?' I asked with some curiosity. 'Because,' you answered quite simply, 'I think it's time enough for a young man to indulge in such luxuries when he is able to pay for them with his own money.' And then you added carelessly, 'Smoking is an expensive habit, I suppose you know.' I did not know; I had never thought about it before; but I did then. I admired and respected you for that answer, John. It let me see through your honorable and honest character."

"Smoke and fudge!" I interrupted, with an attempt at a frown; but the little woman paid no heed to the sham, which she instantly saw through—she was speaking very earnestly now, with a flush on her soft cheek and a sparkle in her eyes.

"I thought about that speech after you left me, John, and pondered it, and liked it more and more. You were at that time just established in business with your father's means; as yet you had nothing of your own, and you were right, quite right. I saw, even by so slight a thing, that you were actuated by high principles; and then it was, John, that I began to like you very much. Besides this, I applied my new ideas to Mr. Morris, and what did I find? a young man whose parents were actually pinching themselves to give him a fine collegiate education, selfishly indulging in all sorts of extravagance, not merely in the trifling matter of cigar smoking, but of dress, fashionable amusements, &c. It showed the wrong spirit, John, and my choice was made from that hour—oh how little I repent it!"

The tears were in her eyes as she spoke, and she rose hastily—doubtless the reader has already conjectured, to throw herself in her adoring husband's arms, &c., to make a pretty concluding scene for my story. Not at all—though I confess there are some such sentimental passages in our married life (for Mary is very romantic); still, in the present instance she simply took down another cigar from the mantle, seeing my first had vanished in smoke; and having lighted it, she handed it to me with her brightest, sweetest smile, saying, "And now you see, John, how it comes that I am so passionately fond of cigar smoke."

Of course I can't expect my intelligent reader to be quite of my wife's way of thinking. Of course, he sees through all this smoke which she conjured up about me, as clearly, if not more so than I do. We know, of course, that smoke is smoke. But let me tell him that smoke of this kind is a smoke of "virtuous powers." It penetrates with a delicious aroma, not to the brain, but to the heart. It sweetens the temper—it tranquillizes the mind—it softens the heart. I would simply advise such poor pitiful bachelors as don't know what I'm talking about, to throw away their cigars, if need be, and try it. They will find it surpass the finest Havanas.

The interest of an old debt is often paid in bad language.

The love of money has led many to ruin, as the fear of death to suicide.

The man who is without an idea, has generally the greatest idea of himself.

The Wit of Words.

"PUNNING is the wit of words," says Sydney Smith, says the lexicographer, says the general voice. What now is meant by the wit of words? In one sense, all wit, spoken or written, is such; for without words it could not exist. This, of course; but more is true of wit and humor. Amusing ideas have more or less merit, create more or less pleasure, according as they are domiciled in good or bad words and phrases. A story which is, in one person's mouth, melancholy as a price-current, in another's will be provocative of infinite mirth. What is meant by murdering a good joke, missing the point, and kindred expressions? Clearly the want of the best words in the best places. Give an ordinary man the facts and ideas of a scene of Dickens, or a hit of Sheridan, or Swift; let him perceive, as far as possible, without the author's words, its full force, and see what he will make of it. Whoever tries the experiment will admit that the words have something to do with all pleasantry.

With poetry the case is the same. It would be the easiest thing in the world to spoil many lines in Milton, Wordsworth, or Byron, by changing a word or a phrase for its apparent synonyme. Nor is this "*felicitas*" of language the least excellence of any good prose. And in conversation, though the same thoughts are in a dozen heads, the one who expresses them best wins the attention. "On a word," says Landor, "turns the pivot of the intellectual world." Words, without doubt, are the great means of literary or colloquial success. The difference between men is less in their ideas than in their power of bringing them out.

Nowhere is this truth more striking than in wit and humor. How much finish, and force, and graphic power does choice language give! It brightens and points the witticism. It excites a pleasing surprise and concentrates it into flashes. It raises and poises the attention, and brings it to bear at the precise moment, with the precise force required. It makes every form in which Protean wit shows itself just the type of its species, whether its excellence lies in delicacy, or strength, or grotesqueness. In wit, if anywhere, words are the "incarnation of thought." Without the wit which lies in them, what a scurvy appearance would that of ideas make!

It is not apparently intended to attribute this crowning grace and super-excellent in a high degree to puns. "The wit of words," says Sydney Smith, "is miserably inferior to the wit of ideas." From this we should gather that the pun, in his judgment, is the wit of words as such, viewed simply as unmeaning characters or sound.

That wit should live on such chaff, at first blush, seems unlikely. But, while we ponder the subject, ragged troops of acrostics, anagrams, rebuses, charades, &c., limp and shuffle into the mind. But, though these come under the newspaper head of Wit and Humor, they have but slight claims to the name. Marianne may be silly enough to be gratified that the initial letters of eight lines of rhyme should spell her name; but what pleasantry is there in the fact, unless, indeed, in the tableau which fancy creates of the poor poet cudgelling his brains by the hour? As for the tribes of anagrams, charades, riddles, and such small deer, we heartily wish they were lost tribes. The Sphinx and Solomon made the only good ones extant. Modern ones smell of the lamp. The humor of most of them resembles that of a mathematical problem, showing ingenuity and exercising one's wits, but not over and above amusing.

Little more, we confess, can be said, for quasi-puns, quibbles, lame of a limb, mere word-catching, funny in themselves, nor in the circumstances under which they appear, simple proofs that syllables pronounced alike are sometimes spelt differently, lifeless entities in the power of

any one to make, and of no one to laugh at. On the same level stands a large class of puns (and other jests as well) which are in their dotage, their meaning all oozed out, but haunting certain minds like ghosts. We have a friend who never fails to greet us with a pun on our name. We do not account him the marvel of humor. But why confound the pun proper with its poor relations? It is not of necessity a mere clashing of sounds. It is as legitimate a vehicle of wit as any other. The difference lies not in its essence, but in the means which has thrown it into disgrace. Mankind always judge a great deal by costume, and the dress of a pun any beggar can purchase. Still it may clothe a royal soul. A good pun cannot fail to contain some wit of ideas; that men are only too apt to fix their minds on the words does not alter the fact; for that is their custom in all matters, nor does Sydney Smith deny our position. "A pun," says he, "should contain two distinct meanings. In the notice which the mind takes of these two sets of words," (i. e., of their meanings,) "and in the surprise which that excites, the pleasure consists."

Resemblances in words as to sound, apart from their meaning, neither surprise nor please; we meet with such every day without the faintest smile. In puns, as in other facetiæ, the humor hangs on the more or less surprising resemblances in ideas.

A pun is like the old god Janus—the expressions on the two faces contrasting very funnily. Sometimes it is even an ideal Cerberus, uttering a "leash of thoughts" at once.

The Philocephology of Common Things.

A PIN and a needle, being neighbors in a work-basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?"

"What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eyes?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long."

"Why not?"

"Because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin.

"You are a poor, crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you are so proud, that you cannot bend without breaking your back," returned the pin.

"I'll cut your head off if you insult me again."

"I'll put your eye out, if you touch me; remember your life hangs by a single thread," said the pin.

While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and, attempting to sew with it, she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together as we do!"

KILLED BY A CLUB.—"I believe that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a devoted wife to her husband one day. "How so?" replied the husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club, and your club will kill me if you continue to go to it every night."

A Pagan's Drinking Song.

This singularly original lyric is taken from a volume of poems called "Studies of Sensation and Event," by Ebenezer Jones. It is full of the spirit of the olden time, when poetry was more an emotion than an art.

Like the bright white arm of a young god, thro'
To the hem of a struggling maiden's gown,
The torrent leaps on the kegs of stone
That held this wine in the dark gulf down,
Deep fathoms five it lay in the cold,—
The afternoon summer heats heavily weigh.
This wine is awaiting in flagons of gold,
On the side of the hill that looks over the bay.

There a bower of vines for each one bends
Under the terracing cedar trees;
Where, shut from the presence of foes or friends,
He may couch and quaff in lonely ease.
The sunshine slants past the dark green cave,
In the sunshine the galleys before him will
drowse;

And the roar of the town, like a far-travell'd war,
Will faintly flow in to his calm carouse.

No restless womanhood frets the bower,
Exact and fawning, and vain and shy;
But the beautiful boy shall attend the hour,
And silently low in the entrance lie.

As he silently reads the scrolls that tell
The Cyprian's loves, and the maiden's dreams,
His limbs will twine and his lips will swell,
And his eyes dilate with glorious schemes;

And his yearning limbs, and his sultry mouth,
Will recall to the drinker his own youth's prime,
When there seem'd crowding round him from east
west and south,

Countless beautiful beings with capturing mine,
And he'll mourn for youth, and he'll deem more
dear

This cool bright wine: To our bowers away!
And nothing will witness the sigh or the tear
On the side of the hill that looks over the bay!

House Architecture of Erzeroum.

THE house architecture of Asia Minor is peculiar, and, as I am writing at this moment in a large Armonian house in Erzeroum, I cannot do better than describe it. The house externally has a most gloomy aspect, built as it is of dark-colored stone, and having very small windows. To enter by a low door, and find yourself in a stone passage. On your right is a door which opens into a stable; on your left are sundry odd-looking rooms, such as kitchen pantries, &c., all excessively cold and damp. A stair on your left leads you into the upper rooms. Now all these apartments are built side by side, like so many small independent houses, and each has a roof of its own, so that when you step outside you find a separate roof for each room, the lower ones leading to the upper by stone steps. In the spring of the year the whole population of the city, chiefly women and children, bring out their cushions and mattresses and sun themselves on these roofs; and a most gay and beautiful sight it is, from the brilliant costumes and bright colors in which the women delight. You can walk along the terraces from house to house over nearly the whole town, and if you are stopped by a street it would not require a very long leap to clear the chasm. The interior of the rooms is often very gaily decorated with painted roofs, which, though curious, are utterly wanting in artistic taste; they resemble very bad Persian painting. A native room possesses but little furniture—a carpet and a sofa, strictly speaking, the whole of it; but the wealthier Christians and some of the Turks have latterly adopted much of European luxury, and it is not infrequent now to find chairs and tables. Moreover, the very recent introduction of glass windows has much increased the comfort and healthiness of the houses.—Dr. Sandwith.

An Athenian, who was lame on one foot, joining the army, was laughed at by the soldiery on account of his lameness. "I am here to fight," said he, "not to run."

Flowers.

In his joy and in his sorrow, man loves to surround himself with plants and flowers. He crowns the bride with sweet myrtle or the pure orange blossom; the laurel speaks to him of glory and renown; the palm-branch of glorious hopes for the future. And when the loved one departs, he turns again to the flowers of the earth and the trees of the forest, to grieve with him and to give expression to his sorrow. From the South Sea to the icy North, from East to West, grief finds the same simple but touching expression. The mourning peasant of Normandy burns the lowly straw bed on which his friend expired before his hut, and the round black spot, as it contrasts with the green turf by its side, remains long an humble but eloquent epitaph of him who left no other record behind. In peaceful villages we see neither gorgeous monuments, nor lofty trees rising in honor of the dead—and, we fear, as frequently in praise of the living—but, sweeter far, the graves are covered with green sod or humble flowers. "We adorn graves," says gentle Evelyn, "with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in Holy Scripture to those fading beauties, whose roots being buried in dishonor, rise again to glory."

The Japanese deck with flowers their "eternal mansion," and the Turks perforate the monumental slabs spread on those who shall be seen no more, in order that a natural growth of bloom shall spring up through the apertures, and that the buds so nourished by the grave, and set free to the winds of Heaven, shall shed their fragrance and strew their petals around the Moslem's "city of silence." The Western traveller gazes with deep sympathy upon the grave of the Chinese; it is a simple, conical mound of earth, but over it spread and twine wild roses, and cover it with a mass of pure white blossoms; or it is crowned, in simple majesty, with a tall plant of waving grass. Our cities, also, now love to bury their dead where woods unfold their massive foliage and breathe an air of Heaven; their better taste has made the green grove and the velvet lawn sacred to the memory of those that are gone to the realms of peace.

MIGRATION OF RATS.—Linné relates some curious facts with respect to the migrations of the rats of Norway, which are of rather smaller size than those of this country. Every ten or twenty years, they are seen to take their departure in troops of many thousands each. As they go along, they eat the herbs or roots on the ground; their little ones they take with them, carrying one in their mouth, and another on their back; the rest, if there are any more, are abandoned. They descend from the mountains, and make towards the Gulf of Bothnia, but usually they become dispersed and perish before they arrive there. They suffer nothing to turn them from the path, which they follow always in a straight line. If they meet a man, they will endeavor to pass between his legs, rather than disturb their order of march. If they come to a haystack, instead of going round, they will make a road through it, by dint of nibbling and scratching. Some of the people in the districts through which they pass, not knowing where they come from, have supposed that they fell from the clouds; and a learned philosopher named Wormius even wrote a book, giving many very good reasons for thinking that the clouds contained these animals.

Be on your guard when you hear a young lady speak slightly of a young gentleman with whom she has any sort of acquaintance. She is probably in love with him, and will be sure to remember what you say after she is married. But if you have been heedless enough to follow her lead, and abuse him, you must make the best of it. If you have a great face, go boldly at once, and, drawing her into a corner,

say: "Ah ha! do you remember a certain conversation we had? Do you think I was not up to your tricks all the time?" Or, better still, take the bull by the horns, and say: "So ho! you lucky dog. I could have prophesied this long ago. She and I were always at you when we met; she thought I did not see through the affair. Poor girl! she was desperately in for it, to be sure. What a fortunate fellow you have been!" &c., &c. Or, best of all, follow my own plan: that is don't call till the honeymoon is over.—*Maginn.*

NEW SILK-WORM OF CALIFORNIA.—In the newly colonised lands of the South, each day some fresh proof of the riches of nature offers itself to the observer. California, the youngest of the United States, surpasses them all in the extent and variety of its mineral and vegetable productions. According to the *Price-Current* and *Shipping List* of San Francisco, an insect has recently been discovered, which is at present an object of curiosity, but is likely at a future time materially to effect the commerce and prosperity of the country. This is a new silk-worm, a native of California, said to have been discovered by Dr. Behr. This worm lives and multiplies upon a tree which grows in profusion throughout the State, and especially in the neighborhood of San Francisco. The worm is from two to three inches long, and about one inch in circumference. The cocoons which it produces are, in proportion to its size, prodigious, and some are said to be as large as an egg of a pullet. The moth belongs to the *Saturnia*, and has been called by its discoverer *Saturnia Canothi*. The tree on which the worm is usually found is the *Ceanothus*, but it will live equally well upon trees of other kinds.

A CUTE YANKEE.—When a steamer comes into California, with European or Atlantic mails, crowds of people rush to the post-office to get a stand near to the delivery-window. As each arrives, he forms up behind the last man. In this manner they stand in single file to wait their turn with strange patience: five hundred men are sometimes seen congregated in this way. On such occasions a good place is early taken by a 'cute Yankee, who expects no letter, but who has speculated on the sale of his position—his "location" he called it when he took his place. Such places in the line are sometimes sold for ten dollars.

THE ROMANCE OF WAR.—A Muscovite officer of rank, taken prisoner at Inkermann, formed an intimacy with a young Englishman during his detention within the British lines. He was subsequently exchanged. It was the turn of the young Englishman to be wounded and a prisoner, and to be sent to St. Petersburg, where the daughters of his Russian friend performed the duties of hospitality most gracefully and affectionately. One of these fair ones—be it Lola, Katinka, or Dudu—saw the son of Albion that he was fair, and the truths of the antediluvian epoch were brought into practical operation. But the social means of the Englishman were not in accordance with his comeliness of person, and, to his credit, notwithstanding the Eden temptation, he straightway informed the parent, his friend of the camp at Odessa, of what are termed frequently, in common parlance, "the rights of the case," and which still more frequently belie their integrity of expression. In this case, moral rectitude was rewarded, and the bold Briton will dwell in ease on his Russo-Sabine farm.

ORIGINAL RESPONSE TO AN OLD INQUIRY.—The following reply to that everlasting inquiry, "How do you do?" was made by an original the other day: "Rather slim, thank'e; I have got the rheumatism in one leg, and a white swelling on t'other knee, besides havin' a leetle touch of dysentery: and ain't very well myself neither!"

A DANGEROUS PASSAGE.—The following account of the passage of a river now crossed by the iron steam-horse, is a good specimen of the incidents which formerly attended travel in America. Mr. Francis Baidy says, "At the place where we had to cross it, it was above a quarter of a mile wide, and flowed with so rapid a stream, that it was with difficulty that a person (breast high) could stand against it; at the same time it appeared to glide along in silent dignity, with its surface smooth and unruffled, and its body dark and clear, at once proclaiming the depth and importance of the current. Our first consideration was, how we were to overcome this tremendous obstacle. We had no canoe nor other vessel with us, neither was their time for making one, as it would have taken up two or three days, and perhaps we could not have accomplished it at last. We observed at several places about here the similar attempts of other persons for this purpose, but they had all been left unfinished. Our only resource was, to make a raft for our baggage, and to drive our horses over as we had been used to do before. Even this was a laborious undertaking, as we had to cut down all the wood for this purpose, and there were only two tomahawks in the whole party, by which we were to fell the trees and cut the trunks up into proper lengths for the rafts. However, as there was no other means left of arriving at the opposite shore, we determined upon this as the least evil of the two. Having come to this resolution, we suffered our horses to wander among the cane-brakes in search of pasture, and then kindled a fire and dressed some provisions for our breakfast. This ended, we all set to, in order to accomplish our design, and immediately many noble trees fell a victim to our expedition. We cut their trunks into pieces of about six or eight feet long, and binding several of them together with the stalks of the vine, (of which there is a vast quantity all over the wood,) formed the foundation of three separate rafts, for we found that neither one nor two would be able to contain all our baggage. This accomplished, we placed on the top a layer of the bark, or a quantity of dry sticks, on which we fixed our packs in order that they might not get wet, and tying ropes to each of these rafts, we had to swim with them across this rapid current like so many horses drawing a cart! A tremendous undertaking, and which I review now with a degree of horror and affright! Besides, as the forming of our rafts, and the placing of our packs thereon was wholly accomplished in the river, (where we were obliged to work almost naked from morning till near sunset without relaxation,) it so enervated us, that we were in but improper condition to swim across with them that evening. However, Mr. Robb and three of his messmates (who had made two rafts between them) determined upon taking theirs over that evening. As to my own part, as our raft was the largest of the three, I preferred delaying till the morning; and it was fortunate I did."

GENTLE SATIRES.—If you ask a lady to walk out with you, she first looks at your dress, and then thinks of her own.

If a woman holds her tongue, it is only from fear she cannot "hold her own."

Notice, when you have accompanied your wife to buy a lot of things at her favorite shop, what ostentatious care she takes of your interest in seeing that you get "the right change."

How much more difficult it is to get a woman out on a wet Sunday than on a wet weekday. Can the shut shops have anything to do with this?

The oldest nemonic curiosity is, that a woman, who never knows her own age, knows to half an hour that of all her female friends.

A woman may laugh too much. It is only a comb that can always afford to show its teeth.



Antelopes.

THE many characters which antelopes possess in common with deer, seem to place them together; but naturalists have ranked them among those Ruminantia who have hollow horns. They are some of the most beautiful animals in the world, and are subdivided into sections, which depend on the shape of their horns, but into which classification the present work does not enter. The exquisite gazelle, the type of Eastern beauty, the poet's theme, with her slight and graceful shape, her slender limbs, and her full, dark eyes, often meets with a fate which has no poetry in it; for she is the favorite morsel of the lion and the leopard. It might have been thought that they would have preferred larger and more fleshy game, but, like true epicures, the high flavor of the gazelle is preferred to size. The falcon is often used by men for catching them, as even the swift greyhound cannot overtake them; they are also driven into traps, by surrounding them, in the manner of a battue.

The pigmy antelope inhabits some parts of Africa, and, in size, corresponds with the small deer of Ceylon. I never saw so beautiful a little creature, appearing more like a fable than a reality. Their tiny black horns are but slightly curved inwards, their legs are not thicker than the quill with which I am now writing; and yet all the characters of the antelope are strongly marked. The first I saw had been brought to my uncle; and as I entered his room, I stood quite still at the door, with surprise at this exquisite, tiny creature, who remained with one leg up, ready to dart away with the speed of lightning from the intruder, for whose approach he was listening. I feared to move, lest the vision should disappear; but death soon made it fade away altogether. Captain Fisher, of the Navy, tried to take a pair of these fairy-like creatures to England; they were kept in his own cabin, he gave them all the goat's milk which had been provided for his own use, and took infinite pains to shelter them from cold or accident; he succeeded in getting them as far

as the Channel, where they ate some pieces of cork which had been dropped on the floor, and died. I was equally unfortunate with a beautiful spotted antelope, which was brought to me, and which never could stand in the house. It had not been hurt; but the instant it was put upon its legs it slipped about, and I was told this species always did so. I fed it, carried it about, and it was very gentle, and began to know me, though still wild. It died at the end of a fortnight, in strong convulsions.

Antelopes are exclusively inhabitants of the Old World; and some idea may be formed of their immense numbers in South Africa, where the species are most varied and powerful, by reading the following quotations from Mr. Pringle, and Mr. Gordon Cumming. The former says: "We pursued our journey over extensive plains, still parched by severe drought, and undulating heights clothed with a brown and scanty herbage, and sprinkled over with numerous herds of springbok. Near the banks of the Little Fish river, so numerous were these herds, that they literally speckled the face of the country as far as the eye could reach; in so much that we calculated we had sometimes within view not less than 20,000 of these beautiful animals. As we galloped on they bounded off continually, on either side, with the velocity from which they derive their colonial appellation. They were probably part of one of the great migratory swarms which, after long continued droughts, sometimes inundate the colony from the northern wastes."

Mr. Cumming informs us that, "When pursued, the springbok jumps up into the air ten or twelve feet, for which they curve their loins, rise perpendicularly, and the long white hair on their haunches and back floats about; they pass over a space of twelve to fifteen feet, come down, then rise again; and after doing this several times, they bound off, arch their necks, then halt, and face their enemy. If they come to a place over which men or lions have walked they jump across it. They can only be compared to

locusts, for they eat up every green thing, and always return to their haunts by a different road to that which they had previously passed. Their herds consist of tens of thousands; and where they have staid for some time, thousands of skulls strew the plain." In another part of his book, the same author tells us, that the ground was literally covered with them, forming a dense, living mass, marching slowly, and pouring like a great river for hours: hundreds of thousands scarcely tell their number. "I give you my word," said a boer, "that I have ridden a long day's journey, over a succession of flats covered with them as far as I could see, as thick as sheep standing in a fold."

Among the antelopes of the same part of the world is the Oryx, or Gemsbok, a very beautiful animal, which has been supposed to give rise to the Unicorn of sacred writings: "for its long, straight horns, always so exactly cover one another, when viewing them from a distance, that they look like one. They have an erect mane, a long tail, and are like a horse, with the head and hoof of an antelope. Their bearing is most noble, they are the size of an ass, have black bands about the head, looking like a stall collar. They live in almost barren regions, never want water, are very swift, and only to be caught by riding down."

The fierce gnou, gnu, or Blue Wilde Beast of the colonists to the north of the Cape of Good Hope, are not as numerous as the springboks; and are easily distinguished by their large, curving horns, and the downward carriage of their head; for they never can look up. One was found with a fore leg caught over his horn, and so was easily secured; for he could not, of course, run, and had probably got himself into that attitude when fighting. They have a shaggy head, long hair or mane upon the chest, a long white tail, and wild red eyes. They utter fearful snorts, and kick and leap about in the most grotesque and fantastic manner. If a red handkerchief be held before them it produces the most violent excitement.

Humming Birds (*Trochilus*).

I HAVE found it difficult to convey an idea of the beauty of Birds of Paradise; and now I come to these exquisite and tiny creatures, words seem to be still more inadequate to express their elegant forms and proportions, the dazzling lustre of their plumage, or the variety of their decorations. The feathers of their wings are stiff, and are in a state of incessant vibration; causing the noise from which they derive their name. Their flight resembles that of insects; and their young, when first hatched, are not larger than blue-bottle flies. It is chiefly on their heads, breasts and bodies, that the metallic and jeweled splendor lavished upon them exists, sometimes in patches, others in aigrettes, then again in diadems, and some have their legs encircled with the finest black, white, or fawn-colored down, from which peep their feet, and which, it has been supposed, is a provision against the cold, for some inhabit the elevated neighborhood of the Andes. They have long, narrow wings, which give them great power of flight; they never rest on the ground, and they have long tongues, which they dart forth with great rapidity to catch the minute insects, which form the larger portion of their food. They are all natives of the New World, are very fearless of man, but they cannot bear confinement; they migrate to different parts of the same continent, and mount as high as 15,000 feet up the Andes. It has been often said that small animals of all kinds, not excepting unfeathered bipeds, have strong fighting and quarrelsome propensities; and the saying is certainly verified by Humming-Birds. None exceed them in their combative habits; they get into a rage with each other on the smallest provocation, and fight with a determination and perseverance which often proves fatal to one party.

Mr. Gosse describes two Mango Humming-Birds nearly in the following words: "A Mango Humming-Bird had every day, and all day, been paying his devoirs to the charming blossoms of the Malay apple, (*Eugenia Malaccensis*), when another came. They chased each other through the labyrinth of twigs and flowers, till one would dart with seeming fury upon the other; and then with a loud rustling of their wings, they would twirl together, round and round, until they nearly came to the earth. It was difficult to see what took place in these tussles; their twirlings were so rapid. At length, an encounter took place close to me; and I perceived that the beak of the one grasped the beak of the other, and thus fastened, both whirled round and round in their perpendicular descent, the point of contact being the centre of the gyrations; till, when another second would have brought them both on the ground, they separated, and the one chased the other for above a hundred yards, and then returned in triumph to the tree, where, perched on a lofty twig, he chirped monotonously and pertinaciously for some time: I could not help thinking in defiance.

"In a few minutes, however, the banished one returned, and began chirping no less provokingly, which soon brought on another chase, and another tussel. I am persuaded that these were hostile encounters, for one seemed evidently afraid of the other, fleeing when the other pursued, though his indomitable spirit would prompt the chirp of defiance; and when resting after a battle, I noticed that this one held his beak open as if panting. Sometimes they would suspend hostilities to seek a few blossoms; but mutual proximity was sure to bring them on again. A little Banana Quit, that was peeping among the blossoms in his own quiet way, seemed now and then to look with surprise on the combatants; but when the one had driven his rival to a longer distance than usual, the victor set upon the unoffending Quit, who soon yielded the point, and retired, humbly enough, to a neighboring tree.

The war, for it was a thorough campaign, a regular succession of battles, lasted fully an hour; and then I was called away from the post of observation."

We continue to quote passages which are so highly illustrative of these interesting birds. "I suppose I have sometimes seen not fewer than a hundred come successively to rifle the blossoms within the space of half as many yards, in the course of a forenoon. They are, however, in no respect gregarious; though three or four may be at one moment hovering round the blossoms of the same branch, there is no association.

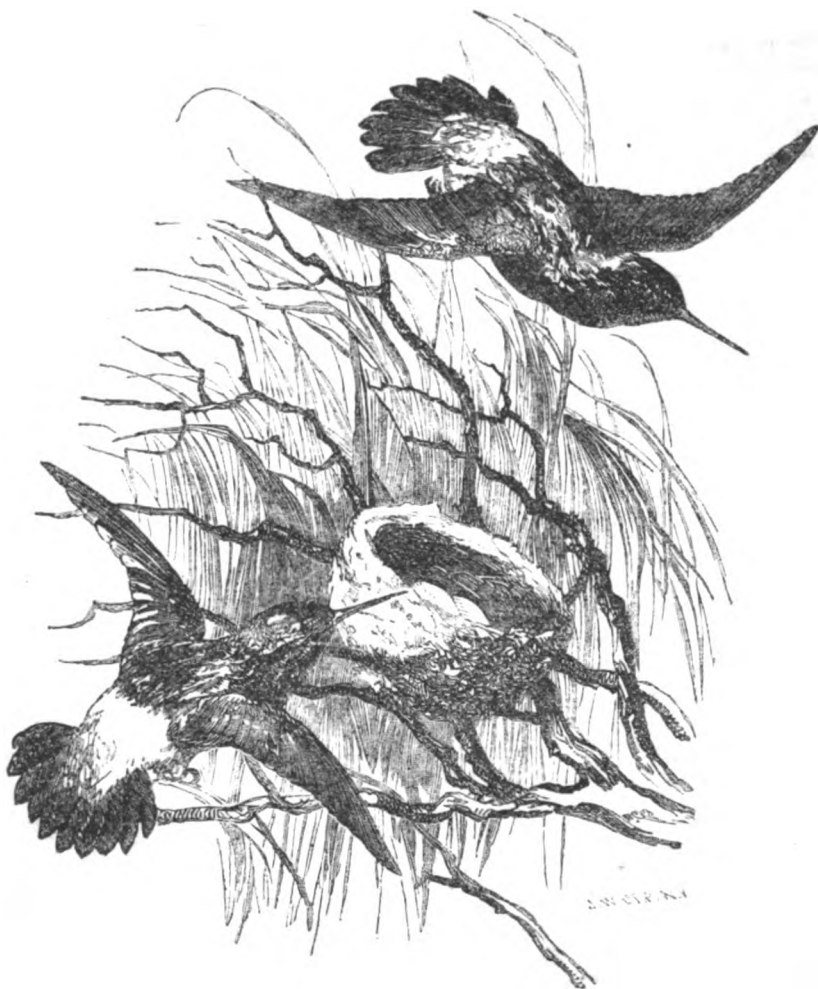
... We often found the curiosity of these little birds stronger than their fear; on holding up the net near one, they frequently would not fly away, but come and hover over the mouth, stretching out their neck to peep in, so that we could capture them with little difficulty. Often, too, one when struck at unsuccessfully, would return immediately, and suspend itself in the air just above our heads, or peep into our faces, with unconquerable familiarity. Yet it was difficult to bring these sweet birds, so easily captured, home; they were usually dead or dying when we arrived at the house, though not wounded or struck; and those that did arrive in apparent health, usually died next day. At my first attempt, I transferred such as I succeeded in bringing alive, to cages, immediately on their arrival at the house, and though they did not beat themselves, they soon sunk under the confinement. Suddenly they would fall to the floor of the cage, and lie motionless with closed eyes; if taken into the hand, they would perhaps seem to revive for a few moments; then throw back the pretty head, or toss it to and fro, as if in great suffering; expand the wings, open the eyes, slightly puff up feathers of the breast, and die; usually without any convulsive struggle."

Mr. Gosse brought some very young ones, not fully fledged, to his house, and turned them into an open room, carefully securing the doors and

windows; he fed them with flowers, especially the *asclepias curassavica*. He then put some pieces of the sugar cane into a bottle, introduced a quill through the cork, covered the cork with a flower, and the bird eagerly sucked up the juice; soon he sucked it out of the bare quill, and by such means Mr. Gosse succeeded in keeping Humming-Birds for a long time. The boldest of them was rather pugnacious, attacking his gentler companion, who yielded and fled; then he, assuming courage, played the tyrant in his turn, actually preventing the former from sipping out of the sweetened cup.

The inquisitive spirit of the Humming-Bird is greater in proportion to its size than that of other birds; and when struck at, it will return in a moment and peep at its pursuer, from mere curiosity, which seems to overcome every other feeling.

The name given by Indians to Humming-Birds has always struck me as very appropriate; they call them "beams," or "locks of the sun," and the ancient people of those countries used their feathers for embroidery. That they inhabit cold as well as hot latitudes, the elevation at which they are found will show; and they go so far south that Captain King saw many of them, quite happy and lively, in a snow-storm, in the Straits of Magellan; nevertheless, we are told that continued cold will make them torpid. Some few are gifted with song, but their general cry resembles two boughs scraping together. Of twenty-five taken by Mr. Gosse, only seven were tamed, and these varied much in disposition. One became so familiar as to be an annoyance, perching upon him at all times, darting its beak into his mouth, etc. He soon taught it to obey a peculiar sound, made with his lips, into which he had taken syrup, which it instantly sought. The tongue is very curious; for it consists of two tubes, which are separated a short distance from the tip, at which part they are flattened, and they can dart this tongue out



HUMMING BIRDS.

to a great distance, and as suddenly retract it. They creep under spiders' webs to look for insects; but the spiders soon cause them to retreat.

For some years Mr. George Loddiges, of Hackney, amused himself by making the finest collection, which Europe could boast, of these birds; and it was at his house that those who had never seen them in the western world, could form a notion of their extraordinary beauty; his work upon them, his beautiful arrangement, the exquisite nests, the attitudes in which he placed them, could only be surpassed by the living birds; and to pay a visit to this assemblage of beauty and skill, and converse with the owner, was one of the intellectual feasts which England alone presented. But this excellent and talented man was overtaken by an illness which terminated fatally; and the collection of Mr. Gould, the eminent ornithologist, has now surpassed that of Mr. Loddiges: it amounts to more than two thousand birds, three hundred of which are different species, exquisitely and scientifically arranged.—*Mrs. Lee's Habits of Birds, &c.*

Moonlight.

THE kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush
Wroth, as if kissing were a sin,
Amidst the Argus eyes and din
And tell-tale glare of noon,
Brings but a murmur and a blush,
Beneath the modest moon.

Ye days, gone—never to come back,
When love return'd entranced me so,
That still its pictures move and glow
In the dark chamber of my heart—
Leave not my memory's future track,
I will not let you part,

'Twas moonlight when my earliest love
First on my bosom dropt her head;
A moment then concentrated
The bliss of years, as if the spheres
Their course had faster driven,
And carried Enoch-like above,
A living man to heaven,

'Tis by the rolling moon we measure,
The date between our nuptial night
And that blest hour which brings to light
The fruit of bliss—the pledge of faith;
When we impress upon the treasure
A father's earliest kiss.

The moon's the earth's enamor'd bride;
True to him in her very changes,
To other stars she never ranges:
Though, cross'd by him, sometimes she dips
Her light, in short offended pride,
And faints to an eclipse.

The fairies revel by her sheen:
'Tis only when the moon's above
The fire-fly kindles into love,
And flashes light to show it:
The nightingale salutes her queen
Of heaven, her heav'nly poet.

Then ye that love—by moonlight gloom
Meet at my grave and plight regard.
Oh! could I be the Orphean bard
Of whom it is reported,
That nightingales sang o'er his tomb,
Whilst lovers came and courted.

Some Antiquities of Ceylon.

Among these, "Toparé," anciently called "Pollanarua," stands foremost. This city appears to have been laid out with a degree of taste which would have done credit to our modern towns.

Before its principal gate stretched a beautiful lake of about fifteen miles in circumference (now only nine). The approach to its gate was by a broad road, upon the top of a stone causeway, of between two and three miles in length, which formed a massive dam to the waters of the lake which washed its base. To the right of this dam stretched many miles of cultivation; to

the left, on the further shores of the lake, lay park-like grass lands, studded with forest trees, some of whose descendants still exist in the noble "tamarind," rising above all others. Let us return in imagination to the Pollanarua as it once stood. Having arrived upon the causeway in the approach to the city, the scene must have been beautiful in the extreme: the silvery lake, like a broad mirror, in the midst of a tropical park; the flowering trees shadowing its waters; the groves of tamarinds sheltering its many nooks and bays; the gorgeous blossoms of the pink lotus, resting on its glassy surface; and the carpet-like glades of verdant pasturage, stretching far away upon the opposite shores, covered with countless elephants, tamed to complete obedience. Then, on the right, below the massive granite steps which form the causeway, the water rushing from the sluice carries fertility among a thousand fields; and countless laborers and cattle till the ground; the sturdy buffaloes straining at the plough, the women laden with golden sheaves of corn, and baskets of fruit, crowding along the palm-shaded road winding towards the city, from whose gate a countless throng are passing and returning. Behold the mighty city! rising like a snow-white cloud from the broad margin of the waters. The groves of cocoa nuts and palms of every kind, grouped in the inner gardens, throwing a cool shade upon the polished walls; the lofty palaces towering among the stately areca trees, and the gilded domes reflecting a blaze of light from the rays of a midday sun. Such let us suppose the exterior of Pollanarua.

The gates are entered, and a broad street, straight as an arrow, lies before us, shaded on either side by rows of palms. Here stand, on either hand, the dwellings of the principal inhabitants, bordering the wide space, which continues its straight and shady course for about four miles in length. In the centre, standing on a spacious circle, rises the great Dagoba, forming a grand *coup d'œil*, from the centre gate. Two hundred and sixty feet from the base, the Dagoba rears its lofty summit. Two circular terraces, each of some twenty feet in height, rising one upon the other, with a width of fifty feet, and a diameter at the base of about two hundred and fifty, form the step-like platform upon which the Dagoba stands. These are ascended by broad flights of steps, each terrace forming a circular promenade around the Dagoba; the whole having the appearance of white marble, being covered with polished stucco ornamented with figures in bas-relief. The Dagoba is a solid mass of brickwork in the shape of a dome, which rises from the upper terrace. The whole is covered with polished stucco, and surmounted by a gilded spire standing upon a square pedestal of stucco, highly ornamented with large figures, also in bas-relief; this pedestal is a cube of about thirty feet, supporting the tall gilded spire, which is surmounted by a golden umbrella.

Around the base of the Dagoba on the upper terrace are eight small entrances with highly ornamented exteriors. These are the doors to eight similar chambers of about twelve feet square, in each of which is a small altar and carved golden idol.

The Dagoba forms the main centre of the city, from which streets branch off in all directions radiating from the circular space in which it stands.

The main street from the entrance gate continues to the further extremity of the city, being crossed at right angles in the centre by a similar street; thus forming two great main streets through the city terminating in four great gates or entrances to the town—north, south, east, and west.

Continuing along the main street from the great Dagoba for about a mile, we face another

Dagoba of similar appearance, but of smaller dimensions, also standing in a spacious circle. Near this rises the King's palace, a noble building of great height, edged at the corners by narrow octagon towers.

At the further extremity of this main street, close to the opposite entrance gate, is the Rock Temple, with the massive idols of Buddha flanking the entrance.

This, from the form and position of the existing ruins, we may conceive to have been the appearance of Pollanarua in its days of prosperity. But what remains of its grandeur? It has vanished like "a tale that is told;" it has passed away like a dream; the palaces are dust; the grassy sod has grown in mounds over the ruins of streets and fallen houses; nature has turfed them in one common grave with their inhabitants. The lofty palms have faded away, and given place to forest trees, whose roots spring from the crumbled ruins; the bear and the leopard crouch in the porches of the temples; the owl roosts in the casements of the palaces; the jackall roams among the ruins in vain; there is not a bone left for him to gnaw of the multitudes which have passed away. There is their handwriting upon the temple wall, upon the granite slab which has mocked at Time; but there is no man to decipher it. There are the gigantic idols before whom millions have bowed; there is the same vacant stare upon their features of rock which gazed upon the multitudes of yore; but they no longer stare upon the pomp of the glorious city, but upon ruin and rank weeds and utter desolation. How many suns have risen, and how many nights have darkened the earth since silence has reigned amidst the city, no man can tell. No mortal can say what fate befel those hosts of heathens, nor when they vanished from the earth. Day and night succeed each other, and the shade of the setting sun still falls upon the great Dagoba; but it is the "valley of the shadow of death," upon which that shadow falls, like a pall over the corpse of a nation.—*Baker's Wanderings in Ceylon.*

Marriage in Ceylon.

CELIBACY is extremely rare in Ceylon. Marriage is regarded as a high honor, a signal virtue, and a religious duty. A single man is looked upon with contempt, and single life is seldom permitted to a woman. These remarks, of course, apply to the native population. The marriage knot, however, can be more readily unloosed than it can in England. Divorce is easy; a lady separates from her husband, or a gentleman separates from his wife, without appealing to the Ecclesiastical Courts, or the High Court of Parliament. A very simple form has to be gone through, and both parties are free to wed and wed according to their fancy. People about to marry may regard this as no peculiar advantage; some married people might entertain another opinion. Such is the practice in Ceylon. As soon as a young man arrives at the mature age of eighteen, his father looks about for a suitable alliance. Taking the whole trouble on himself, the sire goes a-courting for his son. The experience which matrimony has brought with it renders him competent to make an appropriate selection. Says the poet:

"Forty years over let Michaelmas pass—
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy's an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to forty year."

Therefore the taste of the young man is not to be consulted. The frivolity of youth might lead to error. Let the son be content to enjoy leisure; time enough for him to play his part when the time comes. So the father looks about him for a wife. He is assisted by the sage directions of that learned Hindoo authority Aurver; from

whom he learns that the lady must be neither crippled nor deformed, nor vicious nor unhealthy, nor of yellow complexion, nor of low origin; that she must neither have dimples in her cheeks nor red eyes, nor a hard skin, nor fat hands, nor a raven voice, nor white nails, nor duck-like feet; that she must be five degrees removed from the bridegroom's mother, and seven degrees removed from the bridegroom's father. Let the son be content that his sire should see to all this for him, that lovers' looks, and lovers' words, and lovers' eloquent silence, should all be renounced; be confident in the wisdom of his sire, and rejoice to hear that the lady proposed has a gait resembling a young elephant. The father having made some favored lady the object of his choice, pays a visit to her father and talks the matter over. What are the terms? can they comfortably arrange the transaction? The cool-headed advantage of such a system is obvious. Love is proverbially blind. These old gentlemen, on the contrary, are wide awake. Having arrived at a satisfactory understanding, generally after three or four interviews, the result is communicated to the young people, and they are permitted to meet. Of course they are delighted; or if they are not delighted, it is not a matter of very considerable importance; they are to be married. Thus all the annoyances and difficulties of courtship are swept out of the way; the full-blown rose of love, divested of all the thorns of fear or jealousy, is given them—their happiness is ready-made. Here and there curious exceptions exist. Young people sometimes like to make their own happiness. The bees who had their wings clipped to save them a troublesome flight to Hymetta, and for whom the choicest flowers were plucked, would not make honey. So it occasionally happens, perhaps, that a hot-headed young man sets his affections on some lady before the paternal choice is made, or the lady chosen may herself have given what is conventionally called her heart to another. Never mind: what will be will be—we must submit to the laws of existence: we are born, we are married, we die.

The wedding-day has now to be determined. The calendar is full of lucky and of unlucky days. In order to ascertain which day of all the days would be the most auspicious, the sire visits an astrologer. March, April, May, June are lucky months, almost any day in these four months will answer admirably. Good. Let it be such and such a day, and "may the wedding be lucky!" On the appointed day, and at the specified hour, the young man is marched in procession, accompanied by his parents, his friends, and companions, in the direction of the dwelling of his future wife. Immediately in his wake are the people who have to look after the provisions, the victuallers of the occasion, among whom four men are particularly noticeable. These men carry a large *pungo* containing not only provisions, and rare dishes of all sorts, but a piece of blue cloth, and a variety of brilliant and costly vestments, in value and quantity as the family coffers can afford. The cortège arrives in the evening; a *maduwa*, or temporary edifice, is prepared for its reception; the friends of the bridegroom are assembled in the middle of the *maduwa*, the ground is covered with mats; here the men regale themselves with rice and other provisions, the ladies being entertained in the interior of the mansion.

At the conclusion of the repast the affianced husband enters the house of his betrothed. He then presents to her the piece of blue cloth, specially brought for that purpose, and all the valuable vestments and ornaments which he has been able to procure: this ceremony is conducted in perfect silence. Then the night is spent in a quietly sociable manner, as the marriage is not to take place until the following morning. Like the Turks and Arabs, the people of Ceylon are excellent story-tellers, and

thus the hours of the night are spent. In the morning the betrothed bride is escorted by her future husband and their mutual friends to the paternal mansion, where the ceremony of marriage is performed. One circumstance is noticeable in these solemnities; throughout the whole ceremony the bride always precedes the bridegroom; this usage is founded, it is said, on the story of a husband who, having walked alone in advance of his wife, left her so far behind that he could not find her when he looked for her! The bride's dowry is usually paid in cattle. On the conclusion a grand procession takes place, the bride and bridegroom walking together under a canopy supported by their friends, flowers and vestments being thrown in their path, and their cars "ravished" with music. After this manner are people married in Ceylon. Marriage customs all over the world vary strangely. Suppose you were an African, you would only have to pay so many cowries, and your bride would take off your sandals—if you wore any—and with a calabash of water wash your feet, and thus own you for her lord and master; if you were a Spaniard, you would sing love songs under your lady's window; if you were a Swiss, you would be married with picturesque rustic simplicity; being American you must even content yourself with a service as plain and pure as the wedding-ring.

New Gold Mines in America.

The gold fever is of that kind known as intermittent. The ordinary means of cure are often resorted to without the least effect. Cooling draughts during the rainy season at the diggings, depletion of pocket in consequence of the high price of provisions, phlebotomy ungenially administered by a rival for a "claim,"—all these things have their effect for a time, and the fever subsides on both sides of the world. But it is by no means subdued. On the contrary, it will be found to rage again on the smallest possible provocation, and former diggers resume the pick and shovel, and rush off again to places very frequently not worth a "rush."

Reports occasionally reach us of new gold discoveries both in Australia and America, which for a time excite the public mind in those warm climates, but which do not appear of sufficient importance to attract much attention in this country. Among these is a discovery of gold which has lately been made in French Guiana, and nuggets of some size have been exhibited at Cayenne as specimens of this gold. An expedition has been undertaken to determine the value of the discovery, and in the meanwhile it is said that the gold extends more or less thickly over a large tract of country. At Hamelin Creek very rich "washing-stuff" has been obtained; and it is said that on the Eugénie mountain the line of auriferous gravel extends from the base to the summit. These discoveries—if their extent be confirmed—will lead many adventurers into the interior of Guiana, a fertile and beautiful region, which is said to be free from the health-destroying miasma which has given an unfavorable reputation to the settlements on the coast.

At Valparaiso, in Chili, the gold fever has lately been revived by a discovery of rich mines at about twelve miles distance from the town. Here auriferous quartz and a few nuggets of gold have been found, the gold being equal in quality to that of California. A similar occurrence has taken place in the Isthmus of Panama, where, at a point accessible by sea, a gold mine has been discovered, which is said to yield from five to seven ounces of metal to the ton of earth. In this mine, which is situated about fifty miles west of the Chagres river, the gold is found in four veins of quartz, which follow nearly a straight line across the ranges.

Wood Engraving.

The earliest attempts at printing were made with engraved wooden blocks; first consisting of pictures only, then of pictures with short legends attached to them, and, at last, of pages of writing without any pictures at all. Gutenberg's invention soon separated the two arts which had until then worked together to produce the illuminated books of that period; but the art of engraving drawings upon wood long remained stationary, and only commenced to attain any degree of perfection in the hands of the celebrated Albert Durer, born in 1471 at Nuremberg. Since his time several names have attained great celebrity in connection with this art; but it is sufficient to say that, though from time to time improvements in the execution of wood engravings have appeared, it has been within the last twenty-five or thirty years that the art has arrived at so wonderful a degree of perfection.

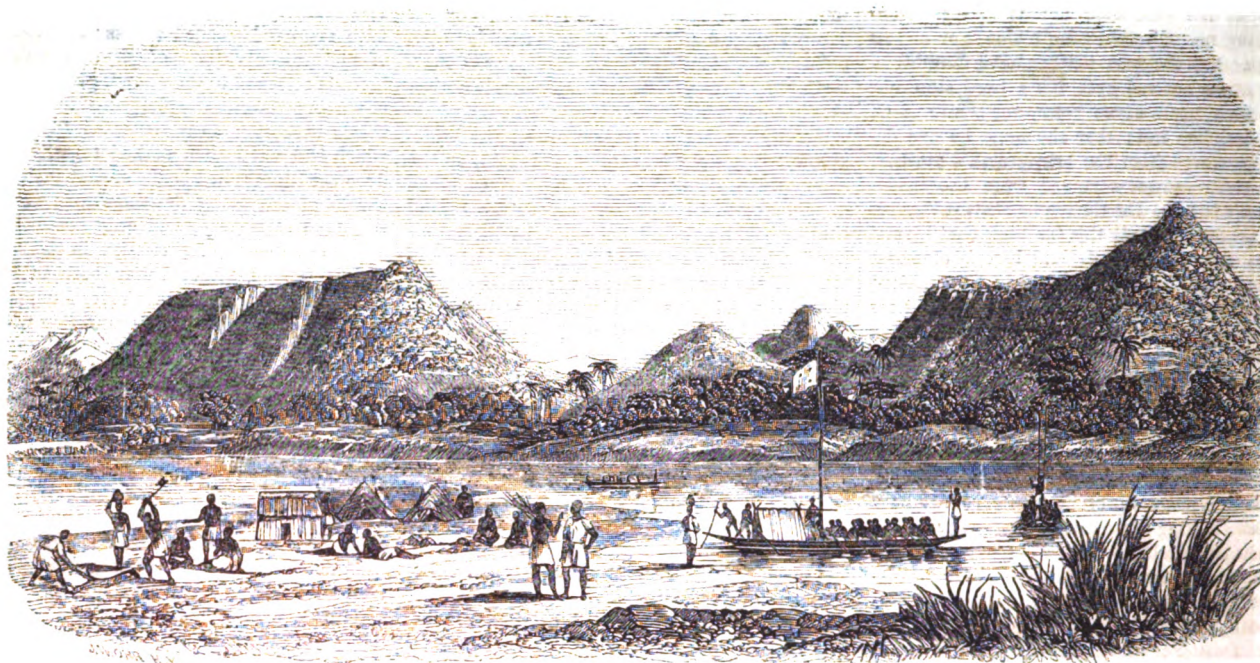
Everywhere books are now illustrated with drawings which, while so greatly increasing their value, add but in a very small degree to the price of them. In works upon scientific or manufacturing subjects especially, in which the matter has continual reference to the illustrations, the advantages of drawings inserted with the text are strikingly exhibited.

Wood engravings are executed in relief upon box-wood. This wood is used in preference to any other on account of the closeness and fineness of its grain. The wood is first cut by means of a circular saw into pieces about an inch thick, cut across the grain of the wood. These pieces are then planed, bolted together, and one of their surfaces is scraped and polished until it is as smooth as glass. The block is then ready for the artist. Coating it with a thin coat of whiting or other material, the artist gets a ground upon which he draws with a pencil as easily as upon paper, finishing his drawing exactly as he intends it to appear (excepting of course that the drawing is reversed, the left-hand side of the picture appearing, when printed, on the right, and *vice versa*.)

The block, with the drawing upon it, is then given into the hands of the engraver. Placing it upon a small pad or cushion before him, the engraver cuts out from the surface of the block every portion left white in the drawing, leaving every line and mark of the pencil standing in relief, which, placed with the type in the form, is inked with the type and prints with it. The engraver uses various shaped tools for cutting out the different parts of the picture. Having finished his work, he inks the block, and lays a sheet of India paper upon it. Then rubbing the back of this paper with a burnisher he obtains a proof, from which he can see if any retouching be required.

Attempts have been made for some years past to engrave in relief upon lithographic stones; the nature of the stone, however, prevents the lines of the drawing from being cut with the requisite sharpness; nor can the hollows be cut out sufficiently deep to give a clear impression.

THE REWARD OF INGENUITY.—There is at St. Petersburg a church called the Church of Basoili, built by Ivan the Terrible, who gave out that he would reward any architect who could construct a church in which several priests could perform mass at the same time, and so that the priests could not be heard by the other priests. No one was found for some time who could construct this church, but at length a man constructed the church by building a number of domes one above the other, so that a number of priests could perform mass at the same time without being heard by each other. Ivan appeared pleased that the church had at length been built, and he then sent for the architect and had his eyes put out, as a reward for his great trouble in building this church.



Mountains and Market Canoes near Bkmeb, on the Niger, Western Africa.

THE recent explorations in Western Africa, fitted out and prosecuted with such vigor by the French government, have made us acquainted with many of the characteristic scenes of that region, hitherto almost wholly unknown to the geographer and historian. Since the celebrated records of the African traveller, Mungo Park, a weird sort of enchantment has attached to a country which has been as a sealed book to the civilized world. The river Niger, especially, has possessed a mysterious and fabulous interest. Our engraving is from the pencil of one of the French artists attached to the Government expedition, and conveys, with life-like fidelity, a vivid impression of the country watered by this great stream. The Niger rises in the country of the Mandingoes, and, flowing northerly towards the desert, afterwards takes a southern course and enters the sea through many mouths in the Bight of Benin. The source of this river has never been penetrated. According to Major Laing, it is at Mount Loma, 1600 feet above the level of the sea; but there is good reason for believing that the Niger rises much farther to S. and E., in the Kong Mountains. At its source it is called Tembie, that is, "water," in the Kisse language, but lower down in Bambarra, it is entitled Babaa, "Great River," or Joliba, that is, the river of the Joli, or Red Men, who are the inhabitants of Joli-inkendu, (Red Man's Land,) the Jallonkandoo of Park. It becomes navigable at Bammakoo, 100 miles above Sego in Bambarra, and at the latter place it is about 150 yards wide. Lower down it enters a level country, and divides into several arms inclosing extensive islands, on one of which stands Jenne, or Ginne, (properly Ginewa,) the great emporium of Negroland, and from which the whole country has derived its commercial name, (Guinea.) The river then enters a territory in which the Foola, Fillani, or Fellatah, are the rulers, while the indigenous population are called Songay, and speak the Songay or Kisoor (Nkisar) language, within the domain of which the river is called Issa. In its course down to Ginne, the Joliba receives several accessions from the S. Further on, it turns northwards, in a very winding course between low banks, crossing Debo, or Blackwater Lake, and receiving on the right numerous streams from the mountainous country of the Songay. At Kabra, the port of Timbuctoo, it probably reaches its highest latitude, (about

seventeen degrees north,) it then runs east along the desert for six days, and south-east for about fifteen days to the frontiers of Houssa. From Ginne to Sai, opposite to Houssa, a distance of from 800 to 1000 miles, the Songay language is spoken on the right bank of the river, and from Sai also it extends on the left bank eastwards to Asben, or Agfades, on the borders of the desert.

In the Houssa country the great river is known as the Gulbi-nkowara, that is, the "River Kwara," or Kowara, (Quorra,) and further south in Nyffé, where it is often a league wide or more, it is entitled the sea or lake of Nyffé, or Kwara, the Lake Kura of Arab geographers. The very active commerce which here animates in the heart of Africa the broad waters of the Kwara, or Quorra, fully justifies the celebrity of its name. Through Houssa and Nyffé flow several streams from the heights which divide those countries from Bornoo, while on the western side, through Guinea and Bergoo, the Kwara receives the small rivers which descend from the mountains of the Songay. At the southern extremity of Nyffé, (latitude seven degrees forty-six minutes north,) the Niger unites with its chief tributary, the Tchadda, descending with a navigable stream from Adamawa, where it is called the Baro. The united stream then flows south by west, between Yariba (Yoriba) on its right bank, and Attah (Iddah) on the left; and here with a changed language, it is called, Ujimini Fufu, or White Water; the Tchadda being styled Ujimini Dudu, or Black Water. The Delta of the Niger commences near Aboh, about eighty miles above the sea. It is little known; the only channel through it hitherto explored by Europeans being that of the Nun, which, with an estuary one and a half miles wide, contracts, a short distance up, to 120 yards. The bar, on which there is a violent surf, presents a great difficulty to sailing vessels. It is supposed that the Kwara, (Quorra,) or Niger, is connected with the Calabar, by Cross River, and it is certain that on the west, there are navigable channels from it to Warree and Benin. The whole course of the great river from Mount Loma to the mouth of the Nun, without regard to sinuosities, is about 2000 miles; if traced from the mountains further south-east, and through all the details of its windings, it would fall little short of 3000 miles. It was descended by Mungo Park from Sego to Boossa, a distance, on the river, probably of from 1500 miles to

1800 miles. On the other hand, it has been ascended from the sea by Mr. Becroft, in a steamer, as far as Lever, forty miles or fifty miles from Boossa; the intervening distance is said to be difficult at all seasons, owing to rocks and rapids. The scenery near the Delta is of the wildest forest character.

French Notions of John Bull.

A LATE number of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* tells a story of a cool specimen of the John Bull species, who was recently an unconcerned passenger in a frightful railway accident. A general rush was made to the spot; great activity was manifested in collecting the killed and wounded; and, in the midst of the excitement, the fragments of a man were found which, when put together, were supposed to have belonged to the servant of an English gentleman travelling in one of the first-class carriages. At the moment of the accident, the latter, who was uninjured, poked his nose out of the door, but finding that the carriage did not move, he squatted down again in a corner, perfectly undisturbed and unmoved. One of the officers jumped on the platform, and, poking John Bull with the end of his finger, remarked:

"Sir; I say, sir; a misfortune has happened."
 "Ah, oh! I know."
 "Four or five carriages are smashed!"
 "Ah, oh!"
 "And some eight or ten persons are killed."
 "Ah, ho!"
 "And unfortunately your servant is one of them!"
 "Ah, oh! my servant—mine!"
 "Yes, he is certainly dead; he is cut into six pieces!"
 "Ah, oh!"
 "And I come to ask, my lord, what may be done?"
 "Ah, oh! give me the piece on which the keys of my trunk are found!"

THE CAPITAL OF EGYPT.—The city of Cairo, the capital of Egypt, and one of the richest cities of the East, contains 400 mosques, 140 schools, 11 lazarettos, 300 public cisterns, 46 squares, 240 streets, from 500 to 600 alleys, as many passages, 1,265 houses of refreshment, one hospital, sixty-five baths, and from 25,000 to 30,000 donkeys, which are let out for hire. These animals are the only means of conveyance which it is possible to make use of in going from one part of the city to another, or in paying visits.

Knots on Shipboard.

Our engraving is given more as an object of curiosity than for the purpose of instruction. We had numbered each individual knot with the design of accompanying them all with a written description of how they were tied and to what uses they were generally put, forgetting that, to the million, Greek or Hebrew would be better understood. A nautical vocabulary is something which can only be learned in the fore-castle, and, unless a man has worked his way up "through the hawse hole," (no matter how much he may have been at sea as passenger, or in any capacity other than that of a foremast hand,) he can never interpret a seaman's dictionary, whose technicalities form a language of their own. Generally, then, nautical terms would be knotty subjects, and a minute description of knots themselves would not be understood or appreciated except by "graduates." "Sheepshanks," "carrick-bends," "bowlines in a bight," and similar names of knots given to our readers would be very much like quoting Hottentot at them perseveringly. Those who go down to the sea in ships will be very glad to stow away our engraving in their chest, to aid them in initiating the "youngster" in the mysteries of tying true love-knots, etc. Boys who are fond of boats and ropes, and who can get the tuition of some friendly old salt, will soon learn to tie all the knots in our engraving, which includes, by the way, only those in daily use on shipboard, and does not comprise, in numbers, a tithe of what may be learned of any "anciente mariner." We explain a few that

the general reader may form some idea of the whole subject:

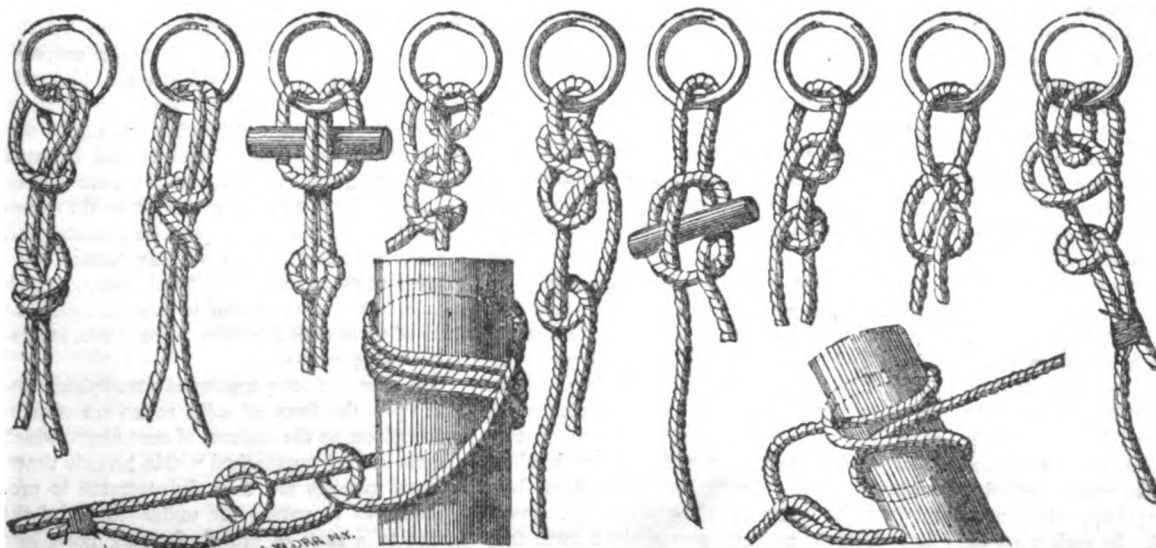
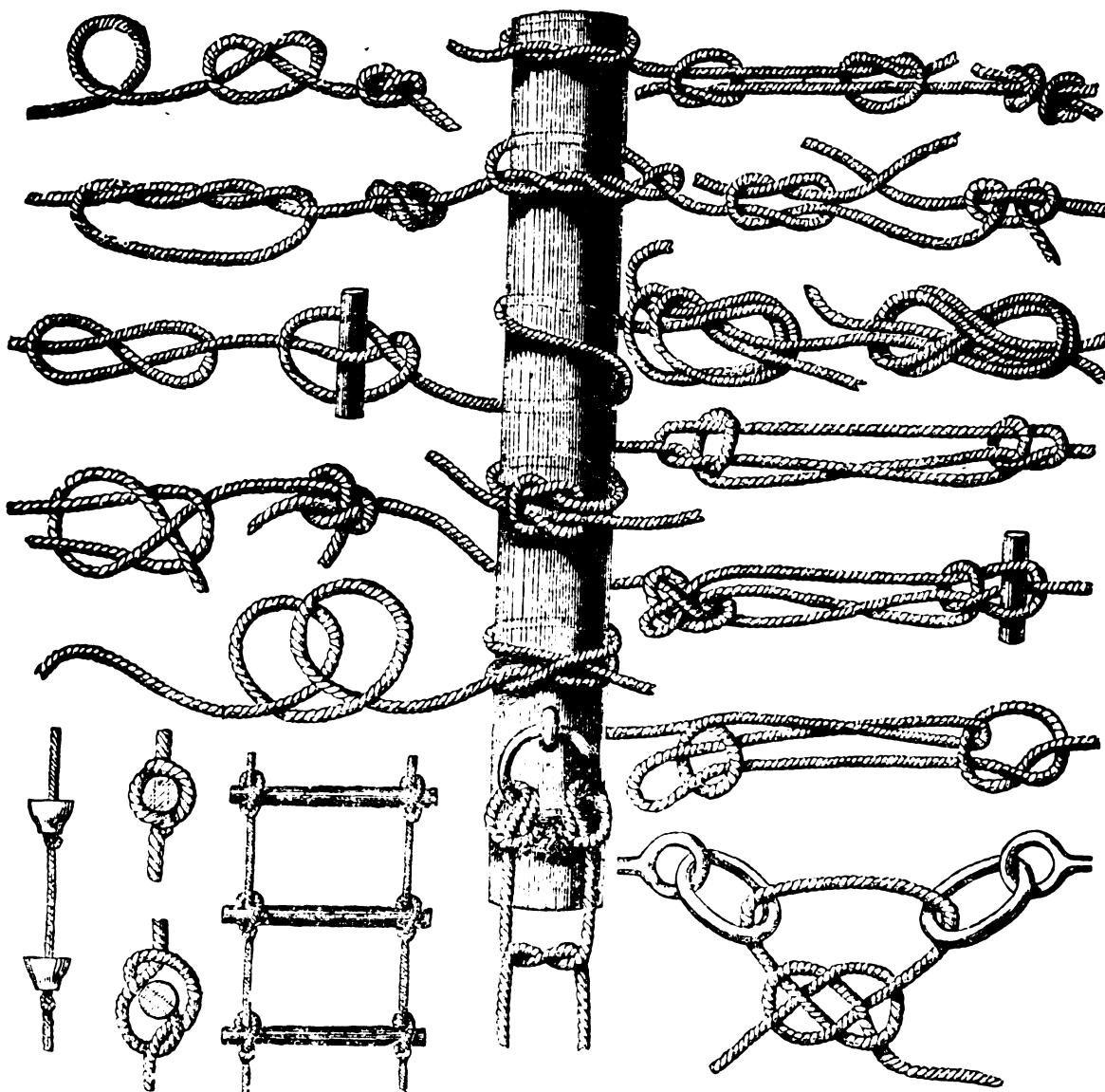
Exempli Gratia.—No. 17 is a simple square knot, more used than any other; easy as it is, let a landsman try to tie it and he will be almost sure to make what sailors call a "granny-knot," which will slip while the first will hold. Reef points are tied with a square knot, and if the "green hand," or inexperienced land lubber attempted it, ten to one but the granny knots tied would hardly hold the sail five minutes.

No. 19 is what is called a "clove hitch," tied around a spar, and No. 20 shows precisely the

same knot before it is drawn up—it is simply two half hitches put together. No. 38 is what is called a "rolling hitch," commonly used to sustain the tackle when "setting up" standing rigging. But we will not enlarge thus minutely: what we have written is to convince "Jack" that we have eaten out of a mess lid and hauled out a weather earring, rather than for any other purpose. Let our fair readers, with their delicate fingers, try to tie some of these complicated knots which our brawny-fisted sons of Neptune get round so handily, even in the darkest night, and they will find it a task of no little difficulty.

Let them get some sailor friend to take a pocket handkerchief and teach them the rudiments, by attempting the "Tom-Fool's Knot," which resembles a common bow knot, and our word for it they cannot succeed, even if it be tied before their eyes a hundred times.

We have known a nuptial knot to grow out of this same experiment, which brings hands and faces into such pleasant juxtaposition. Sailors use a better term than "nuptial knot." They call it getting "spliced," which is much more apposite,



since two ropes when spliced are so brought together that they are in fact one. The matrimonial knot with a true-hearted sailor is indeed a "long-splice," in which an inexperienced eye would not fail to note the connection, having—

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Did we think our readers would not consider it too dry a subject, we should go into the philosophy of knots; but we have already occupied too much space with a subject in which only a comparatively few will be interested; and we will not. The knots on shipboard display a great degree of ingenuity, undoubtedly the result of close study and careful observation for generations.

SCIENTIFIC.

The Crust of the Earth.

Form of craters.—Stromboli.—Formation of internal adventitious cones and craters.—Strata of lava, how formed.—Formation of lava in dykes.—Salses, or mud volcanoes.—Fumarolles.—Geysers.—Valleys of elevation.—Formation of parallel ridges.—Slow operation of air, water and heat.—Atmospheric effects upon rocks.—Effects of water on rocks.—Effects of the sea on cliffs.—Effects of waterfalls.—Effects of the sea and of icebergs on the forms of rocks.—Geological phenomena explicable by natural causes still in operation.—Portland dirt-bed.—Its organic deposits.—Climate of England tropical at the epoch of these deposits.—Example of coal deposits.—Northumberland coal mines.—Colliery near Waterhampton.—Deposits in Truillie mine at St. Etienne.—The character of the waters shown by the organic deposits.—Fossil shells.

It has been impossible to obtain direct observations of the interior of craters when in a state of active eruption, but when they have been approached immediately after the cessation of an eruption, these cavities appear to have generally a conical form, the base of the cone being presented upwards, and the lower part filled with consolidated lava, by which the principal chimney of the crater is covered. Sulphurous vapor is observed to issue from its fissures and interstices, sometimes several open gulfs are seen from some of which vapors are emitted, and at the bottom of others incandescent lava is seen. Others again are silent and dark, and inspire an indubitable sense of terror.

The crater Stromboli, which has been in activity since the most ancient times, presents at present the same appearances as those which were described by Spallanzani, in 1788. It is constantly filled with lava in a state of fusion, which alternately rises and falls in the cavity. Having ascended to ten or twelve yards below the summit of the walls, this boiling fluid is covered with large bubbles, which burst with noise, letting enormous quantities of gas escape from them, and projecting on all sides scoriaceous matter. After these explosions, it again subsides, but only to rise again and produce like effects, these alternations being repeated regularly at intervals of some minutes. In craters where the lava is less fluid than in that of Stromboli, new cones are sometimes formed in the midst of the crater, which first rise in the form of a dome, and then burst out so as to form a small active volcano in the middle of the crater of the great one. This phenomenon is often presented within the crater of Vesuvius and was more particularly witnessed in 1829.

Sometimes the lava, which is pressed upwards instead of being violently ejected, spreads itself in a sheet of greater or less thickness over the surface where it hardens, and is subsequently covered by other deposits. Cases have been found also where a succession of these strata, formed at different intervals, with interposed strata of other matter, have been observed. In such cases the matter forming the superior stratum is seen to

have passed in a liquid state through the inferior strata previously described.

It often happens that the lava is solidified in clefts, which are nearly vertical, and thus forms walls, called *dykes*, which frequently rise to the surface. In such cases the solidified lava, being much harder and less susceptible of degradation from atmospheric and aqueous influences, remains standing when the matter surrounding it is swept away, and thus forms a wall rising above the general surface.

The phenomena of Salses, or mud volcanoes, are characterised also by the conical form, but their cones are much less elevated, their slopes being flatter. They have at their summit a crater-formed cavity frequently filled with liquid mud, on which large bubbles are continually formed which, bursting, scatter around them earthy matter. There are sometimes, over a surface of little extent, a great number of these cones in full activity, some of which have a height of ten or twelve yards. Sometimes such an assemblage of cones is found at the summit of a mound from fifty to two hundred yards in height, formed of argillaceous matter, which appears to have been the result of former ejections. The middle is often formed of a lake of mud, the surface of which is more or less consolidated. In certain countries these mounds are found permanently dried, all disengagement of gas, water, and earth having altogether ceased, but it sometimes happens that the same phenomena after long cessation are renewed with violence.

Fumarolles and Geysers are the names given to eruptions of steam or boiling water issuing from crevices in volcanic districts, remarkable examples of which are presented in the country surrounding the celebrated volcano of Hecla, in Iceland. Eruptions of hot steam are projected from the crevices of the soil in the form of white columns, rising to heights of from 30 to 60 feet, and often with noise similar to that with which high pressure steam issues from the safety-valve of a boiler. Such phenomena are manifested on a considerable scale in Tuscany, in the neighborhood of Monte Cerboli, Castel Nuovo, and Monte Rotondo, and are generally disposed in a single line of from 20 to 25 miles in length.

These jets of vapor in all cases include chemical agents, which attack the rocks with which they come in contact; thus the vapor ejected from Vesuvius includes hydrochloric acid, that of the Solfatara, of Pozzuoli, includes sulphurous acid, and that of Tuscany, boric acid.

The Geysers are volcanic eruptions of boiling water, some continued, others intermitting, which prevail in immense number in Iceland. One of these hot springs is mentioned which, from half-hour to half hour, projects a column of boiling water 18 feet in diameter to a height of 160 feet.

The water thus ejected contains a certain proportion of silica, which is deposited in a state of hydrate upon all the surrounding bodies, and forms sometimes mounds of considerable extent, at the summit of which is an opening, from which the liquid issues.

Besides silica, the water of the geysers also contains, in a small proportion, the carbonates or sulphates of soda, ammonia, potash, and magnesia, besides a minute proportion of carbonic acid.

Calcareous as well as volcanic countries present vast depressions of the ground analogous to craters, but instead of being nearly circular like those of volcanoes, they are most frequently oblong and very irregular. Such cavities are frequent in the mountains of the Jura. These are generally oblong hollows, like clefts, which sometimes extend to a great distance, forming oblong mounds parallel to each other, with salient summits. These depressions or cavities have received the name of *valleys of elevation*, though they differ in nothing except their form from craters of elevation.

Elevations of the superficial crust often take place in a series of parallel lines forming so many parallel ridges with intermediate hollows, as if an upheaving force had been exerted by the subjacent strata in a series of parallel directions vertically under the ridges thus produced. The Jura mountains present great numbers of examples of this.

The changes in the condition of the earth's surface attending the undulations and disruptions of its crust, which have been noticed above, excite attention because of the sudden catastrophes which often attend them, and the wide devastation which they sometimes spread. There are, however, other agencies exterior to the surface, of which the accumulated effects, produced in long intervals of time, are not less important. The principal of these are air, water, and heat, acting separately or together, upon the solid matter of the external surface of the terrestrial crust. These operate mechanically by fracture and abrasion, physically by dissolution and disintegration, and chemically by decomposition.

The waters of the ocean evaporated by heat rise into the atmosphere, and are carried by atmospheric currents in their course towards the elevated parts of the land, where they are condensed, and upon which they are precipitated in the liquid state; thence they descend along the declivities, forming rivers and lakes, and sometimes penetrating the crust so as to form springs, until at length, sweeping over the land, they return to the deep, carrying with them, however, a large quantity of detritus of the solid crust, over which they have passed, and which they deposit in the bottom of the seas to form new systems of strata.

Independently of water, air itself by its mechanical action upon solid matter detaches, fractures and abrades more or less of it. The water suspended in the form of vapor in the atmosphere penetrates the pores and interstices of rocks to a greater or lesser extent, according to their density and structure. In times of drought it is again expelled by evaporation, and being thus alternately and incessantly absorbed and dismissed, it at length disintegrates the superficial strata of the rocks, to whatever depth it may penetrate.

Such effects are observable in all cases where extensive sections of the solid crust are made, whether by natural or artificial causes. They are thus seen upon the face of the cliffs which overhang the sea, in the escarpments of ravines which pass through mountain-chains, and in the sides of the vast cuttings artificially produced in quarrying, and still more in the construction of roads, railways, and canals. These effects are, of course, the more prompt and sensible, as the matter composing the rocks is more susceptible of imbibing humidity and of being deprived of it by evaporation. All mountains exhibit traces of such effects in some forms, determined by the various degrees in which their strata are susceptible of them. Thus, while some, like volcanic cones, assume uniform slopes in a conical form; others, those composed of gneiss, for example, assume the forms of pointed and dentated peaks. Numerous examples of these are seen in the chains of the Alps, where they take the names of *needles, teeth, and horns*, [aiguilles, dents, and cornes,] according to their varying forms. Calcareous cliffs assume cylindrical forms, which seem at a distance to resemble fortifications. The faces of these cliffs are often worn into a succession of terraces or steps.

The effects of long-continued atmospheric action upon the form of solid rocks, are seen in many places on the surfaces of continents, which the sea has not approached within historic times. Certain granites are thus disintegrated so profoundly, as to reduce the under-surface of the strata to a mass of gravel, forming holes into which the pluvial water from ravines flows in all

directions. These rocks are also sometimes met with worn into rounded forms, and piled one upon another, so as to be supported only at a single point, forming what are popularly called *rocking-stones*. Cases of this kind are especially presented in the case of certain porphyritic granites. In mountains where granite is decomposed with facility, it has been remarked that masses of these rocks, more or less divided, present a sort of horizontal layers, separated by vertical fissures, so as to reduce the whole to a pile of irregular parallelepipeds. The angles and edges being often worn away, the mass is reduced to a form resembling a pile of cheeses.

Solid rocks are often traversed by vertical crevices filled with matter more easily penetrable by water. In such cases, the pluvial waters entering these crevices dissolve and ultimately sweep away the matter which fills them, leaving the parts thus separated without support. These ultimately fall to the foot of the cliff.

When waters bathe the foot of steep cliffs, they have a tendency to dissolve and decompose their lower strata, leaving the superior ones undisturbed and, consequently, overflowing. When this action is continued to a certain point, the cliffs thus overhanging fall by their weight.

It sometimes happens that the accumulation of debris of such cliffs which takes place below them, operates as a barrier to the waves, and so, for a time, protects them from further degradation. In some cases the natural forms of the rocks exposed to the action of the waves enables them to resist these effects, and such forms are accordingly often imitated in the construction of harbors and breakwaters.

Cascades have often the same effect in the degradation of the cliffs over which they fall, as have the action of waves directed against their base. When such cliffs are formed of alternate calcareous and argillaceous matter, the former, being more susceptible of disintegration than the latter, absorbs and is worn away by the water either in its fall or by its fall from the foot of the cascade; the cliff, therefore, over which the torrent falls soon overhangs and at length is broken off by its weight.

It is to the operation of such causes, as well as to the action of icebergs floating from the Pole, that various forms of rock found in the ocean, but more especially in the neighborhood of continents, must be ascribed. The action of the sea disintegrates the action of the softer parts, leaving the harder standing, and thus forms the most capricious are produced. Wide clefts and openings are made between solid rocks through which the sea passes, and in some cases the rocks are broken into rude and irregular columns and needles.

Other similar examples are presented in the case of the chalk cliffs near the French village of Etretat on the Channel coast, and also in the porphyritic and granitic columnar rocks of the Shetland Islands.

Thus, in fine, it appears that there are, and constantly have been, within historic times, natural agencies in operation upon the surface of the globe, sufficient to explain all these phenomena observed by modern geologists, which, when first brought under notice, excited sentiments of such unmixed wonder. Alternate elevations and depressions of the earth's crust, either sudden or gradual, are recorded in all times; and it is easy to imagine that, in proportion as the shell of solid matter which incloses the igneous central fluid was less and less thick, and consequently less and less resisting, so at more and more remote periods, these undulations, and their consequent disruptions and explosions, must have been much more frequent, and attended by catastrophes infinitely more violent. The volcanic eruptions which have taken place within historic times, may be regarded as miniature reproductions of the phenomena of

which the globe was the theatre at much more remote geological dates. The wear, abrasion, decomposition, and transport of the solid materials of the earth's crust by the action of atmosphere and the waters of the ocean, when continued through periods compared with which that limited by the existence of the human race is but a unit, can easily be imagined to have produced all the effects which are visible on the earth's surface, and to greater or less depths within its crust. The deposits formed by the detritus of the land carried by the current of rivers to their embouchures, exhibit on a small scale the stratification produced by pre-Adamite seas. In a word, all the geological phenomena discoverable by the sections, natural or artificial, of the earth's crust, admit of clear and satisfactory explanation, by merely imputing to the physical agents now in operation an energy proportional to the diminished thickness of the earth's crust, and effects due to a continuance of action for periods of time, compared with which the common chronological units must be regarded as insignificantly minute.

Having thus briefly indicated the natural causes to which geological phenomena must be ascribed, we shall resume the subject which we had dropped, and continue our notice of some of these results, which illustrate the past condition of the earth.

There exists in England, in the Isle of Portland, as well as elsewhere, and on various parts of the continent, a stratum called by miners and quarrymen the "*dirt-bed*." This consists of a layer of about one foot in thickness, composed of dark brown friable loam, containing a large proportion of earthy lignite, and, like the recent soil of the island, many water-worn stones and pebbles. It seems to have been a bed of vegetable mould, which at a remote geological epoch supported an abundant and luxuriant vegetation, for we find in it and upon it innumerable trunks and branches of cone-bearing trees and cycadeous plants, such as palms and ferns. Above this bed are found layers of finely-laminated cream-colored limestones, the total thickness of which is about ten feet, and upon which is deposited the modern vegetable soil; but this latter at present, instead of supporting cycadeous plants and pine forests, barely maintains a scanty vegetation.

The most remarkable circumstance attending this dirt-bed, as it is called, is the position of the trees and plants found on it. They are still erect, as though they had been suddenly petrified while growing in their native forests, with their roots in the vegetable soil and their trunks extending into the limestone above it.

Immediately below it is a thick stratum of fresh-water limestone, of little value for building, and below this again is the stratum of the celebrated Portland stone so extensively used for that purpose. The consequence is that the dirt-bed and its interesting materials, little regarded by quarrymen, are cast away and scattered about as mere rubbish, in order to get at the layer of building-stone which lies below them. "On one of my visits to the island, (in the summer of 1832)," says Dr. Mantel, "the surface of a large area of the dirt-bed was cleared, preparatory to its removal, and the appearance presented was most striking. The floor of the quarry was literally strewn with fossil wood, and before me was a petrified forest, the trees and plants, like the inhabitants of the city in Arabian story, being converted into stone, yet remaining in the places which they occupied when alive! Some of the trunks were surrounded by a conical mound of calcareous earth, which had evidently, when in a state of mud, accumulated around the stems and roots. The upright trunks were generally a few feet apart, and but three or four feet high; their summits were broken and splintered, as if they had been snapped or wrenched off by a

hurricane, at a short distance from the ground. Some were two feet in diameter, and the united fragments of one of the prostrate trunks indicated a total length of from thirty to forty feet; in many specimens portions of the branches remained attached to the stems. In the dirt-bed, there were numerous trunks lying prostrate, and fragments of branches.

"The external surface of all the trees I examined was weather-worn, and resembled that of posts and timbers of groins or piers within reach of the tides, and subjected to the alternate influence of the water and atmosphere; there are but seldom any vestiges of the bark.

"The fossil plants related to the recent *Cycas* and *Zamia*, occur in the intervals between the pine-trees; and the dirt-bed is so little consolidated, that I dug up with a spade, as from a parterre, several specimens that were standing on the very spot where they originally grew, having, like the columns of the temple of Pozzuoli, preserved their original erect position amidst all the revolutions which have subsequently swept over the surface of the earth, and buried them beneath the accumulated detritus of innumerable ages. These fossil plants, though related to the recent *Cycas*, belong to a distinct genus. There are two species—one is short, and of a spheriodial form (*M. cylindrica*).

"The trees and plants are completely silicified, and their internal structure is beautifully preserved in many examples: the wood, microscopically examined, displays the organization of the *Araucaria*. A cone has been found in the dirt-bed, which Dr. Brown considers to be nearly related to the fruit of the Norfolk Island pine (*Araucaria excelsa*). The Portland and Isle of Wight fossil trees appear to belong to the same species of *Conifera*."

The presence of plants analogous to the modern *Cycas* and *Zamia* shows that the climate of England, at the time when the vegetation of this stratum flourished, must have been analogous to that of the tropics, a fact which is in conformity with what has been already explained.

The coal deposits are everywhere attended with similar results. Entire trees are found, some of which are standing upright with their roots penetrating the stratum below them, exactly as they penetrated the soil on which they grew. Several examples of these have been presented in England, one of the most remarkable of which occurred in the construction of the railway between Manchester and Bolton. Near Dixonfold five large stems of *Sigillaria* were found erect with their roots striking into layers of clay below. They stood upon the same level one beside the other, the trunks being surrounded and filled by soft blue shale, and the carbonised bark being all that remained of the original structure. All these trunks seemed to have been broken violently off at a point four or five feet above the roots, no traces of the upper parts of the trees being discovered. (To be continued.)

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—That house will be kept in a turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's errors, no lenity shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood in the grate, and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another, and they will burn; and a half dozen and you will have a blaze. There are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper; pile on the fuel; draw in others of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze, which will enwrap them all in its burning heat.



HOOKING AND EYEING.

ANGELINA (the wife of his Buasum). "Well, Edwin, if you can't make the 'things,' as you call them, meet, you need not sorrow so. It's really quite dreadful!"

Facetiae.

WHAT IS THE BEST PEACE MAKER? Answer: A good dinner.

A MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM.—Given: A Lady's Head as the centre of her dress. To Find: The Circumference of it.

NEW DEFINITION OF ICE.—A native of Africa who had visited England a few years ago, when asked what ice was, said: "Him be water fast asleep."

A DOCTOR advertises in a country paper, that "whoever uses the Vegetable-Compound-Universal-Anti-purging-Aromatic Pills once, will not have to use them again." Very likely.

"HAVE you read my last speech?" said a prosy orator the other day to a friend. "No," replied the person addressed, with a shrug, "I wish to goodness I had."

A MAN who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

A MUSICAL COMPLIMENT.—A celebrated musical critic, who doesn't often pay compliments, speaking of the great difficulties of the violin, says, "what with most players is only 'Science in Fun,' becomes 'Sport in Earnest.'"

A YOUNG LADY who had coquetted with her beau until his patience was completely exhausted, and he rose to go away, whispered, as she accompanied him to the door, "I shall be at home next Sunday evening." "So shall I," he replied.

USES OF ADVERSITY.—"Ah! Sam, so you've been in trouble, eh?" "Yes, Jem, yes." "Well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us, and shows up our better qualities." "Ah! but adversity didn't try me; it was one of the judges, and he showed up my worst qualities."

"MA," said a little girl to her mother, "do the men want to get married as much as the women do?" "Pshaw! What are you talking about?" "Why, ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married; the men don't do so."

A LADY was recently teaching a boy to spell. The boy spelled c-o-l-d, but could not pronounce it. In vain his teacher asked him to think, and try. At last she asked him: "What do you get

when you go out upon the wet sidewalk on a rainy day, and wet your feet?" "I gets a licking."

"SAM, where have you been?" "We've been swimming, father." "We? who's been swimming with you?" "Nobody, sir." "Well, but you have said, 'we've been swimming, didn't you?'" "We've been swimming, father." "Whom did you swim with, then, you young rascal?" "Me, father!" said the pert urchin, "why, with the tide, to be sure."

SMALL WIT.—Sir George Beaumont once met Quin at a small dinner party. There was a delicious pudding, which the master of the house, pushing the dish towards Quin, begged him to taste. A gentleman had just before helped himself to an immense piece of it. "Pray," said Quin, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, "which is the pudding?"

"BRIDGET," says a lady to her servant, Bridget Conley, "who was that man you were talking with so long at the gate, last night?" "Sure, no

one but my oldest brother, mam," replied Bridget, with a flushed cheek. "Your brother! I didn't know you had a brother. What is his name?" "Barney Octoolan, mam." "Indeed, how comes it that the name is not the same as yours?" "Troth, mam," replied Bridget, "he has been married once."

A VERY gallant writer of the present day says that crochet work is the art of seeming to be employed for a long time, and of producing a result of the least possible value; an invention by which young girls, fancying they are doing something useful and elegant, are induced to fritter away all the hours they might devote to improving their minds and making themselves agreeable companions.

A DOUBLE LOSS.—A jealous lover in Kilmarneck, who had dogged his charmer home from a ball in company with a rival, knocked at the

door when the coast was clear, and was disconcerted when the master of the house, a surgeon, responded, instead of Jessie. He had not the courage to confess his errand—so complained of (not the heart, but) the toothache. There was no escape for the slighted weaver; the doctor placed him in a chair, and he returned home bereft of his enslaver and a tooth.

INTERESTING TO BOYS.—A gentleman recently entered an establishment where he knew they wanted an apprentice, and said, "I've got a boy for you, sir." "Glad of it—who is he?" asked the man of the large establishment. The gentleman told the boy's name, and where he lived. "Don't want him," said the foreman: "he has got a bad mark." "A bad

mark, sir: what?" "I meet him every day with a cigar in his mouth," replied the foreman; "I don't want smokers."

IN selling a Newfoundland dog, do you know whether it is valued according to what it will fetch, or what it will bring?

A BOY who displayed a long, dangling watch chain, was asked, "What is the time of day, Josiah?"

The lad drew out his watch very ceremoniously, and after examining it for a while, referred to another boy, and said, "Is this the figure nine or the figure seven?"

He was told that it was the figure seven.

"Well, then, said the genius, "it's just about half an inch to eight."

POPULARITY.—You wish to be popular. Well, everybody wishes to be popular. Become notorious then. Wear your hat with a difference; knock the crown out of it, if you can think of nothing better. Assert that the moon is made of green cheese, and anathematise every one who is hardy enough to declare it moonshine. Start some monstrous theory, such as that people should wear shoes on their hands or gloves on their feet. Invent a system of ethics which makes robbery virtue, and envy religion. Do anything in the world monstrous and absurd. Somebody will ridicule you. Somebody will abuse you. Several somebodies will shortly combine to put you down. You are made. You are persecuted. You are notorious. Popularity follows on the heels of notoriety, like shadows upon substance.

INCONTROVERTIBLE FACTS.—Nothing which is fully prepared can be taken by surprise; therefore prepared chocolate must remain cool as a cucumber.—If a man carries out his own ideas it must puzzle his neighbor to tell us the exact weight of his burden.—When a man makes light of his troubles he cannot be said to produce either gas or oil.—The "heart which can feel for another," is that which dips into the breeches pockets.—When a man stands on the brink of ruin it is folly to go forward, and therefore it is good advice to bid him retrace his steps.—When a manager announces "by particular desire," he means by particular necessity.—The tear of sympathy has often to be pressed into actual service; upon few occasions can it be said to be a volunteer.—The moralists tell us "all things have an end;" which is rather a deviation from truth, as a ring is round, and consequently has no end.



A PROFESSIONAL MAN.

MEDICAL STUDENT.—"Well, old feller, so you've 'passed' at last." CONSULTING SURGEON.—"Yes; but I don't get much practice, somehow—although I am nearly always at home, in case any one should call."

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL

Of Romance, General Literature, Science and Art.



NEW SERIES.—VOL. IV.—PART 6.

DECEMBER, 1856.

18 $\frac{3}{4}$ CENTS.

SUSAN MERTON;

OR,

"IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

BY

CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE," "FAG WOFFINGTON,"
"CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"I SHALL be always welcome to her, if I can bring myself to talk about that detestable country. Well, I will grind my tongue down to it. She

shall not be able to do without my chat; that shall be the beginning; the middle shall be different; the end shall be just the opposite. The sea is between him and her. I am here with opportunity, resolution and money. I *will* have her!"

The next morning his mother said to him—

"John, do you think to go to-day?"

"Where, mother?"

"The journey you spoke of."

"What journey?"

"Among the mines."

"Not I."

"You have changed your mind then."

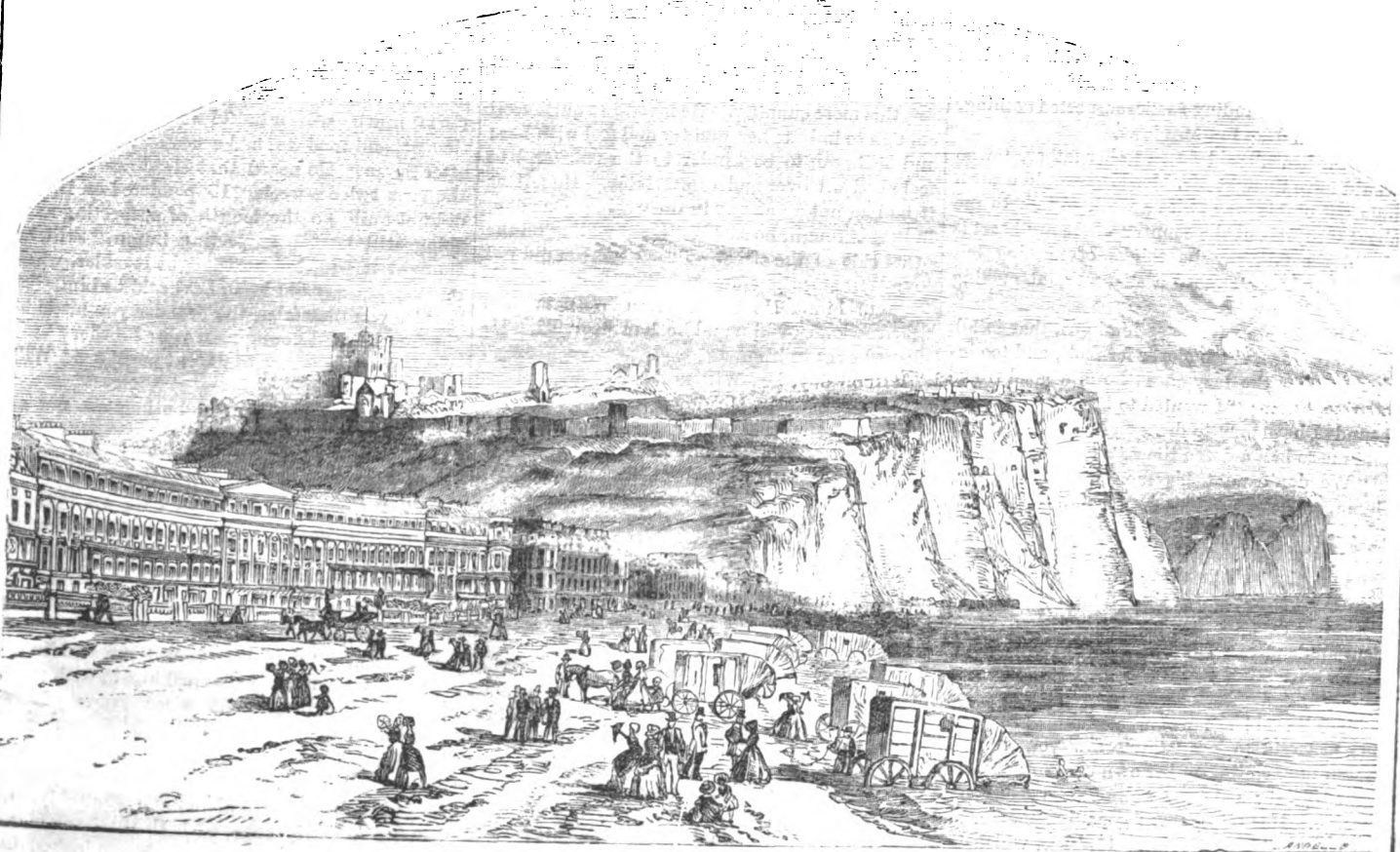
"What, didn't you see I was joking?"

"No!" very drily.

Soon after this little dialogue, Dame Meadows proposed to end her visit and return home. Her son yielded a cheerful assent. She went gravely and quietly back to her little cottage.

Meadows had determined to make himself necessary to Susan Merton. He brought against her his cunning to bear against a woman; for the sacrifice to which his strong will bent his supple talent, is one that many women have had the tact and temporary self-denial to carry out, but not one man in a hundred.

Men try to beat an absent rival by sneering at



him, etc. By which means the asses make their absent foe present to her mind, and enlist the whole woman in his defence.

But Meadows was no ordinary man.

Susan had given his quick intelligence a glimpse of a way to please her: he looked at the end and crushed his will down to the thorny means.

Twice a-week he called on the Mertons, and much of his talk was Australia. Susan was grateful. To hear of the place where George would soon be was the nearest approach she could make to hearing of George.

As for Meadows he gained a great point, but he went through tortures on the way. He could not hide from himself why he was so welcome; and many a time as he rode home from the Mertons he resolved never to return there, but he took no more oaths—it had cost him so much to keep the last; and that belief which might have been expected: after a while, the pleasure of being near the woman he loved, of being distinguished by her, and greeted with pleasure, however slight, grew into a habit and a need.

Achilles was a man of steel, but he had a vulnerable part; and iron natures like John Meadows have often one spot in their souls where they are far tenderer than the universal dove-eyed, and weaker than the omnipotent. He never spoke a word of love to Susan—he knew it would spoil all—and she occupied with another's image, and looking upon herself as confessedly belonging to another, never suspected the deep passion that filled this man's heart. But if an observer of nature had accompanied John Meadows on market-day, he might have seen—diagnostics.

All the morning his eye was cold and quick; his mouth, when silent, close, firm, and unreadable; his voice clear, decided, and occasionally loud. But when he got to old Merton's firesides he mellowed and softened like the sun toward evening: there his forehead unknit itself, his voice, pitched in quite a different key from his key of business, turned also low and gentle, and soothed and secretly won the hearer by its deep, rich, and pleasant modulation and variety; and his eye changed deeper in color, and, losing its keenness and restlessness, dwelt calmly and pensively, for minutes at a time, upon some little household object close to Susan; seldom unless quite unobserved upon Susan herself.

But the surrounding rustics suspected nothing, so calm and deep ran Meadows.

"Dear heart," said Susan to her father, "who would have thought Mr. Meadows would come a mile out of his way twice a week to talk to me about Geo—about the country where my heart is—and the folk say he thinks of nothing but money, and won't move a step without making it."

"The folk are envious of him, girl, that is all. John Meadows is too clever for fools, and too industrious for the lazy ones; he is a good friend of mine, Susan; if I wanted to borrow a thousand pounds I have only to draw on Meadows; he has told me so half a dozen times."

"We don't want his money, father," replied Susan, "nor anybody's; but I think a great deal of his kindness, and George shall thank him when he comes home—if ever he comes home to Susan again." These last words brought many tears with them, which the old farmer pretended not to notice, for he was getting tired of his daughter's tears. They were always flowing now at the least word, "and she used to be so good humored and cheerful like."

Poor Susan! she was very unhappy. If any one had said to her "to-morrow you die," she would have smiled on her own account, and only sighed at the pain the news would cause poor George. Her George was gone, her mother had been dead this two years. Her life, which had been full of innocent pleasures, was now utterly

tasteless except in its hours of bitterness when sorrow overcame her like a flood. She had a pretty flower-garden, in which she used to work. When George was at home, what pleasure it had been to plant them with her lover's help, to watch them expand, to water them in the summer evening, to smell their gratitude for the artificial shower after a sultry day, and then to have George in, and set him admiring them with such threadbare enthusiasm, simply because they were her's, not in the least because they were Nature's.

CHAPTER VII.

SUSAN MERTON had two unfavored lovers; it is well to observe how differently these two behaved. William Fielding stayed at home, threw his whole soul into his farm, and seldom went near the woman he loved, but had no right to love. Meadows dangled about the flame; ashamed and afraid to own his love, he fed it to a prodigious height by encouraging it and not expressing it. William Fielding was moody and cross and sad enough at times; but at others a little spark ignited inside his heart, and a warm glow diffused itself from that small point over all his being. I think this spark igniting was an approving conscience commencing its work of making a disappointed lover but honest man content.

Meadows on his part began to feel content, and a certain complacency took the place of his stormy feelings. Twice a week he passed two hours with Susan. She always greeted him with a smile, and naturally showed an innocent satisfaction in these visits, managed as they were with so much art and self-restraint. On Sunday too he had always a word or two with her.

Meadows, though an observer of religious forms, had the character of a worldly man, and Susan thought it highly to his credit that he came six miles to hear Mr. Eden.

"But, Mr. Meadows, your poor horse," said she one day. "I doubt it is no sabbath to him now."

"No more it is," said Meadows, as if a new light came to him from Susan. The next Sunday he appeared in dusty shoes, instead of top-boots.

Susan looked down at them and saw and said nothing, but she smiled. Her love of goodness and her vanity were both gratified a little.

Meadows did not stop there; wherever Susan went he followed modestly in her steps. Nor was this mere cunning. He loved her quite well enough to imitate her, and try and feel with her; and he began to be kinder to the poor and to feel good all over and comfortable. He felt as if he had not an enemy in the world. One day, in Farnborough, he saw William Fielding on the other side of the street. Susan Merton did not love William, therefore Meadows had no cause to hate him. He remembered William had asked a loan of him and he had declined. He crossed over to him.

"Good day, Mr. William."

"Good day, Mr. Meadows."

"You were speaking to me one day about a trifling loan. I could not manage it just then, but now—" Here Meadows paused. He had been on the point of offering the money, but suddenly, by one of those instincts of foresight these able men have, he turned it off thus: "but I know who will. You go to Lawyer Crawley; he lends money to people of credit."

"I know he does; but he won't lend it me."

"Why not?"

"He does not like us. He is a poor sneaking creature, and my brother George he caught Crawley selling up some poor fellow or other, and they had words; leastways it went beyond words I fancy. I don't know the rights of it, but George was a little rough with him by all accounts."

"And what has that to do with this?" said the man of business coolly.

"Why, I am George's brother."

"And if you were George himself, and he saw his way to make a shilling out of you, he would do it, wouldn't he? There, you go to Crawley, and ask him to lend you one hundred pounds, and he will lend it you, only he will make you pay heavy interest; heavier than I should, you know, if I could manage it myself."

"Oh, I don't care," said simple William; "thank you kindly, Mr. Meadows," and off he went to Crawley.

He found that worthy in his office. Crawley, who instantly guessed his errand and had no instructions from Meadows, promised himself the satisfaction of refusing the young man. He asked, with a cringing manner and a treacherous smile, "What security, sir?"

Poor William giggled and hampered, and offered first one thing, which was blandly declined for this reason; then another, which was blandly declined for that. Crawley drinking deep draughts of mean vengeance all the while from the young man's shame and mortification, when the door opened, a man walked in, and gave Crawley a note and vanished. Crawley opened the note: it contained a cheque drawn by Meadows, and these words: "Lend W. F. the money, at ten per cent., on his acceptance of your draft at two months." Crawley put the note and cheque in his pocket.

"Well sir," said he to William, "you stay here, and I will see if I have got a hundred in the bank to spare." He went over to the bank, cashed the cheque, drew a bill of exchange at two months' date, deducted the interest and stamp, and William accepted it, and Crawley bowed him out cringing, smiling, and secretly shooting poisoned arrows out of his venomous eye in the direction of the young man's heels.

William thanked him warmly.

This loan made poor William feel happy.

He had paid his brother's debt to the landlord by sacrificing a large portion of his grain at a time the price was low; and now he was so cramped he had much ado to pay his labor when this loan came. The very next day he bought several hogs:—hogs, as George had sarcastically observed, were William Fielding's hobby; he had confidence in that animal. Potatoes and pigs versus sheep and turnips, was the theory of William Fielding.

Now, the good understanding between William and Meadows was not to last long. William, though he was too wise to visit Grassmere Farm much, was mindful of his promise to George, and used to make occasional inquiries after Susan. He heard that Meadows called at the farm twice a-week. He pondered on it, but did not quite go the length of suspecting any thing still less of suspecting Susan. Still he thought it odd, but he thought it odder, when one market-day old Isaac Levi said to him.

"Do you remember the promise you made to the lion-hearted young man your brother?"

"Do you ask that to affront me," said William.

"You never visit her; and others are not so neglectful."

"Who?"

"Go this evening and you will see."

"Yes, I will go, and I will soon see if there is anything in it," said William, not stopping even to inquire why the old Jew took all this interest in the affair.

That evening, as Meadows was in the middle of a description of the town of Sydney, Susan started up. "Why here is William Fielding," and she ran out and welcomed him in with much cordiality, perhaps with some excess of cordiality.

William came in and saluted the farmer and Meadows in his dogged way. Meadows was not best pleased, but kept his temper admirably, and leaving Australia engaged both the farmers in a conversation on home topics. Susan looked dis-

appointed. Meadows was content with that, and the party separated half an hour sooner than usual.

The next market evening in strolls William; Meadows again plays the same game. This time Susan could hardly restrain her temper. She did not want to hear about the Grassmere acres, and "The Grove," and oxen and hogs, but about something that mattered to George.

But when, the next market evening, William arrived before Mr. Meadows, she was downright provoked, and gave him short answers, which raised his suspicions and made him think he had done wisely in coming. This evening Susan excused herself and went to bed early.

She was in Farnborough the next market-day, and William met her and said,

"I'll take a cup of tea with you to-night, Susan, if you are agreeable."

"William," said Susan sharply, "what makes you always come to us on market-day?"

"I don't know. What makes Mr. Meadows come that day?"

"Because he passes our house to go to his own I suppose; but you live but two miles off, you can come any day that you are minded."

"Should I be welcome, Susan?"

"What do you think, Will? Speak your mind. I don't understand you."

"Seems to me I was not very welcome last time."

"If I thought that I wouldn't come again," said Susan as sharp as a needle. Then instantly repenting a little, she explained—"You are welcome to me, Will, and you know that as well as I do, but I want you to come some other evening, if it is all the same to you."

"Why?"

"Why? because I am dull other evenings and it would be nice to have a chat with you."

"Would it, Susan?"

"Of course it would; but that evening I have company, and he talks to me of Australia."

"Nothing else?" sneered the unlucky William.

Susan gave him such a look.

"And that interests me more than anything you can say to me, if you won't be offended," snapped Susan.

William bit his lip.

"Well then, I won't come this evening, eh! Susan."

"No, don't, that is a good soul."

"Les femmes son impitoyables pour ceux qu'elles n'aiment pas." This is a harsh saying, and of course not pure truth; but there is a deal of truth in it.

William was proud; and the consciousness of his own love for her made him less able to persist, for he knew she might be so ungenerous as to retort if he angered her too far. So he altered the direction of his battery. He planted himself at the gate of Grassmere Farm, and as Meadows got off his horse requested a few words with him. Meadows ran him over with one lightning glance, and then the whole man was on the defensive. William bluntly opened the affair.

"You heard me promise to look on Susan as my sister, and keep her as she is for my brother who is far away."

"I heard you, Mr. William," said Meadows, with a smile that provoked William, as the artful one intended it should.

"You come here too often, sir."

"Too often for who?"

"Too often for me, too often for George, too often for the girl herself. I won't have George's sweetheart talked about."

"You are the first to talk about her; if there's scandal it is of your making."

"I won't have it at a word."

Meadows called out—"Miss Merton, will you step here."

William was astonished at his audacity, he did not know his man.

Susan opened the parlor-window. "What is it, Mr. Meadows?"

"Will you step here, if you please?" Susan came. "Here is a young man tells me I must not call on your father or you."

"I say you must not do it often enough to make her talked of."

"Who dares to talk of me?" cried Susan, scarlet.

"Nobody, Miss Merton. Nobody but the young man himself; and so I told him. Is your father within? Then I'll step in and speak with him any way." And the sly Meadows vanished to give Susan an opportunity of quarrelling with William while she was hot.

"I don't know how you came to take such liberties with me," began Susan, quite pale now with anger.

"It is for George's sake," said William, doggedly.

"Did George bid you insult my friends and me? I would not put up with it from George himself, much less from you. I shall write to George, and ask him whether he wishes me to be your slave."

"Don't ye do that. Don't set my brother against me," remonstrated William ruefully.

"The best thing you can do is to go home and mind your farm, and get a sweetheart for yourself, and then you won't trouble your head about me more than you have any business to do."

This last cut wounded William to the quick.

"Good evening, Susan."

"Good evening."

"Won't you shake hands?"

"It would serve you right if I said, No! But I won't make you of so much importance as you want to be. There! And come again as soon as ever you can treat my friends with respect."

"I shan't trouble you again for a while," said William sadly. Good bye. God bless you, Susan dear."

When he was gone, the tears came into Susan's eyes, but she was bitterly indignant with him for making a scene about her, which a really modest girl hates. On her reaching the parlor Mr. Meadows was gone too, and that incensed her still more against William. "Mr. Meadows is affronted, no doubt," said she, "and of course he would not come here to be talked of; he would not like that any more than I. A man that comes here to us out of pure good nature and nothing else."

The next market-day the deep Meadows did not come; Susan missed him and his talk; she had but few pleasures, and this was one of them; but the next after he came as usual, and Susan did not conceal her satisfaction. She was too shy and he too wise to allude to William's interference. They both ignored the poor fellow and his honest, clumsy attempt.

William discomfited but not convinced, determined to keep his eye upon them both. "I swore it, and I'll do it," said this honest fellow. "But I can't face her tongue: it goes through me like a pitch-fork; but as for him"—and he clenched his fist most significantly; then he revolved one or two plans in his head, and rejected them each in turn. At last, a thought struck him—"Mr. Levi! he 'twas that put me on my guard; I'll tell him." Accordingly, he recounted the whole affair and his failure to Mr. Levi. The old man smiled. "You are no match for either of these. You have given the maiden offence, just offence."

"Just offence! Mr. Levi? Now don't you say so! Why how?"

"By your unskilfulness, my son."

It is all very well for you to say that, sir, but I can tell you women are kittle folk—manage them who can. I don't know what to do, I'm sure."

"Stay at home and till the land," replied Isaac, somewhat drily. "I will go to Grassmere Farm."

CHAPTER VIII.

One day the servant came to Susan and announced a visitor. Susan went into the parlor, and there found Isaac Levi. She greeted him with open arms and heightened color, and never for a moment suspected that he was come there full of suspicions of her.

After the first greeting, a few things of little importance were said on either side. Isaac watching to see whether Mr. Meadows had succeeded in supplanting George, and too cunning to lead the conversation that way himself, lay patiently in wait like a sly old fox. However he soon found that he was playing the politician superfluously, for Susan speedily laid bare her whole heart to the simplest capacity. Instead of waiting for the skilful, subtle, almost invincible cross-examination which the descendant of Maimonides was preparing for her, she answered all his questions before they were asked. It came out that her thought by day and night was George, that she had been very dull and very unhappy. "But I am better now, Mr. Levi, thank God. He has been very good to me. He has sent me a friend, a clergyman, or an angel in the dress of one I sometimes think. He knows all about me and George, sir; so that makes me feel quite at home with him and I can—and now Mr. Meadows stops an hour on market days, and he is so kind as to tell me all about Australia, and you may guess I like to hear about—Mr. Levi, come and see us some market evening. Mr. Meadows is capital company; to hear him you would think he had passed half his life in Australia. Were you ever in Australia, sir, if you please?"

"Never, but I shall."

"Shall you, sir?"

"Yes; the old Jew is not to die till he has drifted to every part in the globe. In my old days I shall go back towards the East, and there methinks I shall lay these wandering bones."

"Oh, sir, inquire after George, and show him some kindness, and don't see him wronged, he is very simple—"No! no! no! you are too old; you must not cross the seas at your age; don't think of it; stay quiet at home till you leave us for a better world."

"At home!" said the old man sorrowfully; "I have no home. I had a home, but the man Meadows has driven me out of it."

"Mr. Meadows. La, sir, as how?"

"He bought the house I live in, and next Lady-day, as the woman-worshipper calls it, he turns me to the door."

"But he won't if you ask him. He is a very good-natured man. You go and ask him to be so good as let you stay; he won't gainsay you, you take my word."

"Susannah!" replied Isaac, "you are good and innocent; you cannot fathom the hearts of the wicked. This Meadows is a man of Belial. I did beseech him; I bowed these grey hairs to him, to let me stay in the house where I lived so happily with my Leah twenty years, where my children were born to me and died from me, where my Leah consoled me for their loss awhile, but took no comfort herself and left me too."

"Poor old man! and what did he say?"

"He refused me with harsh words. To make the refusal more bitter, he insulted my religion and my much enduring tribe, and at the day appointed he turns me at three-score years and ten adrift upon the earth."

"Eh, dear! how hard the world is," cried Susan; "I had a great respect for Mr. Meadows, but now if he comes here I know I shall shut the door in his face."

Isaac reflected. This would not have suited a certain subtle Eastern plan of vengeance he

had formed. "No!" said he, "that is folly. Take not another man's quarrel on your shoulders. A Jew knows how to revenge himself without your aid."

So then her inquisitor was satisfied; Australia really was the topic that made Meadows welcome: he departed, revolving oriental vengeance.

Smooth Meadows at his next visit removed the impression excited against him, and easily persuaded Susan that Levi was more in the wrong than he; in which opinion she stood firm till Levi's next visit.

At last she gave up all hope of dijudicating, and determined to end the matter by bringing them together and making them friends.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Meadows lived in a house that he had conquered three years ago by lending money on it at a fair interest in his own name. Mr. David Hall, the proprietor, paid neither principal nor interest. Mr. Meadows expected this contingency, and therefore lent his money. He threatened to foreclose, and sell the house under the hammer; to avoid this Mr. Hall said, "Pay yourself the interest by living rent free in the house till such time as my old aunt dies, drat her, and then I'll pay your money; I wish I had never borrowed it." Meadows acquiesced with feigned reluctance. "Well, if I must, I must; but let me have my money as soon as you can;" (aside) "I will end my days in this house."

It had many conveniences; among the rest a very long though narrow garden inclosed within high walls; at the end of which was a door which anybody could open from the inside, but from the outside only by a Bramah key.

The access to this part of the premises was by a short narrow lane very dirty and very little used, because, whatever might have been in old times, it led now from nowhere to nowhere. Meadows received by this entrance one or two persons whom he never allowed to desecrate his knocker. At the head of these furtive visitors was Peter Crawley, attorney-at-law, a gentleman who every New Year's Eve used to say to himself with a look of gratified amazement—"Another year gone and I not struck off the Rolls!!!"

Peter had a Bramah key intrusted to him.

His visits to Mr. Meadows were conducted thus: he opened the garden gate, and looked up at the window in a certain passage. This passage was not accessible to the servants, and the window with its blinds was a signal book.

Blinds up, Mr. Meadows out.

White blinds down, Mr. Meadows in.

Blue blind down, Mr. Meadows in, but not alone.

The same key that opened the garden door, opened a door at the back of the house, which led direct to the passage above mentioned. On the window seat lay a peculiar whistle constructed to imitate the whining of a dog. Then Meadows would go to his book-shelves, which lined one side of the room, and pressing a hidden spring, open a door that nobody ever suspected, for the books came along with it. To provide for every contingency, there was a small secret opening in another part of the shelves, by which Meadows could shoot unobserved a note or the like into the passage, and so give Crawley instructions without dismissing a visitor if he had one.

Meadows provided against surprises and discovery. His study had double doors; neither of them could be opened from the outside. His visitors or servants must rap with an iron knocker; and whilst Meadows went to open, the secret visitor stepped into the passage and shut the books behind him.

It was a room that looked business. One side was almost papered with ordnance maps of this

and an adjoining county. Pigeon holes abounded too, and there was a desk six feet long chock full of little drawers—contents indicated outside in letters of which the proprietor knew the meaning, not I.

Between the door and the fire-place was a screen, on which, in place of idle pictures, might be seen his plans and calculations as a land surveyor, especially those that happened to be at present in operation or under consideration. So he kept his business before his eye on the chance of a good idea striking him at a leisure moment.

"Will Fielding's acceptance falls due to-morrow, Crawley."

"Yes, sir, what shall I do?"

"Present it; he is not ready for it I know."

"Well, sir, what next?"

"Serve him with a writ."

"He will be precious put about."

"He will. Seem sorry, say you are a little short, but won't trouble him for a month, if it is inconvenient; but he must make you safe by signing a judgment."

"Ay, ay, Sir! may I make bold to ask what is the game with this young Fielding?"

"You ought to know the game—to get him in my power."

"And a very good game it is, sir. Nobody plays it better than you, sir. He won't be the only one that is in your power in these parts—he! he!" And Crawley chuckled without merriment. "Excuse my curiosity, sir, but when about is the blow to fall?"

"What is that to you?"

"Nothing, sir, only the sooner the better. I have a grudge against the family."

"Have you? then don't act upon it. I don't employ you to do your business but mine."

"Certainly, Mr. Meadows—You don't think I'd be so ungrateful as to spoil your admirable plans by acting upon any little feeling of my own."

"I don't think you would be so silly; for if you did, we should part."

"Don't mention such an event, sir."

"You have been drinking, Crawley!"

"Not a drop, sir, this two days."

"You are a liar! The smell comes through your skin. I won't have it. Do you hear what I say? I won't have it. No man that drinks can do business—especially mine."

"I'll never touch a drop again. They called me into the public-house—they wouldn't take a denial."

"Hold your prate, and listen to me. The next time you look at a public-house, say to yourself, Peter Crawley, that is not a public house to you; it is a hospital, a workhouse, or a dung-hill—for if you go in there, John Meadows, that is your friend, will be your enemy."

"Heaven forbid, Mr. Meadows."

"Drink this basin-full of coffee."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. It is very bitter."

"Is your head clear now?"

"As a bell."

"Then go and do my work, and don't do an atom more or an atom less than your task."

"No, sir. Oh, Mr. Meadows! it is a pleasure to serve you. You are as deep as the sea, sir, and as firm as the rock. You never drink, sir, nor anything else that I can find. A man out of a thousand! No little weakness like the rest of us, sir. You are a great man, sir. You are a model of a man of bus—"

"Good morning," growled Meadows roughly, and turned his back.

"Good morning, sir," said Peter mellifluously. And opening the door about ten inches, he wriggled out like a weasel going through a chink in a wall.

William Fielding fell like a child into the trap. "Give me time, and it will be all right," is the debtor's delusion. William thanked

Crawley for not pressing him, and so compelling him to force a sale of all his hogs, fat or lean. Crawley received his thanks with a leer, returned in four days, got the judgment signed, and wriggled away with it to Meadows' back door.

"You take out an arrest," (Meadows gave him a pocket-book,) "put it in this, and keep it ready in your pocket night and day."

"I dare say it will come into use before the year is out, sir."

"I hope not."

George Fielding gone to Australia, to make a thousand pounds by farming and cattle-feeding, that so he may claim old Merton's promised consent to marry Susan. Meadows falling deeper and deeper in love, but keeping it more jealously secret than ever. On his guard against Isaac, on his guard against William, on his guard against John Meadows. Hoping everything from time and accidents, from the distance between the lovers, from George's incapacity, of which he had a great opinion—"He will never make a thousand pence,"—but not trusting to the things he hoped; on the contrary watching with keen eye and working with subtle threads to draw everybody into his power who could assist or thwart him in the object his deep heart and iron will were set on. William Fielding going down the hill Meadows was mounting; getting the better of his passion, and substituting, by degrees, a brother-in-law's regard.

Thus matters for four months glided quietly on in the state I have just indicated.

One day, at, or about the end of this period, Mr. Meadows brought with him to the Mertons a Mr. Clinton.

As nothing remarkable occurred at this visit we may as well explain this Mr. Clinton.

He was a speculator, and above all a setter on foot of rotten speculations and a keeper on foot a little while of lame ones. No man exceeded him in the art of rose-tinting bad paper or parchment. He was sanguine and fluent. His mind had two eyes, an eagle's and a bat's; with the first he looked at the "pros," and with the second at the "cons" of a spec.

He was an old acquaintance of Meadows, and had come thirty miles out of the way to show him how to make one hundred per cent. without the shadow of a risk. Meadows declined to violate the laws of Nature, but said he, "if you like to stay a day or two I will introduce you to one or two who have money to fling away." And he introduced him to Mr. Merton. Now that worthy had a fair stock of latent cupidity, and Mr. Clinton was the man to tempt it.

In a very few conversations he convinced the farmer that there were a hundred ways of making money, all of them quicker than the slow process of denying one's self superfluities and growing saved pennies into pounds.

"What do you think, John?" said Merton one day to Meadows, "I have got a few hundreds loose. I'm half minded to try and turn them into thousands for my girl's sake. Mr. Clinton makes it clear, don't you think?"

"Well, I don't know," was the reply. "I have no experience in that sort of thing, but it certainly looks well the way he puts it."

In short Meadows did not discourage his friend from co-operating with Mr. Clinton: for his own part spoke him fair, and expressed openly a favorable opinion of his talent and his various projects, though he always found some excuse or other for not risking a halfpenny with him.

CHAPTER X.

One day Mr. Meadows walked into the post-office, Farnborough, and said to Jefferies the postmaster,

"A word with you in private, Mr. Jefferies."

"Certainly, Mr. Meadows, come to my back parlor, sir; a fine day, Mr. Meadows, but I think we shall have a shower or two."

"Shouldn't wonder. Do you know this five-pound note?"

"Can't say I do."

"Why it has passed through your hands?"

"Has it? well a good many of them pass through my hands in the course of the year. I wish a few of 'em would stop on the road."

"This one did. It stuck to your fingers, as the phrase goes."

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said Jefferies haughtily.

"You stole it, sir," explained Meadows quietly.

"Take care," cried Jefferies in a loud quaver.

"Take care what you say. I'll have my action of defamation against you double quick if you dare to say such a thing of me."

"So be it. You will want witnesses. Defamation is no defamation you know 'till the scandal is published. Call in your lodger."

"Ugh!"

"And call your wife?" cried Meadows, raising his voice in turn.

"Heaven forbid! Don't speak so loud for goodness sake."

"Hold your tongue then, and don't waste my time with your gammon," said Meadows sternly. Then resuming his former manner he went on in the tone of calm explanation. "One or two in this neighborhood lost money coming through the post. I said to myself 'Jefferies is a man that often talks of his conscience, he will be the thief,' so I baited six traps for you and you took five. This note came over from Ireland; you remember it now?"

"I am ruined! I am ruined!"

"You changed it at Evan's the grocer's; you had four sovereigns and silver for it. The other baits were a note and two sovereigns and two half sovereigns. You spared one sovereign, the rest you nailed. They were all marked by Lawyer Crawley. They have been traced from your hand, and he locked up ready for next assizes. Good morning, Mr. Jefferies."

Jefferies turned a cold jelly where he sat, and Meadows walked out, primed Crawley, and sent him to stroll in sight of the post-office.

Soon a quavering voice called Crawley into the post-office.

"Come into my back parlor, sir. Oh! Mr. Crawley, can nothing be done? No one knows my misfortune but you and Mr. Meadows. It is not for my own sake, but my wife's. If she knew I had been tempted so far astray, she would never hold up her head again. Sir, if you and Mr. Meadows will let me off this once I will take an oath on my bended knees never to offend again."

"What good will that do me?" asked Crawley contemptuously.

"Ah!" cried Jefferies, a light breaking in, "will money make it right? I'll sell the coat off my back."

"Humph! If it was only me, but Mr. Meadows has such a sense of public duty, and yet—hum!—I know a way to influence him just now."

"Oh, sir! do pray use your influence with him."

"What will you do for me if I succeed?"

"Do for you, cut myself in pieces to serve you."

"Well, Jefferies, I'm undertaking a difficult task to turn such a man as Meadows, but I will try it, and I think I shall succeed; but I must have terms. Every letter that comes here from Australia you must bring to me with your own hands directly."

"I will sir, I will."

"I shall keep it an hour or two perhaps, not more; and I shall take no money out of it."

"I will do it, sir, and with pleasure. It is the least I can do for you."

"And you must find me ten pounds." The little rogue must do a bit on his own account.

"I must pinch to get it," said Jefferies ruefully.

"Pinch then," replied Crawley coolly; "and let me have it directly."

"You shall, sir, you shall, before the day is out."

"And you must never let Meadows know I took this money of you."

"No, sir, I won't! is that all?"

"That is all."

"Then I am very grateful, sir, and I won't fail you may depend."

Thus the two battledores played with this poor little undetected one, whom his respectability no less than his roguery placed at their mercy.

CHAPTER XI.

WHENEVER Mr. Meadows could do Mr. Levi an ill turn he did; and vice versa. They hated one another like men who differ about baptism. Susan sprinkled dew drops of charity on each in turn.

Levi listened to her with infinite pleasure.

"Your voice," said he, "is low and melodious like the voice of my own people in the East." And then she secretly quoted the New Testament to him, having first ascertained that he had never read it; and he wondered where on earth this simple girl had picked up so deep a wisdom and so lofty and self-denying a morality.

Meadows listened to her with respect from another cause; but the ill offices that kept passing between the two men counteracted her transitory influence and fed fat the ancient grudge.

CHAPTER XII.

"WILL FIELDING is in the town; I'm to arrest him as agreed last night?"

"Hum! no!"

"Why I have got the judgment in my pocket, and the constable at the public hard by."

"Never mind! he was saucy to me in the market yesterday—I was angry and—but anger is a snare: what shall I gain by locking him up just now? let him go."

"Well, sir, your will is law," said Crawley, obsequiously but sadly.

"Now to business of more importance."

"At your service, sir."

But the business of more importance was interrupted by a sudden knock at the outside door of Mr. Meadows's study.

"Well!"

"A young lady to see you."

"A young lady?" inquired Meadows, with no very amiable air, "I am engaged—do you know who it is?"

"It is Farmer Merton's daughter, David says."

"Miss Merton!" cried Meadows, with a marvellous change of manner. "Show her up directly. Crawley, run into the passage, quick, man, and wait for signals."

He bundled Crawley out, shut the secret door, threw open both the others, and welcomed Susan warmly at the threshold.

"Well, this is good of you, Miss Merton, to come and shine in upon me in my own house."

"I have brought your book back!" replied Susan, coloring a little; "that was my errand, that is," said she, "that was partly my errand." She hesitated a moment—"I am going to Mr. Levi."

Meadows's countenance fell.

"And I wouldn't go to him without coming to you; because what I have to say to him I must say to you as well. Mr. Meadows, do let me persuade you out of this bitter feeling

against the poor old man. Oh! I know you will say he is worse than you are; so he is, a little; but then consider he has more excuse than you; he has never been taught how wicked it is not to forgive. You know it—but don't practise it."

Meadows looked at the simple-minded enthusiast, and his cold eye deepened in color as it dwelt on her, and his voice dropped into the low and modulated tone which no other human creature but this ever heard from him.

"Human nature is very revengeful. Few of us are like you. It is my misfortune that I have not oftener a lesson from you; perhaps you might charm away this unchristian spirit that makes me unworthy to be your—your friend."

"Oh, no! no!" cried Susan, "if I thought so should I be here?"

"Your voice and your face do make me at peace with all the world, Susan—I beg your pardon—Miss Merton."

"And why not Susan," said the young lady, kindly."

"Well! Susan is a very inviting name."

"La! Mr. Meadows," cried Susan, arching her brows, "why it is a frightful name, it is so old fashioned; nobody is christened Susan now-a-days."

"It is a name for everything that is good and gentle and lovely—"

A moment more and passion would have melted all the icy barriers prudence and craft had reared round this deep heart. His voice was trembling, his cheek flushing; but he was saved by—an enemy.

"Susan!" cried a threatening voice at the door, and there stood William Fielding with a look to match.

Rage burnt in Meadows's heart.

He said brusquely "Come in," and seizing a slip of paper he wrote five words on it, and taking out a book flung it into the passage to Crawley. He then turned towards W. Fielding, who by this time had walked up to Susan, who was on the other side of the screen.

"Was told you had gone in here," said William quietly, "so I came after you."

"Now that was very attentive of you," replied Susan, ironically. "It is so nice to have a sensible young man like you following forever at one's heels—like a dog."

A world of quiet scorn embellished this little remark.

William's reply was happier than usual. "The sheep find the dog often in their way, but they are all the safer for him."

"Well, I'm sure," cried Susan, her scorn giving way to anger.

Mr. Meadows put in: "I must trouble you to treat Miss Merton with proper respect when you speak to her in my house."

"Who respects her more than I?" retorted William, "but you see, Mr. Meadows, sheep are no match for wolves when the dog is away—so the dog is here."

"I see the dog is here and by his own invitation; all I say is that if the dog is to stay here he must behave like a man."

William gasped at this hit; he didn't trust himself to answer Meadows; in fact a blow of his fist seemed to him the only sufficient answer—he turned to Susan. "Susan, do you remember poor George's last words to me? with a tear in his eye and his hand in mine. Well, I keep my promise to him, I keep my eye upon such as I think capable of undermining my brother. This man is a schemer, Susan, and you are too simple to fathom him."

The look of surprise crafty Meadows put on here, and William Fielding's implied compliment to his own superior sagacity, struck Susan as infinitely ludicrous, and she looked at Meadows and laughed like a peal of bells. Of course he looked at her and laughed with her. At this all young

Fielding's self-restraint went to the winds, and he went on,

"But sooner than that I'll twist as good a man's neck as ever schemed in Jack Meadows's shoes!"

At this defiance Meadows wheeled round on William Fielding, and confronted him with his stalwart person and eyes glowing with gloomy wrath. Susan screamed with terror at William's insulting words and at the attitude of the two men, and she made a step to throw herself between them if necessary; but before words could end in blows a tap at the study door caused a diversion, and a cringing sort of voice said—

"May I come in?"

"Of course you may," shouted Meadows; "the place is public. Anybody walks into my room to-day, friend or foe. Don't ask my leave, come in, man, whoever you are. Mr. Crawley? well, I didn't expect a call from you any more than from this one."

"Now don't you be angry, sir. I had a good reason for intruding on you this once. Jackson!"

Jackson stepped forward and touched William Fielding on the shoulder.

"You must come along with me," said he.

"What for?" inquired Fielding.

"You are arrested on this judgment," explained Crawley, letting the document peep a moment from his waistcoat pocket. William threw himself into an attitude of defence. His first impulse was to knock the officer down and run into another county, but the next moment he saw the folly and injustice of this, and another sentiment overpowered the honest simple fellow—shame. He covered his face with both his hands and groaned aloud with the scene of this humiliation.

"Oh! my poor William!" cried Susan. "Oh! Mr. Meadows, can nothing be done?"

"Why, Miss Merton," said Meadows, looking down, "you can't expect me to do anything for him. If it was his brother, now, Lawyer Crawley shouldn't ever take him out of my house."

Susan flushed all over.

"That I am sure you would, Mr. Meadows," cried she, (for feeling obscured grammar). "Now see, dear William, how your temper and unworthy suspicions alienate our friends; but father shan't let you lie in prison. Mr. Meadows, will you lend me a sheet of paper?"

She sat down, pen in hand, in generous excitement. While she wrote Mr. Meadows addressed Crawley—

"And now a word with you, Mr. Crawley. You and I meet on business now and then, but we are not on visiting terms that I know of. How come you to walk into my house with a constable at your back?"

"Well sir, I did it for the best," said Crawley, apologetically. "Our man came in here, and the street door was open, and I said, 'He is a friend of Mr. Meadows: perhaps it would be more delicate to all parties to take him in-doors than in the open street.'"

"Oh, yes!" cried William, "it is better enough as it is, but that would have been worse—thank you for arresting me here, and now take me away and let me hide from all the world."

"Fools!" said a firm voice behind the screen.

"Fools!" At this word and a new voice Susan started up from the table and William turned his face from the wall. Meadows did more.

"Another!" cried he, in utter amazement; "why, my house is an inn. Ah!"

Whilst speaking, he had run round the screen and come plump upon Isaac Levi, seated in a chair, and looking up in his face with stern composure. His exclamation brought the others round after him and a group of excited faces encircled this old man seated sternly composed.

"Fools!" repeated he, "these tricks were stale before England was a nation. Which of you two has the judgment?"

"I, sir," said Crawley at a look from Meadows.

"The amount?"

"A hundred and six thirteen four,"

"Here is the money. Give me the document."

"Here, sir."

Levi read it.

"This action was taken on a bill of exchange. I must have that too."

"Here it is, sir. Would you like an acknowledgement, Mr. Levi," said Crawley, obsequiously.

"No! foolish man. Are not these sufficient vouchers?"

"You are free, sir," said Crawley to William, with an air of cheerful congratulation.

"Am I? Then I advise you to get out of my way, for my fingers do itch to fling you head foremost down the stairs."

On this hint out wriggled Mr. Crawley, with a semicircle of bows to the company. Constable touched his frontlock and went straight away as if he was going through the opposite wall of the house. Meadows pointed after them with his finger and said to Levi,

"You see the road—get out of my house."

The old man never moved from his chair, to which he had returned after paying William's debts.

"It is not your house," said he coolly.

The other stared.

"No matter," replied Meadows, sharply, "it is mine till my mortgage is paid off."

"I am here to pay it."

"Ah!"

"Principal and interest calculated up to twelve o'clock, this eleventh day of March. It wants five minutes to twelve. I offer you principal and interest of six hundred and twenty-two pounds fourteen shillings and five pence three farthings before these witnesses and demand the title deeds."

Meadows hung his head, but he was not a man to waste words in mere scolding. He took the blow with forced calmness, as who should say, "this is your turn—the next is mine."

"Miss Merton," said he, almost in a whisper, "I never had the honor to receive you here before and I never shall again. How long do you give me to move my things?"

"Can you not guess?" inquired the other with a shade of curiosity.

"Why, of course you will put me to all the inconvenience you can. Come now, am I to move all my furniture and effects out of this great house in twenty-four hours?"

"I give you more than that."

"How kind! What, you give me a week perhaps?" asked Meadows incredulously.

"More than that, you fool! Don't you see that it is on next Lady-day you will be turned into the street. Aha! woman-worshipper, on Lady-day! A tooth for a tooth!"

And the old man ground his own teeth, which were white as ivory, and his fist clenched itself while his eye glittered, and he swelled out from the chair, and literally bristled with hate,

"A tooth for a tooth!"

"Oh, Mr. Levi," said Susan, sorrowfully, "how soon you have forgotten my last lesson!"

Meadows for a moment felt a chill of fear at the punctiliousness of revenge in this oriental whom he had made his enemy. To this succeeded the old hate multiplied by ten; but he made a monstrous effort and drove it from his face down into the recesses of his heart.

"Well," said he, "may you enjoy this house as I have done this last twelvemonth!"

"That does you credit, good Mr. Meadows," cried simple Susan, missing his meaning. Meadows continued in the same tone, "and I must make shift with the one you vacate on Lady-day."

"Solomon, teach me to outwit this dog."

"Come Mr. Levi, I have visited Mr. Meadows and now I am going to your house."

"You shall be welcome, kindly welcome," said the old man, with large and flowing courtesy.

"And will you show me," said Susan very tenderly, "where Leah used to sit?"

"Ah!"

"And where Rachel and Sarah loved to play."

"Ah me! Ah me! Ah me! yes; I could not show another these holy places, but I will show you."

"And will you forget awhile this unhappy quarrel and listen to my words."

"Surely I shall listen to you; for even now your voice is to my ear like the wind sighing among the cedars of Lebanon, and the wave that plays at night upon the sands of Galilee."

"'Tis but the frail voice of a foolish woman, who loves and respects you, and yet," said Susan, her color mantling with enthusiasm, "with it I can speak you words more beautiful than Lebanon's cedars or Galilee's shore. Ay, old man, words that made the stars brighter and the sons of the morning rejoice. I will not tell you whence I had them, but you shall say surely they never came from earth, selfish, cruel, revengeful earth, these words that drop on our hot passions like the dew, and speak of trespasses forgiven, and peace and goodwill among men."

Oh! magic of a lovely voice speaking the truths of heaven! How still the room was as these goodly words rang in it from a pure heart. Three men there had all been raging with anger and hate; now a calming music fell like oil upon these human waves, and stilled them.

The men drooped their heads, and held their breath to make sure the balmy sounds had ceased: then Levi answered in a tone gentle, firm, and low (very different from his last,) "Summa, bitterness fades from my heart as you speak: but experience remains;" he turned to Meadows. "When I wander forth at Lady-day she shall still be watched over though I be far away. My eye shall be here, and my hand shall still be so over you all," and raising his thin hand, he held it high up, the nails pointing downwards: it looked just like a hawk hovering over its prey. "I will say no bitterer word than that to-day;" and in fact he delivered this without apparent heat or malice.

"Come then with me, Susanna—a goodly name, it comes to you from the despised people; come like peace to my dwelling, Susanna, you do not know this world's wiles as I do, but you can teach me the higher wisdom that controls the folly of passion and purifies the soul."

The pair were gone, and William and Meadows were left alone. The latter looked sadly and gloomily at the door by which Susan had gone out. He was in a sort of torpor. He was not conscious of William's presence.

Now the said William had a misgiving; in the country a man's roof is sacred; he had affronted Meadows under his own roof, and then Mr. Levi had come and affronted him there too.

William began to doubt whether this was not a little hard, moreover he thought he had seen Meadows brush his eye hastily with the back of his hand as Susan retired.

He came towards Meadows with his old sulky, honest, hang-the-head manner, and said, "Mr. Meadows, seems to me we have been a little hard upon you in your own house, and I'm not quite easy about my share on't."

Meadows shrugged his shoulders imperceptibly.

"Well, sir, I am not the Almighty to read folk's hearts, least of all such a one as yours, but if I have done you wrong I ask your pardon. Come, sir, if you don't mean to undermine my

brother with the girl you can give me your hand, and I can give you mine—and there 'tis."

Meadows wished this young man away, and seeing that the best way to get rid of him was to give him his hand, he turned round, and scarcely looking towards him, gave him his hand. William shook it and went away with something that sounded like a sigh. Meadows saw him out, and locked the door impatiently; then he flung himself impatiently into a chair, and laid his beating temples on the cold table; then he started up and walked wildly to and fro the room. The man was torn this way and that with rage, love and remorse.

"What shall I do?" thus ran his thoughts. "That angel is my only refuge, and yet to win her I shall have to walk through dirt and shame, and every sin that is. I see crimes a-head; such a heap of crimes my flesh creeps at the number of them. Why not be like her; why not be the greatest saint that ever lived, instead of one more villain added to so many? Let me tear this terrible love out of my heart and die. Oh! if some one would but take me by the scuff of the neck and drag me to some other country a million miles away, where I might never see my tempter again till this madness is out of me. Susan, you are an angel, but you will plunge me to hell."

Now it happened, while he was thus raving and suffering the preliminary pangs of wrongdoing, that his old servant knocked at the outside of the door, and thrust a letter through the trap; the letter was from a country gentleman, one Mr. Chester, for whom he had done business.

Chester had wrote from Lancashire. He informed Meadows he had succeeded to a very large property in that country, it had been shockingly mismanaged by his predecessor; he wanted a capable man's advice, and, moreover, all the estates thereabouts were compelled to be surveyed and valued this year, which he deplored; but since so it was, he would be surveyed and valued by none but John Meadows.

"Come by return of post," added his hasty squire, "and I'll introduce you to half the landed proprietors in this county."

Meadows read this, and seizing a pen wrote thus:

"DEAR SIR,—Your's received this day at 1 P.M., and will start for your house at 6 P.M."

He threw himself on his horse and rode to his mother's house.

"Mother, I am turned out of my house."

"Why, John, you don't say so."

"I must go into the new house I have built outside the town."

"What! the one you thought to let to Mr. James?"

"The same. I have got only a fortnight to move all my things. Will you do me a kindness now; will you see them put safe into the new house?"

"Me, John! why I should be afraid something would go wrong."

"Well, it isn't fair of me to put this trouble on you at your age; but read this letter, there is fifteen hundred pounds at least waiting for me in the North."

The old woman put on her spectacles, and read the letter slowly.

"Go, John! go by all means! I will see all your things moved into the new house—don't let them be a hindrance—you go. Your old mother will take care your things are not hurt moving, nor you wronged in the way of expense."

"Thank you, mother—thank you; they say there is no friend like a mother, and I dare say they are not far wrong."

"No such friend but God, none such but God," said the old woman with great emphasis and looking Meadows in the face with a searching eye.

"Well, then, here are the keys of the new house, and here are my keys. I am off to-night, so good bye, mother. God bless you!"

He had just turned to go, when by an unusual impulse he turned, took the old woman in his hands, almost lifted her off the ground, for she weighed light, and gave her a hasty kiss on the cheek; then he set her down and strode out of the house about his business.

When curious Hannah ran in the next moment she found the old lady in silent agitation.

"Oh, dear! What is the matter, Dame Meadows?"

"Nothing at all, silly girl."

"Nothing! And look at you all of a tremble."

"He took me up all in a moment and kissed me. I dare say it is five-and-twenty year since he kissed me last. He was a curly-headed lad then."

So this had set the poor old thing trembling.

She soon recovered her firmness, and that very evening Hannah and she slept in John's house, and the next day set to and began to move his furniture and prepare his new house for him.

CHAPTER XIII.

PETER CRAWLEY received a regular allowance during his chief's absence, and remained in constant communication with him, and was as heretofore his money-bag, his tool, his invisible hand. But if anybody had had a microscope and lots of time, they might have discovered a gloomy hue spreading itself over Crawley's soul. A pleasant illusion had been rudely shaken.

All men have something they admire.

Crawley admired cunning. It is not a sublime quality, but Crawley thought it was, and revered it with pious, affectionate awe. He had always thought Mr. Meadows No. 1 in cunning, but now came a doleful suspicion that he was No. 2.

Losing a portion of his veneration for the chief he had seen out-manœuvred, he took the liberty of getting drunk contrary to his severe command, and being drunk and maudlin he unbosomed himself on this head to a low woman who was his confidante whenever drink loosened his tongue.

"I'm out spirits, Sal. I'm tebbly out spirits. Where shall we all go to? I didn't think there was great a man on earth as Mizza Meadows. But the worldz wide. Mizza Levi z greada man—a much greada man (hic). He was down upon us like a amma (hic). His Jew's eye went through our lill sgeme like a gimlet. 'Fools!' says he, that's me and Meadows, 'these dodges were used up in our family before Lunnan was built. Fools!' Mizza Levi despises me and Meadows; and I respect him accordingly. I'm tebbly out of spirits (hic)."

CHAPTER XIV.

FARMER MERTON received a line from Meadows, telling him he had gone into Lancashire on important business, and did not expect to be back for three months, except perhaps for a day at a time. Merton handed the letter to Susan.

"We shall miss him, was her remark.

"That we shall. He is capital company."

"And a worthy man into the bargain," said Susan warmly, "spite of what little-minded folk say and think. What do you think that Will Fielding did only yesterday?"

"I don't know."

"Well he followed me into—there it is not worth while having an open quarrel, but I shall hate the sight of his very face. I can't think how such a fool can be George's brother. No wonder George and he could not agree. Poor Mr. Meadows! to be affronted in his own house just for treating me with respect and civility. So that is a crime now."

"What are you saying, girl? That young pauper affront my Friend Meadows, the warmest man for fifty miles round. If he has, he shall never come on my premises again. You may take your oath of that."

Susan looked aghast. This was more that she had bargained for. She was the last in the world to set two people by the ears.

"Now don't you be so peppery, father," said she. "There is nothing to make a quarrel about."

"Yes there is though, if that ignorant beggar insulted my friend."

"No! no! no!"

"Why, what did you say?"

"I say—that here is Mr. Clinton coming to the door."

"Let him in, girl; let him in. And you needn't stay. We are going to talk business."

CHAPTER XV.

MR. MEADOWS despatched his work in Shropshire twice as fast as he had calculated, and returned home with two forces battling inside him—love and prudence. The battle was decided for him.

William Fielding's honest but awkward interference had raised in Susan Merton a desire to separate her sentiments from his by showing Mr. Meadows a marked respect. She heard of his arrival and instantly sent her father to welcome him home. Old Merton embraced the commission, for he happened to need Meadows' advice and assistance. The speculations into which he had been led by Mr. Clinton, after some fluctuations, wore a gloomy look, "which could only be temporary," said that gentleman. Still a great loss would be incurred by selling out of them at a period of depression, and Mr. Clinton advised him to borrow a thousand pounds and hold on till things brightened.

Mr. Meadows smiled grimly as the fly came and buzzed all this in his web: "Dear! dear! what a pity my money is locked up! Go to Lawyer Crawley. Use my name. He won't refuse my friend, for I could do him an ill turn if I chose."

"I will. You are a true friend. You will look in and see us, of course, market-day?"

"Why not?"

Meadows did not resume his visits to Grassmere without some twinges of conscience, and a prudent resolve not to anchor his happiness upon Susan Merton. "That man might come here any day with his thousand pounds and take her from me," said he. "He seems by this letters to be doing well, and they say any fool can make money in the colonies. Well, if he comes home respectable and well to do, I'll go out. If I am not to have the only woman I ever loved or cared for, let thousands and thousands of miles of sea lie between me and that pair." But still he wheeled about the flame.

Ere long, matters took a very different turn. The tone of George's letters began to change. He reported frequent and disheartening losses of bullocks and sheep, and gave a sad history of his grazing efforts in the bush of Australia. These letters were all read with eager anxiety by Meadows a day before they reached Grassmere.

The respectable man did not commit this action without some iron passing through his own soul—Nemo repente turpissimus. The first letter he opened it was like picking a lock. He writhed and blushed, and his uncertain fingers fumbled with another's property as if it had been red-hot. The next cost him some shame too, but the next less, and soon these little spasms of conscience began to be lost in the pleasure the letters gave him. "It is clear he will never make a thousand pounds out there, and if he doesn't the old farmer won't give him Susan. Won't? He shan't! He shall be too deep in my debt to venture on it even if he

was minded." Meadows exulted over the letters, and as he exulted they stabbed him, for by the side of the records of his ill-fortune the exile never failed to pour out his love and confidence in his Susan, and to acknowledge the receipt of some dear letter from her, which Meadows could see by George's must have assured him of undiminished or even increased affection.

Thus did sin lead to sin. By breaking a seal which was not his, and reading letters which were not his, Meadows filled himself with the warmest hopes of possessing Susan one day, and got to hate George for the stabs the young man innocently gave him. At last he actually looked on George as a sort of a dog in the manger, who could not make Susan happy, yet would come between her heart and one who could. All weapons seemed lawful against such a mere pest as this—a dog in the manger.

Meadows started with nothing better nor worse than a common-place conscience. A vicious habit is an iron that soon sears that sort of article. When he had opened and read about four letters his moral nature turned stone blind of one eye. And now he was happier (on the surface) than he had been ever since he fell in love with Susan.

Sure now that one day or another she must be his, he waited patiently, enjoyed her society twice-a-week, got every body into his power, and bided his time. And one frightful thing in all this was that his love for Susan was not only a strong but in itself a good love. I mean it was a love founded on esteem; it was a passionate love, and yet a profound and tender affection. It was the love which, under different circumstances, has often weaned man, ay, and women too, from a frivolous, selfish, and sometimes from a vicious life. This love Meadows thought and hoped would hallow the unlawful means by which he must crown it. In fact he was mixing vice and virtue. The snow was to whiten the pitch, not the pitch blacken the snow. Thousands had tried this before him, and will try it after him. Oh! that I could persuade them to mix fire and gunpowder instead! Men would bless me for this, when all else I have written has been long forgotten.

He felt good all over when he sat with Susan, and thought how his means would enable that angel to satisfy her charitable nature, and win the prayers of the poor as well as the admiration of the wealthy. "If ever a woman was cherished, she shall be! If ever a woman was happy, she shall be!" And as for him, if he had done wrong to win her, he would more than compensate it afterwards. In short, he had been for more than twenty years selling, buying, swapping, driving every conceivable earthly bargain, so now he was proposing one to heaven.

At last came a letter in which George told Susan of a fatal murrain among his sheep, of a fever that had followed immediately, of the further losses while he lay ill, and concluded by saying that he had no right to tie her to his misfortunes, and that he felt it would be more manly to set her free.

When he read this, Meadows's exultation broke all bounds. "Ah ha!" cried he, "is it come to that at last? Well he is a fine fellow after all, and looks at it the sensible way, and if I can do him a good turn in business I always will."

The next day he called at Grassmere. Susan met him all smiles, and was more cheerful than usual. The watchful man was delighted. "Come, she does not take it to heart." He did not guess that Susan had cried for hours and hours over the letter, and then had sat quietly down and written, and begged George to come home and not add separation to their other misfortunes, and that it was this decision and having acted upon it that had made her cheerful. Meadows argued in his own favor, and now made sure to win.

The next week he called three times at Grass-

mere instead of twice, and asked himself how much longer he must wait before he should speak out. Prudence said "a little more patience;" and so he still hid in his bosom the flame that burned him the deeper for this unnatural smothering. But he drank deep, silent draughts of love, and revelled in the bright future of his passion.

It was no longer hope, it was certainty. Susan liked him; her eye brightened at his coming; her father was in his power. There was nothing between them but the distant shadow of a rival; sooner or later she must be his. So passed three calm delicious weeks away.

CHAPTER XVI.

MEADOWS sat one day in his study receiving Crawley's report.

"Old Mr. Merton came yesterday, sir. I made difficulties as instructed. Is to come to-morrow."

"He shall have the eight hundred."

"That makes two thousand four hundred; why his whole stock won't cover it."

"No!"

"Don't understand it sir, it is too deep for me. What is the old gentleman doing?"

"Hunting Will-o'-the-wisp. Throwing it away in speculations that are colored bright for him by a man that wants to ruin him!"

"Aha!" cackled Crawley.

"And do him no harm."

"Augh! How far is it to the bottom of the sea, sir, if you please? I'm sure you know? Mr. Levi and you."

"Crawley" said Meadows, suddenly turning the conversation, "the world calls me close-fisted: have you found me so?"

"Liberal as running water, sir. I sometimes say how long will this last before such a great man breaks Peter Crawley, and flings him away and takes another?" and Crawley sighed.

"Then your game is to make yourself necessary to me."

"I wish I could," said Peter, with a mock candor. "Sir," he crept on, "if the most ardent zeal, if punctuality, secrecy, and unscrupulous fidelity—"

"Hold your gammon! Are we writing a book together? Answer me this in English. How far dare you go along with me?"

"As far as your purse extends:—only—"

"Only what? Only the thermometer is going down already I suppose."

"No, sir, but what I mean is, I shouldn't like to do any thing too bad."

"What d'ye mean by too bad?"

"Punishable by law."

"It is not your own conscience you fear then?" asked the other gloomily.

"Oh dear no sir, only the law."

"I envy you. There is but one crime punishable by law, and that I shall never counsel you to."

"Only one—too deep, sir, too deep. Which is that?"

"The crime of getting found out."

"What a great man! how far would I go with you? To the end of the earth. I have but one regret."

"And what is that?"

"That I am not thought worthy of your confidence. That after so many years I am still only a too—I mean an honored instrument, and not an humble friend."

"Crawley," said Meadows solemnly, "let well alone. Don't ask my confidence, for I am often tempted to give it you, and that would be all one as if I put the blade of a razor in your naked hand."

"I don't care! You are up to some game as deep as a coalpit; and I go on working and working, all in the dark. I'd give anything to be in your confidence."

"Anything is nothing; put it in figures," sneered Meadows incredulously.

"I'll give 20 per cent. off all you give me if you will let me see the bottom."

"The bottom!"

"The reason, sir,—the motive!—the why!—the wherefore—The what it is all to end in—The bottom!"

"Why not say you would like to read John Meadows's heart?"

"Don't be angry, sir; it is presumption, but I can't help it. Deduct 20 per cent. for so great a honor."

"Why the fool is in earnest."

"He is; we have all got our little vanity, and like to be thought worthy of confidence."

"Humph!"

"And then I can't sleep for puzzling. Why should you stop every letter that comes here from Australia. Oh! bless me, how neglectful I am; here is a letter from there just come. To think of me bringing it and then forgetting."

"Give it me directly."

"There it is. And then, sir, why on earth are we ruining old Mr. Merton without benefiting you, and you seem so friendly with him; and indeed you say he is not to be harmed—only ruined; it makes my head ache. Why, what is the matter, Mr. Meadows, sir? What is wrong? No ill news, I hope. I wish I'd never brought the letter."

"That will do, Crawley," said Meadows faintly, "you may go."

Crawley rose with a puzzled air.

"Come here to-morrow evening at nine o'clock, and you shall have your wish. All the worse for you," added he moodily. "All the worse for me. Now go without one word."

Crawley retired dumb-founded. He saw the iron man had received some strange, unexpected and terrible blow; but for a moment awe suppressed curiosity, and he went off on tiptoe, saying almost in a whisper, "To-morrow night at nine."

Meadows spread George's letter on the table, and leaned on his two hands over it.

The letter was written some weeks after the last desponding one. It was full of modest but warm and buoyant exultation. Heaven had been very good to Susan and him. The great gold discoveries had just been made. Gold in such abundance and quality as beat even California. The thousand pounds so late despair of was now a certainty. Six months' work, with average good fortune, would do it. "And Susan, dear, if anything could make this wonderful luck sweeter, it is to think that I owe it to you and to your goodness."

The letter concluded as it began, with thanks to Heaven, and bidding Susan expect his happy return in six months after this letter. In short the letter was one "Hurrah!" tempered with simple piety and love.

Meadow turned cold as death in reading it, at the part where Mr. Meadows was referred to as the first link in the golden chain he dashed it so the ground, and raised his foot to trample on it, but forbore lest he should dirty a thing that must go to Susan.

Then he walked the room in great agitation.

"Too late, George Fielding," he cried aloud.

"Too late; I can't shift my heart like a weather-cock to suit the changes in your luck. You have been feeding me with hopes till I can't live without them. I never longed for a thing yet but what I got it, and I'll have this, though I trample a hundred George Fieldings dead on my way to it. Now let me think."

He pondered deeply, his great brows knitted and lowered. For full half an hour invention and resource poured scheme after scheme through that teeming brain, and prudence and knowledge of the world sat in severe and cool judgment on each in turn, and dismissed the visionary ones. At last the deep brow began to relax,



MODE OF PUNISHMENT IN CHINA. See page 352.

and the eye to kindle; and when he rose to ring the bell, his face was a sign-post with Eureka written on it. In that hour he had hatched a plot worthy of Machiavel,—a plot complex yet clear. A servant girl answered the bell.

"Tell David to saddle Rachael directly."

And in five minutes, Mr. Meadows, with a shirt, a razor, a comb, and a map of Australia, was galloping by cross lanes to the nearest railway station. There he telegraphed Mr. Clinton to meet him at Peel's Coffee-house at two o'clock.

The message flashed up to town like lightning. The man followed it slowly like the wind.

CHAPTER XVII.

Meadows found Mr. Clinton at Peel's.

"Mr. Clinton, I want a man of intelligence to be at my service for twenty-four hours. I give you the first offer, sir."

Mr. Clinton replied that really he had so many irons in the fire that twenty-four hours—Meadows put a fifty pound note on the table.

"Will all your irons iron you out fifty pounds as flat as that?"

"Why, hem?"

"No, nor five. Come, sir, sharp is the word. Can you be my servant for twenty-four hours for fifty pounds, yes or no?"

"Why, this is dramatic—yes!"

"It is half-past two. Between this and four o'clock I must buy a few hundred acres in Australia at a fair bargain."

"Humph! Well, that can be done. I know an old fellow that has land in every part of the globe."

"Take me to him."

In ten minutes they were in one of those dingy narrow alleys in the city of London that look the abode of decent poverty, and they could afford to buy Grosvenor Square for their stables; and Mr. Clinton introduced his friend to a blear-eyed merchant in a large room papered with maps; the windows were encrusted, mustard and cress might have been grown from

them. Beauty in clean linen collar and wristbands would have shone here with intolerable lustre; but the blear-eyed merchant did not come out bright by contrast; he had taken the local color. You could see him, and that was all, like a partridge in a furrow; a snuff-colored man; coat rusty all but the collar, and that greasy; poor as its color was, his linen had thought it worth emulating; blackish nails, cotton wipe, little bald place on head, but didn't shine, for the same reason the windows didn't. Mr. Clinton approached this "dhirrty money," this rusty coin, in the spirit of flunkeyism.

"Sir," said he, in a low reverential tone, "this party is disposed to purchase a few hundred acres in the colonies."

Mr. Rich looked up from his desk, and pointed with a sweep of his pen to the walls.

"There are the maps: the red crosses are my land. They are numbered. Refer to the margin of the map and you will find the acres and the latitude and longitude calculated to a fraction. When you have settled in what part of the world you buy, come to me again; time is gold."

And the blear-eyed merchant wrote and sealed and filed, and took no notice of his customers. They found red crosses in several of the United States, in Canada, in Borneo, in nearly all the colonies, and as luck would have it they found one small cross within thirty miles of Bathurst, and the margin described it as five hundred acres. Mr. Meadows stepped towards the desk.

"I have found a small property near Bathurst."

"Bathurst? where is that?"

"In Australia."

"Suit?"

"If the price suits. What is the price, sir?"

"The books must tell us that."

Mr. Rich stretched out his arm and seized a ledger and gave it Meadows.

"I have but one price for land, and that is

five per cent. profit on my outlay. Book will tell you what it stands me in: add five per cent. to that, and take the land away or leave it."

With this curt explanation Mr. Rich resumed his work.

"It seems you gave five shillings an acre, sir," said Mr. Clinton. "Five times five hundred shillings, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Interest at five per cent., six pounds five."

"When did I buy it?" asked Mr. Rich.

"Oh, when did you buy it, sir?"

Mr. Rich snatched the book a little pettishly, and gave it to Meadows.

"You make the calculation," said he; "the figures are all there. Come to me when you have made it."

The land had been bought twenty-seven years and some months ago. Mr. Meadows made the calculation in a turn of the hand, and announced it. Rich rang a hand-bell. Another snuffy figure, with a stoop and a bald head and a pen, came through a curtain.

"Jones, verify that calculation."

"Penny half-penny, two pence, penny half-penny, two pence. Mum, mum! Half-penny wrong, sir."

"There is a half-penny wrong," cried Mr. Rich to Meadows, with a most injured air.

"There is, sir," said Meadows, "but it is on the right side for you. I thought I would make it even money against myself."

"There are only two ways, wrong and right," was the reply. "Jones, make it right. There, that is the price for the next half hour; after business hours to-day add a day's interest; and, Jones, if he does not buy, write your calculation into the book with date—save time next customer comes for it."

"You need not trouble Mr. Jones," said Meadows. "I take the land. Here is two hundred and fifty pounds—that is rather more than half the purchase money."

"Jones, count."

"When can I have the deeds, sir?"

"Ten to-morrow."

"Receipt for two hundred and fifty pounds," said Meadows, falling into the other's key.

"Jones, write receipt—two, five, nought."

"Write me an agreement to sell," proposed Meadows.

"No, you write it; I'll sign it. Jones, enter transaction in the books. Have you anything to do, young gentleman?" addressing Clinton.

"No, sir."

"Then draw this pen through the two crosses on the map and margin. Good morning, gentlemen."

And the money-making machine rose and dismissed them as he had received them, with a short, sharp business congé.

Ye fair, who turn a shop head over heels, maul sixty yards of ribbon and buy six, which being sent home, insatiable becomes your desire to change it for other six which you had fairly, closely, and with all the powers of your mind compared with it during the seventy minutes the purchase occupied, let me respectfully inform you that the above business took just eight minutes, and that "when it was done 'twas done."—(Shakspeare.)

"You have given too much, my friend," said Mr. Clinton.

"Come to my inn," was all the reply. "This is the easy part, the game is behind."

After dinner—"Now," said Meadows, "business: do you know any respectable firm disposed towards speculation in mines?"

"Plenty."

"Any that are looking towards gold?"

"Why, no. Gold is a metal that ranks very low in speculation. Stop! yes, I know one tip-top house that has gone a little way in it, but they have burned their fingers, so they will go no farther."

"You are wrong; they will be eager to go on, first to recover the loss on that article of account, and next to show their enemies, and in particular their friends, that they didn't blunder. You will go to them to-morrow and ask if they can allow you a commission for bringing them an Australian settler on whose land gold has been found."

"Now, my good sir," began Mr. Clinton a little superciliously, "that is not the way to gain the ear of such a firm as that. The better way will be for you to show me your whole design and leave me to devise the best means for carrying it into effect."

Up to this moment Meadows had treated Mr. Clinton with a marked deference as from yeoman to gentleman. The latter therefore was not a little surprised when the other turned sharp on him thus:

"This won't do; we must understand one another. You think you are the man of talent and I am the clodhopper. With all my heart. Think so to-morrow night; but for the next twenty-four hours you must keep that notion out of your head, or you will botch my schemes and lose your fifty pounds. Look here, sir. You began life with ten thousand pounds; you have been all your life trying all you know to double it, and where is it? The pounds are pence, and the pence on the road to farthings. I started with a whip and a smock-frock and this," touching his head, "and I have fifty thousand pounds in government securities. Which is the able man of these two—the bankrupt that talks like an angel and loses the game, or the wise man that quietly wins it, and pockets what all the earth are grappling with him for? So much for that. And now, which is master—the one who pays or the one who is paid? I am not a liberal man, sir, I am a man that looks at every penny. I don't give fifty pounds. I sell it. That fifty pounds is the price of your vanity for twenty-four hours. I

take a day's loan of it. You are paid fifty pounds per diem to see that there is more brains in my little finger than in your carcass. See it for twenty-four hours or I won't fork out, or don't see it but obey me as if you did see it. You shan't utter a syllable or move an inch that I have not set down for you. Is this too hard? then, accept ten pounds for to-day's work, and let us part before you bungle my game as you have done your own."

Mr. Clinton was red with mortified vanity; but forty pounds! He threw himself back in his chair.

"This is amusing," said he. "Well, sir, I will act as if you were Solomon and I nobody. Of course, under these circumstances, no responsibility rests with me."

"You are wasting my time with your silly prattle," said Meadows very sternly. "Man alive! you never made fifty pounds cash since you were calved. It comes to your hand to-day, and even then you must chatter and jaw instead of saying yes and closing your fingers on it like a vice."

"Yes!" shouted Clinton; "there."

"Take that quire," said Meadows sharply.

"Now, I'll dictate the very words you are to say; learn them off by heart, and don't add a syllable or subtract one, or—no fifty pounds."

Meadows being a general by nature (not Horse Guards) gave Clinton instructions down to the minutest matters of detail; and he whose life had been spent in proving he would succeed, and failing, began to suspect the man who had always succeeded might perhaps have had something to do with his success.

Next morning, well primed by Meadows, Mr. Clinton presented himself to Messrs. Bradthwaite and Stevens, and requested a private audience. He inquired whether they were disposed to allow him a commission if he would introduce them to an Australian settler on whose land gold had been discovered.

The two members of the firm looked at one another. After a pause, one of them said—

"Commission really must depend on how such a thing turned out. They had little confidence in such statements, but would see the settler and put some questions to him."

Clinton went out and introduced Meadows. This happened just as Meadows had told him it would. Outside the door Mr. Meadows suddenly put on a rustic carriage, and so came in, and imitated natural shyness with great skill; he had to be twice asked to sit down.

The firm cross-examined him. He told them gold had been discovered within a stone's throw of his land, thirty miles from Bathurst; that his friends out there had said, go to England, and they will give you a heavy price for your land now; that he did hope to get a heavy price, and so be able to live at home; didn't want to go out there again; that the land was worth money, for there was no more to be sold in that part; Government land all round, and they wouldn't sell, for he had tried them, (his sharp eye had seen this fact marked on Mr. Rich's map.)

"Well," said the senior partner, "we have information that gold has been discovered in that district; the report came here two days ago by the 'Anne Amelia.' But the account is not distinct as yet. We do not hear on whose land it is found, if at all. I presume you have not seen gold found."

"Could I afford to leave my business out there and come home on a speculation?"

They eyes of the firm began to glitter.

"Have you got any gold to show us?"

"Nothing to speak of, sir; only what they chucked me for giving them a good dinner. But they are shovelling it about like grains of wheat, I assure you."

The firm became impatient.

"Show us what they gave you as the price of a dinner."

Meadows dug into a deep pocket, and chased into a corner and caught and produced a little nugget of quartz and gold worth about four pounds, also another of somewhat less value.

"They don't look handsome, gents," said he, "but you may see the stuff glitter here and there; and here is some of the dust. I had to buy this, gave them fifty shillings an ounce for it. I wish I had bought a hundredweight, for they tell me it is worth three pound ten here."

"May we inspect these specimens?"

"Well, sir! I'll trust it with you; I wouldn't with every one, though."

The partners retired with the gold, tested it with muriatic acid, weighed it, and after a short excited interview one of them brought it back, and asked with great nonchalance the price of the land.

Meadows hung his head.

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Twenty thousand pounds!" and the partner laughed in his face.

"I don't wonder you are surprised, sir. I wonder at myself asking so much. Why, before this if you had offered me five thousand I would have jumped into your arms, as the saying is; but they all say I ought to have twenty thousand, and they have talked to me till they make me greedy."

The partners retired and consulted, and the firm ended by offering ten thousand.

"I am right down ashamed to say no," was the answer, "but I suppose I must not take it."

The firm undertook to prove that it was a magnificent offer. Meadows offered no resistance, he thought so too; but he must not take it, everybody told him it was worth more. At last, when his hand was on the door, they offered him twelve thousand five hundred.

He begged to consider of it.

No! they were peremptory. If he was off, they were off.

He looked this way and that way with a frightened air.

"What shall I do, sir?" said he helplessly to Clinton, having nudged him secretly.

"Take it, and think yourself very lucky," said that gentleman, exchanging a glance with the firm.

"Well, then, if you say so, I will. You shall have it, gentlemen, five hundred acres in two lots—400 and 100."

Clinton, acting on his secret instructions, now sought a private interview with the firm.

"I am to have a commission, gentlemen?"

"Yes! fifty pounds; but really we can hardly afford it."

"Well, then, as you give me an interest in it, I say 'pin him.'"

"Why?"

"Don't you see he is one of those soft fellows who listen to everybody? If he goes away and they laugh at him for not getting more for it, I really could hardly answer for his ever coming back here."

The firm came in cheerfully.

"Well, Mr. —, Mr. —"

"Not Mr., sir. Fielding, plain George Fielding."

"We will terminate this affair with you. We will have a contract of sale drawn up and make you an advance. When can you give us the title deeds?"

"In a couple of hours, if the lawyer is at home."

"By the bye, you will not object to draw upon us at three months for one half the money."

"Oh! no, sir. I should say by the look of you, you were as good as the bank."

"The other half by check in two hours."

The parties signed the contract respectively. Then Meadows and Clinton went off to the

Five per Center, completed with him, got the title deeds, brought them, received check and accepted draft. Clinton, by Meadows's advice, went in and dunned for his commission then and there, and got it, and the confederates went off and took a hasty dinner together. After dinner they settled.

"As you showed me how to get this commission out of them it belongs to you," said Clinton sorrowfully.

"It does, sir. Give it to me. I return it you, sir: do me the favor to accept it."

"You are very generous, Mr. Meadows."

"And here is the other fifty you have earned."

"Thank you, my good sir. Are you satisfied with the day's work?"

"Amplly, sir. Your skill and ingenuity brought us through triumphant," said Meadows, resuming the deferential, since he risked nothing by it now.

"Well, I think I managed it pretty well. By the bye, that gold you showed them, was it really gold?"

"Certainly."

"Oh! because I thought——"

"No, sir, you did not. A man of your ability knows I would not risk ten thousand pounds for want of a purchase I could not lose ten shillings by. Ore is not a fancy article."

"Oh! ah! yes, very true; no, of course not. One question more. Where did the gold come from?"

"California."

"But I mean how did you get it?"

"I bought it out of a shop window those two knowing ones pass twice every day of their lives."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"You pass it oftener than that, sir. Excuse me, sir; I must catch the train. But one word before I go. My name must never be mentioned in this business."

"Very well; it never shall transpire, upon my honor."

Meadows felt pretty safe. As he put on his great coat he thought to himself, "When the story is blown and laughed over, this man's vanity will keep my name out of it. He won't miss a chance of telling the world how clever he is. My game is to pass for honest, not for clever, no thank you."

"Good bye, sir," was his last word. "It is you for hoodwinking them."

"Ha! ha! ha! Good bye, farmer, (in a patronising tone.)"

Soon after this Meadows was in a corner of a railway carriage, twelve thousand four hundred and fifty pounds in his pocket, and the second part of his great complex scheme boiling and bubbling in his massive head. There he sat silent as the grave, his hat down over his powerful brows, that were knitted all the journey by one who never knitted them in vain.

He reached home at eight, and sat down to his desk and wrote for more than half an hour. Then he sealed up the paper, and when Crawley came he found him walking up and down the room. At a silent gesture Crawley took a chair, and sat quivering with curiosity. Meadows walked in deep thought.

"You demanded my confidence. It is a dangerous secret: for once you know it, you must serve me with red-hot zeal, or be my enemy and be crushed out of life like a blind-worm or an adder, Peter Crawley."

"I know that, dear sir," said Peter ruefully.

"First, how far have you guessed?"

"I guess Mr. Levi is somehow against us."

"He is," replied Meadows carelessly.

"Then that is a bad job. He will beat us. He will beat us. He is as cunning as a fox."

Meadows looked up contemptuously, but as he could not afford to let such a sneak as Crawley think him anything short of invincible, he

said coolly, "He is, and I have measured cunning with a fox."

"You have, sir? That must have been a tight match."

"A fox used to take my chickens one hard winter; an old fox, cautious and sly as the Jew you rate so high. The men sat up with guns for him—no; a keeper set traps in a triangle for him—no. He had the eye of a hawk, the ear of a hare, and his own nose. He would have the chickens, and he would not get himself into trouble. The woman complained to me of the fox. I turned a ferret loose into the rabbit-hutch, and in half a minute there was as nice a young rabbit dead, as you ever saw."

"Lookee there now," cried Crawley.

"I choked the ferret off, but never touched the rabbit. I took the rabbit with a pair of tongs; the others had handled their baits, and pug crept round 'em and nosed the trick. I poured twenty drops of croton oil into the little hole ferret had made in bunny's head, and I dropped him in the grass near pug's track. Next morning rabbit had been drawn about twenty yards, and the hole in his head was three times as big. Pug went the nearest way to blood; went in at ferret's hole. I knew he would."

"Yes, sir! yes! yes! yes! and there lay the fox."

"No signs of him. Then I said, 'Go to the nearest water. Croton oil makes 'em dry.' They went along the brook, and on the very bank there lay an old dog-fox, blown up like a bladder, as big as a wolf, and as dead as a herring; now for the Jew; look at that;" and he threw him a paper.

"Why this is the judgment on which I arrested Will Fielding, and here is the acceptance."

"Levi bought them to take the man out of my power. He left them with old Cohen. I have got them again, you see, and got young Fielding in my power, spite of his foxy friend."

"Capital, sir, capital!" cried the admiring Crawley. He then looked at the reconquered documents. "Ah!" said he spitefully, "how I wish I could alter one of these names, only one!"

"What d'ye mean?"

"I mean that I'd give fifty pound (if I had it) if it was but that brute George Fielding that was in our power instead of this fool William."

Meadows opened his eyes: "Why?"

"Because he put an affront upon me," was the somewhat sulky reply.

"What was that?"

"Oh, no matter!"

"But it is matter. Tell me. I am that man's enemy."

"Then I am in luck. You are just the enemy I wish him."

"What was the affront?"

"He called me a pettifogger."

"Oh! is that all?"

"No. He discharged me from visiting his premises."

"That was not very polite."

"And threatened to horsewhip me, the next time I came there."

"Oh, is that where the shoe pinches?"

"No, it is not!" cried Crawley almost in a shriek; "but he altered his mind, and did horsewhip me, then and there. Curse him!"

Meadows smiled grimly. He saw his advantage. "Crawley," said he quickly, "he shall rue the day he lifted his hand over you. You want to see to the bottom of me."

"Oh, Mr. Meadows, that is too far for the naked eye to see," was the despondent reply.

"Not when it suits my book. I am going to keep my promise, and show you my heart."

"Ah!"

"Listen, and hear the secret of my life. Are you listening?"

"What do you think?" was the tremulous answer.

"I—love—Miss—Merton," and for once his eyes sunk before Crawley's.

"Sir! you—love—a woman?"

"Not as libertines love, nor as boys flirt and pass on. Heaven have mercy on me, I love her with all my heart and soul and brain! I love her with more force than such as you can hate!"

"The deuce you do!"

"I love the sweetheart—of the man—who lashed you—like a dog."

Crawley winced, but rubbed his hands.

"And your fortune is made if you help me win her."

Crawley rubbed his hands.

"Old Merton has promised the woman I love to this George Fielding, if he comes back with a thousand pounds."

"Don't be frightened, sir; that he will never do."

"Will he not? Read this letter."

"Ah! the letter that put you out so. Let me see—Mum! mum! Found gold. Pheugh! Pheugh! Pheeeugh!!"

"Crawley, most men reading that letter would have given in then and there, and not fought against such luck as this. I only said to myself, 'Then it will cost me ten thousand pounds to win the day.' Well between the day before yesterday eleven forenoon and this hour I made the ten thousand pounds."

He told him briefly how.

"Beautiful, sir! Beautiful! What did you make the ten thousand out of your own rival's letter?"

"Yes, I taxed the enemy the expenses of the war."

"Oh, Mr. Meadows, what a fool, what a villain I was, to think Mr. Levi was as great a man as you. I must have been under a hallucination."

"Crawley, the day that John and Susan Meadows walk out of church man and wife, I put a thousand pounds into your hand and set you up in any business you like; in any honest business, for from that day our underhand dealings must end. The husband of that angel must never grind the poor, or wrong a living creature. If heaven consents to my being happy in this way, the least I can do is to walk straight and straight forward the rest of my days, and I will s'help me God."

"That is fair!!! I knew you were a great man, but I had no idea you were such a good one."

"Crawley," said the other, with a sudden gloomy misgiving, "I am trying to cheat the devil. I fear no man can do that," and he hung his head.

"No ordinary man, sir," replied the parasite, "but your skill has no bounds. Your plan, sir, at once, that I may co-operate, and not thwart your great skill though ignorance."

"My plan has two hands, one must work here, the other a great many miles from here. If I could but cut myself in two all would be well, but I can't; I must be one hand, you the other. I work thus: Post-office here is under my thumb. I stop all letters from him to her. Presently comes a letter from Australia telling, among pork, grains, etc., how George Fielding has made his fortune and married a girl out there."

"But who is to write the letter?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Haven't an idea. She won't believe it."

"Not at first perhaps, but when she gets no more letters from him, she will."

"So she will. So then you will run him down to her."

"Not such a fool: she would hate me. I shall never mention his name. I make one of my tools hang gaol over old Merton. Susan

thinks George married. I strike upon her pique and her father's distress. I ask him for his daughter; offer to pay my father-in-law's debts and start him afresh."

"Beautiful! Beautiful!"

"Susan likes me already. I tell her all I suffered silent, while she was on with George. I press her to be mine. She will say no perhaps three or four times, but the fifth she will say yes!"

"She will! You are a great man."

"And she will be happy."

"Can't see it."

"A man that marries a virtuous woman and loves her is no man at all if he can't make her love him; they can't resist our stronger wills, except by flight, or by leaning upon another man. I'll be back directly."

Mr. Meadows returned with a bottle of wine and two glasses. Crawley was surprised. This was a beverage he had never seen his friend drink, or offer him. Another thing puzzled him. When Mr. Meadows came back with the wine he had not so much color as usual in his face—not near so much.

"Crawley," said Meadows, in a low voice, "suppose while I am working, this George Fielding were to come home with money in both pockets?"

"He would kick it all down in a moment."

"I am glad you see that. Then you see one hand is not enough; another must be working far away."

"Yes, but I don't see—"

"You will see. Drink a glass of wine with me my good friend—your health."

"Same to you, sir."

"Is it to your mind?"

"Elixir! This is the stuff that sharpens a chap's wit, and puts courage in his heart."

"I brought it for that. You and I have no chicken's play on hand. Another glass."

"Success to your scheme, sir."

"Crawley, George Fielding must not come back this year with one thousand pounds."

"No he must not—thank you, sir—your health. Mustn't, he shan't; but how on earth can you prevent him?"

"That paper will prevent him; it is a paper of instructions. My very brains lie in that paper—put it in your pocket."

"In my pocket, sir. Highly honored—shall be executed to the letter. What wine!"

"And this is a check-book."

"No! is it, though?"

"You will draw on me for one hundred pounds per month."

"No! shall I though? Sir, you are a king!"

"Of which you will account for fifty pounds only."

"Liberal, sir; as I said before, liberal as running water."

"You are going a journey."

"Am I? well! Don't you turn pale for that, I'll come back to you,—nothing but death shall part us. Have a drop of this, it will put blood into your cheek and fire into your heart. That is right. Where am I going, sir?"

"What, don't you know?"

"No! nor I don't care; so long as it is in your service, I go."

"Still, it is a long journey."

"Oh, is it? Your health, then, and my happy return."

"You are not afraid of the sea or the wind?"

"I am afraid of nothing but your wrath, and—and—the law. The sea be hanged and the wind be blowed! When I see your talent and energy, and hold your check-book in my hand and your instructions in my pocket, I feel to play at foot-ball with the world. When shall I start?"

"To-morrow morning."

"To-night, if you like, sir. Where am I to go to?"

"To Australia!"

That single word suspended the glass going to Crawley's lips, and the chuckle coming from them. A dead silence on both sides followed it. And now two colorless faces looked into one another's eyes across the table.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Jovous as the first burst of summer were the months Susan passed after the receipt of George's happy letter. Many warm feelings combined in one stream of happiness in Susan's heart. Perhaps the keenest of all was pride at George's success. Nobody could laugh at George now, and insult her again, there where she was most sensitive, by telling her that George was not good enough for her, or any woman; and even those who set such store upon money-making would have to confess that George could do even that, for love of her, as well as they could do it for love of themselves. Next to this her joy was greatest at the prospect of his speedy return.

And now she became joyfully impatient for further news, but not disappointed at his long silence, till two months had passed without another letter, then indeed anxiety mingled, now and then, with her happiness. Then it was that Meadows, slowly and hesitatingly to the last, raised his hand and struck the first direct blow at her heart. He struck in the dark—he winced for her both before and after. Yet he struck.

One market-day a whisper passed through Farnborough, that George Fielding had met with wonderful luck. That he had made his fortune by gold, and was going to marry a young lady out in Australia. Farmer Merton brought the whisper home; Meadows was sure he would.

Meadows did not come to the house for some days. He half feared to look upon his work; to see Susan's face agonized under his blow. At last he came; he watched her by stealth. He found he might have spared his qualms. She chatted as usual in very good spirits, and just before he went she told him the report with a smile of ineffable scorn.

She was simple, unsuspecting, and every way without a shield against a Meadows, but the loyal heart, by its own virtue, had turned the dagger's edge.

A week after this, Jeffries brought Meadows a letter; it was from Susan to George. Meadows read it writhing; it breathed kind affection, with one or two demi-maternal cautions about his health, and to be very prudent for her sake; not a word of doubt; there was, however, a postscript, of which the following is the exact wording:

"P. S. It is all over Farnborough that you are going to be married to some one in Australia."

Two months more passed, and no letter from George. These two months told upon Susan; she fretted and became restless and irritable, and cold misgivings crept over her, and the anguish of suspense.

At last, one day, she unbosomed herself, though with hesitation, to a warm and disinterested friend; blushing all over, with tearful eyes she confessed her grief to Mr. Meadows. "Don't tell father, sir; I hide my trouble from him, as well as I can, but what does it mean, George not writing to me this four months and three days. Do pray tell me what does it mean!" and Susan cried so piteously that Meadows winced at his success.

"Oh, Mr. Meadows! don't flatter me; tell me the truth." While he was exulting in her firmness, who demanded the truth, bitter or not, she continued, "Only don't tell me that I

am forgotten." And she looked so piteously in the oracle's face, that he forgot everything in the desire to say something she would like him the better for saying; he muttered, "Perhaps he has sailed for home." He expected her to say, "And if he has, he would have written to me before sailing." But instead of this, Susan gave a little cry of joy.

"Ah! how foolish I have been. Mr. Meadows, you are a friend out of a thousand; you are as wise as I am foolish. Poor George! you will never let him know I was so wicked as to doubt him." And Susan brightened with joy and hope. The heart believes so readily the thing it longs should be true. She was happy all the rest of the evening.

Meadows went away mad with her for her folly, and with himself for his feebleness of purpose, and next market-day again the whisper went round the market that George Fielding was going to marry out there. This time a detail was sketched in; "it was a lady in the town of Bathurst."

Old Merton brought this home and twitted his daughter. She answered haughtily that it was a falsehood. She would stake her life on George's fidelity.

"See, Mr. Meadows, they are all against poor George, all except you. But what does it mean? if he does not write or come soon, I think I shall go mad."

"Report is a common liar; I would not believe anything till I saw it in black and white," said Meadows doggedly.

"No more I will."

Soon after this William Fielding had a talk with Susan.

"Have you heard a report about George?"

"Yes! I have heard a rumor."

"You don't believe it, I hope."

"Why should I believe it?"

"I am going to trace it up to the liar that forged it if I can."

Susan suppressed her satisfaction at this resolution of Will Fielding's.

"Is it worth while?" asked she coldly.

"If I didn't think so I shouldn't take that much trouble, not expecting any thanks."

"Have I said anything to offend you?" asked Susan with a still more frigid tone.

The other did not trust himself to answer. But two days after he came again, and told her he had written a letter to George, telling him what reports were about, and begging for an answer whether or not there was any truth in them.

A gleam of satisfaction from Susan's eyes, but not a word. This man, who had once been George's rival at heart, was the last to whom she would openly acknowledge her doubts. Then Will went on to tell her that he had traced the rumor from one to another up to a stranger whose name nobody knew, "but I dare say Mr. Meadows has a notion."

"No he has not."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes! he would have told me if he did."

William gave a snort of incredulity, and hinted that probably Mr. Meadows himself was at the bottom of the scandal.

Now Meadows's artful conduct had fortified Susan against such a suspicion, and being by nature a warm-hearted friend, she fired up for him as she would have for Mr. Eden, or even for Will in his absence. She did it too in the most womanish way.

She did not tell the young man that she had consulted Mr. Meadows, and that he had constantly discredited the report, and set her against believing it. Had she have done this, she would have staggered the simple-minded Will: but no, she said to herself, "He has attacked a good friend of mine; I won't satisfy him so far as to give him reasons," so she merely snubbed him.

"Oh! I know you are set against poor Mr. Meadows: he is a good friend of ours, of my father and me, and of George too."

"I wish you may not have to alter your mind," sneered William.

"I will not without a reason."

"I will give you a reason: do you remember that day—"

"When you insulted him in his own house, and me into the bargain, Will?"

"Not you, Susan, leastways I hope not, but him I did, and am just as like to do it again; well, when you were gone, I took a thought, and I said appearances deceive the wisest. I may be mistaken—"

"He! he!"

"I don't know what you are laughing at; and then, says I, it is his own house after all; so I said, 'If I am wrong, and you don't mean to undermine my brother, take my hand,' and I gave it him."

"And he refused it?"

"No, Susan!"

"Well then—"

"But, Susan," said William solemnly, "his hand lay in mine like a stone."

"Really now!"

"A lump of ice would be as near the mark."

"Well! is this the reason you promised me?"

William nodded.

"William, you are a fool."

"Oh! I am a fool now?"

"You go and insult a man, your superior in every respect, and the very next moment he is to give you his hand as warmly as to a friend and an equal; you really are too foolish to go about without a keeper, and if it was in any man's power to set me against poor George altogether, you have gone the way to do it this twelve-month past," and Susan closed the conference abruptly.

It was William's fate to rivet Meadows's influence by every blow he aimed at it. For all that, the prudent Meadows thought it worth his while to rid himself of this honest and determined foe, and he had already taken steps. He had discovered that, this last month, William Fielding returning from market had been seen more than once to stop and chat at one Mrs. Holiday's, a retired small tradeswoman in Farnborough. Now, Mrs. Holiday was an old acquaintance of Meadows's, and had given him sugar-plums thirty years ago. It suited his purpose to remember all of a sudden these old sugar-plums, and that Mrs. Holiday had lately told him she wanted to get out of the town and end her days upon the turf.

There was a cottage, paddock, and a garden for sale within a hundred yards of "The Grove." Meadows bought them a good bargain, and offered them to the widow at a very moderate rent.

The widow was charmed. "Why we can keep a cow, Mr. Meadows."

"Well, there is grass enough."

The widow took the cottage with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Holiday had a daughter, a handsome—a downright handsome girl, and a good girl into the bargain.

Meadows had said to himself, "It is not the old woman Will Fielding goes there for. Well, she will want some one to teach her how to farm that half-acre of grass, and buy the cow and milk her. Friendly offices—chat coming and going—come in Mr. Fielding, and taste your cow's cream; and when he has got a lass of his own, his eye won't be for ever on mine."

William's letter to George went to the post-office, and from the post-office to a little pile of intercepted letters in Meadows's desk.

CHAPTER XIX.

NEARLY eight months had now elapsed without a letter from George. Susan could no longer

deceive herself with hopes. George was either false to her, or dead. She said as much to her false friend. This inspired him with an artifice as subtle as unscrupulous. A letter had been brought to him by Jeffries, which he at once recognized as the planned letter from Crawley to another tool of his in Farnborough. This very day he set about a report that George was dead. It did not reach Susan so soon as he thought it would, for old Merton hesitated to tell her, but on the Sunday evening with considerable reluctance and misgivings, he tried in a very clumsy way to prepare her for sad news.

But her mind had long been prepared for bitter tidings. Fancy eight weary months spent in passing every possible calamity before her imagination; Death as often as any.

She fixed her eyes on the old man. "Father, George is dead!"

Old Merton hung his head, and made no reply.

That was enough. Susan crept from the room pale as ashes. She tottered, but she did not fall. She reached her room, and locked herself in.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. MEADOWS did not visit Grassmere for some days: the cruel one distrusted his own firmness. When he did come, he came with a distinct purpose. He found Merton alone.

"Susan sees no one. You have heard?"

"What?"

"Her sweetheart. He is dead."

"Why how can that be? And who says so?"

"That is the news."

"Well it is a falsehood!" said Mr. Meadows, coolly.

"I wish to heaven it might," whispered old Merton, "for she won't live long after him."

Mr. Meadows then told Merton, that he had spoken with a man who had got news of George Fielding not four months old, and he was in very good health.

"Will you tell Susan this?"

"Certainly."

Susan was called down. Meadows started at the sight of her. She was pale and hollow-eyed, and in these few days seemed ten years older. She was dressed all in black. "I am a murderer!" And remorse without one grain of honest repentance pierced his heart.

"Speak out, John," said the father, the girl is not a fool. She has borne ill news, she can bear good. Can't you Susan?"

"Yes, dear father, if it is God's will any good news should come to me." And she never took her eyes off Mr. Meadows, but belied her assumed firmness by quivering like an aspen-leaf.

"Do you know Mr. Griffin?" asked Meadows.

"Yes," replied Susan, still trembling gently, but all over.

"He has got a letter from Sydney from a little roguish attorney called Crawley. I heard him say with my own ears that Crawley tells him he had just seen George Fielding in the streets of Sydney well and hearty."

"You are deceiving me out of kindness." Her eyes fixed on his.

"I am not. I wish I may die if the man is not as well as I am!"

Her eyes were never off his face, and at this moment she read for certain that it was true.

She uttered a cry of joy so keen it was painful to hear, and then she laughed and cried and sank into a chair laughing and crying in strong hysterics that lasted till the poor girl almost fainted from exhaustion. Her joy was more violent and even terrible than her grief had been.

The female servants were called to assist her, and old Merton and Meadows left her in their hands, feeble, but calm and thankful. She even smiled her adieu to Meadows.

The next day Meadows called upon Griffin.

"Let me look at that letter," said he. "I want to copy a part of it."

"There has been one here before you," said Griffin.

"Who?"

"She did not give her name, but I think it must have been Miss Merton. She begged me hard to let her see the letter. I told her she might take it home with her. Poor thing! she gave me a look as if she could have eaten me."

"What else?" asked Meadows anxiously, his success had run ahead of his plot.

"She put it in her bosom."

"In her bosom?"

"Ay! and pressed her little white hands upon it as if she had got a treasure. I doubt it will be more like the asp in the Bible story, eh?"

"There! I don't want your reflections," said Meadows fiercely, but his voice quavered. The myrmidon was silenced.

Susan made her escape into a field called the Kynecroft, belonging to the citizens, and there she read the letter. It was a long, tiresome one, all about matters of business which she did not understand; it was only at the last page that she caught sight of the name she longed to see. She hurried down to it, and when she got to it, with beating heart it was the fate of this innocent, loving woman to read these words—

"What luck some have. There is George Fielding, of the Grove Farm, has made his fortune at the gold, and married yesterday to one of the prettiest girls in Sydney. I met them walking in the street to-day. She would not have looked at him but for the gold."

Susan uttered a faint moan and sank down slowly on her knees, like some tender tree felled by a rude stroke; her eyes seemed to swim in a mist; she tried to read the cruel words again, but could not; she put her hands before her eyes.

"He is alive," she said; "thank God he is alive," and at last tears forced their way through her fingers. She took her handkerchief and dried her eyes. "Why do I cry for another woman's husband!" and the hot color of shame and of wounded pride burst even through her tears.

"I will not cry," said she proudly; "he is alive: I will not cry, he has forgotten me; from this moment I will never shed another tear for one that is alive and unworthy of a tear. I will go home."

She went home, crying all the way.

And now a partial success attended the deep Meadows's policy. It was no common stroke of unscrupulous cunning to plunge her into the very depths of woe in order to take her out of them. The effects were manifold, and all tended his way.

First she was less sorrowful than she had been before that deadly blow, for now the heart had realized a greater woe, and had the miserable comfort of the comparison; but above all, new and strong passions had risen and battled fiercely with grief, anger and wounded pride.

Susan had self respect and pride too, perhaps a shade too much, though less small vanity than have most persons of her moderate calibre.

What! had she wept and sighed all these months for a man who did not care for her.

What! had she defied sneers and despised affectionate hints, and gloried openly in her love, to be openly insulted and betrayed.

What! had she shut herself from the world, and put on mourning and been seen in mourning for one who was not dead, but well and happy and married to another.

An agony of shame rushed over the wronged, insulted, humiliated beauty. She longed to fly from the world. She asked her father to leave Grassmere and go to some other farm a hundred

miles away. She asked him suddenly, nervously, and so impetuously that the old man looked up in dismay.

"What! leave the farm where your mother lived with me, and where you were born. I should feel strange, girl, but"—and he gave a strange sigh—"maybe I shall have to leave it whether I will or no."

Susan misunderstood him and colored with self-reproach. She said hastily—"No! no! Father, you shan't leave it for me. Forgive me, I am a wayward girl!"

And the strong nerves gave way and tears gushed over the hot cheeks as she clung to her father, and tried to turn the current of her despised love and bestow it all on that selfish old noodle. A great treasure went a begging in Grassmere farmhouse.

Mr. Meadows called, but much to his chagrin Susan was never visible. "Would he excuse her?—she was indisposed."

The next evening he came, he found her entertaining four or five other farmers' daughters and a couple of young men. She was playing the piano to them, and talking and laughing louder and faster than ever he had heard her in his life. He sat moody a little while and watched her uneasily, but soon took his line, and exerting his excellent social powers, became the life of the party. But as he warmed Susan free, as much as to say—"Somebody must play the fool to amuse these triflers; if you undertake it I need not." For all that, the very attempt at society indicated what was passing in Susan's mind, and the deep Meadows invited all present to meet at his house in two days' time.

Meadows was now living in Isaac Levi's old house. He had examined it, found it a much nicer house for him than his new one—it was like himself, full of ins and outs, and it was more in the heart of business and yet quiet; for though it stood in a row yet it was as good as detached, because the houses on each side were unoccupied. They belonged to Jews, probably dependants on Isaac, for they had left the town about a twelvemonth after his departure and had never returned, though a large quantity of goods had been deposited in one of the houses.

Meadows contrived that this little party should lead to another. His game was to draw Susan into the world, and moreover have her seen in his company. She made no resistance, for her wounded pride said, "Don't let people know you are breaking your heart for one who does not care for you." She used to come to these parties radiant, and play her part with consummate resolution and success, and go home and spend the night in tears.

Meadows did not see the tears that followed these unusual efforts—perhaps he suspected them. Enough for him that Susan's pride and shame and indignation were set against her love, and, above all, against her grief, and that she was forming habits whose tendency at least was favorable to his views.

Another four months, and Susan, exhausted by conflicting passions, had settled down into a pensive languor, broken by gusts of bitter grief, which became rarer and rarer. Her health recovered itself, all but its elasticity. Her pride would not let her pine away. But her heart scarcely beat at all, and perhaps it was a good thing for her that a trouble of another kind came to gently stir it. Her father, who had for some months been moody and depressed, confessed to her that he had been speculating and was on the verge of ruin. This dreadful disclosure gave little more pain to Susan than if he had told her his head ached; but she put down her work and came and kissed him, and tried to console him.

"I must work harder, that is all, father. I am often asked to give a lesson on the piano-

forte; I will do that for your sake, and don't you fret for me. What with the trifle my mother settled on me and my industry, I am above poverty, and you shall never see me repine."

In short poor Susan took her father for a woman—adopted a line of consolation addressed to his affection instead of his selfishness. It was not for her he was afflicted: it was for himself.

It was at this conjuncture that Meadows spoke out. There was no longer anything to be gained by delay. In fact, he could not but observe that since the fatal letter he appeared to be rather losing ground in his old character. There was nothing left him but to attack her in a new one. He removed the barrier from his patient impatience.

He found her alone one evening. He begged her to walk in the garden. She complied with an unsuspecting smile. Then he told her all he had suffered for her sake: how he had loved her this three years with all his soul—how he never thought to tell her this—how hard he had struggled against it—how he had run away from it, and after that how he had subdued it, or thought he had subdued it to esteem—and how he had been rewarded by seeing that his visits and his talk had done her some good. "But now," said he, "that you are free, I have no longer the force to hide my love; now that the man I dared not interfere with has thrown away the jewel, it is not in nature that I should not beg to be allowed to take it up and wear it in my heart."

Susan listened; first with surprise, then with confusion and pain, then with terror at the violence of the man's passion, for the long restraint removed, it overwhelmed him like a flood. Her bosom heaved with modest agitation, and soon the tears streamed down her cheeks at his picture of what he had gone through for her sake. She made shift to gasp out, "My poor friend!" But she ended almost fiercely, "Let no man ever hope for affection from me, for my heart is in the grave. Oh, that I was there too!" And she ran sobbing away from him in spite of his entreaties.

Another man and not George had made a confession of love to her. His voice had trembled, his heart quivered with love for her, and it was not George. So then another link was snapped. Others saw that they had a right to love her now, and acted on it.

Meadows was at a loss, but he stayed away a week in silence, and thought and thought, and then he wrote a line begging permission to visit her as usual: "I have been so long used to hide my feelings, because they were unlawful, that I can surely hide them if I see they make you more unhappy than you would be without."

Susan replied that her advice to him was to avoid her as he would a pestilence. He came as usual, and told her he would take her commands, but could not take her advice. He would run all risks to his own heart. He was cheerful, chatty, and never said a word of love; and this relieved Susan, so that the evening passed pleasantly. Susan, listless and indifferent to present events, and never accustomed, like Meadows, to act upon a preconceived plan, did not even observe what Meadows had gained by this sacrifice of his topic for a single night, viz., that after declaring himself her lover he was still admitted to the house. The next visit he was not quite so forbearing, yet still forbearing; and so on by sly gradations. It was every way an unequal contest. A great man against an average woman—a man of forty against a woman of twenty-two—a man all love and selfishness against a woman all affection and unselfishness. But I think his chief ally was a firm belief on Susan's part that he was the best of men; that from first to last of this affair his

conduct had been perfection; that while George was true all his thought had been to console her grief at his absence; that he never would have spoken but for the unexpected treason of George, and then, seeing her insulted and despised, he had taken that moment to show her she was loved and honored. Oh what an ungrateful girl she was that she could not love such a man!

Then her father was on the same side. "John Meadows seems down-like, Susan. Do try and cheer him up a bit, I am sure he has often cheered thee."

"That he has, father."

Susan pitied Meadows. Pitying him, she forced herself at times to be gracious, and when she did he was so happy that she was alarmed at her power and drew in.

Old Merton saw now how the land lay, and he clung to a marriage between these two as his only hope. "John Meadows will pull me through if he marries my Susan."

And so the two selfish ones had got the unselfish one between them, one pulling gently, the other pushing quietly, but both without intermission. Thus days and days rolled on.

Meadows now came four times a-week instead of two, and courted her openly, and beamed so with happiness that she had not always the heart to rob him of this satisfaction, and he overwhelmed her with kindness and attention of every sort, and if any one else was present, she was sure to see how much he was respected; and this man whom others courted was her slave. This soothed the pride another had wounded.

One day he poured out his love to her with such passion that he frightened her, and the next time he came she avoided him.

Her father remonstrated: "Girl, you will break that man's heart if you are so unkind to him; he could not say a word because you shunned him like. Why your heart must be made of stone." A burst of tears was all the reply.

At last two things presented themselves to this poor girl's understanding: that for her there was no chance of earthly happiness; do what she would; and that, strangely enough, she, the wretched one, had in her power to make two other beings happy—her father and good Mr. Meadows.

Now a true woman lives to make others happy. She rarely takes the self-contained views of life men are apt to do.

It passed through Susan's mind—"If I refuse to make these happy, why do I live? what am I on the earth for at all?"

It seemed cruel to her to refuse happiness when she could bestow it, without making herself two shades more miserable than she was.

Despair and unselfishness are evil counsellors in a scheming, selfish world. The life-blood had been drained out of her heart by so many cruel blows; by the long waiting, the misgivings, the deep woe, when she believed George dead, the bitter grief and mortification and sense of wrong, when she found he was married to another.

Many of us, male and female, treated as Susan imagined herself, have taken another lover out of pique. Susan did not so. She was bitterly piqued, but she did not make that use of her pique.

Despair of happiness, pity, and pure unselfishness, these stood John Meadows's friends with his unhappy dupe, and perhaps my male readers will be incredulous as well as shocked when I relate the manner, in which, at last, this young creature, lovely as an angel, in the spring of life, loving another still, and deluding herself to think she hated and despised him, was one afternoon surprised into giving her hand to a man for whom she did not really care a button.

It was as if she had said, "Is it really true your happiness depends on me? then take me—quick—before my courage fails—are you happy now, my poor soul?" On the other side there

was the passionate pleading of a lover; the deep manly voice broken with supplication; the male eyes glistening, the diabolical mixture of fraud and cunning with sincerity.

At the first symptom of yielding, the man seized her as the hawk the dove; he did not wait for a second hint. He poured out gratitude and protestations. He thanked her and blessed her, and in his manly ardor caught her to his bosom.

She shut her eyes, and submitted to the caress as to an executioner.

"Pray let me go to my father," she whispered. She came to her father and told him what she had done, and kissed him, and when he kissed her in return, that rare embrace seemed to her her reward.

Meadows went home on wings—he was in a whirlwind of joy and triumph.

"Aha! what will not a strong will do?" He had no fears, no misgivings. He saw she did not really like him even, but he would make her love him! Let him once get her into his house and into his arms, by degrees she should love him;—aye, she should adore him. He held that a young and virtuous woman cannot resist the husband who remains a lover, unless he is a fool as well as a lover. She could resist a man, but hardly the hearth, the marriage-bed, the sacred domestic ties, and a man whose love should be always present, always ardent, yet his temper always cool, and his determination to be loved unflinching.

With this conviction Meadows had committed crimes of the deepest dye to possess Susan. Villain as he was, it may be doubted whether he would have committed these felonies had he doubted for an instant her ultimate happiness. The unconquerable dog said to himself, "The day will come that I will tell her how I have risked my soul for her; how I have played the villain for her; and she shall throw her arms round my neck and bless me for committing all these crimes to make her so happy against her will."

It remained to clench the nail.

He came to Grassmere every day; and one night that the old man was telling Susan and him how badly things were going on with him, he said, with a cheerful laugh, "I wonder at you, father-in-law, talking that way. Do you think Susan will let you be uncomfortable for want of a thousand pounds or two?"

Now, this remark was slyly made while Susan was at the other end of the room, so that she could hear it, but was not supposed to. He did not look at her for some time, and then her face was scarlet.

The next day he said, privately, to old Merton, "The day Susan and I go to church together you must let me take your engagements and do the best I can with them."

"Ah, John, you are a friend, but it will take a pretty deal to set me straight again."

"How much? Two thousand?"

"More, I am afraid, and too much—"

"Too much for me to take out of my pocket for a stranger, but not for my wife's father—not if it was ten times that."

From that hour Meadows had an ally at Grassmere, working heart and soul to hasten the wedding-day.

Meadows longed for this day, for he could not hide from himself that, as a lover, he made no advances. Susan's heart was like a globe of ice: he could get no hold of it anywhere. He burned with rage when the bitter truth was forced on him, that with the topic of George Fielding he had lost those bright, animated looks of affection she used to bestow on him, and now could only command her polite attention—not always that. Once he ventured on a remonstrance—only once.

She answered coldly that she could not feign; indifferent she was to everything on earth, in-

different she, always should be. But for that indifference she should never have consented to marry him. Let him pause, then, and think what he was doing, or, better still, give up this folly, and not tie an icicle like her to an honest and warm heart like his.

The deep Meadows never ventured on that ground again. He feared she wanted to be off the marriage, and he determined to hurry it on. He pressed her to name the day. She would not.

"Would she let him name it?"

"No."

Her father came to Meadows's assistance.

"I'll name it," said he.

"Father! no! no!"

Old Merton then made a pretence of selecting a day. Rejected one day for one reason, another for another, and pitched on a day only six weeks distant.

The next day Meadows bought the license.

"I thought you would like that better than being cried in church, Susan."

Susan thanked him, and said, "Oh yes."

That evening he had a note from her, in which "She humbly asked his pardon, but she could not marry him; he must excuse her. She trusted to his generosity to let the matter drop, and forgive a poor, broken-hearted girl, who had behaved ill from weakness of judgment, not lightness of heart."

Two days after this, which remained unanswered, her father came to her in great agitation, and said to her, "Have you a mind to have a man's death upon your conscience?"

"Father!"

"I have seen John Meadows, and he is going to kill himself. What sort of a letter was that to write to the poor man? Says he, 'It has come on me like a thunderclap.' I saw a pistol on his table, and he told me he wouldn't give a button to live. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, trifling with folks' hearts so."

"I trifle with folks' hearts! Oh! what shall I do!" cried Susan.

"Think of others as well as yourself," replied the old man in a rage. "Think of me."

"Of you, dear father? Does not your Susan think of you?"

"No! What will become of me if the man kills himself! He is all I have to look to to save me from ruin."

"What then!" cried Susan, coloring scarlet. "It is not his life you care for? It is his means of being useful to us! Poor Mr. Meadows! He has no friend but me. I will give you a line to him."

The line contained these words: "Forgive me."

Half an hour after receipt of it, Meadows was at the farm. Susan was going to make some faint apology.

He stopped her, and said, "I know you like to make folk happy. I have got a job for you. A gentleman, a friend of mine, in Cheshire, wants a bailiff. He has written to me. A word from me will do the business. Now, is there any one you would like to oblige? The place is worth five hundred a year."

Susan was grateful to him for waiving disagreeable topics. She reflected, and said, "Ah! but he is no friend of yours?"

"What does that matter, if he is yours?"

"Will Fielding?"

"With all my heart. Only my name must not be mentioned. You are right. He can marry on this. They would both have starved in 'The Grove.'"

Thus he made the benevolent girl taste the sweets of power. "You will be asked to do many a kind action like this when you are Mrs. Meadows."

So he bribed both father and daughter, each after their kind.

The offer came in form from the gentleman

to Will Fielding. He and Miss Holiday had already been cried in church. They were married, and went off to Cheshire.

So Meadows got rid of Will Fielding at a crisis. When it suited his strategy he made his enemy's fortune with as little compunction as he would have ruined him. A man of iron? Cold iron, hot iron, whatever iron was wanted.

Mr. and Mrs. Fielding gone off to Cheshire, and Mrs. Holiday after them on a visit of domestic instruction, Meadows publicly announced his approaching marriage with Miss Merton. The coast being clear, he clenched the last nail. From this day there were gusts of repugnance, but not a shadow of resistance on Susan's side. It was to be.

The weather was fine, and every evening this man and woman walked together. The woman envied by all the women; the man by all the men. Yet they walked side by side like the ghosts of lovers. And since he was her betrothed, one or two iron-grey hairs in the man's head had turned white, and lines deepened in his face. The victim had unwittingly revenged herself.

He had stabbed her heart again and again, and drained it. He had battered this poor heart till it had become more like leather than flesh and blood, and now he wanted to nestle in it and be warmed by it: to kill the affections and revive them at will. No!

She tried to give happiness and to avoid giving pain, but her heart of hearts was inaccessible. The town had capitulated, but the citadel was empty, yet impregnable: and there were moments when flashes of hate mingled with the steady flame of this unhappy man's love, and he was tempted to kill her and himself.

(To be continued.)

WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.—Sir John Herschel says that there are stars so infinitely remote, as to be situated at the distance of twelve millions of millions of millions of miles from the earth; so that light, which travels with a velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years for its transit from those distant orbs to our own. While the astronomer who should record the aspect or mutations of such a star would be relating, not its history at the present day, but that which took place two millions of years gone by.

MISS TULIP, in speaking of old bachelors, says they are frozen-out old gardeners in the flower-bed of love; they are useless as weeds, they should be served in the same manner—choked!

"You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely-dressed gentleman to a beggar who asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the reply of the mendicant.

Dover.—(See page 337.)

THE ancient town of Dover is one of the English cinque ports, is distant sixty-six miles from London, and is advantageously built in front of a spacious harbor formed by the inland curvature of the strait that separates the island of England from the neighboring continent. The town consists mostly of a collection of old streets on the north side of its harbor, and a long street on the banks of a small stream, the whole inclosed and backed by chalk downs, on which are the castle, citadel, and several strong detached forts. The south-western railway enters the town, on the west, through a tunnel cut in the cliff which here abut on the sea. The castle, which is one of great celebrity, is a collection of works occupying thirty-five acres; its foundation has been attributed to the Romans, and it contains Roman and Saxon towers, a spacious keep forming a bomb-proof magazine, and barracks for 2,000 men. The principal edifices are military hospital, the town-hall and jail, and the Hospital

Maison Dieu, besides an excellent museum, docks, and bonding warehouses. Operations are in progress to establish a harbor of refuge in this place, by throwing out jetties of great magnitude still further into the sea; the works, authorized by government, are to cost \$12,500,000. Dover is the chief port of communication between England and the continent, and has continual intercourse by steamboats with Calais and Boulogne.

Shakespeare's Cliff is situated at a little distance from the town, and is perforated by a tunnel on the south-eastern railway. It has long been an object of especial interest to visitors; it is 350 feet high, but though of a sufficiently remarkable form, does not adequately bear out the magnificent description of the poet.

Dover is the principal station and seat of government of the cinque ports, and has returned two members of parliament since the time of Edward I.

The Chinese Punishment of the Cangue, or Wooden Collar.—(See Page 345.)

THE Chinese criminal code is exceedingly severe. A notion prevails that the punishment of criminals in that country is dictated more by caprice than by any inflexible rules of justice. This opinion, however, is unfounded. There is in the very first division of their code a very strict definition of all the legal pains and penalties to which the subject is liable, and even the application of torture in forcing evidence is strictly limited in its extent and application.

The most general instrument of punishment is the bamboo, the dimensions of which are accurately defined. A small hollow cylinder, full of tallies, or slips of wood, stands before the

judge, and according to the nature of the offence he takes out a certain number, and throws them on the floor of the court. These are taken up by the attendants, and five blows are nominally, but in reality only four, inflicted for each.

The next punishment is the *Kæ*, or Cangue, which has been called the wooden collar, being a species of walking pillory, in which the prisoner is paraded with his offence inscribed. It is sometimes worn for a month together, and as the hand cannot be put to the mouth, the wearer must be fed by others. After this comes, in the first place, temporary banishment, to a distance not exceeding fifty leagues from the prisoner's home; and then exile beyond the Chinese frontier, either temporary or for life. Tartars are punished by an equal number of blows with the whip instead of the bamboo, and in ordinary cases with the cangue instead of banishment.

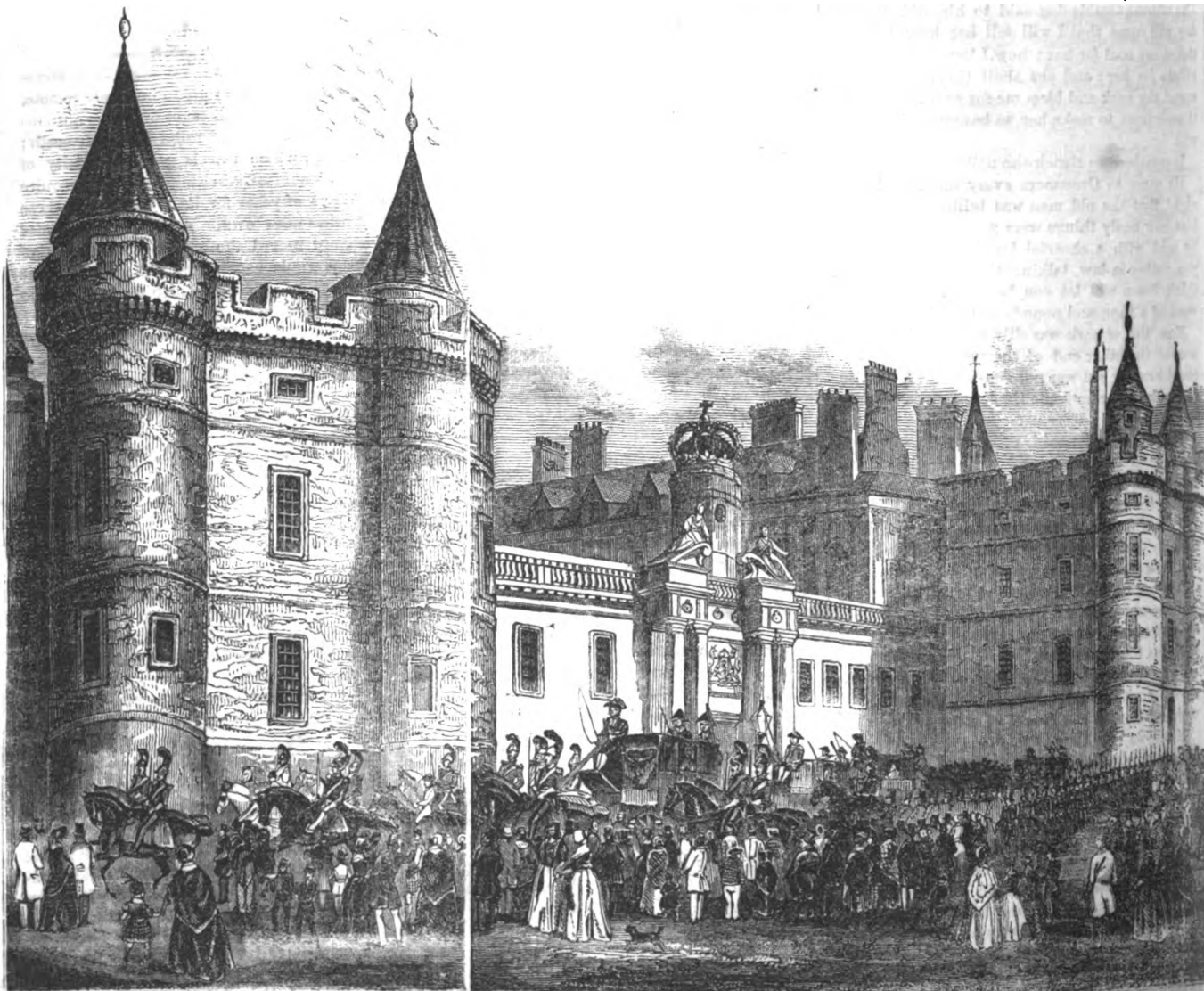
The three capital punishments are, first, strangulation; secondly, for greater crimes, decollation; thirdly, for the greatest crimes, as treason, parricide, sacrilege, &c., that mode of execution called Ling-chy, "a disgraceful and lingering death," which Europeans have somewhat incorrectly styled "cutting into ten thousand pieces." The heads of robbers and murderers are publicly exposed in a cage suspended on a pole.

Holyrood.

THE palace of Holyrood, in Edinburgh, has been celebrated by many poets and writers, but it is not known who was the first builder of it. It stands on the plain at the eastern extremity of the rising ground on which Edinburgh was originally built. The more ancient part of the

palace, as it now stands, was built by James V., but it has since undergone many alterations, and the identity of the present building with the original structure is entirely destroyed. It was burnt by the soldiers of Cromwell, and was rebuilt after the Restoration of Charles II. The edifice is of a quadrangular figure, with an open court in the centre, with piazzas. The chamber of Queen Mary is still exhibited in the palace; and the bed of that unfortunate princess is to be seen, although in a decayed state. In a spacious hall or gallery, 150 feet in length, which is decorated with upwards of 100 mythical portraits of Scottish monarchs, is held the election of representative peers for Scotland. Considerable improvements have recently been made on the exterior walls of the palace, and the locality in which it stands has also been greatly improved by the removal of many surrounding old houses, which, with the numerous additional repairs and alterations in the palace that have been made lately, render it an agreeable residence for the present Queen Victoria.

Contiguous to the royal palace stands the Abbey of Holyrood, founded about the year 1128. Within this sacred building were interred David II., James II., James V., his queen Magdalen, and Darnley. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this institution is its privilege of affording a sanctuary to debtors. In 1544 it was sacked, and in part destroyed, by the Earl of Hereford when he invaded Scotland; and it again met with a similar fate a few years subsequently. The nave, used as a chapel, was desecrated and dismantled by the mob in 1688, at the time of the flight of James II. of England; and in 1768 the roof fell in, and left it in the ruined condition in which it now stands.



HOLYROOD.

Shakespeare's Tomb.

THERE is no place in England—rich in historic memorials as that country is—which possesses so great attraction to the traveller as the spot where the mortal remains of the world's great Bard lie buried. The records of the poet's existence are unfortunately far too incomplete to gratify our natural desire to know the domestic life and private incidents of a career which we know must have been checkered; or to furnish us with the groundwork of those multi-form and varying views of life which form the spirit of many of his grandest dramatic works. "All that is known with any degree of certainty," says his commentator, Steevens, "concerning Shakespeare, is that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married and had children there, went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays, returned to Stratford, made his will, died and was buried." This is indeed a lamentable deficiency in such a life, and such as exists, perhaps, in no similar instance of a man so eminent among his contemporaries. There being so little, then, to satisfy our inquiries concerning the living career of the great poet, the affections naturally turn to the hallowed spot where, after life's fitful fever, his body was consigned to the bosom of mother earth, and where his spirit may be supposed to hover in pleasing consciousness of the unfading adoration with which his imperishable name is regarded by all who speak the Saxon tongue in which he gave his noble thoughts to the world.

From a small treatise published in 1693, entitled "Description of Several Places in Warwickshire," we extract the following account of the poet's burial place. "The first remarkable place in this county that I visited was Stratford-upon-Avon, where I saw the effigies of our English tragedian Mr. Shakespeare; part of his epitaph I sent Mr. Lowther, and desired he would impart it to you, which I find by his last letter he has done; but I here send you the whole inscription.

"[Just under his Effigies in the wall of the chancel is this written]:

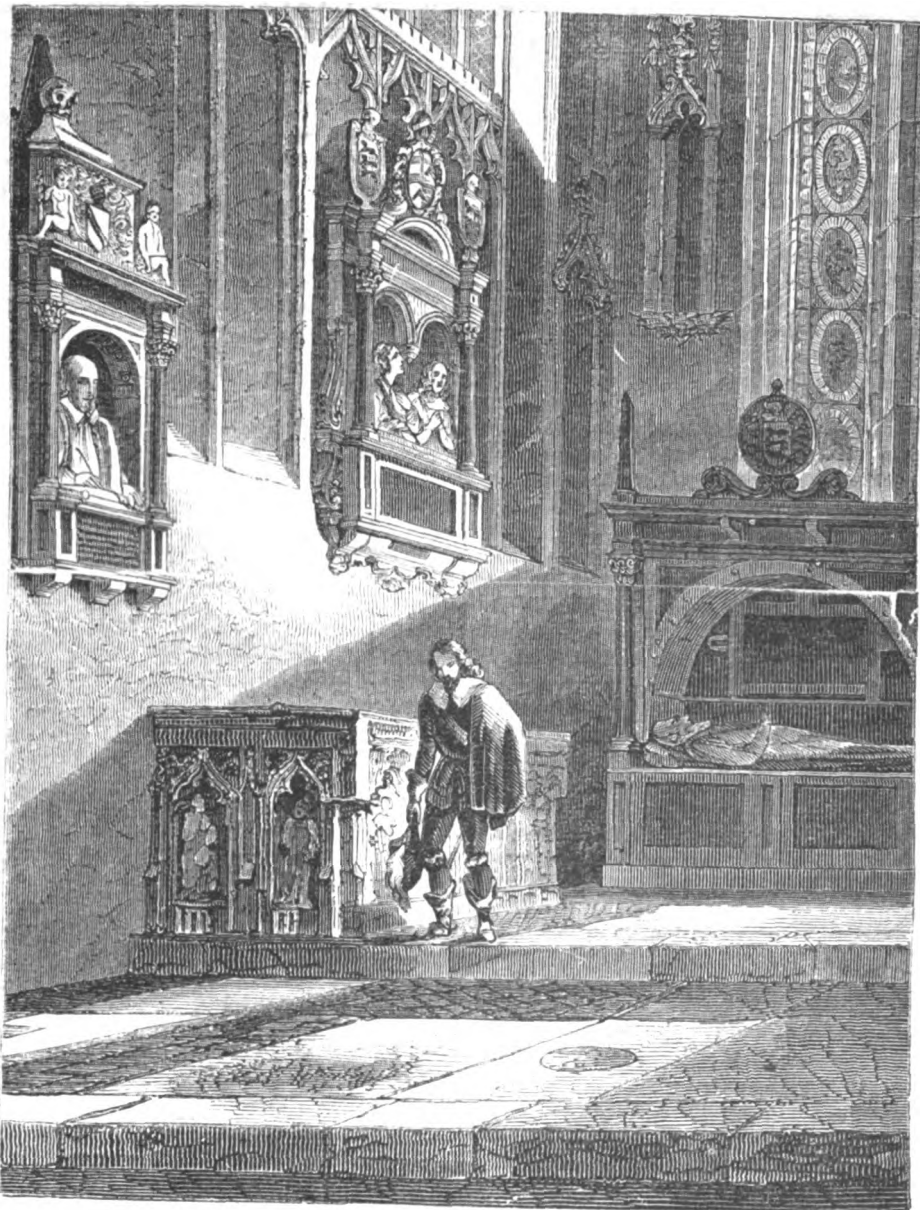
"Judicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus meret, Olympus habet."

"Stay, passenger, why goest thou by soe fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom curious death hast place't
Within this monument, Shakspeare with whome
Quick nature dyed, whose name doth decke the tombe
Far more than cost, sith all that he hath writt
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.

Obiit, A. Dni. 1616.

Ætat 53, 23 Apr."

"Near the wall where his monument is erected
Vol. IV.—22.



SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

lyeth a plain free stone, underneath which his body is buried with this epitaph, made by himself a little before his death.

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To digg the dust inclosed here!
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curs'd be he that moves my bones!"

"The clerk that showed me this church, is above eighty years old; he says that this Shakespeare was formerly in this town bound apprentice to a butcher, but that he run from his master to London, and there was received into the play-house as a servitude, and by this means had an opportunity to be afterwards what he proved. He was the best of his family, but the male line is extinguished; not one for fear of the abovesaid dare touch his grave-stone, though his wife and daughters did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him."

It is to be remarked that the poet's name does not appear in the inscription; no reasonable doubt, however, can be raised as to the fact of this being his last resting place. It is parallel with the other members of the family, and Dugdale, in 1656, expressly says that "his body is buried," underneath this stone. The letter which we have given, asserts that this epitaph was "made by himself a little before his death," a late belief, unnoticed earlier than 1693. It is unnecessary to say that such wretched doggerel never could have proceeded from Shakespeare's pen, yet those have not been wanting who have told us that they did, and that his horror at the charnel-house, so near this spot, was the occasion of them.

The gothic doorway, within a few steps of Shakespeare's grave, opened into this building, which, says Ireland; "contains the greatest assemblage of human bones I ever saw." It is now pulled down, but a very careful drawing of it has been preserved, the most curious record of this charnel-house that is retained:

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,

With reaky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls,
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble.

On the north wall of the chancel, elevated about five feet from the floor, is erected a monument to Shakespeare; he is represented with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, his left resting upon a scroll. "This bust," says Wivell, "is under an arch between two Corinthian columns of black marble, with gilded bases and capitals, supporting the intabulation; above which, and surmounting a death's head, are carved his arms; and on each side is a small figure in a sitting posture, one holding in his left hand a spade, and the other whose eyes are closed, with an inverted torch

in his left hand, the right resting upon a skull, as symbols of mortality." The monument was erected before 1623, for it is mentioned by Leonard Digges, and it was executed by Gerard Johnson, an eminent sculptor of that period. It was originally colored, the eyes being represented as light hazel, the hair and beard auburn, the dress a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black gown without sleeves. In 1748, it was repainted, the old colors being faithfully imitated; but in 1793, Malone caused it to be painted white, by which injudicious act some of the more characteristic features of the bust are irretrievably lost, and the regret is the greater, because no representation of the Bard is so authentic. The bust in the chancel of the Stratford Church is beyond the reach of any doubt, and is in no way assailable to hesitating criticism. It is at once the most interesting memorial of the dramatist that remains, and the only one that brings him before us in form and substance. There is a living and mental likeness in this monument, one that grows upon us by contemplation, and makes us willing to accept of any other resemblance.

CHINESE SHOP SIGNS.—A recent traveller in China quotes several instances of the singular announcements made by the tradesmen of the Celestial Empire. On the tea warehouses were inscriptions recommending the "heavenly-prepared leaves" to be had within. Announcements of ships freighted for California were headed "To the Golden Mountain."

How I came to be a Gentleman.

I.

I AM a gentleman. Not by nature, or blood, or position, but by an accident. When I say—I am a gentleman, I mean that I am conscious of that instinctive regard for the feelings of others, that chivalrous sympathy for distress, and that central heart of love, which make up the elements of a gentleman.

I was not born or bred so. My birth-place was a small seaport town. Among the first things I remember was a sort of reckless satisfaction in dirty hands and face, trousers with immense rents in the legs, from the bottom upwards, and shoes without soles. The men whom I saw every day encouraged the boys of the village in their contempt for all good manners. They could stand anything but a milksop. To be a man was the first lesson for a boy to learn. And the finished juvenile man, in their eyes, was a little, knowing, burly, swaggering chit, fierce as a bull-dog, cool as an icicle, dirty as a scavenger, and with his mouth always crammed full of oaths and tobacco. Above all, everything that savored of the feminine and pathetic was to be utterly scouted and trampled under foot. Those myriad touches of tenderness, of sympathy, and native sentiment, that flood the hearts of children, and bind them so sweetly, when unchecked, to mother, and brother, and playmate—these I was laughed and shamed out of. Bold would have been the boy of that village who dared to address his little sister or female school-mate in any other tone than that of rough banter, or ruthless bullying. My knowledge of older women was confined principally to two. One was the schoolmistress, a hard virago, and the other was my grandfather's sister, a sharp-faced maiden lady, who took care of me at home. She was always called Aunt Deborah. I regarded both of these persons with aversion.

My grandfather came home from France. He had resided at Bordeaux for many years as the partner of a great mercantile house. He found both my parents dead; and except his sister Deborah, who inhabited his old mansion on the hill by the sea, I was the only living creature in whose veins ran a drop of his blood.

How well I remember the evening when my grandfather returned. It was a dull, rainy afternoon in November. I had come home from school that afternoon in a particularly bad humor, which was not greatly diminished by the process of scrubbing and dressing under the relentless hands of my aunt Deborah. Besides, I was prejudiced against my grandfather by some conversation I had heard shortly before from an elder boy at school. It was in the way of taunt to me, and to the effect that when my grand relation came back, I should, of course, be a little "gentleman." This sneer cut me to the quick, and I silently resolved that when my "grand relation" did come back, I would be more coarse than ever.

I had expected to see an old man, grey and decrepit; but the person before me was in the prime of his strength and manhood. A drab surtout, of fine broadcloth, with a multitude of small capes at the shoulders, one beneath the other, flung widely and carelessly open as he sat before the fire, revealed a form whose vast proportions approached the gigantic.

Wholly overwhelmed by the nervous shock which my grandfather's unexpected appearance and behavior gave me, I ran into a dark corner, and set up a stentorian blubber. My Aunt Deborah, who had, since the first meeting with my grandfather, been hiding her embarrassment under color of bustling preparation for tea, at once sprung at me, cuffed me lustily as usual, with the stereotyped exclamations, "Naughty boy! wicked child! Don't you see your grand-

father has come? You shall go to bed this instant, unless you are still." To which I answered in the loudest tones, "I won't; get away. I don't care for him."

My grandfather turned his eyes slowly from the fire on hearing these words, rose, or as it appeared to me then, towered to his full proportions, advanced to the corner where I was, and putting my Aunt Deborah calmly aside, said, with a smile whose dewy sweetness had enveloped me like a soft wind, "Horace, go to bed now. We will talk to-morrow." My aunt Deborah hustled me off to bed, and left me alone in the dark, with a brain crammed to bursting with new and conflicting emotions.

II.

When I went down the next morning I was somewhat relieved to learn that my grandfather had left the house on business, to be gone for some hours. I ate my breakfast in silence, and started for the school-house. To reach it, it was necessary to pass through the village. I should have stated before, that, on getting up that morning, I found by my bedside the Sunday suit which I had taken off the previous night, my usual clothing having been carefully removed from the chamber.

On arriving at the edge of the village on my way to school I met two or three boys of my acquaintance, who cried out, as soon as they saw me, "Hallo! Here's Horace Don. His grandpa' has come home. O my! see the buttons! Don't we live in a big house on the hill now." They pointed at me with derisive laughter, until I was almost bursting with rage. I seized a large stone from the side of the road, flung it in among them with all my strength, and ran down the street at full speed, pursued by their yells and shouts.

In the centre of the village was one of those shops which in the country so often serve as centres of gossip. A miscellaneous collection of farmers, fishermen, sailors, and idlers were accustomed to haunt its walls. Even at that early hour a numerous collection of the usual visitors was there. The moment I appeared, a great overgrown boy in a green jacket, who was seated on a barrel-head near the counter, pulled my cap over my eyes as I passed him, and said with a horse laugh, "Bran fine new gentleman come to town. Wonder what time 'tis by my gold watch." I stepped back from his reach, my blood boiling in my veins, and seizing a small iron weight that lay on the counter, with a frantic roar of defiance I hurled it straight at my assailant's head.

At the very moment when I was being pitched back into the street, a tall man on horseback passed leisurely by the door, whom even the sad plight I was in did not prevent me from instantly recognizing as my grandfather. Attracted by the confusion at the door of the store, he turned his head just in time to see me fall headlong. In an instant he was on the ground, and I in his arms.

"Who dares maltreat this boy?" he exclaimed, advancing into the centre of the store, and laying his heavy riding-whip with great deliberation on the counter. "Nobody; nobody. Tim Johnson and me fought; that's all," said I, with the true shame of a street imp to be under obligations to any protector. My grandfather turned abruptly on his heel, sprang into the saddle with me still in his arms, and in a few moments, without one word of comment, lifted me upon the door-step of his old mansion-house, and rode carelessly round towards the stables.

I sat down on the threshold, and did not attempt to go in. This was partly from the mortal faintness and dizziness which I felt coming over me. Blacker and blacker grew every object, and a sudden sweat covered me. A deadly sickness, a thought and terror of death; a

sense of falling, falling through infinite space, and then—entire unconsciousness.

III.

"The boy stirs, Deborah," said my grandfather, putting down a long spy-glass, and coming towards the bed.

Upon it lay a pallid child, who stretched out from the clothes two thin hands sprinkled with warts, and half opened two very wild and sunken eyes. "Water," said I (for it was I) in a whisper. My grandfather passed his hand over my forehead. Something in it burnt me. I looked for a coal of fire; and, as I looked, myriads of sunbeams passed into me, and I closed my eyes in half unconsciousness again. "Do you now me, Horace?" said my grandfather. The depth and sweetness of the tone brought me once more from the land of dreams, where, on the very edge of that other land from which no traveller returns, I had been wandering for some weeks in a raging brain fever. "Yes," I answered languidly, and tried to turn over in bed. But my strength had vanished, and only my head obeyed the impulse of my will. My aunt Deborah gave me some nourishment, and told me in her dry way that there was no danger of my dying now; and that if I lay quietly for a few days I should be out of doors again.

Every day after dinner I lay down a little while on my bed in the east chamber. And every day my grandfather came up there, too. When he came into my room he used to seat himself at the east window, with his back to the bed, and gaze, as motionless as a statue, on the distant sea line. He always had a spy-glass in his hand, but I never saw him use it. When I had become sufficiently rested, I used to rise softly and creep stealthily down stairs.

One day I asked my aunt Deborah what my grandfather did up stairs by the window. To my surprise she turned upon me with an air of curiosity, and made me describe all my grandfather's motions. I saw from her inquiring and eager manner that I was really telling her news, and that she was a good deal excited about it.

So things went on for nearly a week.

IV.

It was now near the close of the year. The dim sun through all the brief day seemed clinging to the southern horizon. Oftener it was veiled in cloud. The sea was almost jet black. In the morning innumerable rolls and masses of vapor lay on its cold bosom, and at night I could hear the great waves chafe and boom and bellow among the rocks.

One cloudy afternoon my aunt Deborah sent me on an errand to the house of the lighthouse keeper, who was almost our nearest neighbor.

The day had been lowering, but not stormy. The wind, however, was rising, and as I was getting over the last stone wall which separated my grandfather's English grass-fields from the naked and pebbly beach, I saw one or two great flakes of snow in the air, and far off, over the water to the east, hung a heavy bank of dark cloud.

I hurried along pretty briskly, yet without alarm. I was as familiar with every foot of that beach as with my own bedchamber; and I had tramped on it, with other half-aquatic urchins, the offspring of sailors and fishermen, in storm and calm, summer and winter, at morning, and even at midnight.

The gathering tumult of the elements seemed in some way to pass into my own frame. As I picked my way over the slippery pebbles of the beach, and beheld all the stir and muster of earth, and sky, and ocean, I felt my animal spirits rise, and all my faculties exalted to their highest tension. Great exploits shadowed themselves before me. I became all at once a little hero in my own eyes; and my satin jacket could hardly bear without ripping, the

tremendous thumps with which the climbing heart within asserted its claims to a wilder freedom.

In the midst of these precocious and unchildish thoughts, just before arriving at the lighthouse, I heard a heavy gun from over the ocean, and looking up, there came out of the dark wall of mist, not more than half a mile from where I stood, the hull of a great strange ship. Other guns followed in quick succession, and I knew they were signals of distress.

I ran to the lighthouse in a moment, but before I could reach the door the keeper and all his family were on the beach. The huge ship towered before us like a fortress, and approached nearer and nearer the shore.

She was lying as near the wind as possible, but the gale had now increased to almost a hurricane. The sea inshore was tremendous, and every squall threw her on her beam-ends; and while it completely deadened her headway, drove her palpably nearer the lee shore.

But one resource now remained and we waited in breathless silence to see her tack ship. A few rods ahead of her was a long sunken ledge, running out at right angles from the beach nearly opposite my grandfather's house. It was invisible to the devoted ship's company. The light-keeper and myself ran along the beach towards the west, and as for me, I whirled my arms in frantic gestures, and yelled and shouted like a savage, as if these feeble signals could really warn the majestic vessel of her impending doom. In vain. She kept straight on to the point of horror, and just as we arrived at the ledge where it joined the land, she struck near its outer extremity. There came to our horror-stricken ears, through the gloom that was settling on earth and ocean, one wild, faint yell of terror and agony, and all was silent, save the hoarse voice of the tempest.

Up to this time my attention had been so entirely swallowed up in the fate of the ship, that I took no heed of what was passing on the beach. I now saw that a crowd of men had arrived, and that they were hauling two small surf-boats down to the edge of the water. Striding up and down among them, and issuing orders in deep quick tones, was the colossal figure of my grandfather.

He was as calm as death. A preternatural paleness sat on his visage. His lips were iron, and his face was marble.

"Three with me in this boat!" cried he, "and John Burnet in the other. Who goes with him? Speak quick, men!" he added, with passion. "A minute is an age now. Who goes with John Burnet?"

No one stirred. The sea was now strewn in all directions with the loose furniture of the ship, and here and there through the surf could be seen crowds of men and women clinging to spars and fragments of the wreck. To launch boats in such a sea was, indeed, a most desperate undertaking.

"One hundred pounds to each man in John Burnet's boat." One man came forward. No more.

"Two hundred pounds!" shouted my grandfather. None moved.

"Cowards!" roared he. "You may save a hundred lives. Here are women perishing before your eyes."

No one advanced a step.

"Can you go with one man, Burnet?"

"Hardly, sir: I will go with two."

I could keep back no longer. I rushed forward to Burnet's boat, and took a place by his side. A cry of surprise and remonstrance arose from the crowd, and many voices said, "Take the boy away." My grandfather looked at me for half a minute, as though he did not know me, and then a shade of something unutterable passed across his features. He sprang towards

me, as if to press me to his heart, then checking himself as suddenly, he dashed something from his finger upon mine, and said coldly to the crowd, "He shall go," and I went.

The first thing I saw distinctly was, that the two boats had become entangled with a sort of raft or mass of sails and cordage formed by the spars and rigging, which had been torn away from the ship. It was alive with the heads and limbs of human creatures, and wild and stifled cries of despair arose from every part of it. Several drowning wretches, apparently sailors, caught hold of our little craft, and we dragged them in. I saw something white floating almost under the boat, which resembled a woman's scarf. A girl's sweet face rose above the waves and lay still and pale on their maddened bosom. At that instant the other boat was flung within a few feet of ours, and I saw my grandfather towering in her bow, like the King of the Tempest. He caught a glimpse of the face I have described, and, with one agonised shriek, and one cry of "Florence, my wife!" he fell into the sea between us. I saw him no more.

Luckily, the dark locks and the light scarf had got twisted about my hands and arms, and I cried aloud for help. Burnet came to me, and together we drew over the rails the fairest vision of beauty incarnate on which my eyes had ever rested, as our frail boat was dashed ashore and crushed to atoms.

"A light here!" shouted I, when I found myself unhurt upon the beach, with my young prize clinging to my garments. A lantern was brought, and its uncertain and gusty flicker fell upon the delicate form of a girl, apparently sixteen years of age, and upon a countenance whose inexpressible and unearthly loveliness gave me a shock like an electric machine. But a pang shot through me like an iron bar as I heard in fancy that awful cry, "Florence, my wife!" ringing like a knell. She murmured a word or two in some strange tongue, opened her eyes very languidly, and fixing them on me, said, with a foreign accent and a half smile, "Good boy, how strong you are. You saved me." Then and there I became a gentleman.

My grandfather never reached the land.

If I venture to call myself a gentleman, you see that I withhold my name. Perhaps you do not believe that I am so:—if so, ask Florence, and she will tell you. She knows, and she is—my wife.

So strangely things fall out. She was to have married my grandfather on her arrival in England. Seven years afterwards she married me.

The Dead Sea.

Though in breadth not extending ten miles, the Dead Sea seems boundless to the eye when looking from north and south, and the murmur of the waves, as they break on its flint-strewn shore, together with the lines of driftwood and fragments of bitumen on the beach, give to its waters a resemblance to the ocean. Curious to experience the sensations of swimming in so strange a sea, I put to the test the accounts of the extreme buoyancy felt in it, and I was quickly convinced that there was no exaggeration in that. I found the water almost tepid, and so strong that the chief difficulty was to keep sufficiently submerged, the feet starting up in the air at every vigorous stroke. When floating, half the body rose above the surface, and with a pillow one might have slept upon the water. After some time the strangeness of the sensation in some measure disappeared, and on approaching the shore I carelessly dropped my feet to walk out, when, lo! as if a bladder had been attached to each heel, they flew upwards, the struggle to recover myself sent my head down, the vilely bitter and briny water, from which I had hitherto guarded my head,

now rushed into my mouth, eyes, ears and nose, and for one horrible moment the only doubt I had was whether I was to be drowned or poisoned. Coming to the surface, however, I swam to land, making no farther attempt to walk in deep water, which I am inclined to believe is almost impossible.—*Eastern Traveller.*

A Bit of Romance.

Upon the arrival of the John L. Stephens, a gentleman, for several years a respected and successful resident of this city, went aboard, accompanied by an officer, and proceeded to search the cabin. At length he met a lady; they embraced; laughed, shook hands, and were agitated. The officer alluded to was a magistrate. He withheld the greeting for a few minutes, then stepped toward them, and while they were holding each other by the right hand, proceeded to wed them together with a recitation of the marriage service; and after he had said that they were man and wife, the bride and her protector left the vessel to abide, long and happily, we hope, in a California home. The whole of this affair is romantic. Two or three years ago the young man passed through one of the Western States, and in his travels saw a lady whom he at once admired; he obtained her name and went his way. After a while he came to San Francisco, where he followed his profession for several months, when he concluded to write a nice letter to "the girl he left behind," but had never seen but once. He did so; she answered; he then wrote again; so did she; he asked her to come out; she said she would, and she did, and they were married as above related.—*Alta California.*

THE CHARMS OF LIFE.—There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden—but oh! how many there are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty—with objects which gladden the eye, and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills which we cannot escape, the approach of disease, of death, and of misfortune, the sundering of earthly ties, and the cankerworm of grief; but a vast majority of the evils that beset us might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligaments of society, is one that never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon the records of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execration of the human heart. It should not exist, it ought not. Do away with all this—let wars come and end, and kindness work the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier would we be, were we to labor much more earnestly to promote each others' good. God has blessed us with a home that is not dark—there is sunshine everywhere—in the sky, upon earth; there would be in most hearts if we would look around us. The storms die away, and a bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinged curtains upon the earth, which are very beautiful, even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. Over all God reigns in Heaven. Let us not murmur at a Being so bountiful, and we can live happier than we do.

KINGSLEY, in his "Westward Ho!" gives us Amos Leigh as the Christian ideal of a man.—"One not even knowing whether he is good or not, but just doing the right thing, without thinking about it, as simply as a little child, because the Spirit of God is with him." In contrast with Eustace Leigh, "trying to be good with all his might and main, according to certain approved methods and rules which he has got by heart; and like a weak oarsman, feeling and fingering his spiritual muscles over all day to see if they are growing."



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford.

WE behold Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, in the heyday of his prosperity. He has reached the highest point of his literary eminence and worldly distinction; he is still in the vigor of life, and with all the endearing links of his domestic circle unbroken; with an affluent fortune, acquired by intellectual toils, which had ennobled himself and enriched the literature of his country; and with yet higher personal distinction in immediate prospect. The many happy years spent by the hospitable baronet at this baronial residence has been made the subject of many a delightful narrative, and it is one upon which his hosts of admirers must delight to dwell. We find him here with his aristocratic—or rather his feudal—ambition fully gratified; by his own successful labors he has been enabled to exchange the unambitious cottage of Ashiestiel for that “romance of stone and mortar,” as it has been called, upon the banks of the Tweed, in a neighborhood full of historic associations. At an enormous expenditure he has established himself as a territorial baron, and here he dispenses princely hospitality to his innumerable visitors—princes, peers, and poets—men of all ranks and grades being constantly under his roof. Anything more delightful than a visit to Abbotsford, when Sir Walter was in the full enjoyment of his health and spirits, can scarcely be conceived. “He kept house,” says an English writer, “like a wealthy country gentleman, receiving with a cordial yet courtly hospitality, the many distinguished persons both from England and the Continent who found means to obtain an introduction to his ‘enchanted castle.’”

His daily employment has been thus describ-

ed: The morning was devoted to composition—usually from seven to eleven or twelve o'clock—his morning labors, even when busiest, seldom being protracted beyond midday, and the remainder of the day he devoted to rides through the country adjoining, or, more generally, to the entertainment of his guests, with so much unaffected cordiality, such hilarity of spirits, and such homeliness of manner, and above all, with an entire absence of literary pretension, that the shyest stranger found himself at once on terms of the easiest familiarity with the most illustrious man in Europe.

A writer in the “Penny Magazine” thus describes a visit to Abbotsford: “In the autumn of 1819, I received an invitation to visit him at his mansion on Tweed side. Exclusive of his own family, I found five or six visitors, some, like myself, from a distance, and other gentlemen of the neighborhood; but all of them early and intimate friends of Sir Walter, and more than one of them honorably distinguished by name in his works. Owing to this circumstance, probably, the conversation, after dinner, turned much upon his earlier days: his moderate success as a barrister; his first efforts in literature; his pecuniary difficulties about the time of marriage, which induced him, for the sake of £70, to part with a favorite collection of coins and medals, and many similar topics—which, though treated chiefly in a humorous vein of conversational anecdote, were of the highest interest as connected with the personal history of this extraordinary man. But though thus talking with the most delightful openness respecting his own career, when led to do so by his own comrades, he evinced not the slightest appearance of egotistical assumption or literary

vanity. Of arrogance or envy he seemed not to have the slightest tinge in his composition, and he spoke much and kindly of other eminent men who had been his companions or rivals in the race of life or of literary ambition. Some others of the little party were also men of conversational talent; but the object of all, as if by tacit agreement, was to draw Scott out to talk of “bygone times.” In this they were very successful, and the result was an intellectual treat of the richest and most racy description—such as those only who have seen Sir Walter in his happiest, drollest, and most communicative moods can have any conception of.”

The honor of the baronetcy was conferred upon him in 1820, by George IV., who had taste enough to appreciate cordially his genius. Never, certainly, has literature done more for any of its countless votaries, ancient or modern. Shakespeare had retired early on an easy competency, and also became a rural squire; but his gains must have been chiefly those of the theatrical manager—not of the poet Scott. Splendor was purely the result of his pen; to this he owed his acres, his castle, and his means of hospitality. Who does not wish that the dream had continued to the end of his life? The author of “Waverley” was still continuing to issue the apparently inexhaustible coinage of his brain, at the rate of from three to eight volumes a year, when in January, 1826, the illusion was suddenly and painfully dissolved. By the failure of the house of Constable & Co. he had become responsible for debts to the enormous amount of \$600,000, of which not more than half was actually incurred on his own account. Under this crushing misfortune, however, his conduct was admirable, and the honor which rests upon his memory for his gigantic exertions to pay off this immense debt without deduction, is a far nobler heritage to his posterity than the most princely fortune. He encountered adversity with dignified and manly intrepidity. He refused to accept of any compromise with his creditors, and declared his determination, if life was spared him, to pay off every shilling. He ceased “doing the honors for all Scotland,” sold off his Edinburgh house, and taking lodgings there, labored incessantly at his literary tasks. The fountain was awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage. In four years he had realized for his creditors no less than \$350,000.

English literature presents two memorable and striking events, which have never been paralleled in any other country. The first is, Milton, advanced in years, blind, and in misfortune, entering upon the composition of a great epic that was to determine his future fame, and hazard the glory of his country in competition with what had been achieved in the classic ages of antiquity. The counterpart to this noble picture is Walter Scott, at nearly the same age, undertaking to liquidate, by intellectual labors alone, the vast amount of his indebtedness. Both tasks may be classed with the moral sublime of life. Glory, pure and unsullied, were the ruling aim and motive of Milton; honor and integrity formed the incentives to Scott. Neither shrank from the steady prosecution of self-imposed labor. But years rolled on, seasons returned and passed away amidst public cares and private calamity, and the pressure of increasing infirmities, and the seed sown, amidst cloud and storms, was white in the field. In six years Milton had realized the object of his hopes and prayers by the completion of “Paradise Lost.” His task was done; the field of glory was gained; he held in his hand his passport to immortality. In six years Scott had nearly reached the goal of his ambition. He had ranged the wide field of romance, and the public had liberally rewarded their illustrious favorite. The ultimate prize was within view, and the world cheered him on, eagerly anticipating the

triumph; but the victor sank exhausted on the course. He had spent his life in the struggle. The strong man was bowed down, and his life honor, genius, and integrity, were extinguished by delirium and death.

The Source of the Thames.

PENNANT, in his pleasant quarto of "Some account of London," says: "I should speak with the prejudices of a true Englishman, were I to dignify the Thames with the title of the chief of rivers." He then qualifies his patriotism with its just claims to that of first of island rivers; adding, "There is no river in any part of Europe which can boast of more utility in bringing farther from the ocean the largest commercial ships; nor is there any which can bring the riches of the universe to their very capital." If these observations were applicable in the last century, (when they were written,) how much more characteristic must they be of the spectacle of wealth and power which this river presents in our day to the spectator from either parapet of London Bridge!

The true head of this renowned stream rises near the village of Tarlton, about three miles south of Cheltenham, on the south-eastern slope of the Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire. It lies in a secluded dell, "overhung with a luxuriant canopy of foliage;" yet, as if foreboding its greatness, the crystal water gushes out from the rock, whirls, and starts

Off with a sally and a flash of speed,
As if it scorn'd both resting-place and rest.

Then, as the mind's eye tracks the sinuous stream from the solitary head in its majestic course to the metropolis, we shall not fail to be struck alike with the glowing imagery and truthful beauty of the poet's celebrated lines.

From his cozy bed
Old Father Thames advanced his reverend head:
His tresses dropp'd with dew, and o'er the stream
His shining brows diffused a golden gleam.
Graved on his urn, appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tides.
The figured streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on his banks Augusta* rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood
Who swell with tributary urns his flood:
First, the famed authors of his ancient name,
The swelling Isis and the fruitful Thames;
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd,
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd,
Coln, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue transparent Vandalis appears:
And gulfy Lea his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood,
And silent Darent, stain'd with British blood.

POPE'S WINDSOR FOREST.

The Thames was known by the name of Tenny's, or Thames, at least as early as the seventh century, if not long before, even in the Roman times; and it was so called in the upper part of its course, long prior to its junction with the river Tame; where, according to Camden, the "Tame and Isis uniting, do, as it were, join hands in wedlock, and with their streams unite their names." The head of the river is a copious stream; in the summer season, however, the long drought renders the spring so nearly dry that it appears little otherwise than a large dell, interspersed with weeds and stones. At about a mile from its course, the stream receives a considerable accession from various springs; and here the Thames river may properly be said to form a constant current, which, according to Ireland, "though not more than nine feet wide in the summer months, becomes in the winter season such a torrent as to overflow the neighboring meadows for many miles around."

A tourist has thus pleasantly described the

* An ancient name for London.

Thames Head, which, however, must not be confounded with "the very head" already referred to, and issues from "Seven Springs," about three miles south of Cheltenham. "After a long ascent," says our tourist, "you come to some solitary grassy hills; on the top of these, under the shade of two or three alders, is a little group of plashy springs, which trickle away forming, as far as the eye can follow them, an insignificant brook. Such is the infant modesty of the proud Thames! I felt a tide of poetry come over my mind as I thought how, but a few hours ago, and a few miles hence, I had seen these same waters covered with a thousand vessels, but this glorious stream, in its short course, bears on its bosom more ships, more treasures, and more human beings than any of its colossal brethren; how the capital of the world lies on its banks, and by her own omnipotent commerce may be said almost to rule the four quarters of the globe."

The Thames soon enters Wiltshire eastward; then winds between the counties of Oxford and Berks, and passing by the gothic piles of Windsor and Eton, its channel divides Middlesex from Surry, throughout the whole extent of their devious and winding shores.

A MODEL COTTAGE.—In the Economic Exhibition held at the Botanic Gardens in Brussels is the workman's model lodging-house, erected under the auspices of the celebrated Belgian philanthropists, MM. Dupetiaux and Dumont. This cottage is a specimen of the most exquisite taste, and although limited to two rooms and

cellar only, with little court or garden, possesses every item of furniture that could be reasonably required by, or that is necessary to the comfort and convenience of, an industrious operative and his family. The estimated cost of the building, according to the valuation of labor and materials in this country, is about \$500. The furniture of the interior, as it appeared when first constructed, was purchased new for about \$30. Since then, a second bedstead, bedding, and various other little necessities for a family had been added, making the expense of all the articles of furniture as well as of industry and amusement in this model cottage about \$50. There are neat little curtains to the windows, a child's cradle prettily furnished and ornamented, an infant's arm-chair, a Dutch clock, a box of tools, several religious prints, a crucifix, tables, chairs, bed-sheeting, towels, brushes of all kinds, pots, pans, sauce-pans, pump in the yard, washing tubs, basins, and an almost endless variety of little things that constitute the *ménage* of a well-ordered workman and family. The ordinary wants of the industrious housewife are not even forgotten; for within a neat little press, which lies half-concealed in the corner, we find an ample supply of pins, needles, cottons, threads, thimbles, &c. There are also lying upon a shelf some instructive and useful books for the use of the honest couple and their little ones during the hours of leisure and recreation. The model lodging-house is a perfect bijou of its kind—it is perfect and complete in itself, and leaves nothing to be desired. Nothing to equal it had ever appeared before in any of the great exhibitions that have taken place.



SOURCE OF THE THAMES.

The Widow of Cairn-lough.

BY HERBERT GRAHAM.

I BELIEVE it would be difficult to find, in what is called the civilized world, a people more superstitious than the inhabitants of the northern coast of Ireland. Mingling, as they do, the traditions of Scotland with the legends of Ireland, a belief in supernatural visitations and in all sorts of spiritual agencies seems as natural to them as the air they breathe. I do not think they have as much faith in mere *fairies*—little, dew-drinking, moonlight-dancing elves—as the dwellers in the south; but between the omens of the sea, and the warnings of the hills, and caves, and valleys, concerning "Banshees," and "grey men," the peasantry, particularly along the wild coast of Antrim, dwell almost as much in the ideal as in the real world.

In proportion to their mental or bodily strength is their actual trust in the stories which, while the old relate, the younger and more educated affect to discredit and endeavor to reason away; yet with all their efforts circumstances frequently occur that compel wiser heads than theirs to exclaim.

"'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange."

But I will tell my story and leave my readers, as it best pleases them, to believe or disbelieve what I relate.

It would be impossible for the most active imagination to fancy anything more terrible or more devastating than the weather during the latter part of 1855, and the commencement of the present year. One calamity seemed hurled upon another, each howl of the tempest was freighted with shrieks of perishing mariners, and the mountain-torrents echoed the roar of the ghastly ocean, white with wrath, as it contended with the rocky bulwarks of Fairhead, or rendered the sunny spots in the Plaiskin a mass of foam. Sleepless and prayerful were those poor fisher-families, whose dwellings cluster around the bays and glens that indent the glorious coast of Antrim; the blue lightning illuminated the Banshee's couch in the towers of Dunluce, the thunder shook the proud castle of Glenarm. Well might the weepers pray for those away—away—upon the waters. Each day increased the fearful list of families made desolate by the ruthless storm. The Irish peasantry are naturally cheerful and fond of society, yet now they almost avoided each other, fearing to hear ill news.

It was the evening of the 12th of January, the rain had poured in torrents all day, but had suddenly ceased; and the lull, or, as the people call it, "the cradle of the wind," was disturbed by a low moaning noise, the awakening "sough" of the Storm King. The widow Clarke, an old inhabitant of Cairn-lough, was sitting beneath the shadow of her wide chimney. A young girl, the betrothed of her absent son, had come in, "to stop with her awhile, thinking she might be lonesome;" and a little shock-headed, rosy child of about ten years old, an orphan, who, without any spoken invitation, had taken up her abode at "Widdy Clarke's," and ate of her potato as if she were her own child, was occupied in reeling worsted. Suddenly the door-latch was raised, and a blind woman, whose sweet ballad-singing had gained her the name of "Peggy-the-Voice," entered.

"God save all here!" she exclaimed, as she stood for a moment on the threshold, extending her stick forward, "God save all under this roof as well as all in Cairn-lough, and you, especially, poor woman! and keep all under the wing of the Almighty, I pray His holy name!" adding, while advancing, "I hope all's well with you and yours, though one's almost afraid to ask; but you have the prayers of the poor, any how, and they make a sure path to Heaven!"

"Kindly welcome, dear," said the widow, rising from the chimney-corner, and extending

her hand to her humble guest, whose delicate form and sharp intelligent features rendered her, despite her blindness, a pleasing-looking woman. "Kindly welcome, agra, and sit here out of the wind of the door; if one can be anywhere out of such winds as are sweeping the mountains these bad times; if, indeed," she added, in a low tone, "if, indeed, it's real winds that's in it, and not something worse. Holy saints, protect us!"

"Thank ye, woman dear, I'm very well here, so keep your place; and I know the burr of Annie Morrison's wheel, and the sound of little Alsie's feet on the floor. Ah! girls, ye thought I wouldn't find you out, but God—His name be praised!—never takes away one sense, but He strengthens another—Peggy-the-Voice has quick ears."

Peggy Graham's infirmity would have obtained her a cordial greeting in every Irish cottage; her poverty, without her loss of sight, secured her kind treatment; and her voice—her store of songs alone—were trusty passports to each music-loving heart, so that the poor, gentle, afflicted woman might be said to be trebly welcome. During these nights of storm and days of sorrow she was anxiously looked for by many, for all her superstitions had a comforting religious tendency, and her mind was so hopeful, so trusting in God's goodness, that the glensmen said, "Peggy had a holy way with her that did them good."

"And now, Peggy, have you any news?" inquired the widow; "though it's ill asking, for one trouble mounts over another. I heard a man who came from Bushmills tell how the Banshee was heard in Dunluce last week."

"Ah, nonsense!" replied Peggy Graham, pettishly; "I wonder you wouldn't know better than that, and you lived, born and reared, to say nothing of your people, in Cairn-lough. Is it she cry—sorra a tear shed shed, or a cry she'd raise, if the whole county Antrim was just pitched bodily into the mad ocean this blessed minute—barring the head of the family was among the people, which would be out of the course of nature! No; the Banshee of Dunluce has better knowledge than that; she'll raise no cry—till the next is called. I wonder at ye, Mrs. Clarke."

The widow sought to apologise, for she ought to have remembered that the Banshee of Dunluce, belonging especially to the noble family of Antrim, took no interest in any death save that of its chief; and the poor woman felt that she had lost ground in her visitor's opinion. Anxious to retrieve it, she observed, "She knew that;"—"She said so at the time;"—"the man wasn't a Bushmill man, she thought he was a Mac Quillan."

"I dare say he was nothing but a Mac Quillan," replied the blind woman bitterly, who was strongly attached to the rival clan of Mac Donnell,—"I dare say he was nothing else but that same; and, indeed, Mrs. Clarke, considering who is in the place, and blessing and employing the whole country, the less of the Mac Quillans that's encouraged the better."

Mrs. Clarke, always peaceably disposed, answered, "that was very true," and that she "always said so."

A sudden and tremendous hurricane-shout of the sea and land winds, as though the spirit of the rival clans, of whom the blind woman spoke, were contending over again for the broad counties where they so often fought, forced Anne to exclaim, "May the Almighty look over the seas and protect the poor craythers this blessed night!"

A whispered "Amen!" hung upon every lip; and as the winds waxed more wrathful, the women drew closely together, raked up the smouldering ashes of the turf-fire, and whispered

to each other as if some mighty spirit was on the watch and on the wing to carry away their words.

"It's a comfort to me," said the widow,—"and I tell Annie, there, it ought to be a great comfort to her,—that him we both love above the world, and who is foremost in our thoughts day and night, my son and her true love, is in foreign parts these stormy times. I've heard many sea-faring men say that often when the surge has been high enough to wash the grey man's track as with a beam, you could float a feather on the Bay of Biscay. Don't you hear what I say, Annie *avoureen*?"

The girl looked up and smiled, but soon again her head drooped over her wheel; little Alice wound her arms around her neck, and murmured words of childish consolation and tenderness to one who was the favorite of old and young.

"There's some foretold these storms and wished that the fishermen would haul up their boats high and dry on the beach at the beginning of winter, but they would not; and, signs on it, there's many a broken heart in Cairn-lough this blessed evening. But life and death are in the Almighty's hands, and it's not what you or I say or think;—it was to be—that's all," added the widow, in a calm, resigned voice.

"Peggy," inquired Annie, "did you in all your travels ever hear tell of the ship Charles is in! I'm told she's a raal beauty,—a queen of the sea, the Albion she's called."

"She is a beauty," answered Peggy, in a cheerful tone; "and there's nothing but the highth of truth in what the mother said about storms not going beyant a certain place, not all as one as her story of the Banshee at Dunluce—"

"It wasn't my story, Peggy agra!" interrupted Mrs. Clarke.

"Well, never mind, dear, whose story it was, the black drop was in it, so there's enough about it; but the boy, from all we've heard, is in a fine ship, and out of reach of the storms, and may the blessed Father of Heaven keep him so."

They then spoke of their neighbors' sorrows, of old prophecies of "charms," and their "workings," of "warnings before death," dwelling on anything rather than what was nearest to their hearts; and when the sudden hurricane, as Peggy observed, "blew itself out," the cottage candle was lit, the floor swept, a "fresh sod of turf" thrown on, and little Alsie sent to a woman, who lived "hard by," with a kindly message "That as 'Peggy-the-Voice' was to stop the night in their place, would she come in and hear her raise a tune, for Mrs. Clarke thought it would lift her heart to hear it, and take the trouble off her for a while!" This request was thankfully acceded to; and "the neighbor" being seated, Peggy commenced her song, rocking herself in time to the tune. The song was one of the croning ballads of the old times, and was thus prefaced by the singer,—

"Is it the 'Lady's Temptations' you'll have? Well then, dears, so you shall, it's an innocent song, and one the quality's fond of—it isn't that I say it, but many a time the drawing-room door has been set open, and I have sung it to the highest and handsomest in this country." Then clearing her voice she began,

"Lady, I will give you the bells of Londonderry, When you are sad, to ring to make you merry.

If you'll be my true lover."

"And then, you know, the 'Madam' answers all so stately, for her blood was higher than his,—

"Sir, I'll not accept of the bells of Londonderry, When I am sad, to ring to make me merry.

Nor will I be your true lover.

"The gentleman was nothing daunted, you understand, at this, for he loved her beyant life or death, and so he tempted her on, thinking to turn her heart from another,—

"Madam, I will give you a sheet of silver pins To dress your—"

The continuance of the half-chanted song was interrupted by the Widow of Cairnlough's suddenly starting up, and after clapping her hands wildly, she extended them, exclaiming, while her form seemed converted into stone, "There,—there!—I see the water rising, and Charles struggling in a wave of the sea—There!" She continued in a state of such painful agitation, even after she confessed "it was gone," that the terror she struck, to use her neighbors' expression, "into their hearts," was overpowered by their anxiety for the widow; despite all they could urge, she continued walking about the cottage until five o'clock in the morning, when she lay down, and fell into a profound sleep. The sailor's betrothed was carried in a state of insensibility to her mother's cabin.

All traces of the storm had passed away from the heavens before the sun shone into the cottage window, but even at noon the window still slept. Apart from her cottage, outside the door of an humbler dwelling, a group of persons were assembled, they spoke in suppressed whispers, frequently directing their glances towards the Widow Clarke's, occasionally the conference was interrupted by a sudden and sharp cry, a "keen" of bitter anguish, from within the house round which they clustered.

"Here to poor Annie!" said Peggy, who was in the midst of the group. "Oh, her heart's breaking, and there was something over her all day yesterday! Well, the widow's warning beats all I ever heard tell of before: to think of her seeing him last night struggling in the wave, and to-day hearing of his certain death! Who broke it to poor Annie?"

"Who but her own mother," was the reply; "though, indeed, there was nothing to break, for she misdoubted a long time, and no wonder, the death-watch was never away from her own chimney-corner, nor the winding-sheet off her candle, nor the howl out of her little dog's throat, and she keeping it all close from his mother, and sure, the sorrow that finds voice finds ease, it's silent grief that *eds up the heart*, she's just like the moonlight shadow of what she was, poor girl; and when the letter came, a while ago, she was as calm and still as a sleeping lake. 'I know it, mother,' she said, 'but get one to read it me, word for word;' and the mother, resting on her strength, did, and she's been from one fit to another ever since; how the widow will bear it, the Lord, He knows; she was always a hopeful creature, but her hope is washed into the sand of the sea-shore!"

After a conclave of kind and thoughtful friends had consulted together, it was determined that a neighbor, much beloved by the widow, should go in under pretext of preparing her breakfast, and communicate the melancholy fact of the loss of the Albion off the coast of France—

"A wreck, that left not a wreck behind."

There was something, however, so refreshed in the poor widow's waking, she used such efforts to cast away the heavy shadows of the past night, she prayed so fervently, and expressed so much faith and trust in that power which had so long preserved him she loved from the deep waters, that her friend found it impossible to reveal the fact; and another neighbor, a man of the name of MacBride, undertook the task, inviting her into his house; observing that the wheel was set aside, and no employment going forward, Mrs. Clarke inquired the reason, the females of the family made no reply, but stole out of the room, and MacBride stood aside to hide his tears, this awoke her fears, and she desired him to tell her instantly what was wrong; his reply is to me one of sweet and harmonious beauty, showing the simple purity and *oneness* of that strong and enduring sympathy which is so characteristic of the Irish peasant—

"Mary," replied MacBride, "*Mary, your trouble is ours*—" then the widow *knew* she had no son, and her grief was loud and violent—he, her only one—her life—her hope—her joy—her glory—the fine, brave, high-spirited sailor—his mother's darling—her support—her one, sole object—was indeed gone!

"And I!" she exclaimed, while tearing her grey hair, and casting dust upon her whirling brain; "I, that had such faith, that though I saw him, under my own roof, tossed in the wave of the sea, and yet would not take sorrow to my heart—I that disbelieved the sight of my eyes, rather than fold death to my heart—I, to be left desolate, at the last forsaken—forgotten by Him, in whom the widow put her trust!"

It is worse than idle to repeat the maniac exclamations of such grief. Some months have since elapsed, and though bent with sorrow, though deprived of every support, the widow of Cairnlough has learned to say, "Thy will be done," from the depths of her trembling heart.

I have not *made* this story—it is a fact; three grown-up persons were present when the song was interrupted by the widow's vision, she could have received no previous intimation of the sad event, nor had she any reason to pretend to "second sight," nor any object to gain by deception; it has rivetted unfortunately the belief in much that was nearly forgotten, and revived many "old wives' tales." The poor woman seems to derive a melancholy pleasure in talking of the circumstance; she says she often dreamed of her "fine boy," but "that night she saw him as plain struggling with the wave that swept him into eternity—as plainly as she saw the lady to whom she told the story."

A Caravan of Pilgrims.

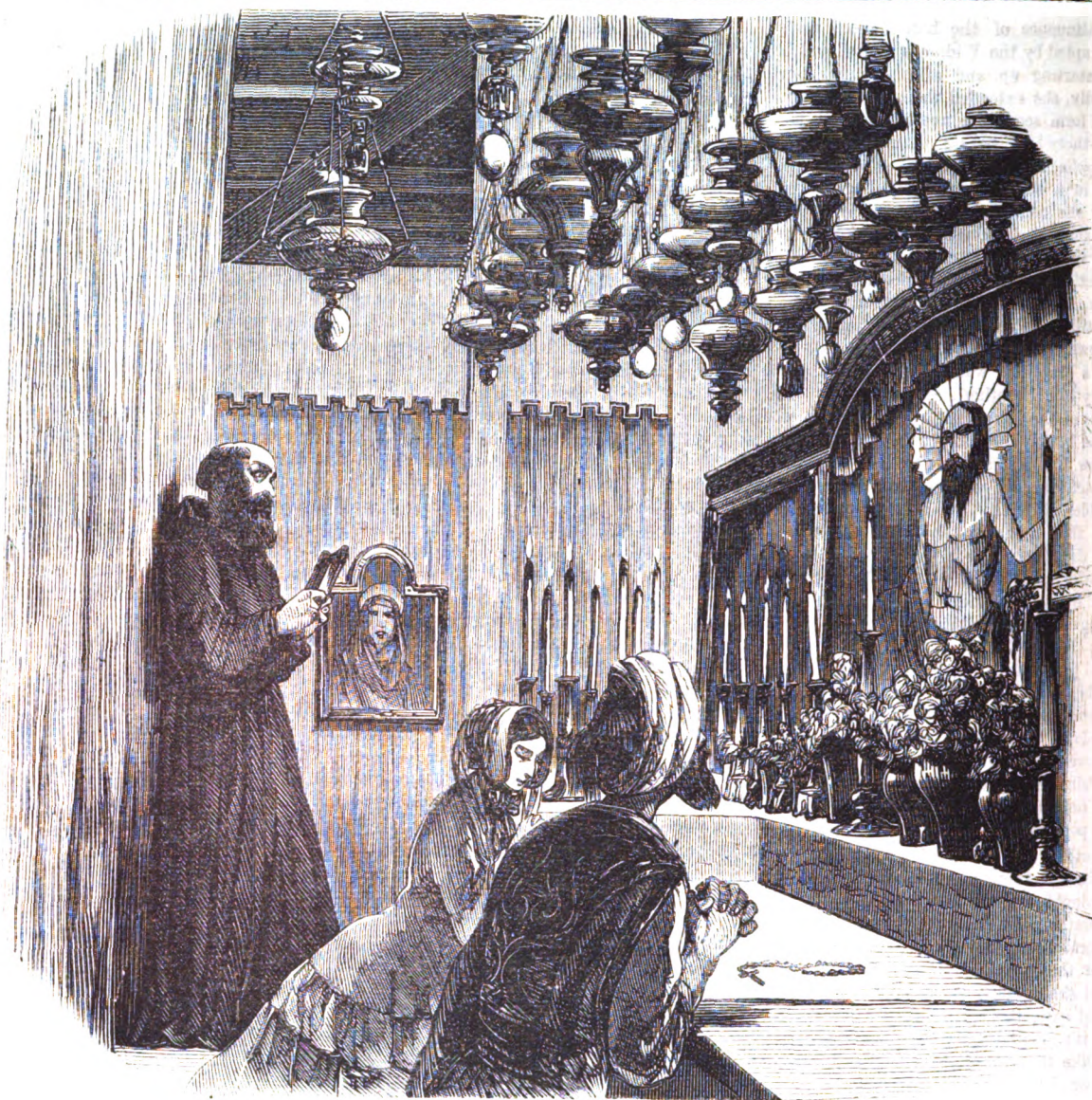
A SYUD, and not a *djido-dar*, is in this case the head-man, and is blindly obeyed in everything. For two months previously to his intended departure this descendant of the prophet scours the towns and villages, inviting the faithful to join his green standard, and undertake a pilgrimage to the holy places. A sufficient number being collected, he passes them in review, and, raising the wind from each to the extent of four or five *sahabkrans* a head, promises to conduct them in safety to all the shrines held sacred by pious Mussulmans; these are Meshed, Shah Abdul Azim, Koom, Kerbelah, Samarah, Kazemen, and Mecca. He promises also to halt at the best and cheapest stations, to preserve them from the effects of the evil eye, the temptations of the devil, the machinations of bad genii, to consult the stars, to leave on propitious days—in a word, he promises to make this pilgrimage the happiest and most acceptable to God that ever was made. Each pilgrim thinks himself specially favored if he is allowed to perform gratis any service for the chief Syud, and during the whole journey this individual is the object of the most delicate attention. A tent is always at his disposal to shade him from the heat or protect him from the rain; some drive the flies from him, others water the parched earth around the spot on which he sits; his clothes are washed, his dinner cooked; each pilgrim is, in short, delighted if by any act, however menial, he can hope through him to propitiate the prophet, and obtain a blessing from heaven. To be allowed to kiss the Syud's hand, or the hem of his garment, is all the remuneration they expect, and this he grants with the coldness of ascetic pride, appearing to consider that the kind offices which he continually receives—(I thing more than what is due to his meritorious and holy life.

As to our sainted chief, he was puffed up with the self-importance of his sect. In the evening after he had eaten the dinner prepared for him gratis while he was asleep, instead of allowing those to rest who had not obtained one wink

during the day's journey, he preached a sermon, the subject of which was taken from the life of one of the Imaams, and marvellous were the details. The Persian language is well adapted to flights of poetry, sallies of buffoonery, is emphatic and exaggerative, all of which is highly exciting to Persian ears. A tale indifferently well told, though most improbable in fact, will interest a Persian audience intensely; and if in a sermon the Syud thoroughly understands his business, and arranges his subject skillfully, developing it by degrees, and in a way to rouse little by little the emotions of his hearers, which he will easily do by dexterously throwing in the marvellous and the sentimental, he reaches the climax; his voice falters, he is overcome with feigned emotion, and a deluge of tears is seen to flow down the cheeks of his audience. His own are always at his command; if he is telling a tale, he is sure to shed them at the proper moment; for example, when his hero sprains his ankle, or wants to smoke and there is no kalioon; but if he is dying of thirst, or falls into the hands of his enemy, oh! then the groans and lamentations are past belief; the men cry like calves, the women like does, and the children bawl loud enough to make a deaf man hear; and the unfortunate victim who, like myself, is condemned to listen to all this trash, has no resource but to stop his ears, or resign himself to be kept awake by these scenes of desolating grief. The tale or sermon finished, the Syud proposes a cheer for the prophet, and after that, one for Ali, the same for Hussein, for Hassan, for Abbas, for the sainted Imaams (and there is a long list), and lastly, one for himself, the Syud. These exhibitions sometimes last two hours, and when it is over and one is reveling in the delightful idea of getting a short nap, the inhuman brute the very next minute calls out, with the voice of a stentor, "Load the mules, and let us be going." This is enough to drive one mad, for a night on horseback is certain to be the result, and when one cannot sleep during the day, which was my case, it is downright torture.

IS KNOWLEDGE POWER.—The answer cannot be doubtful. No matter whether Bacon said it, or whether it only appeared in his title page; no matter whether other powers assail it, and sometimes get the upper hand—knowledge is the true, enduring power. By its means we fly over the earth, soar into the air, or span the sea; the lightning is our messenger, and the stars tell us their history. Such are its material triumphs; if you would see its moral ones, look around you. Everywhere the giant Ignorance, the parent of Crime, is attacked and driven out from corner after corner where he has found a snug sanctuary for ages; everywhere the heart and mind of man are expanding under the light of truth. Knowledge has yet much to do, but that much will be done; and the day will surely arrive when there will be no ragged schools, because there will be no more rags; when workhouses will be superseded by *work-homes*; when labor will be the cheerful, healthy thing it was meant to be, and will earn for every man its due reward of rest and comfort; when the treadmill will be as obsolete as the pillory, and the gallows lie in ruins. These are the triumphs of a future day. Meanwhile it behooves every man who desires to see such a day approach, to help on the work as best he may. Let him learn himself, let him help others to learn, and he and they will one day appreciate the blessings which follow such efforts, and will acknowledge with thankfulness that knowledge is power.

True modesty is a flower whose grateful odor endures for ages. False modesty is a weed as poisonous as the stramonium, and as deadly in its ultimate effects as the prussic acid distilled from the green and pretty leaves of peach trees.



CHURCH OF ST. SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.

THE Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

A SINGULAR destiny attends the Holy Land. The tomb of a God of peace, it has for ages been the subject of the most sanguinary wars, of which the gigantic struggle which has just desolated Europe is the last, though probably not the closing scene. The cradle of our religion, this holy tomb is in the hands of the Turks, who alone guard the entrance to the sacred place. Without positively denying Christ, they hold his disciples in contempt. It is only by the mollifying influence of *backwash* that permission can be obtained to bow before those holy witnesses of the sublime mysteries of the Passion.

The sacred city of Jerusalem is alike the holy with Christians of all communions; it is the end of the most pious pilgrimage which they can undertake. Equally sacred in the eyes of the Mussulmans, they have raised a mosque there—the mosque of Omar, which is alone surpassed by that of Mecca in their veneration. The most pious aspirations of the Israelites are devoted to the rebuilding of the Temple, and their cherished desire is to die in Jerusalem, and to be interred in the Valley of Jehosaphat.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre presents but one single *facade*, that of the north transept, the others being concealed by various buildings. A high tower ascends on the left, and towards the right a chapel surmounted by a small lime-washed cupola, enclosing Calvary, which is reached in the interior by a staircase of twenty steps. Here too, altars are placed; one on the spot where the Saviour was extended on the cross, which is the one standing against

the exterior wall; the other is placed in a hollow in the rock upon which the instrument of torture was raised. In the smaller cavity Godfrey of Bouillon and his brother Baldwin are buried. Two doors formerly gave access to the temple; one of them—that on the right—is built up; the door on the left is open but at certain hours, and the Turks, vigilant guardians of the church, have the charge of affording admission to the faithful. The floor of the first chapel is checkered with various colored marbles not to be trod upon by feet that are shod. The whole of these sacred premises is ornamented with hangings of damask and gold, at the expense of a Spanish king, who so far patronised the convent, as to pay the debt it had contracted to the Turks, for permission to attend the sacred precincts. The paucity of pilgrims in late years not having been sufficient to pay the expenses of the place, the convent of course, was distressed, and it must have been abandoned, but for this royal generosity and zeal.

The Holy Sepulchre, which is enclosed within the inner chapel, is thus described by an early traveller, (Sandys.)

"In the midst of the floor there is a stone about a foot high, and a foot and a half square, whereon it is said the angel sat, who told the two Maries that our Saviour was risen. But St. Matthew says, he sat upon the great stone which he had rolled from the mouth of the sepulchre, which the Empress Helena caused to be conveyed to the Church of St. Saviour, standing where once stood the palace of Caiphas. Out

of this a passage through the midst of the rock, three feet in height and two in breadth, having a door of grey stone, affords a way to creep through into a second concave, with a compost roof of the solid rock, but lined for the most part with white marble. It is said that long after the Resurrection, the tomb remained in that form wherein it was when our Saviour lay there: when at length, by reason of the devout pilgrims, who continually bore away little pieces thereof—relics whereunto they attached miraculous effects, it was enclosed within a grate of iron. But a second inconvenience which proceeded from the tapers, hair, and other offerings, which defiled the monument, procured the pious Helena to inclose the same within this marble altar, which now belongs to the Latins, whereon they only say Mass, yet free for other Christians to exercise their private devotions; being well set forth, and having on the far side an antique and excellent picture, representing the scene of the resurrection. Over it perpetually burns a number of lamps, which have sullied the roof like the inside of a chimney, and yields to the room an immoderate fervor. Thousands of Christians perform their vows, and offer their tears here yearly, with all the expressions of sorrow, humility, affection and penitence. It is a frozen zeal that will not be warmed with the sight thereof. And oh, that I could retain the effects that is wrought with an unfainting perseverance."

Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him.

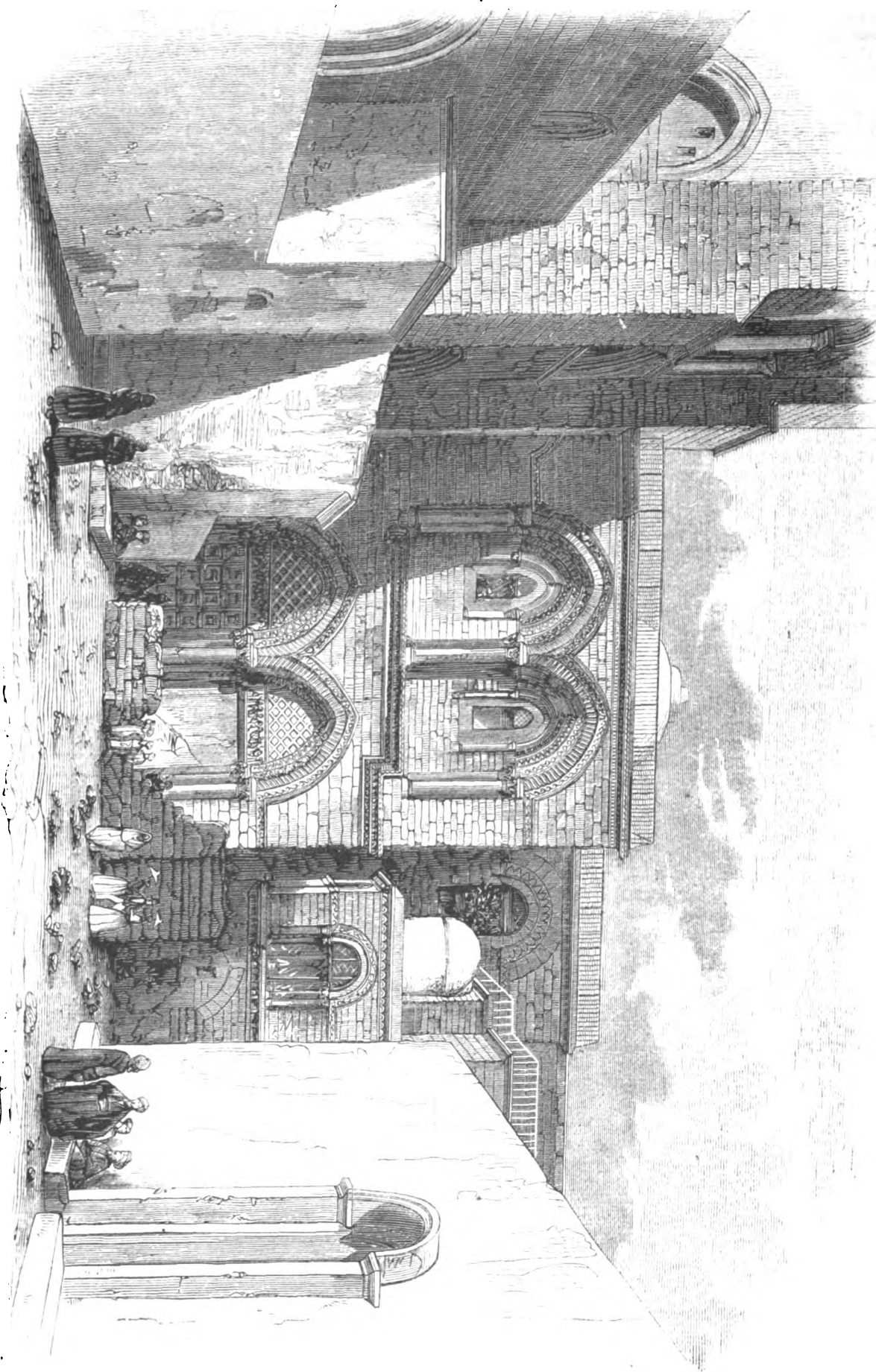
DOES THE WORLD HATE PIETY?—In answer to this question, the celebrated Sidney Smith says: "It is not true that the world hates piety. That modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man

piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and imprudence from the altars which should only be a sanctuary for the righteous and the good."

A FACT.—In France it appears that "all is

were torn from the arms of their wearers. Such was the quantity of jewels collected on the floor, after the departure of the guests, that *son excellence* felt a curiosity to ascertain the sum they represented. He therefore sent for a jeweller,

THE JEWELLER'S SHOP IN THE FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN.



gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate cant and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in

not gold that glitters" on the arms and bosoms of the fair ones. A party was given, lately, by an exalted personage, in the Faubourg St. Germain—a regular "crush." So great was the crowd, that bracelets, diamond necklaces, &c.,

who carefully examined the gems. "What do you value all these at?" said the master of the house. "Monsieur," replied the jeweller, "the aggregate value is—sixty francs!" (\$11.)

Red and White.

A DANISH LEGEND.

THERE once lived in Denmark a powerful count, who was the proudest man of his time. He owned the whole Island of Laland, and had built a large castle on its coast. The castle was named Gyllenstern, and he was so rich that he might have covered every inch of its stones with gold. Yet the Count's riches were nothing compared to his pride. When the King, struck by the beauty of the old Count's daughter, asked her in marriage of her father, the latter seemed to think he was doing the King a great honor to accept him for a son-in-law.

The young Countess was beautiful, and more modest and gentler still than beautiful; and when the Count said to her one day, "Daughter, you are to become the King's wife, so be ready to obey"—the Countess only replied, "My honored father, I am your obedient child."

But a little while after she went to saunter under the tall beech trees, and wept, though she scarcely knew why. It chanced that she was seen by a young Knight, who had lately entered the Count's service, when he approached her with a courteous greeting, and entreated her not to weep, saying she might command his services, and that he would revenge her on any one who had dared to vex her. On hearing this, the Countess smiled, and went back into the castle.

Next day, when they met under the beech trees, she was not weeping, neither did the Knight speak any words of comfort, but they walked side by side in deep silence. But the day after, they found their speech, and if the birds who had built their nests in the beech trees could have spoken, they might have told a pretty tale.

One day it happened that the Knight remarked a kerchief, as white as snow, in the lady's hand; and having long wished for some token of her love, he observed this kerchief was a fit emblem of the purity of her mind, and that he would be happy beyond measure if she would bestow it upon him. The Countess became as pale as the kerchief herself; yet she could not bear to refuse the handsome youth's humble entreaties, and therefore gave it to him. And then there came another day, when they met in the beechen grove, and this time the Countess held a kerchief in her hand, that shone brighter and redder than the sunset across the ocean. When they parted, the Knight seized the tip of the kerchief, saying, "Beautiful lady, this kerchief is the image of the love we feel for one another, therefore give it me as an everlasting keepsake."

Then the Countess's glowing cheeks became redder than the kerchief; but she loved the young man so dearly that she could not say him nay, and gave him not only the token he coveted, but her beating heart into the bargain.

While all this was taking place, there came a message from the King, announcing that he was about to repair to Laland to woo the fair Countess himself. When the proud Count heard this news, he made great preparations to receive his royal guest, and the whole castle was turned topsy turvy; and as he was coming and going, and overlooking everything himself, he happened to enter the beechen grove, whither he scarcely ever went, and surprised the young Knight at his daughter's feet. In his rage, he was on the point of felling him to the earth, when he recollected this would be conferring an honor rather than inflicting a punishment, and therefore determined to have him executed in a disgraceful manner, before all the people. He now called to his satellites, who seized upon the culprit, and the lovers had only just time to give each other to understand by a hasty word that neither would outlive the other. A faithful maid bribed the jailer to let her speak to the

Knight before his execution, in order to bring him a last greeting from his beloved.

"Tell your lady," said the Knight, "that I shall die to-morrow. The Count means me to be executed on the other side of the deep moat surrounding the castle. I entreat my sweet lady to do me the favor to appear at her window, that I may see her once more before I die. My companions in arms are now waiting on the Count to beg for my life. Should he grant it, contrary to my expectations, then will I wave the white kerchief my lady gave me, even as a white flag. But if I am doomed to die, I will display the red kerchief, and then she will do as she sees fit."

The young Knight had two brothers-in-arms, one of whom was true as gold, as he proved in this instance; for no sooner had he heard his friend was sentenced to die, than he hastened to the shore, and steered towards the King's vessel, which he saw afar off on the high seas, in order to entreat the greater lord of the two to interfere and obtain his poor friend's pardon. But the other comrade, who himself entertained a secret passion for the beautiful Countess, envied him his happiness, and had sworn to compass his ruin. He therefore insinuated himself into the unfortunate Knight's confidence, and having obtained permission to spend the last remaining hours in prison with him, he wormed all his secrets out of him, not excepting that of the red and white kerchiefs.

On hearing this, though glad at heart, he said with a sorrowful countenance, "I will accompany you on your last walk, and would to Heaven I may be able to hand you the white kerchief."

When the hour for the execution had drawn near, the Countess stood at the window, pale as death, but perfectly calm. Beside her lay a dagger. The old Count had refused the petitioners, and ordered the execution to take place at the appointed hour. But it had been decided otherwise. The King had listened to the entreaties of the Knight's other friend, and touched by his devotion, had sent him with his signet ring to the Count, with the command to spare the Knight. The trusty messenger hastened back to shore, mounted a swift horse, and flew to the castle.

"Mercy! mercy! Here's the King's signet!" cried he.

And the Count grumbled as he felt obliged to send away the executioner. The young Knight sank upon his knee, half fainting; while his false friend, hastily seizing the red kerchief, waved it several times above his head. On perceiving this signal, the Countess said in a trembling voice, "It is all over with him!" and snatching up the dagger that lay ready, buried it in her bosom.

No sooner had this dreadful news spread abroad, than the Knight hastened to the castle and flung himself down beside her lifeless corpse; and when the bystanders tried to draw him away, they found his spirit had departed. The hard-hearted father never spoke again from that hour, nor did he leave the castle any more. As to the traitor whose wickedness had occasioned all these misfortunes, no sooner were his odious machinations brought to light, than he was banished from the kingdom.

Conversation on Nothing.

"Good morning, sir; how do you find yourself to-day?"

"Well, I thank you; never better in my life.

You, I think, are looking well."

"Indeed, I can't complain."

"And your good lady?"

"Quite well. All your family well?"

"All well, I'm obliged to you."

"Everybody seems well; the weather really

is so remarkably fine everybody ought to be well."

"Splendid weather; a little rain perhaps would not do much harm."

"Exactly, we need a few good showers to bring forward the crops."

"Very warm, is it not?"

"Very warm, really."

Now of all subjects of conversation the weather is the most inexhaustible, and the most universal. It is one of those topics which admit of so many varieties, especially in our changeable climate, and one of those on which all can agree. It is popularly supposed, books on natural physics backing up the supposition, that the rain and the sunshine answer their chief end in nourishing and perfecting the fruits of the earth. But this is a great mistake. It is evident to a contemplative mind, that the temperature furnishes an endless subject of conversation to the inhabitants of this world; without this what would become of the millions of men and women who make a figure in society? who can estimate the disastrous consequences which would inevitably follow the suppression of this inappreciable subject? One half of the world would be reduced to complete silence, and the other half considerably embarrassed in its conversation. Without this, how dull, tame, flat, unprofitable, is the tattle on which we bestow the dignified name of conversation; but once let it fall on the facile theme, it revives and flows on apace; everybody joins in it, the most taciturn has a word to say. Thus the vicissitudes of the weather are a beautiful dispensation of nature, peculiarly serviceable to talkers.

There are other topics truly which are admitted into conversation; the rise and fall in the funds; the price of stock; the last railroad intelligence; the habits and manner of life of our neighbors; the peculiarities of our neighbor's wife; the color of her last new dress; the texture of her last new shawl; the elegant set of her fashionable bonnet; the sickness of our cat; the melancholy of our dog, or the moult of our canary. What a boon is an epidemic! what a blessing to mothers is teething! I am acquainted with a person (it is a lady) who believes she is doing a charity to her visitors by introducing a catarrh, the erysipelas, or the last success of a chiropodist. She brings the subject on the carpet with the gravest solemnity, states the whole of the particulars of the cases cited, demands counsel, asks advice, enters minutely on the examination of the question, and resents any attempt to waive the subject.

I have an idea that some people give colds or take cold themselves merely for the pleasure of talking about it. A cold! Ah me, it is a treasure in itself; the weakest and most indolent are excited thereby. A cold is the simplest thing in the world, and is good for ten evenings at least. Astonishment, compassion, offers of assistance, elaborate investigation, compliments, condolence, affectionate inquiries, impressive suggestions! What a field for conversation. We can enter fully into the origin of the cold. It is occasioned by a door having been left open by a new servant. [Here we digress into a general lamentation over the unreasonableness of servants, their independent habits, the difficulty of obtaining a good servant, the difficulty of keeping her when you have got her; the questions of cousins and cold mutton can appropriately be introduced: cases quoted, *ad infinitum*.] Possibly we caught cold by inadvertently leaving off a piece of flannel at the suggestion of our husband. This occasions a second digression into the general question of husbands, and the utter lunacy of ever being guided by them on any sanitary question. Perhaps, however, it is not to be accounted for except on the ground that we are more than commonly apt to take cold; it is the fourth we have had this

year. [Chronological digression and comparison of notes.] The fourth?—No—the third surely—no, we have reason to remember the first and third, and consequently this must be the fourth. The first and third were colds in the head: most unpleasant thing a cold in the head. [Digression into the general question of cold in the head.]

In the conversation of society there are certain words interdicted. We never mention them, their name is never heard. We tacitly confess that the things exist, but "really—" We must not speak of death; neither must we allude to any really important subject. Do it, and you will be voted a bore; do it, and your dearest friend will yawn in your face! Your conversation must be light and pleasing; and to be light and pleasing it must be made of odds and ends of gossip, about Tamboerlik or Cerito. Nobody, who goes into society at all, wants to stalk about like a peripatetic philosopher, with cynicism for his creed; but it is hard to be driven within such narrow compass. You must not speak of religion, nor of philosophy, nor of art, nor of literature, nor of learning, nor of history, nor of this, nor of that; you are constrained and shut up into a narrow circle, round and round like a squirrel in a cage, or the tunes in a barrel organ. I know people who pass whole evenings fighting whist-combats on the broad field of a green cloth table, who never utter other words than "my deal," "cut," "shuffle," "three by tricks, and two by honors." I know others who will sit and look on, and be content to play with their gloves, or shuffle their watch chain.

The manner in which conversation is carried on is as bad as the conversation itself. People don't talk, they hint; they preserve no careful diction and no graceful phrase. What do the ladies mean by a "nice" bonnet, a "nice" sermon, or a "dear little" horse. And the gentlemen are quite as bad. Bulwer gives us an excellent specimen: "We are at dinner. A gentleman, a man about town, is informing us of a misfortune that has befallen his friend: 'No—I assure you—now—er—er—that—er—it was the most shocking accident possible—er; poor Chester was riding in the park—er—you know that gray [substantive dropped, hand a little flourished] of his—splendid creature—er. Well, sir, and by Jove, the—er—er [no substantive, flourish again]—took flight, and—er—er [Here the gentleman throws up his chin and eyes, sinks back exhausted into his chair, and, after a pause, adds]: Well, they took him into the shop—there you know—with the mahogany sashes—just by the park—er—and the—er—man there set his—what d'ye call it—er—collar bone; but he was—er—ter-ri-bly—terribly;—a full stop. The gentleman shakes his head, and the sentence is suspended to eternity."

A clear and easy expression in conversation is essential; when we have anything to say we should express it in the most intelligible manner. We need reform in this as well as in the subject of our discourse. Reform the matter, reform the manner, reform it all together. Insipidity is not high breeding, and a man is not a whit the more agreeable for being an ass.

A Few Grains of Common Sense for Farmers and Fathers.

It is really grievous to see the quantity of weeds of all sorts, especially docks, nettles, and thistles which are cultivated throughout this country. At the most important season of the year, when the weeds are luxuriant, and particularly when they are in blossom, their destruction would be comparatively easy; a day's work of an old man would stop their progress on many farms of considerable extent. Many of them might be pulled up by the roots after heavy rains, and thus be entirely eradicated; at all events they might be always prevented from

running to seed, and thus extending the mischief a thousand fold. It is no uncommon thing to see these noxious plants growing with much vigor, and dropping their seeds over large heaps of manure, thus effecting a double mischief—by extracting much of the strength of the manure itself, and by widely propagating their seed, as they are carried by the winds over the lands of distant, and perhaps more careful, farmers.

If every farmer, as he walks about his land, would carry a small paddle or hook knife on his shoulder, he might accomplish much without outlay of money, and have a clean farm with far less expense than the gun and powder and shot so popular among young agriculturists, which now occupy so much time and attention. On large farms where more important duties demand the agriculturist's consideration, and where the course just recommended could not be adopted, a few cents at the most critical seeding time would save dollars, in labor, at the sowing period of the year.

The writer, however, is a father as well as a farmer, and has often had occasion to notice the far more dangerous weeds, which are sown in the hearts of children by imprudent parents. He may be permitted, therefore, to change the subject to one in which the general reader may feel more closely interested. Alas! what years of sorrow and misery have fond and foolish parents of his acquaintance laid up in store for themselves, by forgetting the divine admonition, "Train up a child in the way he should go." The indulged and uncorrected one—grown up into the wayward boy, the undisciplined, self-willed, extravagant youth—too often sows the seeds of disease in his frame; and that, too, just at the period when a father's hopes and a mother's fond expectations would, under proper training, have been realized, and their toil rewarded by seeing an industrious, well-informed, and useful race of sons and daughters, to whom the cares and the business of life might be entrusted. As well may the farmer expect to reap a full crop of wheat from a field rank with docks, nettles, and thistles, as the weak indulgent parent hope to realize the joyous feeling of the pious and wise mother who could comfort herself, in her eightieth year, that "the five children she had buried were safely housed in her Father's home above, with her sainted husband, and that she had no doubt of the eternal safety of those who were still pilgrims upon earth." How delightful to enjoy such a harvest—to have a blooming old age, with olive branches round the board, and children's children rising up to call us blessed!

But to children themselves, a neglect of early discipline and watchful restraint is no less a source of bitterness. Who are the insubordinate, the indolent, the loose, and dissipated, the extravagant spendthrift, the dishonor of their home and their name? Are they not to be found chiefly among those to whom a parent's commands, though oft repeated, have been as empty breath; whose own will, and not a parent's desires or orders, has been their only law; and who have been allowed to be their own masters in youth, and to be their own curse in manhood; peevish, sullen, disappointed, jealous of restraint or control! Alas! how many a parent like good old Eli, may charge himself with the destruction of those whom he might have trained for happiness here and glory hereafter. "I shall never cease to be thankful to my dear father," said a lovely and well-ordered mother, "for the correction by which my strong and evil passions were brought under control when a girl; and without doubt many a hoary-headed parent can see in a well-trained household and in truly happy families the reward of his early care, in the blessings and blessedness of his offspring.

Further, it may be asked, who are the great-

est pests to society—the proud supercilious youths who toss their heads as they walk the streets, oft polluting God's pure air with the stinking fumes of their cigars or foul meerschaums, whose presence in a house is the cause of apprehension and alarm to every prudent parent, who are degraded as midshipmen, humbled as lieutenants, dreaded and detested as commanders, put in Coventry in the mess-room, and by much buffeting and discipling taught their folly, and compelled to behave themselves? Who are the ringleaders in all mischief, the rejectors of sacred truth, the revilers of all that is good, the emissaries of Satan in leading others astray, the fear of the softer sex, and the cast off from all decent families and respectable society—but the disobedient, unruly, untrained, undisciplined boys and girls, who have been told again and again to do this, to avoid that, to go thither, without effect; while the parent has done it himself, or himself, for the sake of present peace, at the cost of years of mischief and evil to another generation, and the perpetual damage of society at large?

Such will ever be the inseparable relation of cause and effect. The thorns and thistles which sin and Satan have planted in the human heart, if allowed to remain there, will grow and thrive, will exhaust the energies and the power which might nourish and invigorate flowers, and fruits, and rich herbage there. Let them, then, be carefully but determinately eradicated before they exhaust the soil, choke the good seed, and spread their baneful influence to other soils.

Still let it be remembered that harsh and violent measures are not best calculated to make lasting impressions. The man who trains the tender shoot around his bower, or over his wall, does not secure it by an iron band, or drive a nail through it; but choosing a piece of soft linen or woollen list, he gently winds round the tendril, and thus retains it in the desired position. Yet it must not be forgotten that he *does* bind it, and secure it from the winds of heaven, the spoliation of men, and its own earthly tendencies.

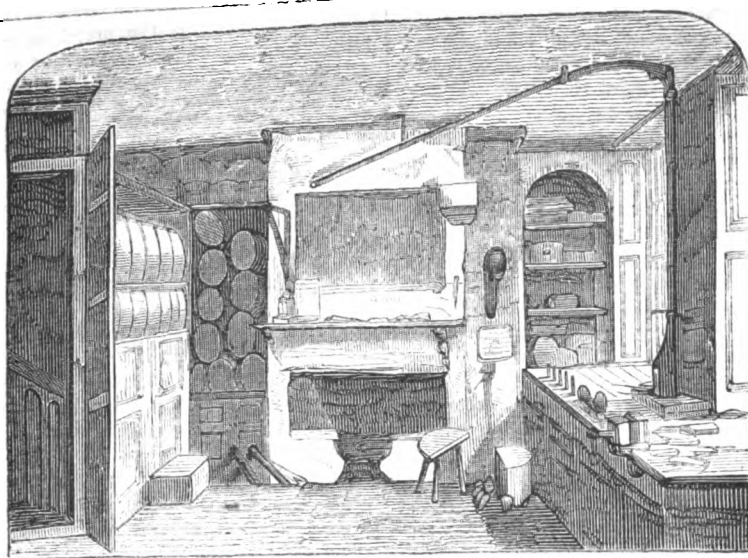
Just such gentle but firm bonds, security, and restraints, do the children whom God has intrusted to our charge, to train for his service and for his kingdom, require.

Parents, I leave these counsels with you. Ponder them well.

Napoleon's Tomb.

THE splendid mausoleum in which repose the remains of the Emperor Napoleon, stands under the Dome of the Church of the Invalids. The sarcophagus, which is of Red Finland granite, is surrounded by galleries of white marble, supported by massive square columns, each of which is fronted by seraphims of the size of life. Over the doorway leading to the crypt is the inscription taken from his will: *Je desire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé.* (I desire my ashes to repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have so loved.)

A YANKEE SPIRIT-RAPPER RAPPED.—A noted spirit-rapper in one of the northern conventicles, at a recent sitting of the faithful, remarked that he had just received intelligence of the death of a dear, devoted, and most estimable friend in California, and expressed a desire at once to enter into communication with his spirit. After the usual preparatory table-turning and rapping, the spirit of the departed manifested its willingness to commence a cosy chat, whereupon the entertainment opened and closed with the following short dialogue: "How long have you been dead?"—"Ten weeks next Thursday."—"And the cause of your death?"—"I was hung for stealing a yoke of steers and altering the brand!" No more questions were sent under the table; complete silence reigned.



ROOM SAID TO BE HAUNTED.

Modern Ghosts.

EXCITABLE individuals, on whom the daily occurring announcements of wonderful inventions have a violent effect, sending them into fits of delirium, during which they rave of the "march of intellect," social progress, &c., will find the following a nice cooling sedative. Let them take a note-book and pencil and make a tour ten miles round London, collecting as they go the ghostly statistics connected with each dreary pile, with their creaking casements and mildewed thresholds; and though they will find a large proportion mere monuments to ghosts departed, the number popularly believed to be still inhabited by an unearthly tenant will cure their vaunting.

The popular standard of ghostly perfection consists of a "tall figure" with a whitened face and a long white night-gown, and there is no more doubt that such "spectres" do occasionally appear than there is of the existence of threatening letter-writers and other cowardly cheats; and if, instead of "tall figure," is substituted "fraudulent leaseholder," or "malicious neighbor," the thing is clear enough. If in all such cases the parties interested would call in a policeman instead of a priest, the race of house-haunters would speedily become extinct.

Although ghosts, in order to adapt themselves to circumstances, may differ in minute particulars, there are only two genuine species, in modern times. First, there are those who keep within doors, are solitary in their habits, and who, secreting themselves all day, regularly as the clock strikes twelve march solemnly from floor to floor, amusing themselves with gazing out of the windows. If a mob should happen to collect, so much the better; but the modern ghost is sufficiently attached to solitude to take himself from view at once should the vulgar mob muster courage enough to search the "haunted" dwelling. Again, ghosts there are who carry their love of private life so far that they never appear at all, but content themselves with scratchings and clawings behind walls and ceilings; of the two, this last species is decidedly the most successful. A good sample of the rapping and scratching kind came out strongly in the celebrated Cock-lane hoax, the most remarkable on record, both on account of its flimsy construction and the intense excitement it created among all classes, learned and unlearned. The following is the substance of the tale:

At the commencement of the year 1760, there resided in Cock-lane, West Smithfield, a Mr. Parsons, who was clerk of St. Sepulchre's and who had for a lodger a gentleman named Kent, a stock-broker. The wife of Mr. Kent had died during the previous year, and his sister-in-law

arrived from Norfolk to keep house for him. They soon conceived a mutual affection, and each made a will in the other's favor. They resided some months in the house of Parsons, who, being a needy man, on several occasions borrowed money of his lodger. Some dispute arose between them on account of these transactions, the result of which was that Mr. Kent quitted his lodging, and was compelled to sue Parsons for the money lent.

In the meantime Miss Fanny (the sister-in-law) was taken ill with the small-pox, of which she died; she was buried in a vault under Clerkenwell Church.

Parsons could not forgive the indignity of having been sued for the borrowed money, and now began to hint that Fanny had come to her death unfairly, and not by small-pox at all; his villainous design being furthered by the sister of the deceased, who complained that the funeral was hurried, and also expressed her dissatisfaction at the will. The faint suspicions that Parsons ventured to throw out made little progress for two years, at the end of which time a sudden alarm spread through the neighborhood of Cock-lane that the house of the parish clerk was haunted by the ghost of poor Fanny. Parsons, who had originated, took care to fan the flame, and in answer to all inquiries said that his house was, and had been ever since the death of Kent's sister-in-law, troubled with most mysterious knockings and scratchings; and to corroborate the truth of his statement, sent for a "gentleman of high respectability" to come and witness the extraordinary occurrences.

The gentleman came, and found Parsons' daughter in bed, and trembling violently, having just seen the ghost, who had again informed her—as it had previously done—that she had been murdered by the stock-broker. The room was filled with the most distracting rappings and scratchings, which so mystified the visitor that he took his departure, ashamed to believe and afraid to deny. He promised, however, to return next day, and bring with him the clergyman of his parish and some other gentlemen.

On the following night he returned, bringing with him three clergymen and about twenty other persons, including two negroes. The party resolved to sit up the whole night, and await the ghost's arrival.

It was explained by Parsons that the ghost would never render itself visible to any one but his daughter; it had no objection, however, to answer any question put by the company, expressing an affirmative by one knock, and a negative by two, and its displeasure by a scratching noise.

The child—Parsons' daughter—was put into bed with her sister; and after waiting for some hours with exemplary patience, the knocking was heard in the wall, and Parsons' daughter declared that Fanny was in the room. The following questions were then gravely put by the clergyman through the medium of Mary Fraser, the servant of Parsons, and to whom the deceased had been much attached. "Do you make this disturbance on account of the ill-usage you received from Mr. Kent?" "Yes." (that is, one knock). "Were you brought to an untimely end by poison?" "Yes." "Was the poison administered in beer?" "No." "In purl?" "Yes." "How long was that before your death?" "About three hours." "Can your former servant Carrots give any information about the poison?" "Yes." "Was any one beside Kent concerned in your murder?" "No." "Can you leave this house?" "Yes." "Is it your intention to follow the child about?" "Yes." "Are you pleased at being asked these questions?" "Yes." "Does it ease your troubled soul?" "Yes." "How long before your death did you tell Carrots that you knew you were poisoned?" "One hour." (Here Carrots interfered, and said this was false, for that the deceased had been speechless for more than an hour before her death; but the examination continued.) "How long did Carrots live with you?" "Four days." If Mr. Kent was arrested for the murder, would he confess?" "Yes." "Would your soul rest if he were hanged for it?" "Yes." "How long a time first?" "Three years." "At what time will you take your departure to-day?" In reply the ghost rapped out that she should go at four o'clock, which she accordingly did, calling in on her road at the Wheatsheaf public-house, and knocking in the ceiling just over mine host's bed—at least, there was the fallen ceiling as evidence, and nothing but a ghost could have done it!

The fame of this ghost soon spread through London. Every hour of the day and night was Cock-lane and its vicinity thronged with visitors of every degree, among whom was the Duke of York, Doctor Johnson, the Bishop of Winchester, and a host of other celebrities; so that it was found expedient to fix a price for admission, to keep out the rabble—an arrangement highly satisfactory to the needy and villainous Mr. Parsons. The ghost, in consequence, played to a select audience every night. We may instance, as a proof of the hold the delusion had taken, even on superior minds, that Dr. Johnson himself believed it!

Unhappily for the parish clerk, the ghost was induced in a weak moment to make a promise which was the cause of its ruin. It not only promised, through the Rev. Mr. Aldrich, that it would follow little Miss Parsons wherever she went, but that it would attend the reverend gentleman to the vault where the remains of poor Fanny were deposited, and could manifest its presence by three distinct knocks on the murdered woman's coffin-lid. As a preliminary, the girl was conveyed to the house of Mr. Aldrich, where a large party of ladies and gentlemen had assembled.

About ten o'clock on the night of the first of April, (a most appropriate day,) the girl was put to bed in the presence of a number of ladies, a strict examination having been previously made that nothing was secreted in the bed-clothes. While the gentlemen were debating in another room if it would not be better to go in a body to the church vault, they were summoned by the ladies in the bed-room, who averred in great alarm that the ghost was come, and was knocking and scratching at a furious rate. The girl, on being asked if she saw the ghost, replied, "No, but that she felt it on her back like a mouse." She was then required to put her

hands out of bed, and they were held by the company, and while she was held in that position the ghost was summoned to appear; but the walls in this instance seemed to have no ears, for they gave no answering knock—not even the faintest scratch denoted the ghostly presence. In vain did the expectant audience respectfully implore it to make the smallest token of its being among them—walls, ceiling, and flooring were alike mute.

At this there was rather an awkward pause, and one of the clergymen went down stairs to interrogate the father of the girl, who was below, awaiting the result of the experiment; but he indignantly denied any collusion with his daughter, averring that he himself had repeatedly seen and conversed with the ghost. Upon which it was resolved to give it another trial; and a clergyman called upon the ghost in a loud voice to fulfil its promise, and accompany them to the vault of St. John, Clerkenwell.

At one hour after midnight the whole company proceeded to the church, two of the party descending to the vault and taking their station beside Fanny's coffin. But it was of no use; in spite of repeated conjurations, the ghost would neither appear, nor knock, nor scratch; and the two gentlemen at last retired from the vault, firmly convinced that the whole affair was an imposition got up by the Parsons family.

But they found it hard to convert the expectant throng in the church from their ghostly belief—one more sagacious than the rest suggesting, that perhaps the awful being was offended at their presumption, and would not be trifled with; but it was resolved on all hands that if anything would provoke the sulky ghost to manifest its existence, it would be the presence of the murderer himself; and Mr. Kent was sent for. This gentleman, glad of an opportunity to knock the vile conspiracy on the head, attended with alacrity, and once more the whole party descended into the vault, when Mr. Kent, proceeding to the coffin, enjoined the spirit, if it had the power, to appear and point out the guilty person; but although the whole party kept as silent as the relics of mortality around them, not a sound was heard. The Reverend Mr. Aldrich now tried his hand, using the most persuasive exhortations. The spirit was still obdurate; and, after shivering in the noisome place for some hours, the whole of the audience were at last convinced that further stay would be useless, and that the whole was a diabolical imposition.

Parsons, who found the ground on which he had lately stood rapidly sinking beneath him, found yet another straw to cling to; he set abroad the rumor, that previous to the examination in the vault, Mr. Kent had taken care to remove the coffin in which were deposited the remains of Fanny, substituting a fictitious one, and that for that reason the ghost could not appear; but this charge was speedily set aside by an official inspection, which proved the coffin there to be the original one and none other.

Mr. Kent, whose position for some time had been most painful, now indicted the whole gang, consisting of Parsons, his wife and daughter, Mary Frazer, their servant, the Rev. Mr. Moor, and a tradesman in the neighborhood, for conspiracy. The two latter, who had been among the first to propagate and encourage the fraud, were reprimanded from the bench, and the rest were imprisoned for various terms. Parsons was condemned to stand in the pillory three times, and to be imprisoned for two years.

Now for the intricate mechanism, the artful contrivances, that insured for the foul plot the success it so long enjoyed. Alas for human weakness! as it came out on the trial, the sole apparatus employed was a piece of board, which Miss Parsons took to bed with her, and on which she scratched with her nails—while her father mystified the frightened visitors, who

came especially to hear a ghost, and not to fathom out a swindle: and Mrs. Parsons managed the knocking business in the ceiling and wainscot. The secret of success is simple enough. Hold a stick to the foremost sheep of a flock, and if he jump it, it is quite immaterial whether you keep it there or no, the rest of the flock will jump as high and at precisely the same spot. The first "highly respectable man" sent for by the clerk to investigate the business felt his vanity tickled that he should be thought capable of judging in such a grave affair, and was too puffed with importance to keep his eyes well open. Off he goes, and returns with a score of people who rely much more on the opinion of their leader than they do on their own understanding—hundreds follow the score, and thousands the hundred, and the trick is done.

But let us not, in the plenitude of ear wisdom, think slightly of the scratching-board of the parish clerk. Blasphemous imposture was but then in its infancy—it has now become a science; and Parsons' scratching-board was but the seed from which has sprung that more modern swindle—the rappers' table. Parsons pretended to intercourse with but one spirit: latter-day jugglers deal in them wholesale, and profess to raise them as market gardeners raise cauliflowers, at so much a head. It is a fact, curious and surprising, that the table trickery has only been practised among the higher and middle classes, and has met with universal ridicule and scorn among the humbler sort. It is at the least extraordinary that from among those who possess the advantages of a superior education, thousands should be found to be misled by an imposture so flagrant and so utterly at variance with the simple elements of Christianity and of philosophy alike. But the very fact that it affects none but those able to pay handsomely for it, is sufficient evidence to class table-rapping among the many gigantic bubbles and bare-faced swindles with which all great cities are, and have been from time im-

memorial, periodically visited—moral plagues, during the prevalence of which madhouses fill and suicides increase, while the "spirit"-raising cheats grow fat and their purses fill.

In the meantime the old lamp of superstition and ghostly dread burns with a sickly and unhealthy flicker, and will assuredly die clean out one of these days. But flickering lamps do somehow keep alive a long time, and it may be that the boys of the present day will grow to be men, and die of sheer old age, ere the last relics of witchcraft and barbarism are decently interred in oblivion. May we be here to see when the last "spirit" merchant, "spirit rapper," or "trapper," or "squeezer," finds the ground untenable, and his "occupation gone."

THE USE OF COSMETICS.—One of the dangers of this practice is illustrated by an amusing anecdote: A lady, who piqued herself on the beauty, freshness, and pure white and red of her complexion, went to attend a chemical lecture. She had not been there long, when, suddenly, her face was observed by all present to become perfectly blue. Unconscious of the change, or of the attention directed to her ghastly features, she smilingly continued talking to her acquaintance, and, if she remarked the wondering eyes turned towards her, doubtless attributed their gaze to the fairness of which she was so vain. At length one of her companions ventured to whisper in her ear the strange and alarming alteration that had taken place, and which, on her making a precipitate retreat, was attributed by the lecturer to the true cause: the cosmetic she had used being affected by some salt or acid employed in his experiments, had caused the marvellous transfiguration!

The depth of the Niagara river, under the suspension bridge, is estimated by the engineers to be 700 feet. This is deeper than any other rapidly running stream in the world.

How near are two hearts when there is no vice between them!



VAULT IN WHICH THE GHOST'S BODY WAS LAID.

A Peep behind the Curtain.

"DEAR me; if there's anybody that ever had trouble, it's me," soliloquised Mrs. Smith, one morning. "Smith is as stubborn as an old horse," she continued, with not a very amiable expression on her face; "and all the time complaining how awfully the house looks in the inside. Mercy knows he's right there! But he won't have it fixed up at all—hasn't got the money—or can't afford it—always putting it off with some such excuse!" And, to cap the climax of this cross-grained speech, she burst into tears.

Mrs. Smith, I am sorry to say, had a wonderful faculty for not looking on the bright side of things; and she always vented her spleen upon her husband—laying every fault and grievance at his door.

Now Smith was just the reverse of all this. He was a well-to-do man in the world, pleasant, slow-tempered, and smiling. He always took things as they came—ever looking on the bright side of life; thus taking the world in an easy manner—never scolding or fretting about fancied grievances. All this was entirely beyond the comprehension of his good help-meat; and it caused her more trouble than a little: for the very reason that, because she could not take things smoothly, she fancied no one else had a right to.

And to give the reader a little more insight into her real character, I will just sketch a short scene that occurred between her and Smith, one morning as they were seated at the breakfast table.

"Mr. Smith," said she in a solemn tone, at the same time gazing with a dubious air about the apartment, "this room needs papering."

"Does it, my dear?" Smith asked.

"Yes, does it, my dear—that's all I can get out of you," she replied, rather sourly: "but this room needs papering—but there's no use of asking you to have it done—you'll put it off with some excuse, as you do everything."

"Please to tell me, wife," said Smith, leisurely, "how do you know it won't?"

"Because I do—that's the reason," she answered, piqued at his cool indifference.

"Well, then, if that's all your reason," Smith replied, "you may go to —'s and get any kind of paper you like for the room."

"You are dreadful good all at once," she replied; "but when I've got it you'll call me a spendthrift, I suppose," true to her nature, ever ready to pick a flaw in anything that was done or said. And thus the conversation ended.

If the ladies cannot point the moral for themselves, we shall certainly not be so unpolite as to do so. Perhaps there are not many like Mrs. Smith; in fact, for anything we know, Mrs. Smith may be the only person of her character at present existing. Perhaps the gentlemen will be kind enough to say whether such is the case or not.

Quin the Actor.

JAMES QUIN, a great actor and wit, was born in London in 1693, and died in 1776. When he was playing Cato at Drury Lane one evening, a Welshman by the name of Williams, who performed the part of a messenger, had to deliver the phrase, "Cæsar sends health to Cato." Quin was so much amused at the manner in which he pronounced the last word—"Keto," that he replied with his usual coolness, "would he had sent a better messenger!" a retort which so stung Williams that he vowed revenge, and followed him when he came off into the green-room, where, after representing the professional injury in making him ridiculous before the audience, he challenged Quin to give him the redress of a gentleman. Quin, with his wonted philosophy and humor, endeavored to rally him, but it only added fuel to the rage of Williams, who, without

farther remonstrance, waited for him under a piazza, where he drew. In the scuffle, Williams was killed. Quin was tried for the murder at the Old Bailey, and a verdict brought in against him of manslaughter.

A wretched poet having placed a tragedy in his hands one night, when he was dressed for the stage, Quin put the piece in his pocket and thought no more about it, till, a long time afterwards, the author called for the MS. "There," said Quin, "it lies in the window." But the writer, looking at the play, found it to be a comedy, instead of his own doleful tragedy. "Well," said Quin, "if that's not it, faith, sir, I have certainly lost your play." "Lost my play!" cried the astonished bard. "Ay, sir, lost it. But to make you amends, here's a drawer full of tragedies and comedies; take any two you like in the place of it."

The Earl of Conyngham delivered the following criticism on Quin and Garrick, as Brutus and Cassius in the quarrel scene in Julius Cæsar. "Quin," said he, "resembled a solid three-decker, lying quiet, and scorning to fire, but with evident power, if put forth, of sending its antagonist to the bottom: Garrick, a frigate running around it, attempting to grapple, and every moment threatening an explosion that would destroy both."

Being asked by a lady why there were more women in the world than men, "It is," replied he, "in conformity with the arrangements of Nature, madam; we always see more of heaven than of earth."

Once on a journey to Somersetshire, having put up for a few days at a farm-house, he turned his horse out to grass and lost him. Upon inquiring after him of a country fellow, and asking if there were any thieves or horse-stealers in the neighborhood, the fellow answered: "Noa—we be all honest folk here; but there's one Quin, I think they calls him, a strolling player from Lunnon—mayhap he may have stole him."

He was one day lamenting that he grew old, when a shallow, impertinent young fellow asked him what he would give to be as young as he was. "I would even submit," said Quin, "to be almost as foolish."

He was one night going upon the stage in the character of Cato, when Mrs. Cibber pulled him back to tell him that he had a hole in his stocking. "Darned stockings I detest," said Quin; "that seems premeditated poverty."

Spanish Tragedy.

ONE of those rugged and solitary valleys formed by the spur of the Navarrese Pyrenees, has just been the scene of a shocking tragedy, which, if possible, excited increased horror from the fact of its having occurred within a short distance of the locality where the famous Christino Gorillo Elorrio was assassinated a few days ago. A fortnight has not yet elapsed since a woman entered an isolated house, situated in the above locality, and begged its inmates, consisting of a peasant, his wife, and their infant, to give her shelter for the night.

No sooner was the prayer made than it was granted, with that hospitality for which the inhabitants of northern Spain are proverbial, and the stranger sat down to rock the baby's cradle, while the *patrona* lit a candle for the purpose of preparing supper. She and her husband then observed that the new corner, whose rough voice had previously excited their attention, had a very masculine aspect, and they were not long in finding out that a man disguised as a female, was beneath the roof. One rapid glance exchanged between the dismayed couple, sufficed to show that each had made this alarming discovery at the same time; and the peasant, under

* It is hardly necessary to say that this is a mistake. The number of men and women in the world are about equal.

the pretext of looking after some pigs, went out to seek the assistance of his nearest neighbors.

No sooner was he gone, than the pretended woman, assuming a ferocious aspect, approached his trembling companion, who precipitately shut herself up in an adjoining room. The robber, for such he was, tried to burst open the door, but finding it resist all his attempts, desisted, threatening that if a sum of money, received the day before by the peasant for some maize, was not immediately given up, he would kill the child which was sleeping near the miscreant.

The poor woman, half dead with fright, and not imagining that such a threat would be put in execution, refused to leave her place of refuge, and in a minute afterwards the screams of the innocent and its subsequent silence, sudden and profound, told the agonized mother that the monster had murdered it.

This deed of blood consummated, the wretch strove to break through the mud wall separating him from his other victim, and in a short time he made an orifice sufficiently large to admit his shoulders, through which he strove to make his way; but the peasant's wife, rendered desperate by the death of her child and her own danger, caught hold of a sickle, and seizing the assailant by the hair, hacked at his head with such energy, that she severed his head from the trunk. This done, she fell to the ground in a fainting fit, just as the peasant returned with aid, whose horror and consternation may be imagined on discovering the infant dead and weltering in its blood, the body of a decapitated man extended on the floor, and his unfortunate wife in a swoon with the robber's head at her feet.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.—I learned grammar when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase, and a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table. I had no money to purchase a candle or oil: in winter it was rarely that I could get any light but the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen or piece of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of my food, though in a state of half starvation; I had not a moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most reckless men, and that, too, in their hours of freedom from all control. And I say, that if I, under these circumstances, could encounter and overcome the task, is there, can there be, in the whole world a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance?—*Cobbett*.

A CRITICAL POSITION FOR A CAMP.—One morning, upon striking their tents, it was discovered that they had unwittingly been pitched on the frozen surface of a lake, and that, if they had remained there much longer, the ice, which was very far from being strong, would have given way, so that the whole army must have been engulfed. It was also discovered that among the tents were large holes, which appeared to have been cut by the inhabitants of the neighboring country for the purpose of drawing water, and which had escaped observation in the fatigue and labor of the preceding evening. The discovery of the danger in which they had passed the night was made amid loud shouts of laughter from every one in the camp, from the khan himself down to the lowest horse-boy. Nor was this merriment disturbed by the appearance of some desperate Turkish soldiers, who, unable longer to bear the fatigues of this march, threw themselves in the holes in the ice to end their wretched existence. This took place under the eyes of the khan, who watched them with the greatest composure, and desired that no force should be used to prevent them.—*Life of Emin Girai, Khan of the Crimea*.

The Cashmere Goat and Shawls.

It is not as yet generally known that the Thibet goat, from whose wool the famous Cashmere shawls are made, has been introduced successfully into the United States. This enterprising undertaking was achieved a few years since, after many difficulties, by Dr. J. B. Davis, of Columbia, S. C., at that time employed by the Ottoman Porte, in experimenting on the growth of cotton, in the Sultan's dominions. Dr. Davis succeeded, at vast expense, in securing eleven of the pure breed, which, on his way home, he exhibited in London and Paris. Since that period, the goat has been introduced from South Carolina into Tennessee, where it is said to thrive. The value of a flock may be estimated from the fact that no real Thibet goat has ever been sold for less than a thousand dollars. This enormous price, moreover, is not a speculative one, for no fleeced animal has wool of such fineness, softness and durability. The wool of all the Thibet goats in Tennessee, for example, has been engaged, at New York, this year, at eight dollars and a half per pound, the purchasers designing to send it to Paisley, in Scotland, in order to be manufactured into shawls.

The prices paid for the real Cashmere shawls, or those woven in India, have sometimes been almost fabulous. A full sized shawl, such as is called in America a long shawl, ordinarily commands in Paris or London from five hundred to five thousand dollars, according to the quality. Scarfs and square shawls, being smaller, sell for less. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that all those shawls are manufactured in India, in the shape in which they are sold here. Generally, indeed, the centres and borders come out separately, and are put together afterwards in sizes, and often patterns, to suit customers. Moreover, a large portion of the shawls sold as real India ones are actually made in France, for the Thibet goat was introduced into that country more than thirty years ago, and the Cashmere shawls imitated with considerable skill. Judges of the article pretend to say, however, that the real India shawl can be detected, by its having a less evenly woven web, as also from its brighter colors. It is likewise said that the border of the genuine Cashmere shawl is invariably woven in small pieces, which are afterwards sewed together, as the whole border is subsequently sewn on to the centre. But other authorities deny that the skill of India is sufficient to *broche* a shawl; in other words, to weave the border and centre in one piece, or run the pattern of the former over the latter.

Notwithstanding the successful imitation of these shawls, fashion and luxury still prefer the apparently ruder original. Just as lace, woven by hand, brings a price more than five times as great as the same pattern woven by machinery, so a Cashmere shawl, known to have come from India, will fetch vastly more than the cleverest imitation. Probably, however, this is not all. Persons familiar with both the article and the imitation assert that the former is softer than the latter, and that this softness arises partly from the way the thread is spun, and partly because the Thibet goat, when exported from its native hills, sensibly deteriorates. There is also a shawl, known popularly as the French Cashmere, which is an imitation of the imitation; but this has none, or very little, of the wool even of the imported Thibet goat. The animal from which this valuable fleece is taken is a hardy creature, at least in its original locality; and their fine curled wool lies close to the skin, just as the under hair of the common goat lies under the upper hair. Eight ounces for a full sized goat is a large yield, but the yearlings, from which the best wool is taken, give less. About five pounds is required to make a shawl of the largest size and finer quality; but three or four pounds is sufficient for an inferior one.

THE SAINTLY AND THE HEROIC.—A fit of unjust anger, petty malice, unreasonable vexation, or dark passion, cannot certainly, in a mind of ordinary sensibility, hold its own in the presence of a good engraving from any work of Angelico, Memling, or Perugino. But I nevertheless believe that he who trusts much to such helps will find them fail him at his need; and that the dependence, in any great degree, on the presence or power of a picture, indicates a wonderfully feeble sense of the presence and power of God. I do not think that any man who is thoroughly certain that Christ is in the room, will care what sort of pictures of Christ he has on its walls; and, in the plurality of cases, the delight taken in art of this kind is in reality nothing more than a form of graceful indulgence of those sensibilities which the habits of a disciplined life restrain in other directions. Such art is, in a word, the opera and drama of the monk. —*Ruskin.*

"I'M AS GOOD AS YOU ARE!"—So you are, every whit as good; yield not an inch in dignity. If broadcloth has cheated you and then mocked your poverty, hurl back the motto of equality, "I'm as good as you." Bravo! Ay, shake the curly head and fling it again; plant the foot, draw up the embryo chest, and pour in your powder. And if you should live to confront despots, show them by your quiet dignity that you are as good as they. Be not dazzled by the trappings of power. If contemptuous wealth points to your threadbare coat, tell him that cloth is wool, that gold is chaff, and that flesh is grass, but that mind is immortal; and then quietly intimate that you are as good as he is, and the money mercury will sink beneath your firm unflinching eyes. There is too much cowardice in this world—too much morbid humiliation.

DRESS AND HOTEL LIFE IN AMERICA.—Before leaving the Reindeer steamer, I had some conversation with a sensible lady from Chicago, who regretted the way in which the great majority of American young women are sacrificing health to vanity. She agrees that it is not so much climate as bad management which crowds the cemeteries with early victims. An idea has gone forth that fragility is interesting, and young ladies almost cultivate ill-health! She told me that, standing at her own door one morning, she observed three girls, between twelve and fourteen, passing to school: it was damp weather—these children were lightly and showily attired, with thin silk slippers, to set off their feet, to advantage, instead of good substantial boots. These kind of absurdities are common in the United States. I have found out a reason why ladies travelling alone must be extravagantly dressed; without that precaution, they meet with no attention, and little civility—decidedly much less than in any other country. So here it is not as *women*, but as *ladies*, they are to be cared for!—and this is democratic America! On Christmas day I walked to church with a young lady, whose family reside within a few miles of this place: but they take up their residence in this house during winter. I understand that the habit of hotel life is every year becoming more general in the States. This is partly encouraged by the troubles arising from servants; the older ladies get rid of housekeeping, and the young ladies are indulged with constant society; but to English tastes this mode of existence would be unbearable—continued noise, bustle, and excitement; no repose of mind, and no home duties. It is advantageous to a foreigner, who wishes to become acquainted with the people of the country; but I should suppose it must be ruinous to the manners and the domestic character of the higher class of young women; frivolity and indolence must be encouraged, for any regular plan of industrial occupation is a hopeless attempt, in

such places as these. I would rather take up my abode in any farm-house in England, than be condemned to fritter away my life in a great American hotel. Still, for me, as a stranger and a traveller, it is uncommonly pleasant.—*Miss Murray.*

ANTIDOTE FOR STRYCHNINE.—Mr. C. Leavitt, of Rockville, Connecticut, in relation to the use of coffee in neutralising the deadly effects of strychnine, says: A friend of his had a valuable dog, which was poisoned by strychnine, and was fast sinking under its influence—being unable to stand—when Mr. Leavitt saw him, and being informed of the cause, he suggested that a strong decoction of coffee be given to the animal. About half a pint was administered, and it soon began to get better, and ultimately recovered entirely. We recommend this to the attention of physiologists, who may experiment upon animals for the purpose of discovering an antidote. Let some experiments be made with coffee. It has been said that lard is an antidote for strychnine; but this has been denied by persons who have tried it. Strychnine is sometimes made into pills with lard for poisoning foxes and wolves.

COAL AS A SOURCE OF NITROGEN.—It appears that coal, on an average, contains two per cent. of nitrogen—and that thus at least half a million pounds' worth of ammonia (at 8c. a pound) is driven into the air through the chimneys of the metropolis alone—nearly as great a loss as is suffered by the waste flowing into the river through its sewers. Professor Way suggests that though manufacturers of coke and consumers of coal will do nothing, and manufacturers of gas but little, to save this ammonia, yet, that it might be possible in certain cases to conduct the distillation of coal profitably, with ammonia as the principal end in view, and coke and gas as subsidiary consideration; and where coal, as at the pit mouth, can be had for \$4 a ton, and can be made to yield, by distillation, \$5 worth of ammonia, the manufacture of the latter product in this way might be profitably conducted.

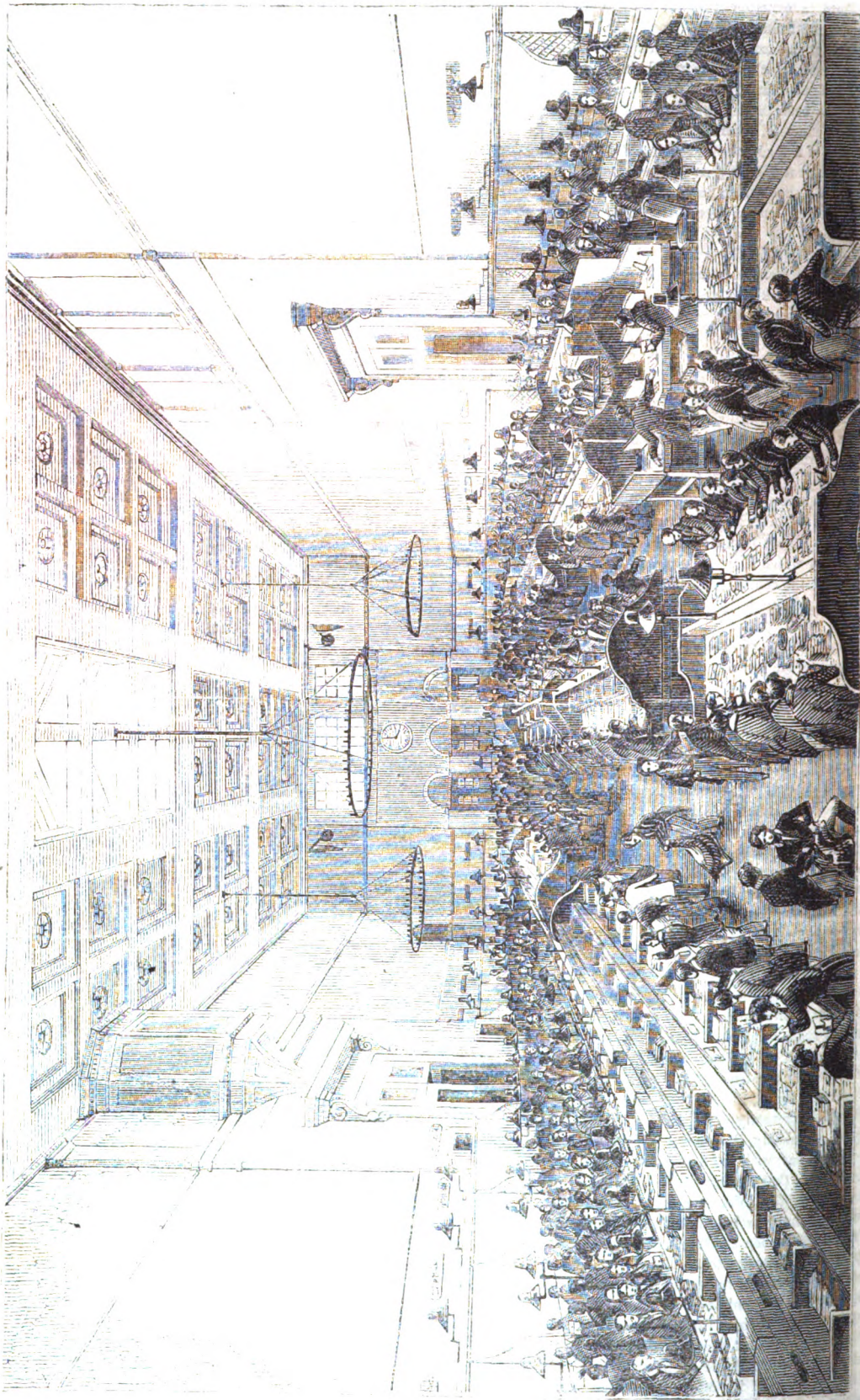
LADIES, BEWARE!—Not long ago, a large and brilliant audience, among whom were many elegantly-dressed ladies, were assembled in a hall in Berlin to hear one of the lectures on chemistry by the celebrated Professor F——. At the conclusion of the lecture, a gentleman and lady, who were among the first to leave, approached the open air, when the gentleman suddenly stopped short, and exclaimed,—"My dear madam, look at yourself. You are——" "What, sir?" she demanded, impatiently. "Pardon me, madam, but you are quite blue." The lady hastily approached a mirror which stood in the hall, and started back in horror. The rouge upon her cheeks had been turned of a beautiful blue, by the chemical decomposition which had taken place under the influence of the gases which had been generated during the lecture. A hasty manipulation with a pocket handkerchief removed all trace of this shocking accident, and the lady and her companion took up their places at the door to observe the appearance of the rest of the visitors. Such a sight was there! Many of the ladies came out all sorts of colors,—yellow, blue, violet, and black; and one or two of them, whose vanity induced them to carry at once ivory on the skin, red on the cheeks, coral on the lips, and black on the eyebrows, were transformed in such an extraordinary manner that a parrot might have been jealous of them. Next morning the *Kladderdaich*, a satirical journal of the city, published an article with the curious title of "The Berlin ladies, painted by themselves." We are assured that chemistry has been known to produce such results as these in other places than Berlin.

General Post-Office, St. Martins-Le-Grand, London.

In catering for the information of our readers, we are quite sure that authentic details, concerning the early organization and history of that most magnificent of all Post-offices, London, will prove not merely interesting, but curiously valuable. An establishment of so much social, commercial, and even fiscal importance, cannot fail to be regarded everywhere; while its progress in usefulness since its first rude attempt to distribute "written ideas" to all parts of the world, singularly shows the gradual growth of great principles. To the Parliament of 1643 England is indebted for the origination of the Post-office. The first mention of "chief postmaster of England," however, occurs in 1581. But the business of such postmaster was confined to furnishing post-horses for the transmission of mails on special occasions. In 1632, the control of the office was confided to Thomas Witherings, who was instructed to settle certain rates of postage. The mails were conveyed on saddle-horses, and the postmasters on each road were required to furnish them at the rate of two-pence half-penny per mile. In 1640, Witherings was superseded on account of abuses in the conduct of his offices, both of which were sequestered into the hands of Philip Burmache, with this proviso, that he should exercise the privilege "under the care and oversight of the king's principal Secretary of State." During the civil war, considerable interruption took place in the regularity of the system; and, consequently, it was thought advisable to make some important alterations with the view of placing the entire establishment upon a footing of a still more systematic character. Mr. Edmond Prideaux, attorney-general to the Commonwealth, having devised a more extended and much more suitable plan, it was accepted; and he was chosen chairman of a committee, in 1642, for considering what rates should be set upon inland letters. Two years afterward he was appointed postmaster, by an ordinance of both houses. Very valuable results were the fruit of this appointment. He not only established a regular conveyance of letters weekly, but he also extended the post by branches and cross rides to all parts of the nation. The services of local postmasters, or persons letting horses for hire for this purpose, were thus dispensed with, and seven thousand pounds per annum saved by the adoption of the improve-

ment. There can be no doubt but that the emolument arising from working the Post-office was considerable, for we find that the Common-Council of the City of London attempted to erect another office in opposition to his; but a resolution of the House of Commons checked the civic functionaries, by declaring that "the

one general post-office for the transmission and receipt of letters; for, besides being a benefit to commerce and convenient in conveying public despatches, it will be the best means of discovering and preventing many dangerous and wicked designs against the Commonwealth." No doubt can possibly be entertained, but that in those days

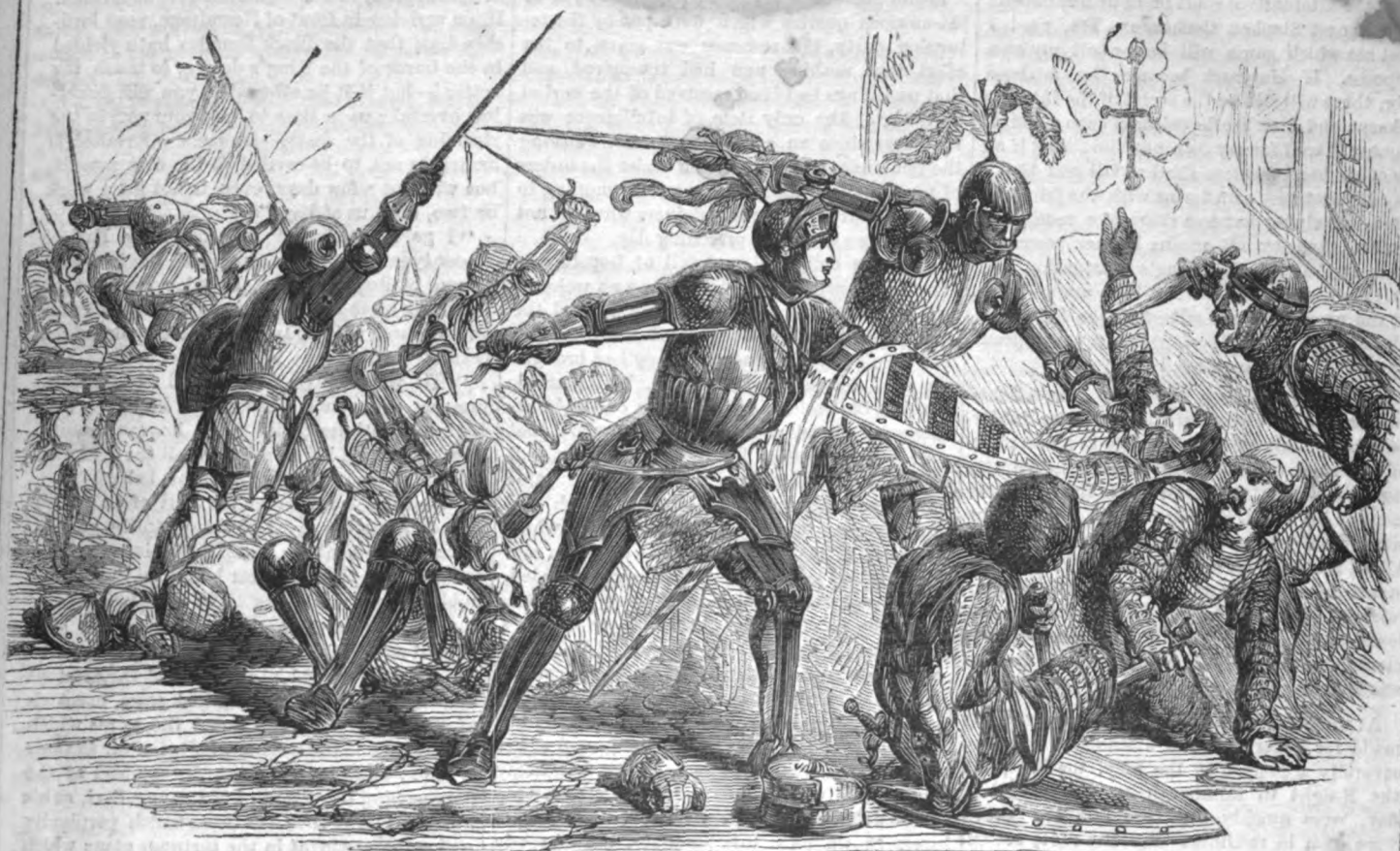


GENERAL POST-OFFICE, ST. MARTINS-LE-GRAND, LONDON.

office of postmaster is, and ought to be, in the sole power and disposal of Parliament." The office continued to be "farmed" until 1657, in which year a post-office was erected, and its machinery controlled, by the Protector and his parliament. The preamble to this measure is curious: "Whereas, it is expedient to establish

the letters were frequently opened, and their contents subjected to strict scrutiny. Indeed, this power is still preserved by the government, for we find it enacted (9th Anne, cap. 10, sec. 40) that, "by a warrant from one of the principal Secretaries of State, letters may be detained and opened."

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MARGARET:
OR, THE DISCARDED QUEEN.
A TALE OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

(Continued from page 303, vol. IV.)

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE PURSUIVANT.

THE King immediately assumed an air of dignified composure, while Margaret at the same moment recovered her self-possession. David affected to be directing her attention to a curious old picture suspended in a recess; and he went on speaking as if unaware of the opening of the door. Then suddenly seeming to notice this fact, he turned towards the Earl of Bassentyne and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, saying, "Ah! then, you have accomplished the requisite preliminaries?"

"Yes, sire," said the Clerk of the Council, stepping forward and making a low reverence; "the deposition is duly recorded, and it only remains for your Majesty to affix your royal signature to the decree of pains and penalties which has been drawn up."

"That will I do right speedily," said David; and he forthwith affixed his signature to the document which the official spread open upon the writing-table.

The Secretary of the Council appended his own name in attestation of the genuineness of the royal autograph; and the King, taking the document, advanced with an air of the most courtly affability towards Margaret, to whom he presented the parchment, saying, "As you, fair lady, were the first who came to demand our royal interposition on behalf of the Earl of Caithness—and considering, moreover, that in all matters where polite amenities can be shown the fair sex should take the preference—it is to your keeping that I consign a decree which I hope will have the desired effect. But inasmuch as in all cases where decrees or warrants go forth from our sovereign hand to enforce the majesty of the law upon the disobedient, the presence of

a royal pursuivant is needed to give the due authority unto the same—I hereby nominate Master Cochrane to that office. Understand me well, lady!" added the king, for a moment bending a significant look upon Margaret: "my faithful page Cochrane holds himself devoted to any service which you may think fit to impose upon him."

Margaret made a profound reverence to the King as she received the document from his hand; and she expressed her gratitude for the royal intervention on behalf of her benefactor, the Earl of Caithness. In a word, we need scarcely inform the reader that she spoke and acted just as if nothing of an ulterior nature had taken place between herself and the King. The Earl of Bassentyne and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan also poured forth their gratitude to the monarch—from whose presence they were now conducted by Cochrane. They were escorted to another apartment, where a table was spread with refreshments, and where several lacqueys and pages were in attendance to wait upon them.

"Be pleased, lady," said Cochrane, with a tone and look of the profoundest respect as he thus addressed himself to Margaret, "to partake of some slight refectory; while you, my Lord Earl—and you also, Sir Knight—will not refuse to quaff a goblet of wine to the King's health. I go but to make my preparations for the journey which must be speedily undertaken towards Roslin, and thence peradventure to Hermitage."

Cochrane withdrew from the room; and he hastened back to the royal apartment, where the King was awaiting his presence.

"'Twas well managed on my part, Cochrane," said David, "to appoint thee on this mission. The fair Margaret must be mine, even though I pledge my royal vows to her in privacy at the altar! Why stare you thus at me, knave? as if thou wouldst fain ask, 'What, sire! would'st thou go so far?' Tell me, Master Cochrane—is she not worthy of all the favor I may bestow upon her?"

"Mistress Margaret Fitz-Allan," replied Cochrane, "is doubtless worthy of that amount of favor which the King designs to bestow upon her, and which is all that he can bestow."

"Ah! you think," said David, "that the King has only to speak in order to win her as a mistress?—but you are mistaken! There is a stubborn virtue there, Cochrane, which stands upon the pedestal of its own pride, and whence it will not voluntarily descend: so that there remain but two alternatives——"

"And those alternatives, sire?" asked Cochrane, seeing that the King hesitated.

"Listen, and mark me well!" answered David, drawing close up to his confidential servant and thus speaking in a low deep tone in his ear. Margaret must be mine, by either foul or fair means! By foul means I would imply that she must become my mistress: by fair means my wife! If by foul means, so much the better!—and if you bring *this* about, the greater will be your recompense and reward! But if not by foul means, then fair means must be adopted:—and she has already consented to a private marriage. Now, Cochrane, you are placed in a position to serve me in one of these two respects. You will either devise the means of placing the beauteous Margaret in my power: or if in this you should prove at fault, you will at least serve as a go-between in respect to me and her, so that the arrangements for the secret nuptial ceremony can be made. I now leave everything to your discretion: but see that you delay not in the measures that you may take—for my passion will brook not tarrying! And ah, Cochrane! when I bethink me—But pshaw! the King ought not to acknowledge the existence of rivalry to be possible!—Yet still, Cochrane, seeing that you will be in the position to take note of all that passes around you, it may be as well to observe on what terms Mistress Margaret maintains herself towards—hem! you know whom I mean—the Earl of Bassentyne."

Cochrane bowed, and issued from the royal presence.

"It will be strange indeed," he thought within himself, "if in all these complicated plots I find not the materials for the construction of my own fortune. Either mistress or wife of David the fair Margaret is now certain to become;—and perhaps the cast of the die be-

twist the alternatives shall more or less depend upon honest Stephen Cochrane. Yes, yes! I must see which game will better suit my own purposes. If Margaret become the mistress only, there will still be the secret of the intrigue to keep; and I, as the depositor of such a secret, may use it well for my own purpose. But if on the other hand matters shall so fall out that I may stipulate my own terms with the fair Margaret by helping her to a share of a monarch's throne, then by all means let her become a queen! Betwixt the King's infatuation and the lady's ambition, there will be ample scope for the exercise of my wit—and the foul fiend take me if it be not developed for my own peculiar benefit and advantage!

While thus musing, Cochrane reached his own chamber, where by the help of a junior page he quickly arrayed himself in a complete suit of steel panoply; and having issued the requisite mandates in respect to the accoutrement of his steed, he returned to the refreshment room where he had left Margaret Fitz-Allan, her brother, and her lover. They were in readiness to depart; and they accordingly retraced their way to the Golden Falcon, followed at a little distance by Cochrane, who was mounted on his steed, and whose appearance was that of a royal pursuivant.

At the hostelry the preparations were quickly made for departure: the attendants who had severally accompanied the lady, the Earl, and the Knight to Edinburgh on the preceding day, were quickly mustered—all the horses were soon in readiness—and the party set out on its way for Roslin Castle. Margaret rode between her brother and the Earl of Bassentyne; Stephen Cochrane followed at a distance of some twenty paces; and the domestics brought up the rear. They proceeded at a smart pace; and there was consequently little opportunity for discourse: but during those periods when the circumstances of the route compelled a temporary relaxation of their speed, Margaret found a dozen different things to say to her brother, so as to avoid being compelled to pay much attention to the Earl of Bassentyne. At first Roland attached no importance to this circumstance, until the idea presently began to steal into his mind that there was really some slight change in Margaret's conduct towards him; but he was naturally too magnanimous and too frank in his own disposition to be easily susceptible of jealousy—and the ride of seven miles occupied too short a time to enable him to form any positive opinion upon the point.

But what in the interval was passing in Margaret's thoughts? She felt convinced, from the significant look which the King had bent upon her during the last few moments she was in his presence, that he had appointed Cochrane to the post of pursuivant in order to establish a means of communication betwixt himself and her. He must therefore have whispered sufficient in Cochrane's ear to make him comprehend that while ostensibly he was an executive officer of the law, he was privately to consider himself the intermediary of a love correspondence. Margaret scarcely fancied that David had gone to such an extent as to constitute Cochrane a spy upon her proceedings: but still, without having received any hint to that effect, it was natural that he should study the interests of his royal master, and report any levity (if he beheld it) in Margaret's conduct. Thus she reasoned within herself: and she saw therefore that it would be the height of madness for her to look tenderly upon the Earl of Bassentyne, or outwardly to betray that she received his addresses with favor. Hence her study, during the ride from Edinburgh to Roslin, to have the appearance of being more engrossed with her brother who rode upon her left hand, than with the young Earl who rode upon her right.

Roslin Castle was reached; and in answer to the anxious queries which were put by the returning party, the response was given to the effect that nothing new had transpired, and that no tidings had been received of the Earl of Caithness. The only item of intelligence was that ever since an early hour in the morning the lieutenant Redman, acting under the orders of Sir Casimir D'Este, had been summoning to the castle all those feudal retainers who had not obeyed the call on the preceding day.

Infinitely delighted and full of hopefulness was the beautiful Albertina, when on welcoming the return of Margaret, the Earl, and the young Knight, she learnt that their mission had been successful and that they had brought the royal decree from Edinburgh. Well pleased, too, was Sir Casimir D'Este, when on the interchange of the first few words he learnt that such was the case. But here we may as well offer a few explanations relative to the value and importance of the document which had thus received the royal signature, and which Margaret Fitz-Allan had brought from the capital. It was termed, as we have already stated, a Decree of Pains and Penalties, to be fulminated by proclamation from the pursuivant's lips, against the Earl of Douglas and all who might aid and abet him in his illegal course. It opened by calling upon the Earl of Douglas, on his allegiance to surrender up intact and uninjured, scathless and unhurt, the person of the Earl of Caithness whom he had most designedly and wickedly made prisoner. The decree went on to declare that unless immediate obedience were shown unto this mandate, the aforesaid Earl of Douglas was thereby proclaimed a treasonable and seditious person, and placed under the ban of the law as a rebel against the King's authority. Furthermore, all his castles and estates were to be deemed confiscated; and the same ban of outlawry, with the same penalty over person and chattels, should attach itself to all and every one who assisted, aided, or abetted the said Earl of Douglas in his continued disobedience. Lastly, it became lawful for all the King's lieges to combine and unite, with arms in their hands, to march against the Earl of Douglas and his retainers—to slay, disperse, or take them prisoners—to capture their castles and seize upon their chattels in the King's name—and to treat them in a word as a horde of outlaws and banditti.

Such were the powers and effects of a royal proclamation of pains and penalties, and which indeed differed but little from that other species of terrible decrees known as "letters of fire and sword." The reader may now therefore easily understand that no light nor trivial motives would have induced King David to adopt so extreme a policy against that nobleman, who throughout all his dominions was the most formidable by family connexions, by ancestral traditions, by the number of his strongholds, the extent of his domains, and the multitude of the retainers whom he could bring into the field. Thus, no wonder was it that Margaret looked at the fulmination of such a decree as a signal proof of David's infatuated love towards herself; while, on the other hand, her brother Fleming, also in his own secret thoughts, regarded it as an important boon conceded to himself as the bearer of Sir Casimir D'Este's signet-ring.

After the hurried interchange of a few words on the part of the leading personages who had just returned from Edinburgh, and those who welcomed their presence at the Castle, Sir Casimir D'Este exclaimed, "Now that we have the King's decree in our possession, let our forces be marshalled, and let us set off towards the Castle of Hermitage! There is no time to be lost! My Lord, Earl of Bassentyne, be pleased to hasten away to your own castle—muster your retainers—fling forth your banners upon the breeze—and with the least possible delay follow

us in the speedy march we are about to undertake. If, on arriving in front of Hermitage, your lordship finds that the Black Douglas hath yielded to the terror of the King's decree, so much the better!—but if it be otherwise, you will doubtless overtake us in time to bear your part in the storming of the castle—for such a fortalice is assuredly not to be carried at the first assault, but will, for a few days, even if not for a week or two, keep us at bay!"

"I go, Sir Casimir!" exclaimed the Earl of Bassentyne. "You'll march with the brave retainers of Roslin to-day; I pledge myself that the rising of to-morrow's sun shall see me also on the march with 300 spears reflecting its bright beams!"

"Tis well, brave Earl!" said Sir Casimir, pressing the young nobleman's hand. "The Earl of Caithness will soon, heaven grant! thank you with his own lips for all the generous interest you have displayed on his behalf."

"And the daughter of the Earl of Caithness already gives her meed of thanks to the gallant Roland of Bassentyne," said Albertina, stepping forward and proffering her hand to the young nobleman.

According to the gallant custom of the age, Roland raised that hand to his lips; then turning away, he swept his looks around the spacious apartments where this scene took place, in search of Margaret. She had heard the words which had just gone forth from the lips of Sir Casimir D'Este; and she was inwardly rejoiced at the approaching departure of the young Earl, as his absence might save her from much perplexity and embarrassment in the tortuous game which she had now to play. The pursuivant, Stephen Cochrane, was not present in the apartment, and therefore Margaret was not at the moment under any restraint. Making a sign which was unnoticed by the others around, she hastily led the way into an adjoining vestibule; and thither the young Earl followed. Still true to that policy on which she had previously resolved, of playing her game betwixt the King and the Earl, she assumed a look of the utmost tenderness; and abandoning her hand to his pressure, she said, "You are about to depart, Roland?"

"But let us hope, dearest Margaret," replied the Earl, "that my absence will not extend beyond a few days?—let us hope that I shall soon meet thee here again, and that our hearts will be cheered by the presence of the Earl who has been torn from his home! Yet ere I bid thee farewell, Margaret, renew the assurance of your love—"

"Wherefore, Roland," she asked, with an air of surprise, "do you require the renewal of that assurance?"

"Margaret," he said, hesitating somewhat, "forgive me—do not be offended—but I feared ere now, while riding from Edinburgh, lest by some means—and Heaven knows, how unintentionally! I had incurred thy displeasure—"

"Think not so, dear Roland!" she interrupted him; "do me not so much injustice as to believe that I am capricious or whimsical—futile to take offence—"

"No, no, Margaret! I do you not this injustice!" interrupted Roland; "but I feared lest I myself, by some inadvertence—by some slight or neglect—by some deficiency of attention—In a word, dearest Margaret, if you had been offended, I should have taken all the blame unto myself, and I would have gone upon my knees to implore your pardon! Yet, if there were indeed no coolness on your part—"

"Perhaps I was cautious, Roland," interjected Margaret; "and perhaps by being somewhat too much upon my guard, I may have seemed to be less kind in my manner than I could have wished! But remember that my brother knows not of our love; and methought that it was

scarcely a fitting season to reveal or to betray our secret at a moment when all hearts are afflicted with sadness in consequence of the prisonage and peril of the noble Earl whom we all esteem!"

"True, Margaret—true!" said Roland, bending a look of indescribable tenderness upon the damsel's superbly handsome countenance. "I felt assured that I was still the same in your estimation to-day as I was yesterday, when I placed this ring upon your finger, and when you gave me yours in return!"

"Yes, Roland—believe me, I am not capricious!" said Margaret: and in spite of all her heartlessness, her conscience smote her for the dissimulation of her present conduct. "One word more, Roland, ere you depart! Let the secret of our love remain between us until all these sources of turmoil and agitation be ended, and until the restoration of the Earl of Caithness to his home shall enable you to enter upon those explanations with his Lordship, which, under all circumstances, are so necessary. Thus, on my side, not even to my own brother will I breathe a syllable——"

"Let all be as you say, dearest Margaret!" interrupted the young Earl. "Thou art the mistress of my heart—and I now live only to do thy will and pleasure!"

He folded her in his embrace; and then speeding from the vestibule, he darted down the staircase leading towards the court-yard, where his suite were by this time mustered and his steed was ready caparisoned.

Margaret lingered in the vestibule to arrange the masses of her raven hair which had been somewhat disordered by the fervid embrace in which she had been folded by her lover; and she was turning towards the door of the apartment where she had left her brother, Sir Charles D'Este, and Albertina, when she thought she beheld some object moving behind a colossal suit of armor which stood in a recess in that vestibule. She started with affright,—she stopped short. Her eyes now encountered a human face; and a man in a complete panoply stepped forward. His visor was raised: Margaret recognized his features:—that man, who had been an unseen and unsuspected witness of everything which had taken place betwixt herself and the Earl of Bassentyne, was none other than the pursuivant, Stephen Cochrane!

A cold tremor seized upon Margaret; and all her perfidy struck her with the most forceful sense of its abhorrent hideousness. She expected to be overwhelmed with reproaches—to be threatened with exposure—or to be treated with the scornful contempt of a man who would deem it his duty to lose no time in communicating the discovery of her heartlessness and treachery to his royal master. Let the reader, therefore, conceive the astonishment which smote her, and the immensity of the relief which she felt, when Cochrane, accosting her, said in a low but impressive whisper, "Fear not! Your secret is safe with me! I am your friend!"

He then abruptly quitted the vestibule, proceeding in the direction of the staircase; while Margaret, clasping her hands, mentally exclaimed, "The holy saints be thanked that it is no worse! But good Heavens! to think that I should be thus exposed!—to think that I should have placed myself in the power of that man!"

A pang of anguish convulsed her heart; but in a few moments she outwardly regained her composure, and returned into the apartment. There she was immediately joined by Albertina, who said, "Come, dearest Margaret, to my bower, and tell me all that the King said to you; for I am anxious to learn what amount of interest his Majesty experienced on behalf of my outraged sire! Besides, I see that Sir Casimir and your brother are wishful to be alone

together, while the troops are mustering for the march, that they may discuss their plans and proceedings."

The two young ladies accordingly quitted the apartment, where the Teutonic Knight and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan now found themselves alone, and enabled, as they indeed wished, to discourse on confidential topics. But most especially was this opportunity desired by our young hero; for though scarcely an hour had yet elapsed since his return to the castle, he felt as if it were a perfect age before he could thus find the occasion to pour forth the gratitude which filled his heart towards the Teutonic Knight.

"Oh! excellent friend!" he exclaimed, in a voice full of emotion; "how have I deserved the display of so much kind interest at your hands?"

"Were I pointedly to answer this question, my dear Fleming," interrupted Sir Casimir, with a most benevolent smile, "I should only be paying compliments to your various good qualities and merits. But we have little leisure at present for such species of discourse. Tell me, therefore, my young friend, how fared you with the King?"

"Most graciously did David receive me," replied Fitz-Allan; "but, oh, Sir Casimir! conceive my astonishment—my joy—when after having presented the ring, I learnt that, thanks to its magic effects, I was to be placed in a position far more glorious, more elevated, than any to which even in the wildest of my most sanguine dreams I could have aspired!"

"And therein, when the time comes, Fleming," said Sir Casimir, "you will acquit yourself valiantly. But tell me—what else ensued at that interview betwixt the King and yourself?—for on my part I had previously revealed nothing to you; I deemed it more consistent with delicacy and propriety towards his Majesty to suffer him to explain his policy, his views, and his intentions, entirely according to his own fashion."

"The King dealt most candidly with me," resumed Fleming Fitz-Allan; "his explanations were most minute."

"And in every sense, Fleming," said Sir Casimir, inquiringly, as he bent a searching look upon the youthful Knight's countenance, "you have reason to be happy?—you have every motive to be fully satisfied with the result of your audience with the King?"

"Every reason, every motive!" exclaimed Fitz-Allan, with a tone and look of grateful fervor. "How could it possibly be otherwise?"

"No—scarcely possible!" said the Teutonic Knight quickly. "And the boon, my young friend—the boon which, by the possession of that signet ring, you were empowered to ask, and which David was pledged to grant——"

"Oh, most frankly did the King acknowledge his obligation on that score," ejaculated Fleming. "He left it to my choice and discretion——"

"Assuredly," said Sir Casimir; "and so he was bound to do! You therefore demanded the boon?—you acted as any person of sense and discretion would in such a case? You stipulated for whatsoever might be nearest and dearest to your interests? Say, Fleming——was it not so?"

"My friend," exclaimed our hero, in some little degree of astonishment, "surely, surely, you must know what I stipulated for!—surely you yourself must have foreseen the nature of the boon I should ask? Oh, yes! it was only too apparent!—and in your generosity you lost no time in placing me in a position to demand on behalf of my benefactor—my more than father—the Earl of Caithness——"

"Fleming," said the Teutonic Knight, thus suddenly interrupting our young hero, and

speaking in a voice which sounded strange and peculiar; "do you mean that you asked for no other boon?—am I to understand that——?"

"No other boon but the decree of pains and penalties against the Black Douglas," rejoined Fleming.

It struck the youth that Sir Casimir D'Este made a gesture of angry impatience, and that a fierce expression of annoyance—almost of rage—passed over his countenance: but if these manifestations of strong feeling did really occur, they were so transient that Fleming thought it quite possible his fancy might have deceived him.

"But, my dear young friend," said the Teutonic Knight, speaking with the utmost mildness and kindness, "the King would have assuredly granted the decree of pains and penalties in compliance with that letter of mine which Roland of Bassentyne bore to his Majesty——"

"The King seemed undecided and irresolute," observed Fleming; "so that I deemed it my duty——"

"You are a noble youth!" cried Sir Casimir, pressing Fitz-Allan's hand; "and you have acted according to the most generous impulses! But still you have thrown away a grand chance for yourself. The King may have affected irresolution and indecision—but rest assured, that from the instant he received my letter, his mind was made up how to act. Therefore the privilege of the boon you might have exercised for your own special service, is lost, Fleming—or as good as lost!"

"Ah, if I had been sure of that!" exclaimed Fleming, his countenance suddenly smitten with a regretful expression.

"Yes—you have indeed thrown away a good chance!" exclaimed Sir Casimir; "and your own nearest and dearest interests have been uselessly sacrificed——"

"My nearest and dearest interests?" repeated Sir Fleming, fixing his eyes inquiringly upon the countenance of the Teutonic Knight. "Is it possible that you have any special knowledge of certain mysteries?—and am I to surmise that you had any hidden motive for placing it in my power to demand a boon of the King——"

"Look you, my dear Fleming," interrupted Sir Casimir; "every young man when first entering upon the world, has some purpose more or less important, which may be served—some object of more or less moment to attain. In a word, there are a thousand ways in which the interests of a youth in your position could be advanced——But, Ah! the bugles sound! Enough of this topic for the present, Fleming! You have thrown away the chance which I placed in your hand—but let us trust to the progress of circumstances, aided by the smiles of fortune, to turn up another such chance—and then you will know how to avail yourself of it! For the present let us get to horse!—and away at the head of Roslin's brave vassals to the banks of the Hermitage?"

Within a quarter of an hour after these words were spoken, a procession of some 250 warriors were seen traversing the stone bridge across the glen; and the two chiefs who rode in front—Sir Casimir D'Este and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan—inclined their plumed heads in acknowledgment of the kerchiefs that were waving in the hands of Margaret and Albertina on the summit of the Donjon-tower.

When that little armament had gone forth, the drawbridge were raised and the portcullis was dropped; for there were now only fifty armed retainers, in addition to the male domestics of the establishment, under the command of the lieutenant Redman, remaining within the walls of the fortalice for its defence.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE CASTLE OF HERMITAGE.

THE Castle of Hermitage, standing upon the bank of the little river of the same name, was one of

the most formidable Border-strongholds belonging to the period of which we are writing. Defended on the south side by the river which rolled with the fury of a torrent, and on the other three sides by deep morasses, the castle was as much indebted on the score of its strength to the natural advantages of the site which had been chosen by its founder, as to the massiveness of its Donjon with a double tower, its high broad ramparts, and its flanking defence-works. There is still a Castle of Hermitage; but though standing on the same ground, it is not the same structure as that to which we are alluding. The Hermitage which was so memorably associated with the name of Douglas, and which was the scene of so many furious conflicts, sieges and defences, as well as of dark deeds of crime, was a grim and gloomy edifice, frowning from its elevation above the green miasmatic morasses, the broad moat fed from the river, and that river itself, which pursued its rushing way, boiling and foaming in cataracts and torrents, amidst masses of overhanging foliage and broken crags.

There, within the walls of that castle, had been perpetrated the hideous murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay, of Dalhousie, and to which crime allusion has been already made. It was said that within the vast edifice there were trap-doors and secret passages, leading to subterranean involved in a darkness of Cimmerian congeniality with the deeds that were often accomplished there. When the Knight of Liddesdale had made the castle his home previous to his capture at Nevill's Cross, rumor was often busy with mysterious whispers of the transactions that took place within that gloomy fortalice,—how beautiful maidens had been borne as captives thither, and had only gone forth again in sorrow and dishonor,—and how other foemen besides Sir Alexander Ramsay, had paid terrible penalties for the hostility that they had been venturesome enough to entertain towards the fierce Knight of Liddesdale. The peasantry living in the district of Liddesdale, as that part of the country was then called, regarded the gloomy fortalice with a species of superstitious terror; and many a wild legend was told in reference to deeds, real or imaginary, that had occurred within its walls.

We are now about to penetrate into the interior of that castle. The sole entrance was situated on the western side, and was constituted by a narrow causeway on the bank of the river, leading towards a high portal-arch, overhung by the massive projecting battlements on the summit of the outer wall. There was an inner wall a few paces behind the external one; and both walls were furnished, in the neighborhood of the portals, with loopholes and apertures for the discharge of arrows, arquebus bolts, stones and other missiles. From the gate in the inner wall a passage of somewhat narrow dimensions led into the court-yard, in the midst of which the Donjon stood, dominating all the surrounding buildings.

The Castle of Hermitage was not furnished with any degree approaching the style of magnificence which characterized Roslin. For eighteen years its rightful lord, the old Knight of Liddesdale, had been absent;—during the first portion of that interval the establishment had been left to the care of menials, who bestowed indeed but little carefulness upon it; and for the latter portion of that period it had been held possession of by the Earl of Douglas, who, though he collected the revenues of the estate, had chosen not to disburse any money upon improvements, inasmuch as he was not certain in respect to the tenure of that possession. Therefore many of the apartments were scarcely habitable at all; and even the best of those which were considered to be in good order, were (with two or three exceptions) in a condi-

tion but little consistent with decent appearance or comfort. Still there were two or three apartments which presented a better aspect than the rest; and these, as the reader may imagine, were occupied by the present lord of the castle.

This was the Black Douglas, who had retired to Hermitage, as the reader has already seen, immediately after his defeat by Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan in the lists at Roslin. The Earl had vowed to maintain possession of the Castle of Hermitage, even though King David himself should come against it with his army; and so far as the fierce Earl himself was concerned, he was quite capable of setting the King or any other authority on earth at defiance. But he was not so certain of being supported in his daring designs and bold usurpations by his own Border-retainers; and, therefore, to guard against any emergency arising from the King's intervention, he had thought to bring the whole matter to a crisis favorable to himself by seizing upon the person of the Earl of Caithness. What his other designs were, in respect to Albertina, the reader has already learnt through the medium of the revelations made by Father Julius; for those revelations were strictly consistent with the actual truth.

It was about eleven in the forenoon, on the day following that of which we were speaking in the preceding chapter; and glorious shone the refulgent sun upon the Border scenery whereof Hermitage Castle was so conspicuous an object. There were many forms moving to and fro upon the castle ramparts; for the fortalice was kept in the most rigorous state of defence. But if we peep into the first of a spacious suite of apartments inside the Donjon, we shall find the Earl of Douglas pacing to and fro in a somewhat agitated manner; while Magnus Balveny stood in a respectful attitude near the table. The Earl was partially clad in his armor; and the remainder was close at hand, ready to be assumed at a moment's warning in case of any emergency arising. He had completely recovered from the effects of the injuries sustained in the lists at Roslin; but ever since his discomfiture his temper had grown more hasty, his language more peremptory and trenchant, his humor more petulant and impatient. Woe to the unhappy wight who should give offence to the Black Douglas while he was in such a mood as this!

"But if the scheme has not failed," exclaimed the Earl, in answer to some encouraging assurance which Magnus Balveny had ventured to throw out at hazard, "why do we hear naught of the party? No tidings come! no messenger arrives!"

"I feel confident, my lord," said Balveny, "that Father Julius and his men are waiting their opportunity. They know well where to hide themselves in one of the caverns of the Glen—"

"Tush, man!" exclaimed the Earl; "they are not playing at hide and seek all this time! Rest assured that they are not! I tell you that I have a presentiment of some mishap! The day before yesterday Lord Caithness is brought safely hither—but all yesterday elapses, and as much of this morning as is already gone, and still we hear naught of the Lady Albertina—no tidings come from Father Julius—"

"Even supposing, my lord," said Magnus Balveny, "that Father Julius should fail in the enterprise entrusted to him,—still, gracious master of mine, you have the Earl of Caithness a prisoner here—"

"And have I not already told you," exclaimed the Black Douglas, stopping short and bending his fierce looks upon Balveny, "that the Earl of Caithness proves deaf alike to threats and to amicable proposals?"

"Aye, my lord," interjected Magnus; "the Earl bore it with a high hand when in your lordship's presence yesterday—and again this

morning: but his prisonage has been of too brief a duration to make him feel it. But by the measures which your lordship has just adopted—"

"By St. Bride of Bothwell! if that course bring not the Earl to his senses," exclaimed the Black Douglas, "nothing will! The same deep dungeon where 'tis said that Sir Alexander Ramsay perished by starvation—the same hopeless captivity—the same despair to supervene—aye, and perhaps—"

At this moment the sound of a bugle-horn, blown upon the ramparts of the castle, reached the ears of the Earl of Douglas and Magnus Balveny; and almost immediately afterwards a Borderer came rushing into the apartment, with the intelligence that a body of armed men had just been discerned advancing along the heights in a northern direction.

"Ah! say you so?" exclaimed the Douglas "for I judge by your speech and manner, that it is not a party of my own troops whom you have thus descried. We will away to the castle wall!"

The Earl of Douglas put on his casque, grasped his huge sword, and belted it to his waist. As he issued forth from the apartment, his steel boots rang upon the stone pavement of the passage; and the sounds seemed to have excited the interest or the curiosity of some occupant of a neighboring apartment. For a door was opened precisely opposite to the room where the Black Douglas had just issued forth; and a female countenance of remarkable beauty peeped forward. With an expression of mingled tenderness and apprehension upon that lovely face, its owner said, "What portends, my lord, that bugle-note sounded upon the walls?"

"That an armed force is approaching, Elvira," responded the Black Douglas, "but whether hostile or friendly, we as yet know not. 'Twere better, however, to make up your mind, Elvira, at once that 'tis a hostile force, and that there will be hot work here within a few hours; for the stakes I have lately played are calculated to make many foes!"

There was a grim fierceness in the look of the Black Douglas as he thus spoke; but as his countenance softened somewhat, he said in a voice which was comparatively mild, even if not tender, "Remain tranquil where you are, dearest Elvira; and fear not that the foe shall penetrate into your bower while the Douglas can wield his good falchion!"

The Earl passed on; and that beautiful countenance, which was melting and soft in its expression so long as his gaze lingered on it, became all in a moment altered; and the bitterest hatred and the keenest malignity, the darkest vindictiveness were combined in the terrible look which the superbly handsome eyes sent flashing after the nobleman. Magnus Balveny now made his appearance in the passage; and Elvira instantaneously withdrawing her countenance, closed the door of the room from which she had thus looked forth.

The Earl of Douglas descended into the court-yard, where numerous warriors were assembled. But there was a general rush towards the walls in consequence of the warning signal which the bugle-note had blown. There were twelve belted knights doing feudal service at Hermitage Castle; and they commanded the several divisions of the garrison, which consisted of 300 spearmen and 100 warriors who could either ply the crossbow or wield the battle-axe.

On ascending to the outer wall—attended by several pages and squires who were ever on the alert to watch the movements of their dreaded Earl and pay their attentions accordingly—he discerned the body of armed men approaching from a distance. The number might soon be tolerably well estimated at between two and three hundred; the banner of Roslin was descried as a breeze blew it forth from the banner-staff to

which it had sluggishly hung; and thus there could be no doubt as to who the party were.

"Behold ye not, Magnus," demanded the Earl, "two chiefs in front, each clad in complete armor? By St. Bride! one of the two—he who rides upon the left hand—is the stripling, who by some false and foul means, doubtless of magic and glamour, gained an advantage over me in the lists!"

"True, my lord: that is Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan in the dark armor and with the crimson plumes: the other——"

"The other is Sir Casimir D'Este," exclaimed the Black Douglas. "S'death! 'tis well that he again mixes himself up in the affairs where the Douglas is concerned!—for this time, by St. Bride of Bothwell! there shall be condign vengeance on our foes—and one and all shall rue the hour when they came to beard the lion in his den!"

"No doubt, my lord. And if that be the extent of their force," continued Magnus Balveny, "their own conceit must be mightily overweening, or they must have but a small idea of the number of stalwart men who form the garrison of Hermitage. But ah!"

"What see you, Magnus?" demanded the Earl. "What! is it possible? the pennon of a pursuivant? No! my eyes deceive me! The King would not dare——"

"My lord," said Magnus impressively, "the pennon of a royal pursuivant is floating yonder! I presume there must be a parley?"

The Black Douglas bit his lip, while his dark eyes expressed ferocious rage, as he muttered to himself, "By heaven! if the King has dared to take the part of my foes——"

"Perhaps, my lord," interjected Magnus Balveny, "his Majesty may have sent such a conciliatory message as the most powerful of Scottish Earls may listen to without detriment to his own honor and dignity?"

"It may be so, worthy Magnus," exclaimed the Earl. "At all events we will hear what the pursuivant may have to address unto us."

While this colloquy was taking place, the party commanded by Sir Casimir D'Este and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, had halted at a distance, which may be described as being just beyond the range of the garrison's missiles. Stephen Cochrane then waved his lance, to which the triangular pennon of a pursuivant was attached; and this was a signal to demand a parley. It was answered by a particular note blown by a clarion on the castle wall, and which conveyed an affirmative. Cochrane then rode forward between Sir Casimir D'Este and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan: but the bulk of the Roslin forces remained upon the spot where the halt had been made. Keeping clear of the morass, the pursuivant and the two knights proceeded in the direction of the causeway, until the vicinage of the raised drawbridge was reached. There they halted; and the Earl of Douglas shouted from the battlements over the gateway, "Speak, Sir Pursuivant! What message bearest thou from the King? Still, sure am I that it can be naught but a gracious one which the royal David thus transmits unto the Douglas!"

"Listen, my lord," exclaimed Stephen Cochrane, raising his voice to the highest pitch; "and listen likewise, all ye whom these presents may concern! In the first place I demand that the person of the Earl of Caithness be delivered up to me, unhurt and uninjured, scathless and unharmed; and in default of prompt compliance with that requisition——"

"Ah, knave," vociferated the Douglas, "wouldst thou dare threaten one who has the power and the will likewise, to inflict a signal chastisement for thine insolence?"

"My Lord," rejoined the pursuivant, "remember that I am not speaking for myself, but that 'tis the majesty of Scotland now addressing

thee by means of my voice. Therefore, in default of compliance with the demand which has just been made, I, Stephen Cochrane, making proclamation on behalf of his Highness David of Scotland, do hereby fulminate pains and penalties——"

"By the shades of my ancestors," vociferated the Black Douglas, "this speech shall not be completed in my hearing! Depart! retire! or by St. Bride, the bended bows of my bill-men shall send bolts and shafts——"

"Vile peer! infamous in every respect!" exclaimed Sir Casimir D'Este. "You even threaten one who approaches you with all a herald's sanctity!"

"Ah, Sir Casimir D'Este!" thundered forth the Black Earl; "you and I have yet to cross weapons; and the time approaches when mine shall teach thee that 'twere better to make a friend than an enemy of the Douglas!"—and as he thus spoke he in his rage leaned so far over the battlements that it was almost a wonder the weight of his massive armor did not precipitate him completely down into the moat.

"Boast not, my Lord Earl!" said Sir Casimir D'Este, with mingled scorn and contempt; "for even if I were to sink vanquished beneath the valor of your arm, here is one who has already proven his ability to chastise the Douglas!"

Sir Casimir D'Este pointed to his young friend Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan as he thus spoke; and the Black Earl became livid with rage at the bitter taunt that was thrown out.

"Bend your bows! shoot them down!" he thundered forth, gesticulating furiously at the same time. "Up with the portcullis! down with the drawbridge! rush after them! take them prisoners; Pursuivant or no pursuivant, by heaven! that knave shall hang upon the walls of Hermitage!"

At first, when this torrent of ejaculations was thrown forth, the bowmen stood irresolute; but when the Black Earl continued in that fierce, almost frantic style, those about him grew alarmed lest his wrath should fall upon themselves; and the keen eye of Sir Casimir D'Este discerned the true aspect of affairs. He saw that in another moment all the sanctity which ought to envelope a pursuivant's mission, would be set at naught and trampled upon by the fierce Douglas in his rage. An idea flashed through his mind; and no sooner had it sprung into existence, than it was destined for execution.

"Turn as if to fly," he said in rapid utterance to his two companions: "but fly not in reality!"

They all three wheeled their steeds about, as if for the purpose of making the best of their way back to their troops at a little distance: a flight of arrows hailed around them—up went the portcullis of Hermitage Castle—down fell the drawbridge with a tremendous din—and forth rushed a number of the fierce Borderers.

"Wheel about!" exclaimed Sir Casimir D'Este. "On, brave Fleming! After us, Cochrane!"—and the next instant the redoubtable Teutonic warrior had turned and plunged into the midst of the horde of fierce Borderers that came pouring over the drawbridge.

Sir Casimir knew that the troops of Roslin had by this time discerned evidences of hostility at the castle, and that they would be quickly upon the spot. Still it was a tremendous undertaking for three men to make head against comparatively vast numbers for the period of at least five minutes which must elapse ere the mounted portion of their friends could come to their succor. Yet such was nevertheless the object and intention entertained by Sir Casimir D'Este. Quick as the whirlwind he had wheeled his steed round—he had plunged into the midst of the enemy—he cut his terrific way to the drawbridge—and this position it was his object to keep, if possible. Indeed everything depended upon it!

Aby was he seconded by Fleming Fitz-Allan; while Stephen Cochrane performed his own part right manfully. Down fell the Borderers on either side; for the gleaming falchions of the three valorous assailants did terrible execution in the briefest possible space of time. But it was not to be supposed that a conflict so tremendously unequal could long be waged on such terms. Down fell Cochrane's horse, its rider falling with it: but quick as thought Sir Casimir and Sir Fleming are at hand to succor the pursuivant—and he rises to his feet! The next moment our young hero's steed falls suddenly forward on its knees; and its rider succeeds in springing to the ground in time to save himself ere the wounded animal rolls heavily over on its side, and gasping, dies! At the same time Sir Casimir D'Este, perceiving the danger thus incurred by having a horse slain under its rider in the midst of a host ready to press on to take advantage of the occurrence, leaps from his own charger, and abandoning the animal, continues to hew for himself a pathway amidst the horde of fierce Borderers thronging upon the drawbridge.

The Earl of Douglas was for a moment literally stupified with astonishment when he beheld Sir Casimir, Sir Fleming, and the pursuivant turn to make head against his soldiers. But he speedily shouted with exultation at the idea, which was indeed natural enough, that they must be assuredly immolated in a very few instants. No—nothing of the sort! They fought on—aye, and with a valor so desperate, with a prowess so extraordinary, that they kept their position on the drawbridge! Of the two hundred and fifty troops of Roslin, some sixty or seventy were mounted; these horsemen were now dashing towards the scene of strife, while there comrades on foot were likewise speeding in the same direction.

"By St. Bride!" exclaimed the Douglas, drawing his trenchant weapon from its sheath, "there shall be a speedy end put to this mad audacity!"—and descending from the rampart, he rushed forth from the castle-ports to plunge into the fight.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE CONFLICT.

THE reader will have comprehended that it was Sir Casimir d'Este's intention, if possible, to maintain his position on the drawbridge until succor should arrive. The moat fed from the river Hermitage was broad and deep, and therefore constituted one of the principal defences of the castle. But now that the drawbridge was lowered, if Sir Casimir could only succeed in preventing the Borderers from raising it again, an enormous advantage would be gained to his own side. The Black Douglas, despite all his own natural daring and headstrong fearlessness, could not for a single instant have believed it possible that three warriors only would turn and make head against the numbers that were pouring forth upon them. Such, however, was the case; and as the reader has already seen, the Teutonic Knight, Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, and Stephen Cochrane, deported themselves in a manner which at first astounded and then maddened the Black Earl.

For several minutes the unequal strife raged with astonishing fury on the causeway and the drawbridge; and the Borderers fell slain or wounded on all sides beneath the weapons of the three warriors. The bowmen on the castle walls dared not continue to shower down their missiles, for fear of doing more execution amongst their own comrades than they could inflict injury upon the three warriors. For these three men were completely sheathed in steel panoply, and of such good proof was this armor, that the blows now dealt upon it in the fierce medley produced but little effect. As the Borderers swarmed around Sir Casimir, Sir

Fleming, and the pursuivant, many a hand grasped a dagger and endeavored to plunge the sharp-pointed weapon through the joints of the steel panoplies: but every time the intended blow failed.

The Earl of Douglas, furious at all that was thus progressing, suddenly rushed forth from the arched portal of Hermitage, with his mighty weapon in his hand. At this very moment the sixty or seventy horsemen belonging to the troops that had marched from Roslin, came thundering in full career along the causeway; but as they advanced, they were saluted by a tremendous storm of missiles from the castle wall. Their leader, instantaneously perceiving the aspect of affairs, gave the command to his troop to dismount; a few of the men remained to take charge of the steeds—the rest rushed forward on foot to share in the conflict upon the drawbridge. For a short interval they had to pass through the galling flight of missiles which was poured upon them; and several fell dead or severely wounded. But, nothing daunted, the bulk of the gallant little party pressed on; and that which was before a conflict most tremendously unequal, now became a battle upon far fairer terms. Meanwhile fresh troops kept pouring forth from the portals of the castle; while the main body of the little army of Roslin was from the other direction hastening to the scene of the strife.

The Earl of Douglas, on setting foot upon the drawbridge, called to his men to make way that he might cross weapons with Sir Casimir D'Este; but such were the powerful fluctuations of the battling crowd, that even the herculean strength of the Black Douglas could not immediately succeed in forcing a way through the agitating multitude. At length Sir Casimir himself cleared the way towards the Black Earl; and their weapons crossed with a din which rang high above all the other sounds of battle.

"Surrender if thou would save thy life!" thundered forth the Black Douglas.

"'Tis for thee to surrender, false Earl!" exclaimed the Teutonic Knight. "Thy King has outlawed thee!"

"I will have vengeance!" vociferated the Black Douglas: "and first upon thee!"

"All thy castles and estates are declared forfeit!" cried Sir Casimir; "and the law's ban is upon thee!"

"As my vengeance is upon thee!" retorted the Douglas.

The conflict experienced a pause all around those two formidable champions whose weapons were thus crossing, and who for the first few moments exchanged threats and taunts as well as blows. Their falchions clanged and clashed as mutually they struck shield or armor, or smote against each other; and there was a species of superstitious feeling on the part of many of the spectators that according to the issue of this combat would be the result of the general conflict itself, so that within a few minutes the fate of Hermitage must be decided. Even Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan and the pursuivant desisted for a brief space from the work of onslaught and battle, to behold this passage-of-arms which constituted an episode of such startling interest.

At the instant when the Black Douglas had with fierce exultation made the rejoinder that his vengeance was about to alight on Sir Casimir D'Este, his huge falchion was descending with all the force that his stalwart arm could communicate: but still more forceful was the dint imparted to the weapon of the Teutonic Knight. High into the air flew the Earl's falchion—whirling round and round with a whistling sound, as it obeyed the tremendous impulse which had thus dashed it away from the hand that grasped it; and the next instant Sir Casimir D'Este hurled down his opponent by the power of his arm. The Earl, sheathed in his iron

panoply, fell with tremendous crash upon the drawbridge: in the twinkling of an eye Sir Casimir's foot was placed upon his breast—his sword-point was turned towards the barred vizor of his helmet—and his lips ejaculated the words, "Surrender, Lord Earl of Douglas! Surrender thyself and this castle—or I take thy life!"

But scarcely were the words spoken, when forth from the portals of Hermitage sprang the twelve belted Knights who were doing feudal service there beneath the banner of the Black Douglas. Twelve powerful warriors were they—all clad in bright steel armor. They were about to rush forth to take their part in the medley at the very instant when the Earl and Sir Casimir had crossed their weapons: then, as there was a temporary pause around, those twelve Knights had likewise paused to witness the exciting spectacle of a single combat in the midst of a general strife. But the very moment that the Earl of Douglas fell beneath the more redoubtable arm of Sir Casimir, those twelve Knights vociferated as if with one voice, "To the rescue!"—and on they rushed. Then, as if by common consent, the entire battle itself was renewed on both sides.

So sudden was the tumultuous rush produced by this fresh appeal to arms, that even as the mightiest vessel yields to the current which abruptly seizes upon it, so was it in some sense with the brave Teutonic Knight. The human waves rolled around him—he was borne backward—and with a tremendous shout of triumph on the part of the Borderers, the prostrate form of the vanquished Douglas was lifted from the drawbridge by the foremost of the twelve Knights.

"Fleming, to my side!" shouted Sir Casimir: and again did the falchion begin to clear a desperate path before him.

The brave young Fitz-Allan was quickly by his friend's side. Stephen Cochrane and other leaders of the Roslin warriors were likewise ready for fresh feats of prowess; and now came the crisis of the whole conflict. The Earl of Douglas had been borne off from the scene of his defeat, and in a state of unconsciousness carried back into the castle: but now the twelve Knights stood in a complete serried rank on the inner extremity of the drawbridge, determined to dispute the passage, and believing even that they might sweep away all before them. Deadly therefore was the conflict in which the beligerents closed again. For several minutes it seemed as if the garrison must prevail in beating off the assailants—for the whole host of Borderers came pouring forth, forming so dense a mass under the archway that they pushed those who were foremost still farther forward, and rendered retreat next to impossible for them. It must also be borne in mind that though the side of the Borderers had already sustained considerable loss, it still presented the immense odds of at least three hundred and fifty men against two hundred and fifty on the side of the retainers of Roslin.

"Beat them back from the drawbridge!" cried the foremost of the twelve Knights who fought on the side of Douglas: "beat them back, I say! and our task is ended!"

"No!—'tis thy life that is ended!" thundered Sir Casimir; and down fell the Knight, his armor clashing against the drawbridge, and then the whole weight splashing with a heavy plunge into the moat.

"Vengeance for our fallen brother!" exclaimed the next Knight; but another and another was sent after the first—Sir Casimir's falchion dealing death with a rapidity that was almost as swiftly followed up by that of Fleming Fitz-Allan.

Indeed they fought with desperate valor; for they knew how much was at stake. If only for an instant they were beaten back from the draw-

bridge that drawbridge would be raised—the garrison would betake themselves to the ramparts—and the Roslin troops must have recourse to a regular siege to effect their aim. But if their position were maintained upon the bridge, it was like fighting a pitched battle upon a plain, the result of which would give all the desired fruits to the victors. Thus on the issue of the present strife the fate of Hermitage itself depended.

No wonder, therefore, that Sir Casimir and Sir Fleming exerted all their powers. But well fought the Borderers likewise. Of the twelve Knights who led them on, seven had disappeared from the scene. It was now evident that the Borderers were wavering; and Stephen Cochrane, observing that such was the fact, exclaimed, "Surrender at once! and in the royal name I promise ye your pardon!"

"Let us make terms from within!" shouted numerous voices.

There was then a general rush on the part of the Borderers through the entrance way of the castle; and as the hindmost cleared the threshold, the cry arose, "Down with the portcullis! down with it!"

The hands of the two warders instantaneously grasped the chains to let the portcullis fall; but with a lightning rapidity of movement Sir Casimir D'Este caught up a fragment of the broken rail of the drawbridge—it was a piece of timber about six feet long and of considerable thickness, adequate therefore for the purpose which it was now to serve. In the twinkling of an eye the Teutonic Knight thrust it in an almost perpendicular position against one of the grooves in which the portcullis worked: and scarcely had he done so, when down fell the ponderous iron grating. But the beam suddenly stopped it in its descent; the Borderers, with a yell of rage on beholding the incident, turned and made a rush towards the piece of timber to tear it away—but Sir Casimir's falchion played about it with the rapidity of a succession of lightning-flashes. But the battle here was but short, inasmuch as the Borderers had for some time past entertained the presentiment of defeat, and were therefore dispirited by the presage; while the Roslin party on the other hand were proportionately inspired with hopefulness and with veritable success already achieved. The Borderers fled. Vainly did the surviving Knights and Magnus Balveny endeavor to rally them; the Borderers rushed on in precipitate retreat towards the court-yard.

"Turn, my men! rally!" shouted Magnus Balveny. "Once more to the rescue!"

"Turn thou, then!" ejaculated a voice close behind Balveny; and as he abruptly faced about, he found himself confronted by young Malcolm Seton.

"Ah!" said Balveny, with a fierce look, "do you seek a repetition of the discomfitures you experienced in the lists at Roslin?"

"I am here to avenge that discomfiture!" exclaimed Seton. "Fight, if you be a man;—or surrender!"

"Surrender, I'faith!" cried Balveny scornfully; and his weapon, ringing through the air seemed for a moment to threaten the youth with utter annihilation. But such was not the result; for Malcolm Seton steadily received the blow upon his sword; and then, with desperate fury dealt Magnus blow upon blow until that fierce Borderer fell weltering in his blood at the youthful victor's feet.

At the same time the last effort of resistance on the Borderers was beaten down by the Roslin troops; and in young Seton's ear resounded the following words, spoken by the Teutonic Knight.—"Bravely done, Sir Page! Thou hast thy portion of the laurels of this day!" "Make proclamation, Sir Pursuivant, according as I have suggested!" continued Sir Casimir to Stephen Cochrane, to whom he had just before hastily whispered his instructions.

"Hearken, all ye whom these presents may concern!" said the Royal Pursuivant, mounting on some elevation of masonry in the court-yard, so as to be plainly heard by all whose ears he wished his voice to reach.

The Roslin troops were all now drawn up on one side,—having amongst them the numerous prisoners they had taken. On the other side was the remnant of the garrison, looking sadly dejected, and evidently ready for a surrender. The five Knights, who of the twelve survived, had already sheathed their swords as indication that they knew the uselessness of attempting further defence, and that they therefore threw themselves upon the mercy of the conquerors.

"By virtue of the decree of pains and penalties," resumed Stephen Cochrane, thus making his proclamation, "it were lawful for us to treat ye all as traitors against the King's majesty. But forasmuch as ye have displayed so much noble courage in the conflict of this day, we feel assured that the King were loath for such brave men to be too rigorously chastened. Therefore I, Stephen Cochrane—speaking in the King's name, as well as by consent and counsel of the worshipful Knights, Sir Casimir D'Este and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan—do hereby make proclamation to the effect that full pardon and grace shall be at once accorded to those who immediately retire to their own homes, vowing to acknowledge as Lord of Hermitage none other but him who shall in due time publish his rights and titles to the estates of Liddesdale and Teviotdale. Let those who are prepared to avail themselves of the royal mercy, as it is now proclaimed, defile forth from this fortalice, making the sign of the cross in attestation of the sincerity with which the conditional vow will be maintained!"

"Sir Casimir D'Este—and you also, brave Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan," said one of the five surviving Knights on the Douglas side, "ye have dealt most honorably towards us by suffering your Royal Pursuivant to pay a tribute to the devotion with which we fought for our chief the Lord of Douglas. We are conquered: we submit to our destiny; and we gratefully accept the assurance of the royal mercy. Furthermore, we vow to recognize henceforth as Lord of Hermitage that chief who shall show the best claim upon our allegiance."

The looks of all the rest of the Douglas retainers assembled there indicated approval of the sentiments thus enunciated. Sir Casimir D'Este bowed in acknowledgment of that speech; and then turning to Stephen Cochrane, he said, "Tarry you here, Sir Pursuivant, and see that the troops of the garrison defile past, while Sir Fleming and myself hasten to liberate the noble Earl of Caithness, and likewise to dictate terms to the Earl of Douglas."

Sir Casimir issued a few hurried instructions to the victorious troops of Roslin, who regarded him as their principal leader; and they forthwith began to post themselves in such a manner about the fortalice as to guard against any sudden surprise on the part of the garrison, if the latter should be disposed to make such an attempt, instead of quietly defiling forth from the portals. But there was no danger on this point, though the precaution was a sage one.

Sir Casimir and Sir Fleming inquired the way to the apartments occupied by the Earl of Douglas; and as they ascended the stone staircase of the donjon, our young hero exclaimed, with a heart full of joyous emotion, "Oh, my excellent friend! what bliss, what happiness, to think victory hath thus smiled upon us, and that we are about to give freedom to the Earl of Caithness!"

"Yes, Fleming," responded Sir Casimir, bending upon the youthful Knight a look of affectionate admiration; "and now the lordly Castle of Hermitage is your own; and full soon

shall the name of Fitz-Allan be proclaimed as that of its possessor!"

Our hero was on the point of giving utterance to some expression of joyous exultation, when a door suddenly opened upon a landing, and a lady of exceedingly handsome countenance, and whose age might be about four or five and twenty, made her appearance. Both the Knights were taken somewhat by surprise, for they expected not to encounter any lady of such distinguished mien and interesting look within those walls. It, however, almost immediately struck Sir Casimir that this must be the mistress of the Earl of Douglas; for he knew that the nobleman had neither wife nor daughter living. He therefore said, "As I presume, fair one, that you are in all the secrets of the Black Douglas, you will be pleased to conduct us at once to wheresoever we may find our noble friend, the Earl of Caithness."

"Ah! then ye are the victors?" said Elvira, "and Hermitage is in your hands? I thank God that it is so! for there will doubtless be vengeance now on him who bears the hated name of Douglas!"

"Who are you, lady?" inquired Sir Casimir.

"I am one who has suffered!" answered Elvira: "yes, I have suffered the mightiest wrongs—"

"If we can redress them, lady," interrupted Sir Casimir, "such shall assuredly be our task. But for the present we have the most sacred of all duties to perform—"

"Yes!—tell us, I beseech you," cried Fitz-Allan, "where is the Earl of Caithness?"

"Follow me," said Elvira.

She conducted the two Knights to an adjoining apartment, where suits of armor were suspended to the walls, and pieces of martial panoplies were scattered about. There were refreshments upon a table; and likewise on that table there was a helmet, which the two Knights at once recognized as the one the Black Douglas had worn during the recent conflict.

"We not merely seek our friend the Earl of Caithness," said Sir Casimir; "but we likewise require to know where is our enemy the Earl of Douglas."

"First, in reference to the Earl of Caithness," responded Elvira, "he is in a dungeon—a dungeon already memorable on account of an appalling crime—"

"A dungeon?" shudderingly exclaimed Fleming. "Oh, my benefactor! But let us hasten to liberate him!"

"Lady," said Sir Casimir, in a commanding tone, "without further parley show us the way to that dungeon!"

"It is here," said Elvira: and stooping down, she hastily drew aside a piece of carpet upon the floor—her taper finger was then thrust into an iron ring which had thus become revealed—and she lifted a trap-door, disclosing a flight of stone steps leading down into utter darkness.

An ejaculation of horror burst from the lips of Fleming Fitz-Allan; but Sir Casimir D'Este, with a mind full of suspicion in respect to Elvira, pointed towards the trap-door, as he demanded sternly, "Would you have us descend into the bowels of the earth to seek our friend the Earl of Caithness?"

"Ah! you mistrust me?" exclaimed Elvira. "And no wonder! for everything should be looked upon with suspicion in this frightful place! Yet am I speaking truthfully to ye both, Sir Knights!—and oh, believe me! and likewise shield me from the Black Douglas!"

Elvira knelt before Sir Casimir D'Este as she spoke; and there was an air of such sincerity in the looks which were upturned towards him, that he said, "Rise, lady—and pardon me if for a moment I have wronged you with my suspicions! You say that the Earl of Caithness languishes in a dungeon here beneath? I will

therefore descend to his deliverance. Sir Fleming, tarry you here with the lady; and I need not add—"

"Still suspicious! still mistrustful!" exclaimed Elvira. "And no wonder! no wonder! But look you here! and behold a proof of my sincerity in advocating your cause, and in hating the Douglas! He was brought hither insensible—but soon he began to recover—I resolved that his hand should not again this day grasp a weapon in defence of Hermitage; and behold! the wine that I gave him from yon flagon was powerfully drugged—he sleeps here—and if he escape your vengeance, he shall not escape mine!"

As she thus spoke, Elvira hastened to draw back a curtain which was suspended by rings to an iron rod; and in a large recess, or alcove, which the drawn drapery thus revealed, the Black Douglas was seen sleeping upon a couch. He was partially divested of his armor; his countenance had a grim expression—his breathing was deep and heavy—but his form was entirely motionless save in respect to the heaving of his chest.

"There is the key which opens the dungeon where your friend the Earl of Caithness is confined,"—and Elvira pointed to the key which was suspended to the Black Earl's sword-belt. "Now do you believe that I am sincere? or do you anticipate treachery if you descend into that dark and terrible subterranean? Shall I tell you wherefore I hate and abhor the name of Douglas, no matter by whom borne? It is because—in the dark underground dungeon where your friend now sojourns—the spirit of a sire has for long years hovered, calling up from that depth for vengeance—"

"Just heaven! what mean you?" cried Fleming Fitz-Allan, fearfully interested in what he now heard.

It was a strange, wild look which Elvira fixed upon the two Knights—a look denoting terrible things; and it was in a tone so gloomy and sombre that it seemed wonderful how her naturally musical voice could change to such a note, that she said, "Nineteen years and upwards have elapsed since my father was murdered beneath this roof, by the Knight of Liddesdale!"

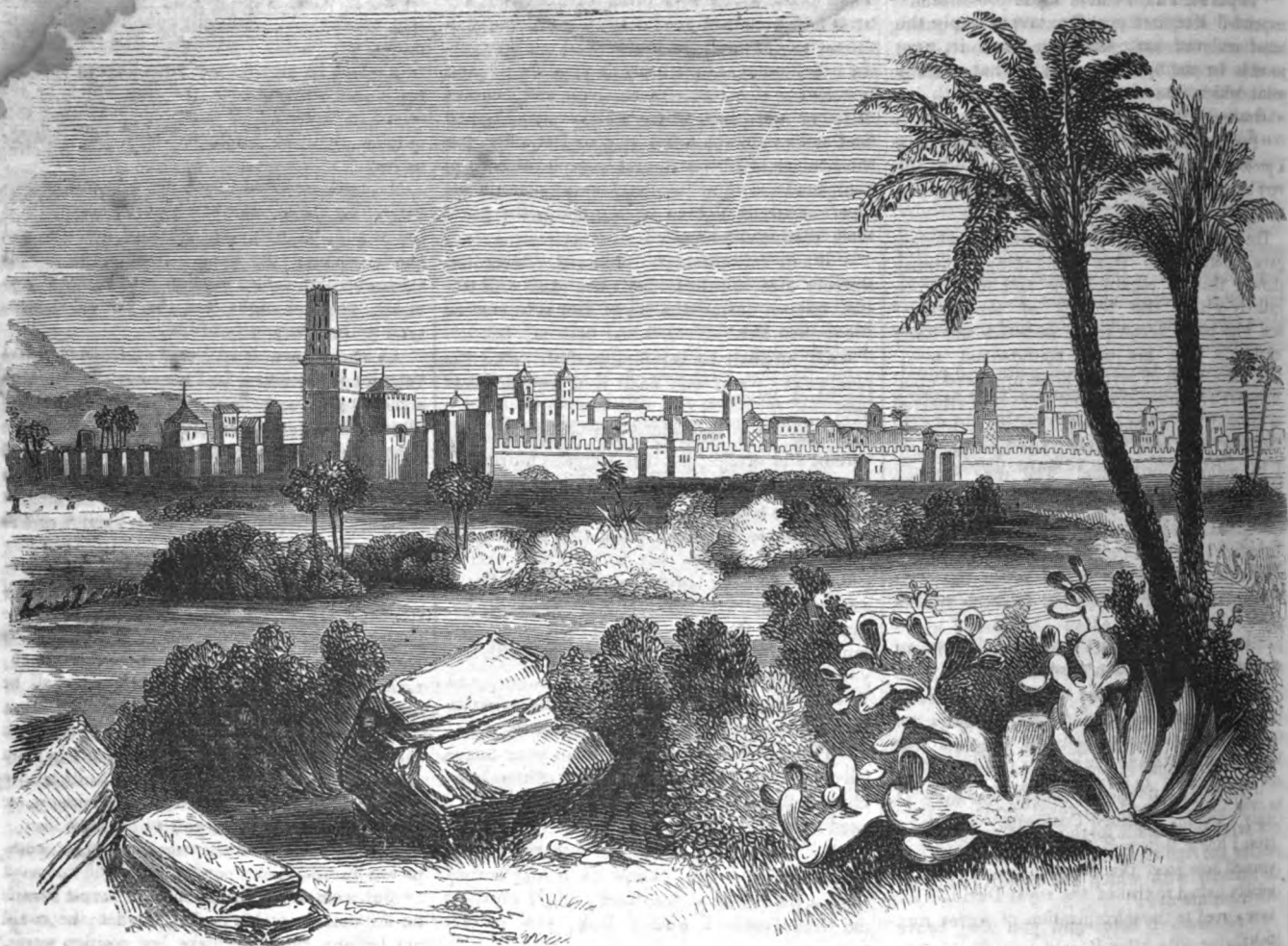
"Your father?" ejaculated both the Knights, as if speaking in the same breath. "Then you, lady—you—"

"I am Elvira Ramsay," she answered, her look and voice now losing alike their fierceness and their sombreness, and sinking into the profoundest sadness. "I am Elvira Ramsay," she repeated, "the daughter of the murdered Sir Alexander!"

CHAPTER XXVI.—MARGARET AND THE ROYAL PAGE.

It was in the evening of the same day on which those memorable deeds had occurred on the bank of the Hermitage, that the pursuivant was despatched by the watchers on the summit of the donjon of Roslin Castle. He was descending into the glen: he rode as fast as the declivitous path and the jaded condition of his steed would permit: he was evidently the bearer of important tidings. As he neared the stone bridge, he waved his lance so that the pennon fluttered to and fro at the point, and the signal was received as one of joy and triumph. The portcullis was raised—the drawbridge was lowered: there was a rush of the inmates of the castle across the stone bridge to hear the tidings that had to be imparted—and these soon flew like wildfire to every nook and corner of the fortalice.

Everything had succeeded; and this success was in all respects brilliant! A tremendous battle had been fought at the very gates of Hermitage! The castle was stormed and taken pos-



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sion of: the garrison had been suffered on certain conditions to depart! The Earl of Caithness was free and happy! The Earl of Douglas having resigned all claims to the estates of his deceased kinsman the Knight of Liddesdale had been forgiven and suffered to depart. But in the Castle of Hermitage a lady was found, whose existence seemed to have been only known unto a few; and this lady was none other than the daughter of the murdered Sir Alexander Ramsay! Great wrongs had she to complain of against the present Earl of Douglas on her own personal account, as well as against the memory of the deceased Knight of Liddesdale on her murdered father's account; but as her mind was for the present exceedingly unsettled, she had availed herself of the hospitality of the nuns of St. Magdalen's Convent, situated at a distance of only a few miles from Hermitage.

Such were the various details of intelligence which the pursuivant Stephen Cochrane brought to Roslin. Who can depict the joy and delight which were experienced by Albertina and Margaret, when they heard of the success of the expedition? They listened with a sensation of admiring awe as Cochrane told them of the more than Roman valor of Sir Casimir D'Este; but their hearts thrilled as they heard of the prowess displayed by Fleming Fitz-Allan: for now Albertina was drinking in the eulogies bestowed upon her lover, and Margaret those which were so well merited by her brother!

"And when shall I embrace my father?" asked Albertina, her heart palpitating with filial emotions.

"The Earl of Caithness," replied the pursuivant, "will set out to-morrow morning, in company with Sir Casimir D'Este, on his return to Roslin. Therefore, lady, in the middle of the day may you hope to welcome the presence of your sire."

"And my brother?" said Margaret,—"you speak not of the return of Sir Fleming?"

"It is arranged that your gallant brother Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan shall remain at Hermitage Castle to assert his right and title unto the possession thereof,—and which right and title have, as I ere now stated, been formally recognized by the Earl of Douglas.

"You are the bearer of joyous tidings, good Master Cochrane!" said Albertina; "and let this be the proof and guerdon of my gratitude!"

Thus speaking, the young lady placed a heavy purse in Stephen Cochrane's hand; and he received the gift with suitable acknowledgments.

"Accept this from me, good Master Cochrane," said Margaret, "in return for the joyous intelligence with which you have cheered our hearts, and likewise for the eulogies that you bestowed upon the chivalrous bearing of my beloved brother in the dread conflict."

It was a golden chain which Margaret bestowed upon Cochrane—for this was a gift which according to the custom of that age might be well and properly accorded under existing circumstances.

He retired from the apartment where he had been admitted to an audience of the two young ladies; and the moment they were alone together, Albertina threw herself into Margaret's arms, exclaiming, "Oh, the happiness which now fills my heart! Let us, my dearest friend, mingle and interchange our congratulations!"

Albertina wept in the melting tenderness of her emotions: but Margaret's bosom swelled with the proudest exultation, as she thought to herself, "All the evidences of prosperity are coming thickly upon us! My brother is now Lord of Teviotdale and Liddesdale; and he treads in the halls of his own castle! And I—I—Oh! if my game be well played, and if

there be no more such unguarded conduct nor foolish oversight as that in which I was yesterday surprised by Cochrane,—yes, my destiny may likewise become a brilliant one!"

Thus thought Margaret within her own bosom; but still in her calmer moments she could have wished that the difficulty of the game she was playing had not given rise to an occurrence that placed her in the power of Stephen Cochrane. She was resolved to seek an interview with this individual, in order that she might ascertain why he declared himself to be her friend, and also that she might judge in which channel his selfishness flowed; because not for a single instant could she conceive that he was disinterested in the proffer of such friendship.

Accordingly, in the forenoon of the following day Margaret Fitz-Allan took an opportunity to make a sign for Stephen Cochrane to follow her to the armory of the castle.

"Master Cochrane," she said, when they were alone together, "I thought that for certain reasons you might desire private speech of me; and I have accordingly sought the present occasion for a conference."

"Yes, lady," answered Cochrane; "it is indeed of importance that we should have private speech together. I will even say that we should understand each other!"

A blush flitted on Margaret's countenance: she felt that Cochrane was already asserting over her the power which he possessed. But she dared not display indignation, and she therefore said, "Your conduct has been most friendly unto me, Master Cochrane; and whatever my future fortunes may be, I shall hold myself ever bounden to you in a debt of gratitude."

"Tis well, lady, to give me this assurance," said Cochrane: then fixing his gaze significantly upon her, and yet with an air of respect, he asked, "How high does your ambition soar?"

"To put such an inquiry, Master Cochrane," responded Margaret proudly, "is to imply the belief on your part that you deem it were possible for me to aspire only to that midway point which has shame associated with it; whereas—"

"Pardon me, lady," said the royal page, with a profound bow: "I see that you aspire to the very summit of the eminence! In a word, you would fain be Queen of Scotland!"

The very manner in which Stephen Cochrane gave utterance to this concluding sentence showed that he regarded the fact itself to be entirely within the bounds of probability: and who could better judge of what the King might do than his own confidential servant! The flush of joyous hope appeared upon Margaret's countenance—and her voice vibrated as she said, "In honor will I be everything to the King, your royal master; but in shame will I be nothing unto him! Tell me, Stephen Cochrane, do I rightly read the sentiments which your mind cherishes? You can help me to a throne; and I can raise you up from a comparatively humble position to a proud and lofty one! Is it thus that we are to understand each other?"

"It is thus," rejoined the page, "that we are to understand each other, most gracious lady."

"Ah! it is as if I were already a Sovereign that you are addressing me," said Margaret, her heart glowing, and every vein tingling with pride and triumph.

"If I addressed you as though you were already a Queen," rejoined Cochrane, "it was because I knew full well that it now rests with yourself how soon this hand of yours be indissolubly united to that of the royal David. You have agreed to the solemnization of secret nuptials?"

"I have," replied Margaret; "but I have stipulated that all the circumstances shall be so unmistakably genuine——"

"Trust to me, lady, to give you the most convincing proofs of the perfect validity of the ceremony. Then, when once the nuptial knot is tied, it will rest with yourself to decide for how long a period the marriage is to be kept a secret. So far as I am concerned, I pledge myself that the bonds shall be tied as firmly as priestly blessing can fasten the knot; and it only remains for you to declare when this ceremony shall take place?"

"Oh! is it possible," asked Margaret, trembling all over, "that you have your royal master's gracious authority for such a flattering speech as this?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Cochrane, "I, the humble palace-page, have his royal authority, and the alternatives betwixt which your destiny hovers, lady, are as a pair of scales which I hold in my hand!"

Margaret had from the first comprehended full well that Stephen Cochrane was appointed by the King to act as an intermediary between them: but she did not conceive that he had the power to bring matters to so speedy and decisive an issue as this. She almost mistrusted the propitious smiles of her own fortunes; and strongminded though she were, yet she felt a faintness coming over her as she was thus suspended dizzily betwixt the towering eminence to which she was bidden to look up as her destination, and the fearful abyss of her mistrust and misgiving which yawned far down below!

"Lady," said Stephen Cochrane, perceiving how she was agitated by her emo-

tions, "take courage—and mistrust not your fortunes! The star of your destiny is brilliantly in the ascendant; and the proofs shall not be wanting! Tell me that I am to act on your behalf: and this night, at eleven o'clock—yes, and beneath this very roof—here where we now stand—shall Scotland's monarch kneel at your feet, offer you the homage of his heart, and beseech the boon of your hand! And in the neighboring oratorio the tapers shall be lighted on the altar—the priest shall be in readiness——"

"What, Cochrane," faltered Margaret, scarcely able to believe her own ears, "all this shall happen during the night that is to succeed the present day?"

"All, all shall be accomplished!" replied the royal page; "and you shall be Queen of Scotland!"

It was with sensations and emotions of the wildest and dizziest joy that Margaret murmured the words, "I consent!"

Then she felt as if she could almost weep—or as if by some passionate means or another she must find a vent for her unnaturally excited feelings. But she controlled herself by dint of the most powerful effort; and a brief pause having elapsed, Cochrane said, "Now, lady, you must bethink yourself how to deal with the young Earl of Bassentyne."

"Ah!" ejaculated Margaret: and the carnation spread vividly over her countenance.

"The Earl has placed a ring upon your finger, lady," said Cochrane; "and yours glitters upon his own finger in return! This must not be. I need not tell you, lady——"

"No, no—tell me nothing in reference to this, good Cochrane!—for I know 'tis a foul outrage against the image of the King; and I blush—I am humiliated—I cannot look you in the face——"

"Lady," interrupted Cochrane, "your position is embarrassing—but it is not inextricable; and I beseech you to leave me to smoothe down this difficulty before you. Pen a line to Roland of Bassentyne, to the effect that you have misunderstood the feelings of your heart, and that in

hastily pledging your vows, you neither took a step which could eventually consolidate his happiness nor ensure your own. Return him the ring which he placed upon your finger; and beseech him to send back the ring which he received in exchange. I will undertake that this mission shall be conducted with all possible secrecy."

Margaret hesitated to comply with this proposition; for she at once saw that by accepting it she would be resigning the Earl ere she had finally secured the King. Besides, to entrust Cochrane with such a mission seemed indelicate in her eyes, and might lead the Earl of Bassentyne to think strangely of her.

"You hesitate, lady," said Cochrane; "and yet time is precious—for I am about to despatch a messenger to the King. How can I bid his Majesty come hither to woo Margaret Fitz-Alan as his bride while upon her finger she wears the betrothal ring of another suitor! And then, too, Roland of Bassentyne may himself be returning to Roslin Castle—and I must adopt measures to prevent him!"

"What measures?" inquired Margaret, nervously; for the process of extricating herself from the web of difficulties which her own duplicity had woven was a painful one.

"No matter what measures!" rejoined Cochrane. "Rest assured, lady, that they shall be discreetly taken. Trust me entirely—or trust me not at all! Do not deal towards me with the mental parsimony of half-confidence! You must see that I am your friend; for while with a breath I could destroy you, I am nevertheless, on the other hand, helping you to a crown!"

Margaret felt that she was already so completely in Cochrane's power, that if he designed to deal wickedly with her he had ample means for the exercise of his perfidy, so that she could not by any fresh act make her position worse. At the same time her good sense showed her how entirely it was to Cochrane's interest to serve her faithfully, and to help her to ascend that throne from which she could shower remunerative gifts upon him. Her mind was therefore speedily made up how to act.



GRIZZLY BEAR OF CALIFORNIA. SEE PAGE 367.

Seating herself at a table, where there were writing materials—for Redman, the Lieutenant, kept his account-books in the armory—Margaret Fitz-Allen penned a brief billet to Roland of Bassentyne. What its contents were we need not detail on the present occasion: suffice it to say that she displayed the note to the eyes of Stephen Cochrane, and he approved of the terms in which it was couched. She then took from her finger the ring which the unfortunate Roland had so recently placed thereon; and she inclosed it in the letter, which she duly sealed and fastened with a silken string. This packet she handed to Cochrane, at the same time asking, in a tremulous voice, "But if the Earl of Bassentyne should chance to return to the castle speedily, are you have had leisure to communicate with him—"

"Fear nothing!—leave everything to me, lady!" interrupted Cochrane, who seemed ready-witted and prompt to meet every emergency that might arise. "Return you now to the Lady Albertina; keep a command over your features and your feelings, and trust to me for the realization of whatsoever I have undertaken or promised."

Cochrane bowed with the deepest respect, and issued in haste from the armory. Proceeding at once to Redman, he obtained from the Lieutenant permission to use some of his men as messengers: and he sent off a couple of these couriers without delay—one bearing a despatch for the King in Edinburgh, the other for the Earl of Bassentyne, addressed to his Lordship at his own castle. These transactions were finished before the vertical position of the sun proclaimed the hour of noon.

Time was passing—the moment at length approached when, according to the assurance which she had received, Albertina might hope to be clasped in her father's arms. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the watchers on the donjon announced the advance of a band of warriors from the south; and in a very short time the Earl of Caithness was recognized, by the side of Sir Casimir D'Este, at the head of all the mounted portion of the Roslin troops that had won such fame at Hermitage; for the remainder (the infantry division) had tarried behind to serve as a garrison at the captured castle, until Sir Fleming Fitz-Allen should be enabled to make other arrangements for the tenure of his newly acquired fortress.

And now we might elaborate a pathetic description of the meeting of the father and daughter—how the Earl folded the beautiful Albertina in his arms—how he strained her again and again to his breast—and how she plentifully wept for very joy. We might also enter into minute details respecting the affectionate kindness with which the Earl of Caithness thanked Margaret for the devoted interest she had shown in his behalf—or how he enthusiastically spoke to her of the valor of her noble-hearted brother. And we might also minutely describe how Albertina expressed her gratitude towards the Teutonic Knight, and how Margaret spoke to him in a similar strain, and how both the young ladies testified their admiration of the consummate skill as a chieftain and the redoubtable prowess as a warrior, which, according to the accounts they had received, Sir Casimir had displayed in the fight of yesterday. And then too there were so many explanations to be mutually given, that if we were to describe them all at length, we should occupy whole chapters. We must therefore leave much to the imagination of the reader, at least for the present.

An hour or so had been passed in discourse in the drawing-room after the return of the Earl of Caithness and Sir Casimir D'Este, when something was suddenly recalled to the mind of the latter by a turn which the conversation took.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Teutonic Knight, "there's the roguish priest, Father Julius, who must be set at liberty, according to the pledge which I gave him; for all that he told me has proved to be correct."

"Then let your word be kept, my excellent friend," said the Earl of Caithness. "Ah! here is Redman! He comes, doubtless, to receive some orders—"

"I was about to inquire of your lordship," said the lieutenant, "what course is to be adopted with the chaplain of Tantallon Castle?"

"The very individual concerning whom we were speaking at the moment you entered!" exclaimed the Earl of Caithness. "Receive your mandates, Redman, on that score, from Sir Casimir D'Este."

"The command is briefly summed up," said the Teutonic Knight: "let Father Julius be set at liberty."

"It shall be done," replied Redman; and he quitted the apartment.

There was now an influx of many of the tenants upon the Earl's domain, who came speeding to the castle to testify their joy at their lord's restoration to his home; and thus there was merry-making in the pleasure-grounds. Margaret was compelled to appear there with her friends, and to seem as if she felt an undivided sympathy with the general rejoicings; whereas she would have retired to her own chamber to ponder upon the incidents which the progress of the next few hours might bring about. When, as usual, at the sunset hour the drawbridge was raised, the portcullis was lowered, the gates were shut, and the castle made secure for the night—and when she subsequently found that the silence of the entrance-ports was not broken by the din of lowering that bridge, raising that portcullis, or opening those gates to give any belated visitor admission—she wondered how it was possible that the King could meet her within the walls of Roslin that night. Had Cochrane deceived her on any point? or was he himself deceived? or, was the King already in the castle? had he actually arrived under some impenetrable disguise? All was mystery and suspense; and the nearer approached the hour for the inmates of Roslin to retire to their respective chambers, the more violently fluttered Margaret's heart. But she concealed her agitation most effectually from the eyes of her friends.

Ah! what meant that sign which Stephen Cochrane made her as he traversed the landing at the moment when Margaret was pausing there to bid Albertina "Good night" ere they separated to their respective apartments? It was a sign so rapid and so slight as to be scarcely perceptible—but yet Margaret Fitz-Allen saw and comprehended it. It unmistakably conveyed an intimation that all went well, and that all was as he had in the forenoon shadowed forth!

"Good night, dearest Albertina," said Margaret. "You have now no care—your father is restored—and you will sleep happily to-night!"

"And you, dearest Margaret, will sleep happily likewise: for your soul and mine sympathize in all their sources of joy!"

The two young ladies parted. Cochrane had already disappeared amidst the darkness at the extremity of the passage; and Margaret, with a lamp in her hand, continued her way. Proceeding to her chamber, she on some pretext dispensed with the services of her maids, and at once dismissed them to their slumbers. Her heart was wildly palpitating: and no wonder—for she aspired to become a queen, and she felt as if her fate now depended upon the cast of a die!—she knew that she had reached a most important crisis of her life! She went forth from her room—noiselessly she stole along—she reached the door of the armory. Her hand trembled upon the latch: she nerved herself with all her natural

courage to become composed: she opened that door—she entered.

Her eyes—those superb brilliant eyes—were swept around, flashing with expectation, hope, and suspense. Was he there? Should she meet anybody?—and if so, whom? Ah! a form bounds forward!—and with what wild feelings does the damsel's heart now thrill!

"Margaret! beloved Margaret!" exclaimed that well-known voice of rich masculine harmony, and the maiden's hand was pressed with fervor to the lips of the King.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE DECREES OF THE BLACK PARLIAMENT.

THE Scottish Monarch was dressed in the most elegant manner, the graceful costume setting off his fine person to the fullest advantage. It was not a mere travelling suit that he wore: but, borrowing an expression from the present times, it was what we should term full evening dress. The velvet doublet or surcoat was edged with miniver; the under garment or tunic was richly embroidered. A massive gold chain, with the Order of St. Andrew appended to it, hung round the monarch's neck; the rings upon his fingers were worth the ransom of one of his own royal rank. His cap was decorated with white and crimson plumes; a carcanet of diamonds glistened in front, throwing out jets of vivid light as if there were a halo above the Sovereign's brow. His countenance was radiant with happiness; and never had he seemed so handsome in the eyes of Margaret—never had so much elegance of manner and gracefulness of bearing appeared to mingle with the natural dignity of the Monarch and the frank, familiar tenderness which he displayed towards her.

And how looked Margaret herself? In anticipation of this memorable interview, she had apparelled herself in raiment, which though of rich material was nevertheless more remarkable for its tasteful simplicity and its absence of superfluous ornament. A necklace of pearls, fastened by a diamond clasp, was the only article of jewelry which she wore; and none other required she, for the magnificence of her beauty needed no artificial adornment. An embroidered cap, of the blended materials of satin and velvet, defined rather than concealed the beautiful shape of her head; and thence all the wealth of her luxuriant raven hair floated upon her shoulders and down her back. To the little embroidered cap a veil was attached; it now hung behind the symmetrical form of the damsel—but in a moment it could be drawn over her head to constitute the veil of a bride. Marvellously handsome did she seem, as with glowing cheeks and downcast eyes, and a manner the tremulousness of which was half real and half assumed, she abandoned to the king the hand which he pressed so fervidly to his lips, as in his voice of rich masculine harmony he exclaimed, "Margaret! beloved Margaret!"

Almost immediately after Margaret Fitz-Allen had entered the armory by the usual entrance from the stone passage, a secret door opened in a remote recess. Noiselessly it turned upon its hinges—for they had been previously been oiled with a view to this effect—and Stephen Cochrane stole across the threshold. There he halted; but he kept the door ajar so that at any instant he might retreat without being perceived by those to whose discourse he had thus come to listen.

"Margaret! beloved Margaret!" said the King; "you have given me this proof of your attachment—and now the moment has come when I am about to kneel at your feet, to reiterate the assurances of love which I have before made, and to solicit this hand which I press to my lips!"

"Oh, sire!" murmured Margaret, "you kneel to me!" for the King was suiting the action to the word, and sinking on one knee before her.

"Yes, Margaret—I kneel," he said, in a voice that was tremulous with the blissful emotions that filled his heart, "to thank thee for the rich boon of thy love which thou hast bestowed upon me—to pledge myself that thy welfare and happiness shall be my paramount consideration—"

"And mine honor likewise!" said Margaret, bending down so that her fragrant breath fanned the cheek of the King, as he still remained on one knee before her.

"Yes—and thine honor likewise!" rejoined David; then rising from the suppliant posture, he passed his arm around her waist, exclaiming with accents of passionate admiration, "Oh, you are exceedingly beautiful, Margaret!—and I love you—by all the blessed saints! I love you more than words can depict! Were you confident, my beloved, of meeting me here to-night? did you experience no suspense—"

"I did, sire," answered Margaret; "for I knew not how you could penetrate within these walls silently and secretly—unknown to all around—"

"Ah, Margaret!" said the King, with a tender look and tone, "love sharpens the wits even of those who were already astute, while it enhances the courage of those who were already sufficiently daring. Yet to speak truly, I ought not to take unto myself any particular merits of keenness or daring; for the faithful Cochrane has arranged it all, and I did but follow the plan he sketched out. Admirably has he managed everything; for he has made a friend or two within these walls—"

"Who can they be?" inquired Margaret, her wonder thus suddenly excited on the point.

"No matter who they are, my best beloved!" exclaimed the King. "I myself know not; I have scarcely had any thought for any subject but your own dear image, and for the ceremony which is presently to make you mine! Behold, dearest! here is the ring—the faithful Cochrane sleeps not—he is doubtless now busy at his work—the tapers are being lighted on the altar—the priest is donning his robes—the minutes are passing quickly, Margaret!—and every moment may we now expect the faithful Cochrane to come to summon us to the bridal altar!"

"Sire!" said Margaret, now in her turn kneeling at the King's feet, "you are about to bestow upon me the highest of honors and to give me the most signal proof of affection! Believe me, sire—oh! believe me, when I declare that in return for this great love of yours I shall ever prove a dutiful wife—affectionate and obedient—carefully making your happiness my constant study—and in all things seeking to retain your good opinion and esteem!"

As she thus knelt, her hands were clasped as if in the fervor with which her soul gave utterance, through the medium of the lips, to those assurances; her countenance was upturned towards the King—the light of the lamp in the armory fell upon her face, defining with Rembrandt effect her nobly formed features. Her magnificent dark eyes looked up in all their luminous glory; and as the King contemplated the superb creature, his regards rapidly travelled over those flowing outlines of the proportions that were modelled to the nicest statuesque precision, and yet to a Hebe richness! He felt as if he could scarcely believe in the happiness that awaited him: his soul was almost steeped in a fount of rapture; and taking her hands, he exclaimed, "Rise, Margaret! and let me fold thee in my arms!"

She suffered the King to raise her up—she sank upon his breast—he covered her cheeks

with kisses. But only for a few instants did she thus abandon herself to those fervid demonstrations of love on his part; and again sinking upon her knees, she extended her clasped hands towards him, exclaiming, "Sire, I crave a boon, before I can accompany thee to the altar!"

"A boon, dearest Margaret!" said the enraptured King; "what do you require at my hands? Name your wish! it is already as good as granted!"

"Oh, sire," she faltered forth, "I feel as if I were kneeling as a traitress and criminal at your feet!—though Heaven knows that I as well as my brother are innocent of the crime of our forefather!"

"By St. Andrew! Margaret, you alarm me!" cried the King; "what is it that you mean? The words traitor and criminal associated with thee, my beloved—or with thy chivalrous brother? No! it is impossible!"

"Yes, sire—it is impossible, so far as we ourselves are concerned!" exclaimed Margaret fervently; "but the law, sire, may brand as traitors those who are in reality the most devoted to their King!"

"I know it, my best beloved," cried the King. "Rise, I beseech you!—tell me what you require! Speak, dearest Margaret! the tapers are doubtless lighted—the priest must be in readiness—"

"No, sire; I will never rise from this suppliant posture until you swear that you will grant the boon which I am about to demand at your hands!"

So wondrously handsome seemed the damsel, with her flashing eyes, her glowing cheeks, and her heaving bosom, as she knelt at the King's feet, that the infatuated monarch would at the instant have handed over his soul to Satan if such a compact had been the sole condition on which he could obtain possession of the splendid Margaret. He accordingly exclaimed, "Speak, dearest—speak! You have already received my pledge; but I repeat it. What has Margaret now to ask of the King?"

"Sire," she said, her voice now changing from excitement into solemnity, "I beseech your pardon for having suffered myself to be wooed under a name which is not my own; and I implore your Highness graciously to suffer me to declare my real name at the altar as the only one by which I may legally and lawfully give response to the questions that will be put to me from the lips of the holy priest!"

"Oh! everything shall be as you will, Margaret!" exclaimed the King. "I care not who you are, or what you may be! All I know is that I love you—that I adore you—and that so long as you yourself are virtuous and good, as I know you to be, I hold you utterly exempt from any criminal taint descending from your ancestors! To all this I pledge myself: my royal word is given!"

"Sire, I thank thee!" exclaimed Margaret, springing up to her feet, and flinging her arms about the monarch's neck, imprinted a kiss upon his cheek. "Listen, sire!—a few words will serve as a sufficient preface!"

"Proceed, my beloved!"—and the King, retaining his arm thrown round Margaret's waist, gazed upon her with the most impassioned ardor as she went on speaking.

"It is nearly forty years ago, sire," she said, "that a conspiracy, as flagitious as it was for a moment formidable, was organized against your Majesty's illustrious father, the mighty Bruce—"

"Tell me, sweet Margaret," interrupted the King, "for you yourself are innocent—was any ancestor of thine implicated therein?"

"Listen to me, sire," she resumed, "and a few more words will suffice for all that it is now necessary to explain. Yes, sire! That conspi-

racious was an infamous one, transcendingly wicked in every respect! To contemplate the assassination of your noble father to make way for William de Soulis,—oh! *this* was to dream of punishing virtue, valor, and efficiency, in order that vice, cowardice, and incompetency might be rewarded! You see, sire, that I speak in no measured terms of that conspiracy, even though amongst them there was an ancestor of mine own! Permit me to remind your Grace that history's page records in dark letters the names of the principal accomplices of Sir William de Soulis; and these were Sir William Malherbe—Sir John Logie—"

"Ah! and history also declares," said David, "that it was this same Sir John Logie who in his fierce hatred against my father, and in his strong partisanship for the wretched aspirant William de Soulis, undertook to deal the death-blow which might render the throne of the Bruce vacant and plunge all Scotland into mourning!"

"Yes, sire," resumed Margaret; "it was Sir John Logie who proved himself the vilest of the whole flagitious band!"

"And amongst them was your ancestor, Margaret?" said the King. "But you have not told me which was he?"

"And heaven be thanked," continued the damsel, without heeding David's question, "that the conspiracy exploded and that the iniquitous designs of the traitors were all crushed under the iron heel of the mighty Robert Bruce! With the exception of William de Soulis and the Countess of Strathern, all the conspirators were put to death. Then followed the deliberations and decrees of the Black Parliament; and these decrees were terrible! Vengeance was to be inflicted upon the conspirators until the third and fourth generations, so that fearful was the punishment thus entailed upon the posterity of those guilty persons! The names of Brechin, Malherbe, Logie, Brown, and others became accursed—they were to be regarded as outlaws—incapable of holding estates upon the Scottish soil—doomed to eternal exile—or else at their life's peril to set foot within Caledonia's boundaries! And these decrees of the Black Parliament have struck the families of those conspirators! their consequences have clung to us like a leprosy, which we have sought to conceal by disguises—by subterfuges—"

"Oh, enough, Margaret!" exclaimed the King; "it is impossible to hold you, my beloved, responsible for the crimes committed by your ancestor long before you were born! I, your King, pardon and absolve you, and thus invest you with that position of legality, which until this moment, you possessed not!"

"Sire, on my knees I thank thee!" said Margaret; and she was sinking down to that suppliant posture, when the King prevented her by catching her in his arms and once more straining her to his breast.

"Yes, dearest Margaret—yes, darling of my soul!" he exclaimed, "grace and pardon are bestowed upon thyself and thy brother—no matter which name of the hitherto branded ones ye do veritably and truly bear,—even though it be Logie itself—that name which most of all I have execrated—yet even for *thy* sake, Margaret—"

"Oh, sire! so much love," she exclaimed, as if thrilling throughout her entire frame with ineffable rapture—"so much love as this demands a lifetime of devotion on my part in return! and it shall be thine!"

"I know it—I know it, dearest Margaret!" cried the King, again and again pressing her to his heart and covering her lips and her cheeks and her brow with kisses. "But still you have not mentioned the name of your ancestor!—the name which is properly your own instead of that of Fitz-Allan?"

"Do not press me now, sire," said Margaret, entreatingly. "You are about to lead me to the altar—and it is there that it will be most fitting to announce it."

"Be it as you will, Margaret!" exclaimed the King. "But, ah! one word? Does Stephen Cochrane know of all this?"

"No, sire," responded Margaret. "It was a secret which could be breathed only to the ear of my Sovereign—that Sovereign who had honored me with his love and who was about to become my husband!"

Thus speaking, Margaret's head drooped upon the Monarch's breast; and at the same instant a strange expression flitted over David's countenance—an expression that had something sinister in it—the evidences of fierce libertine passion being mingled with a sardonic triumph. It almost instantaneously passed away, and the look which now met Margaret's as her face was slowly upturned towards the monarch's, was full of the same enthusiastic love as before.

"Yes, dearest," he said; "you shall, at the altar, tell me your rightful name. But, ah! why comes not Cochrane? Time has been flitting by—it must be near midnight—"

"Is it possible," asked Margaret, now trembling with alarm, "that aught can have occurred to interfere with Master Cochrane's arrangements?"

"Let us hope not," said the King. "He seemed full of confidence: for while in his chamber ere now, I changed my apparel and assumed a toilet that was seemly for the occasion, he gave me such assurances—"

Here the door of the armory opened; and Stephen Cochrane, entering with a demeanor of the profoundest respect, said, "May it please your Grace, all is prepared."

The wily page had remained concealed in the armory till he had gleaned every silent and important particular of the discourse which took place between the King and Margaret; then quickly retreating, he noiselessly closed that secret door—he returned by a private passage into the stone corridor—and speeding into the armory by the regular entrance, he made that announcement to the King.

"Come, my beloved!" whispered David, with tender looks and accents as he proffered Margaret his arm.

Her heart fluttered violently as she took it; David pressed her hand, whispering the most melting words in her ear; and thus they threaded the passage which led to the chapel, Stephen Cochrane leading the way. On reaching the door of the oratorio, Cochrane gave three gentle taps with his finger: the portal was opened—Margaret's glance was flung with nervous quickness upon the countenance of him who appeared on the threshold—she at once recognized it: it was that of Redman the lieutenant. This individual threw upon her a significant look, and made the sign of the cross.

Margaret's heart leapt with joy; for whatsoever lingering mistrust there might have been in her thoughts in reference to this secret ceremony, was now completely banished.

Two tapers were burning feebly upon the altar, in front of which stood an individual in the robes of a priest. The King and Margaret entered, accompanied by Stephen Cochrane. The priest at the altar was a perfect stranger to Margaret: but this was a circumstance that now gave her not any trouble—for she felt assured that Redman had watched over her interests. And now, advancing from the portals of the oratorio towards the altar, Redman presented a small bouquet of flowers, saying at the same time, "Permit me, Mistress Margaret, as one who has known you from your infancy, to proffer you this sincerely meant but humble testimonial of my respect—my esteem—and my friendship!"

Margaret acknowledged in a few suitable words the speech thus addressed her, at the same time accepting the bouquet. Redman seized the opportunity to whisper a few words in Margaret's ear, and which totally escaped the attention of the King. It was the work of an instant!—Margaret flung a look of intelligence upon Redman; and then as she was sweeping her regards towards the priestly-looking individual at the altar, she met the eyes of Stephen Cochrane, who was steadily surveying her.

Before the altar knelt the young King of Scotland and that young lady—the royal David and the descendant of a traitorous ancestor!—there they knelt, assuredly as handsome a pair as the eye could wish to gaze upon. Behind, at a respectful distance, stood Stephen Cochrane and the lieutenant Redman—the only witnesses of the ceremony on which the priest was now entering! Feebly burnt the tapers; for Redman had not dared to have too strong a light in the oratorio, for fear lest it should penetrate through the draperies and be seen by the sentinels without. Low and monotonous was the voice of the officiating individual; and there was a moment when the thought struck strangely cold to the heart of Margaret that this was an ominous and inauspicious ceremony altogether. But as she glanced towards the monarch who knelt by her side, she perceived that his looks were full of tenderness: perhaps she took the impassioned fervor of those regards for the ardor of admiration: and her transient misgivings vanished.

And now came that part of the ceremony when, according to the marriage ritual of those times, the priest demanded the names of the pair who knelt before him, beginning with the bridegroom.

"My son," said the officiating minister, "on this occasion full well do I know to whom my allegiance is due—and thus the interrogatory I am about to put is but for the fulfilment of a ceremony. Your name, my son?"

"David Bruce," answered the monarch.

There was a brief pause; and then the priest answered, "And your name, daughter?"

The King was full of suspense as to what the reply would be: the damsel flung upon him a look as if to remind him of his solemn pledge of grace and pardon; and then she said in a low but firm voice, "My name is Margaret Logie."

The King started for an instant as he knelt there—but only for an instant. No wonder that for a moment he should have been thus perturbed and that the name should have struck discordantly upon his ear: for it was the name of that very conspirator who, more vile and iniquitous than all the rest, had undertaken to plunge the assassin dagger into the heart of the illustrious Robert Bruce, the father of the Monarch who now knelt there by Margaret's side! Yes—the mention of that name of *Logie* grated for a single moment horribly against the nerves of King David: but at the instant a warm, soft hand touched his own—a pair of superb dark eyes were looking up deprecatingly into his countenance—the evil impression vanished—the strong passion of love's infatuation seized upon him again—and moreover there was *something else* passing in his mind which helped so effectually to subdue that transitory repugnance!

The ceremony progressed: the ring was placed by the royal David upon the finger of the beautiful Margaret Logie—the nuptial benediction was bestowed—and as they rose up from their kneeling posture, the Monarch embraced the lady, exclaiming in a low but passionate tone, "My bride! my wife!"

"Say also your Queen!" murmured Margaret, with an indescribable luxury of feeling.

"Yes—my Queen," added the King, but in a

tone that was slightly altered, though Margaret perceived it not—for she felt herself to be a Queen and she was supremely happy!

CHAPTER XXVIII.—TANTALLON CASTLE.

At the south-eastern corner of what may be termed the mouth of the Firth of Forth, stood the celebrated Castle of Tantallon. Situated about a couple of miles to the eastward of the town of North Berwick, this fortress was not merely the most formidable in the county of East Lothian (or Haddington, as it is now called) but likewise one of the strongest and most famous in all Scotland. Its position was romantic and picturesque. Built upon the summit of a huge promontory of rock, it looked from three of its sides upon the water, and thus on these points was impregnable—for the rock was escarped and rugged, and the ocean formed a natural moat at its feet. On the land-side the fortalice was defended by double lines of ramparts, each having a deep ditch. Irregular in shape, and displaying the architecture of different centuries from a very remote date, the buildings of Tantallon were spacious and lofty; while the massiveness of its towers, the strength of its outworks, and all its natural defences, rendered it the appropriate seat of that proud family which acknowledged none other as its equal—which was so often wont to set the law at defiance—and which even at times hearded the authority of Royalty itself.

At a distance of about a mile and a half from the promontory, is an insular mass of rocks, almost of a circular shape, about a mile in circumference with a sloping table eminence, the altitude of the highest point being about four hundred feet. It is the Rock; and seldom around its precipitous sides is the water calm enough to enable vessels to approach. By one narrow passage only is the Bass Rock accessible; and near that landing-place a castle stood in former times, occupying indeed the edge of the entire side of rock facing the promontory where Tantallon itself stood.

Strange and wondrous caverns are there in the Bass Rock: but there is one grand subterranean more marvellous in its natural existence and more terrific in its aspect than all the rest. For it perforates the base of the little granite island completely through from east to west: and being about six hundred yards in length, the darkness which prevails in the middle is never illumined by the light of day. Stupendous is that Darkness!—but Silence, whom Nature has for the most part appointed to be the inseparable associate of the other, holds not her reign in that cavern. For even on the calmest day the smallest ripples raise echoes which become loud reverberations while passing through the awful subterranean: but when the wind blows and the billows beat, then how fearful is the din within the cave!—so that no human language can describe the appalling horrors of the scene at such times when the war of elements is at its utmost—and the German Ocean is pouring all the frantic fury of its waves through the cavern of the Bass Rock!

It was the afternoon of the day following the incidents related in the preceding chapter; and the Black Douglas was pacing to and fro in his apartment at Tantallon Castle. Chafing like a lion in his cage, the terrible chief seemed to feel as if a state of quiescence were impossible—as if the furious instincts which thus inspired him would prompt him almost to spring upon the first who should approach. There was a sinister light in his eyes—lurid and fixed—and therefore all the more terribly ominous on that account. Indeed, the Earl of Douglas felt as if everything were going wrong with him—and as if life had suddenly become a quagmire in which he floundered more and more the further he advanced!

"By Satan!" he muttered to himself, "all

these misfortunes must be redeemed—or else I, the proud Douglas, shall sink under their weight! By the shades of my fathers! I will do something desperate or perish in the attempt! How is it that fortune has turned upon me? Ah! from the moment when my weapon dealt the assassin blow against my aged kinsman, the Knight of Liddesdale, all hath gone wrong with me."

These ideas, which forced themselves upon the mind of the Black Douglas, made a most powerful impression: the deepest gloom came over his countenance. He strove to divert his thoughts into another channel—but he could not: and the sources of his bitter irritation stalked through his imagination like a grim procession of ghastliest spectres.

"Yes," he said within himself, in his compulsory musings—"every misfortune dates from the moment when my hand laid aside the weapon of a noble chivalry which it was wont to wield, and grasped the assassin brand! Misfortune thereafter struck me blow upon blow! Denounced and exposed in the judgment-hall of Melrose, I found myself branded as the plunderer of my kinsman's revenues! Defeated in the lists at Roslin, I became branded as that kinsman's murderer! Beaten at the Castle of Hermitage, I have been forced to render up the broad lands which should have been mine! Accused by the false and perfidious Elvira, I shall shortly have to face fresh infamies—fresh degradations! Oh, all this is intolerable! But worst, worst of all was the loss of fame in the lists at Roslin! Oh, that the Douglas should have been levelled to the dust by the arm of a stripling! But there must be vengeance. And the Earl of Caithness?—vengeance again! Oh, madman that I am to think and talk of vengeance! How could it be wreaked—how can it be accomplished when all the world seem to be turning against me?"

These last words were spoken aloud in the concentrated bitterness of the Black Earl's spirit. He stopped short and dashed his clenched fist violently against his breast; but he started on hearing some words spoken from the threshold of the door.

"Why should my gracious lord complain that all the world have deserted him, when here is his faithful servitor who will go through fire itself to further the views of the Douglas?"

"Ah, good Magnus!" said the Earl, "is it you? Assuredly I ought not to have included yourself against the number of my enemies. Be seated, good Magnus—and let us confer together."

Balveny—who was suffering fearfully from the wounds which he had received at the hands of young Seton at Hermitage Castle—dragged himself painfully into the apartment, and sank upon a seat near the table. His right arm was in a sling: his head was bandaged—his face was ghastly with loss of blood—but the fire of malignant wickedness was not quenched in his eyes.

"Let us see, Magnus," said the Earl, placing himself likewise at the table, and preparing to make memoranda upon a paper that lay before him—"let us see how stands the Douglas now in reference to the number of good fighting men whose services he may command."

"The computation is soon made, my lord," said Magnus Balveny. "Four hundred warriors mustered beneath your banner at the Castle of Hermitage. All those must now be put out of the question; for the Teviotdale and Liddesdale men have doubtless by this time acknowledged Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan as their chief—"

"Maledictions upon him!" ejaculated the Earl, with sombre fierceness.

"Yes, and upon all your lordship's enemies!" added Magnus Balveny. "But in reference to this present computation, my lord, it is easy to compute how many warriors could be mustered, if need were, from the surface of your baronial

domains properly pertaining to Tantallon. Some five or six hundred in all. Yet these, if once within this proud fortalice, might be held as good as a thousand behind walls of inferior strength—aye, and equal to an army of as many thousands that might come to besiege us! But what ideas are now crossing your lordship's brain?"

"Magnus," said the Earl, without answering the question, "do you bear in mind that in case of some desperate deed being attempted, we have the Earl of Caithness with all the warriors of Roslin against us!—we have Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan, with all the Borderers of Liddesdale, Teviotdale, and Eskdale against us—after being recently for us—while the Earl of Bassentyne would be on the side of our enemies!"

Here the door opened, and a domestic entered to announce that Father Julius had just returned to Tantallon, and desired an audience of his noble patron, the Earl.

"Did the priest enter," exclaimed the Black Douglas; and in a few minutes Father Julius made his appearance.

"My most gracious lord," he said, after having given the usual benediction, "it is in the unusual language of sympathy and condolence, instead of congratulation, that I have now to address your lordship. For hitherto, on all occasions within my memory, whatsoever ventures or enterprises a Douglas undertook were always followed by success. Alas, now it is different—"

"Cease this prating, Sir Priest," interrupted the Earl of Douglas, sternly,—"unless thou hast counsel to proffer us or useful suggestions to afford after your sojourn to Roslin. I learnt from Sir Casimir D'Este of the failure of your enterprise to entrap the Lady Albertina; for he proclaimed all this in the presence of the Earl of Caithness at Hermitage Castle, in order that the Earl might taunt me—"

"My lord, it was not my fault that I failed," interrupted Father Julius. "All that man could do to achieve success was performed by me; but if accident brought that Teutonic Knight and his squire upon the spot at the moment, it was veritably no fault of mine—"

"Enough!" ejaculated the Earl, impatiently; "it is one of the bygones that are useless to be deplored, and the merest thought of which chafes one's spirit terribly! Come, Father Julius, you were wont to be expert in counsel; what advice would you proffer in the present strait in which you find your master?"

"To speak soothly, my lord," answered Father Julius, "I have so vaguely heard the details of these new complications that I scarce know how to judge of them. But if your lordship would be pleased to give me a minute account, so that I may rightly understand my noble patron's position, it may be something I could devise—"

"Ah! say you so, holy father?" exclaimed the Douglas; "then with this hope should I be inspired by patience sufficient to tell you everything, even though it were a narrative that might last from hence till to-morrow! Listen, therefore, Sir Priest! You have doubtless heard enough of the catastrophe at Hermitage—"

"All this I know, my lord," interjected Father Julius; "but 'tis of the compacts into which your lordship was forced that I have hitherto obtained but a vague outline."

"The details are briefly summed up," rejoined the Earl of Douglas. "When Hermitage was stormed I was lying unconscious on my couch, drugged by the wine which the hand of a perfidious woman had administered! That woman—methought she had learned to love me!"

"Your lordship is speaking, I presume," said Father Julius, "of a certain lady whose

presence at Hermitage was previously but little known or suspected; for I myself was ignorant—"

"Make not such long speeches, Sir Priest!" interrupted Balveny. "The lady to whom his lordship alludes bears the name of Elvira Ramsay—and let that suffice!"

"Awaking from that profound sleep into which the drugged wine had plunged me," continued the Earl of Douglas, "I found myself a prisoner. The Earl of Caithness, Sir Casimir D'Este, and Sir Fleming Fitz-Allan were in a condition to dictate terms to me!"

"And those terms, my lord?" asked the priest; "I mean those which relate to the Lady Elvira?"

"The lady Elvira had suddenly turned round upon me and become my foe. She told her tale of wrongs—whether real or imaginary, no matter—to those chiefs: and through their aid she demanded the means of making an appeal against me to the King. The Earl of Caithness therefore held me in particular guarantees to appear before the King of Scotland, on the thirtieth day from that date, to answer whatsoever complaint the Lady Elvira Ramsay may bring against me!"

"And what guarantee did your lordship give," inquired Father Julius, "that you would thus make a personal appearance before the King?"

"S'death! the recollection of the ignominy to which I was subjected is scarcely tolerable!" and the Black Earl stamped his foot with rage.

"Tell him, good Magnus! I cannot!"

"Know then, holy father," said Balveny, speaking in a whisper to the priest, that our noble patron has signed a bond acknowledging the forfeiture to the crown of the Barony of North Berwick—the fairest portion of his lordship's domain—if on the day specified he make not personal appearance before his Majesty to answer whatsoever charge the Lady Elvira Ramsay may have to bring."

"And what course thinks his lordship to pursue?" inquired Father Julius.

"Nay, we ask your counsel!" exclaimed Balveny aloud and impatiently. "What would you advise? To provoke a civil war were dangerous: but to appear before the King and answer the Lady Elvira's plaint is an alternative to which the Douglas never must be reduced!"

"My lord," said the priest, addressing himself to his noble patron, "if the Lady Albertina Roslin became the Countess of Douglas, might not all be settled amicably?—would not the Earl of Caithness rather seek to shield than punish his noble son-in-law, even though by violence he had won that fair damsel as his bride?"

"Aye! thou hast spoken truly, Sir Priest!" exclaimed the Earl, "and Albertina is the loveliest of maidens! To wed her were no disagreeable mode, I ween, of cutting the Gordian knot of all these difficulties! But how, Sir Priest—"

"There is a means, my lord," responded Father Julius, "by which the Lady Albertina may be carried off from her father's castle. Nay, more! the very castle itself, if your lordship so will it, may be captured!"

"Say you so?" exclaimed the Black Earl joyously. "By St. Bride of Bothwell! if you make good your words, Sir Priest, your reward shall be the richest that ever a peer bestowed upon ecclesiastic!"

"I can but point the way, my lord," rejoined Father Julius.

"And what if it should all fail?" ejaculated the Earl impatiently, as everything else that we have attempted, has failed of late? Speak, Sir Priest! proffer us your counsel to the fullest details! What if this new scheme should fail, I repeat!—must the Douglas appear like a felon in the presence of the King to face the plaint of a crack-brained woman?"

Father Julius bent for a few moments a strange look upon the nobleman; and then in a tone of confidence, he said, "The Earl of Douglas might perhaps deem it politic to appear before the King: but I, Father Julius, do pledge myself that all shall on that day go well on behalf of thyself, my noble patron! Yes! I speak not at random—I am no madman—"

"Explain yourself, holy father! exclaimed the Earl of Douglas: "what mean you?"

"No matter for the present!" rejoined the priest, firmly and decisively. "The use of those means must prove our last resource! In the meantime let us think of the first named project."

"Yes—'twere far better!" cried the Earl impatiently. "Show me how to carry off Lady Albertina—or, what is better still, how to capture Roslin Castle—and then leave me to make the cause of Douglas rise triumphant above that of all his enemies!"

"Listen then, my lord," said Father Julius, and ye shall speedily judge whether my temporary sojourn in Roslin Castle hath proven suggestive or not for the furtherance of the views of the Douglas!"

Then were all three—Earl, Captain, and Priest—soon plunged in earnest consultation.

(To be continued.)

Eyebright.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH, BY MARY HOWITT.

ANOTHER TALE FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

It was evening; the sinking sun gilded the edges of the broken clouds through which it glanced, and diffused a red light over the landscape, and upon the pale countenance of an old fiddler. He was sitting on a lonely heath, silent, and sunk in deep thought; one hand holding his fiddle, and the other resting caressingly on the head of a dog, which lay beside him with its eyes immovably fixed upon its master. A few wretched cottages were scattered about the heath, but not a sound was heard, excepting the occasional bleat of sheep, which were seeking their scanty food among the ling.

A little girl played about near the old man. She was thinking neither of sorrow nor of want, for she was enjoying herself greatly. She picked up sparkling grains of sand, which glittered in the evening sun; she found the gnaphalium, which was like a little bouquet of everlasting roses; and the little cups of the crimson-tipped cup-moss, which were brimful of the clearest dew. The bread which she ate for her supper was very good: now she ate some herself, now she gave some to the dog; and when she had finished the last morsel, she clasped her hands, and said a little grace, as was her custom:

"I thank thee, Lord, for bread so sweet!
Bless thou the fields where grows the wheat,
And may each little girl and boy
As good a meal as this enjoy."

Thus having said, she began to pluck sprigs of blossoming heath, and in so doing found a little flower growing close to the ground which was quite new to her. It had many little stems, like a beautiful branch of light, and a number of little white blossoms, which were tinted inside with lilac and yellow very beautifully, and which gave them the appearance of a kindly glancing eye.

I have said that golden-tinted clouds gathered round the sunset; behind and concealed by one of these, stood the guardian angel of the district, and gazed below with sorrowful glances. He gazed sorrowfully upon the cottages which were scattered on the heath, and on the rude human beings who inhabited them. No pious evening prayer arose with the smoke towards heaven; no grateful tear fell with the dew upon the earth; everything upon the heath was desolate

and joyless. No, not everything! The glance of the angel fell upon the playful child; he beheld within her soul the pure gold of affection, and as she gathered the little white flower he whispered, "Eyebright!"

"Eyebright!" repeated the little girl also in a whisper, like an echo of the heavenly voice; and she kissed the lovely, delicate flower. But she did not, at that time, know how well it deserved the name.

"Look, grandfather!" said she, presenting the flower to the old man, at the moment forgetting his blindness. He started, as if awaking from a dream, laid his hand upon his inflamed and darkened eyes, while a tear fell from them upon the cup of the flower.

"I cannot see it at all!" said he, and then again sank into gloomy thoughts.

The little girl was distressed, for she thought that he was grieving because he could no longer behold the beautiful setting sun, nor yet a little flower. She had reminded him of his blindness, and she was so sorry that she had no longer any heart to play.

"Oh, if he could only see!" thought she; and with a deep sigh laid her bright curling locks upon the dog, and threw her arms around his neck. He licked the little hand quietly, and heaved a great sigh in his own way; after which the two fell fast asleep. The guardian angel floated invisibly around them; and gazed upon them with loving, happy glances. As she slept, the little girl dreamed that she beheld her mother, wrapped in a snow-white veil, advancing towards her over the heath. Presently she was at her side, and she saw her take from her hand the little flower, on which the old man had dropped a tear, and rub his eyes gently with it. And before long his eyes slowly opened, and all the landscape seemed full of glory as of the ascending sun, and a hymn was sung—But here the dream was brought abruptly to an end, because Burdus, the faithful old dog, suddenly sprang up, and rushed away barking over the heath.

The child rubbed her eyes, and believed that she must still be dreaming, because there was really a lady like the one she had seen in her dream advancing over the heath towards her. She wore light-colored garments, her movement was easy and floating, and the wooing wind played with the veil that covered her bonnet. It was at this light and graceful figure that Burdus had barked so violently; when, however, she paused, and spoke to the dog kindly, he was silent, and turned back to his master.

The lady followed him: very soon she stood before little Elin, who dropped a timid curtsy, with the flower still in her hand, as she gazed with amazement into the large, dark, wonderful eyes of the strange lady. It seemed to the child as if there was a mysterious power, a mysterious light in them; and yet, at the same time, their glance was sorrowful, and the whole countenance pale, and expressive of suffering. She spoke to the old man, and inquired about his blindness, and then gently raising his swollen eyelids, looked carefully at his inflamed and sightless eyes; after this, she turned to the little girl, and said:

"Would you not be very glad to restore sight to your grandfather?"

"Oh, yes!" said Elin.

"You would give him your own sight, would you not?" asked the stranger, half-smiling, and looking at her intently.

"Yes, that I would," said the child.

"But then you would not be able to see, nor to gather any more flowers," said the lady.

"Yes, but I know all the foot-paths across the heath," said Elin. "I could find my way for all that!"

The lady continued to look with a keen, penetrating glance into the child's countenance, and as she did so a kind and sweet expression

filled her own. "Gather," said she, "all the flowers you can find of the kind which you have in your hand, and bring them to me to-morrow morning early, and I will prepare a charm with them which shall restore his sight to your grandfather. Look there," said she, pointing across the heath, "you see where the little brook runs by the edge of the wood; follow its course a little way into the wood, and it will bring you to a white house. It is there that I live."

So saying, the lady kindly stroked the child's head and proceeded homeward. Elin felt very much excited; she hardly knew how or why. A strange, mysterious feeling filled her mind: yet she was very happy at the same time. She feared, and yet she longed for the next morning, when she should see once more the strange lady who exercised such a fascination over her, and who would prepare the charm which should restore sight to her grandfather.

Elin the next morning was up with the sun, and hastened to the heath to seek for the flowers, of which she found a great many. She collected her little apron full, and then went with all speed across the heath in the direction which had been pointed out to her, to where the little brook rushed along the edge of the forest. It was a pleasant little murmuring brook, and at this point entered the wood, and its little waves hastening onward seemed to invite the child to follow. "Come with us, come with us," they seemed to say. The little birds on the forest branches, too, twittered and sang more melodiously than Elin had ever heard before. Her heart throbbed: "Even if I could not see," said she to herself, "I would yet hear the birds sing; and grandfather, who has been so sorrowful ever since he was blind, would be quite happy again if he could only see the beautiful sunshine!"

Thus speaking to herself, she reached the white house, which stood pleasantly, though very lonesome, among beautiful trees upon the banks of the stream, and, with a beating heart, she knocked at the door. The door opened. The strange lady stood there, and gazing fixedly at Elin with her dark, wise, mysterious eyes, said, "So, you are come, my child: and you have brought the flowers—good! Give them to me. But do you remember what I said?"

"Yes," said the child, curtsying, though her knees trembled; "I do remember, and though I should never see the sun and the flowers again, yet I shall never forget them—I shall remember how beautiful they are!" and with these words she burst into tears.

The lady looked at her for a few moments in silence, and then said calmly, "You love your grandfather then so dearly that you are ready to give him your own sight?"

"Yes," replied the child, drying her eyes and looking calmly up into the face of the stranger.

A peculiar but beautiful smile passed over the countenance of the lady. "We shall see," said she: "in the meantime all is right. I will prepare from these flowers a lotion with which you must bathe your grandfather's eyes night and morning, and some day he will be able to see. And if you lend him your eyes for awhile you will not lose them. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God! In the meantime, whilst you retain your sight, and all the other good gifts which God has given you, be careful to make good use of them. Come!"

With these words she took the child by the hand and led her over her house and garden. It seemed to her as if she were wandering in some dream-land. She saw many wonderful things: stones, and plants, and animals which she had never seen before; and in the garden were many beautiful plants and flowers, the names and virtues of which the lady told her. She could not remember all their names, but she remembered that they were every one of them good

for the cure or the alleviation of human ailments and sufferings. It was to Elin as if a new world had opened to her, and she felt as if she could stay here always, as if she would like to be always near that beautiful grave lady, whose eyes beamed so strangely, and whose words sounded so sweet yet so mysterious at the same time.

All at once, however, she remembered her blind grandfather.

"I must go home," said she; "grandfather will want me."

"Yes, go," said the white lady, "but come to me here every day. Come in the afternoon, when your grandfather is taking his after-dinner nap, then come and stay a couple of hours with me, and I will teach you the medical virtues of herbs. This knowledge may be very useful to you some day. And bring with you every time as many flowers as you can gather of the plant which will restore sight to your grandfather."

The child hastened home with a peculiar joy in her heart. Every day she returned, as she had been desired, to the stranger, who was known in the neighborhood by the name of the Wise Lady. And every day she took with her a quantity of the flowers, and with the juice, properly prepared by the hands of the wise lady, she softly anointed the eyes of her blind grandfather, believing, poor child, all the time, that by this means, through some mysterious manner, his power of sight would be given to the old man; which belief, however, she carefully concealed from him.

"I suppose that I shall soon become blind," thought she, and the thought troubled her. Each day the lady of the wood taught her to understand and perceive the wonders of nature, and communicated to her the knowledge of the healing powers which God had given to many herbs and plants; nay, she even assisted her in preparing ointments and medicines from them. And this knowledge and this power of usefulness afforded her great joy.

"But what shall I do when I can see no longer?" thought Elin. She resolved, however, not to think about this, but only of the great joy of her old grandfather when he first should recover his sight. Morning and night she bathed the eyes of the old man as he slept, with the prepared juice of the flowers. "Towards Advent," the wise lady had said, "he ought to perceive a change."

"It is very wonderful!" said the old man, one day, "but I do not any longer feel that burning sensation in my eyes, and I could fancy that I perceived a faint light through the night of my blindness!"

Elin trembled with joy and with terror at the same time. She feared that now when her grandfather began to recover his sight, hers would begin to decline. She looked around her anxiously; the sun was setting, and she thought, "Perhaps I shall never more behold him!"

The morrow was the first Sunday in Advent. Elin awoke early. All was dark, for she had awoke long before dawn. "Now," thought she, "perhaps grandfather can see, and this is the beginning of my blindness. I will ask him to read to me!" In a little while she rose, dressed herself softly that she might not wake the cross old Grita who lived with them, and went into her grandfather's chamber, the window of which lay towards the east. The old man was sitting up in his bed, with his face turned to the window. The early glow of the sunrise tinged the eastern sky with crimson.

"O Father in heaven!" exclaimed the old man, "I can see—I can see! There is the light of the rising sun! O my Lord and Saviour—I can see the blessed daylight!"

"And I can see it too!" cried the child, almost out of herself for joy, and flung herself upon her knees by the old man's bed and wept.

"Grandfather can see; and so can I at the same time!" exclaimed she, as somewhat later in the day she hastened to the house of the wise lady.

The lady smiled, took the child on her knee, and kissed her for the first time. "I merely wished to prove you," said she, "and I have found you steadfast;" and for the first time Elin saw tears in her eyes.

The old man sat at home with clasped hands, and read aloud to himself, "The people who sate in darkness have beheld a great light."

Before long Elin sprang in and danced before him like a little fairy for joy. He took up his violin quietly, and played and sang in the joy of his heart—

"Thou art the staff that stayed my weakness,
The flower that gemmed life's dreary bleakness;
My heart's best joy, my eye's delight:
The little star that cheered my night!"

They were all happy now; Elin, the old grandfather, and the pale, wise lady. The old man became happier and gentler in temper every day. The wise lady seemed to grow younger and more cheerful. Elin, light as a fairy, danced backwards and forwards over the heath, and seemed to divide her affections and her time between the two. Old Grita's temper mended wonderfully, because many a good dinner, and many a useful piece of household pleasing came from the house of the wise lady to the poor cottage, and Elin always brought home with her a jug of milk when she returned from the white house in the wood.

In process of time Elin accompanied the wise lady in her visits to the poor cottages on the heath, and helped her to administer medicines which she herself had learned to prepare. She heard her talk to the poor, at the time she was attending them in their sufferings and sicknesses, of the Great Physician in heaven, and of his remedy, and of his words of consolation for the sick heart and mind. Day by day Elin learned more and more.

One day Elin came to the white house weeping bitterly.

"Grandfather is dead!" said she.

"He is at rest with God," said the wise lady, "and you shall now live with me, and I will be as a mother to you. When I came here first a great sorrow was in my heart. The unkindness of human beings had placed it there. But I knew that it would regain its joy and its health if I could only meet with one good, thankful, and devoted heart. God permitted me to find you—and through you my life has recovered its health and its joy. God has given you to me, and all that I possess shall be yours."

"When I am gone," said the wise lady, "you must remain in my place, as the physician and the comforter and the counsellor of the poor. That is a sacred vocation, and will be worth living for. You may thus become to many that which you have been to me, and which you was to your grandfather,—gladness to the heart, and sight to the eye."

Elin lived for this purpose. Her life was devoted to it. She was good and she was happy; and she became to all the dwellers on the heath, like the little flower which had given sight to the old man, and to her a new life.

Elin was called *Euphrasia*, which is the name given by learned botanists to the little *Eye-bright*.

MOROCCO

THE city of Morocco is built on an extensive and fertile plain, 1450 feet above the level of the sea. Its population in 1844 was estimated at 100,000. It is nearly six miles in circuit, and is surrounded by a strongly built wall of taccia work, (a composition of lime mixed with earth,) having foundations of masonry and square towers at intervals of fifty paces. The walls are entered by eleven gates. The entire space within is not generally covered with buildings, but comprises large gar-

dens and open areas of from twenty to thirty acres in extent. The streets are narrow, irregular and unpaved. The houses are mostly constructed of tabby or taccia, although many are built of stone; they are generally of one story, flat roofed, with the side fronting the street, plain and whitewashed, having here and there an unglazed opening for a window. There are several market-places, and a covered bazaar, at which a great variety of articles are always for sale. There are nineteen mosques in the city, of which six are remarkable for their size and architectural elegance. The palace stands on the south side of the city, occupying a space of about 1600 yards in length by 600 yards wide. The "Jew's Quarter," (El Millah,) is a walled inclosure of about a mile and a half in circuit; one half of it is nearly in ruins; it is thronged to suffocation, and is in a state of excessive filthiness.

Morocco is famous for the manufacture of the species of leather to which the town gives name. One establishment is said to employ fifteen hundred persons. The color used in dyeing the morocco is confined to yellow. There are the ruins of extensive aqueducts in the vicinity of the town, some of them twenty miles in length. It is a place of great antiquity, having been founded in 1072. The town has long been hastening to decay, and is now nearly half in ruins—the result of war, pestilence, and wretched government.

The Grizzly Bear of California.

THE engraving on page 361 represents the grizzly bear of California, the largest animal of the species known, except the Polar bear. They are the offspring of a large bear that infest that part of California where the diggings are going forward; and our artist has sketched the brute, crouched on an eminence, ready to pounce upon its prey; and a number of people are running away in the distance, as if terrified at the sight of it. So remarkable are these bears for their ferocity, that the Indians deem it an honor to kill them in the chase, and wear their claws in necklaces, by way of trophy.

The grizzly bear of America, in its mode of life and subsistence, exhibits much affinity with the brown bear of Europe. It inhabits the recesses of the forests, and the wildest tracts of the country, and seldom approaches cultivated and peopled regions except when the rigor of the season deprives it of all sustenance in its ordinary quarters. It feeds on fruits, roots, insects, flesh, and even fish, of which last it is reported to be extremely fond; and it descends to the borders of lakes, and to the sea-shore, in pursuit of its favorite diet. It never attacks the larger animals, or man, except when severely pressed by hunger. Its movements, like those of the brown bear, are heavy and awkward, but it climbs trees with facility, and swims well. In its excursions it always follows the same paths, which thus, in time, become so well beaten, that the Indians follow them to hunt the animal in its retreats.

In Europe, it is generally the season which determines the epoch and the duration of the retirement of the bears. The case is not precisely similar with the grizzly bears of America. When the winter commences in the most northern parts, the bears which inhabit these regions abandon them, and betake themselves to a less rigorous climate, where they remain as long as the season obliges them. They choose a shelter, either in the trunk of some hollow tree, or under the projection of some jutting rock. They furnish it with dry leaves, and soon fall into a lethargic sleep, from which nothing awakes them but the return of spring. They descend no further to the south than the latitude of the Florida,

and to the west they proceed as far as the Pacific Ocean.

During June the American bears grow excessively thin, and the Indians will not touch their flesh; they are also much more dangerous to meet at this time than any other. Gestation lasts about six months, and in January or February the cubs are born. They are about six or eight inches long, covered with hairs, have the eyes closed, and are devoid of teeth. Their nails, however, are very much developed. The grey tint of their fur continues for the first year, and they are suckled for six months. The moulting takes place in spring and autumn, and all the hairs fall almost about the same time.

The hunting of this species was formerly much more productive than at present. The fur of these animals was formerly preferred by the Indians; but since the Europeans have established themselves in the northern parts of America, the hunting of the bear has been neglected for that of the castor. The flesh, however, is still much sought after, especially that of the feet, which is in high request, and the fat is a perfect *bonne bouche* for the savage hordes of these countries. The chase of the bear is accompanied among the Indians with many superstitious observances; but an account of them would be better adapted to illustrate the history of uncivilised man, than that of the animal at present in question.

The bear found in America does not appear to possess the same degree of docility and intelligence as the brown bear of Europe. He does not minister, like his congener, to the purposes of curiosity or amusement; and is never exhibited dancing to the sound of the flageolet and tamborine. He attains, however, to the comprehension of certain signs. He lies down, rises up, and turns to the right or left at the word of command.

In the organs of sense, motion and generation, these bears resemble the brown, as also in their gait and habit of body. Their voice resembles groaning, more or less violent, according to the strength of their sensations.

They generally resemble each other entirely, whether male or female; the muzzle being a deep brown above, and a greyish fawn color at the sides; a small fawn-colored spot being in front of the eye, and all the rest being of a fine, dark hue.

The yellow and cinnamon bears, found in Carolina and Virginia, and very common in

North-western Louisiana, where they are called white bears, and are said to feed chiefly on honey, or acorns of a large size, and wild berries, are merely varieties of the same species. Difference of color alone, more especially in the animals of very northern climates, is no sufficient criterion of the distinction of species. It is a received opinion that the black bears occasionally produce white or fawn-colored cubs; and, after all, the yellow bear may be nothing more than an albino variety, such as are constantly springing up in the human and other species.

The grizzly bear is the most formidable and ferocious animal in California, and yet, with all this ferocity of disposition, rarely attacks a man unless surprised or molested. The fellow never lies in wait for his victim. If the hunter invades his retreat or disputes his path he will fight, but otherwise contents himself with the immunity which he finds in the wildness of his home and the savage grandeur of his nature.

The full-grown California bear measures from eight to ten feet in length, and four or five in girth. His strength is tremendous, his embrace death. Nature has thrown over him a coat of mail, soft indeed, but impervious to the storm and the arrow of the Indian. The fur, which is of a dark brown color, is nearly a span long, and when the animal is enraged each particular hair stands on end. His food in the summer is chiefly berries, but he will now and then, on some of his feast-days, slaughter a bullock. In winter he lives on acorns, which abound in these forests. In procuring his acorns, when on the tree, he does not manifest his usual cunning. Instead of threshing them down like the Indian, he selects a well-stocked limb, throws himself upon its extremity, and there hangs swinging and jerking till the limb gives way, and down they come, branch, acorns, and bear together. On these acorns he becomes extremely fat, yielding ten or fifteen gallons of oil, which is said to be sufficiently pungent and nutritive as a tonic to tuff a statue's marble head.

The she bear has one peculiarity that must puzzle even the philosophical inquirer. As soon as she discovers herself with young she ceases to roam the forest, and modestly retires to some secluded grotto. There she remains, while her male companion, with a consideration that does honor to his sex, brings her food. She reappears at length with her twin cubs, and woe to the luckless wight who should attempt to injure or

molest them. They are guarded by an affection and ferocity with which it would be madness to trifle. For them she hunts the berries, and dislodges the acorns. Her maternal care is a beautiful trait in her savage nature, and

"Shines like a good deed in a naughty world."

Independence Rock.

This remarkable rock—remarkable not only of itself, but also because of the prominence it has attained in the present political campaign—we have thought worthy of an illustration in the *NEW YORK JOURNAL*. A geographical error obtains very generally in regard to the locality of Independence Rock. Even our friend, Charles W. Upham, Esq., the author of a most attractive biography of the republican candidate for the Presidency, commits the grave mistake of placing it among the Rocky Mountains, when, in fact, it is three or four days' travel from the famous South Pass, and two days' journey, as emigrants are in the habit of travelling, from where the range of mountains begins to rise. It is an isolated rock—a huge granite boulder—lying to the eastward of the mountains, on a vast plain that is traversed by the Sweet Water river, a clear and beautiful stream. Close to its margin lies the road, following and crossing the devious windings of the river, and at this point running immediately by the rock. The road is what is known as the old military route to Oregon, and is travelled by all emigrants wending their way to Oregon, California, and the valley of the Great Salt Lake. It was called Independence Rock because it was reached—as it generally is in the ordinary course of travel—on the Fourth of July, and the day was there celebrated by the patriotic travellers. Nearly every passer-by clambers upon its summit, which is reached without difficulty, and thousands upon thousands of names, initials, and devices are cut upon its granite surface, many of them in positions it would seem almost impossible to attain. Centuries hence, perhaps, many of its quaint hieroglyphs will puzzle the antiquarian more than the inscriptions on the Egyptian Pyramids. It was on this rock the cross about which so much ado is made by unscrupulous politicians was cut by Col. Fremont and then sealed over with a coating of India-rubber to preserve it from the action of the weather.



INDEPENDENCE ROCK.



TARTAR CHILDREN OF THE VALLEY OF BAIDAR.

The Tartars of the Valley of Baidar, Crimea.

THE Tartars or Norzhais have retained much of the original stamp in their physiognomy and in the structure of their bodies. Their figures without exception are short and stumpy; they have round, full faces, straight black hair without any gloss, and but little beard. Their eyes are slit, and the pupil is scarcely distinguishable from the dark iris—both which circumstances form a disagreeable contrast with the yellowish white of the rest of the eye. The short stunted nose, somewhat pouting lips, and the scarcely projecting chin, contribute as little to the embellishment of their persons, (which average little more than five feet high,) as their short necks and puffy limbs. Nevertheless, especially among the girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty, though they in general

differ little from their countrymen, we find some who not alone have pretensions to beauty, but who even actually merit the title. As the usual yellow color of their skin assumes in them a delicate tint, with a slight tinge of carmine, they do not strike one as by any means so disagreeable as Tartar women farther advanced in life; so that even, when once accustomed to slit their eyes, their mild expression is sufficient to gain the hearts of men of the Indo-European race; but when a young and beautiful woman has had one or two children, she not only loses her charms rapidly, but soon exhibits extreme ugliness, such as we scarcely ever meet among ourselves, and women of the age of thirty look as if they were creatures who had undergone many hardships. It is a curious fact, that the Tartars here do not speak the same dialect as

their countrymen upon the Caucasus, but have a pronunciation which differs but little from that spoken in Constantinople.

The mode of life pursued by the Tartar forms the greatest contrast with that of the regular Russian. The money which they earn is brought home to their families, with whom their leisure hours are spent; not a copeck consumed out of the house. The domestic life of the Crim-Tartar is said to be quite unexceptionable. Peace and happiness reign. A European who has been thrown among them by the Crimean war, cannot sufficiently praise the harmony existing among members of families, the love of order and activity of the women, and the industry of the men. In industry one Tartar works as much as two Russians. A Tartar village on the southern coast strikes one imme-



diately on entering it, by the cleanliness of the streets and houses. No naked or ragged children are running about, as is seen among the Christians and Mahometans of other places, and the women are universally treated with respect compared with all others of their fellow-countrymen and believers.

Lecture "On Vision."

BY THE REV. W. LISTER ISAAC, M.A.

THE human eye presents itself to our common observation as consisting of two parts—the pupil, and the ball of the eye. The pupil receives the images of the objects we behold, which then pass through the eye-ball; and many persons think that this is all that is requisite to produce perfect sight. If any of you entertain such an idea, you will be surprised when I tell you that the eye does not see at all. The eye has no more innate power of sight than a telescope or a looking glass. It is an optical instrument for transmitting the rays of light, like the telescope; and it has reflecting powers, like the looking-glass; but in itself it can do no more than either of the two instruments. It cannot accomplish sight; and we can, indeed, get all the impressions of vision, such as size, situation, and color, without the eye being at all employed. This is constantly happening to us in our dreams; and whenever we have been more than ordinarily excited by pleasure, or depressed by grief, we are almost certain to experience these effects. Have you never dreamed that you have seen faces, figures, and sights? You have no doubt beheld in your sleep all these combined together, and had them so vividly portrayed as to retain the most distinct remembrance of passing scenes when you have awoke. But when a person is under the influence of an opiate, these impressions assume such distinct vividness, and exquisite beauty, as perfectly to entrance the mind at the time. No doubt is felt of the reality of the spectacle: its gorgeous coloring is of so bright a hue, as altogether to outvie the sombre scenery of our terrestrial globe. Take another instance—playing blindfold at chess: the board, with sixty-four squares, must be present to the mind; the pieces must all assume their proper shapes; their different moves must be distinctly recognized; so that, in fact, the three great properties of vision—namely, color, situation, and size—must be accurately impressed.

Allowing that there have been the most flagrant instances of imposture and collusion in mesmerism, yet still enough is verified to prove that internal impressions are made without the intervention of the organs whereby those impressions are generally produced. In some keenly-scrutinised instances, every act of the mesmeriser has been repeated by his automaton patient. Now, if a person imitate every movement I make with hand or foot, or head or lip, you would conclude that he sees me: at least, if he does not see, he does that which vision represents. In all these instances, the eye can have nothing to do with sight, for it is closed to all external objects. The eyelid is closely pressed upon the visual organ; so closely, indeed, that no image can enter its pupil, no light can pass through its ball. What, then, is the conclusion to which we are led? Clearly this—that if the sense of sight can be produced without the eye, (that is, with the eye shut,) the eye does not possess within itself the faculty of vision; and, consequently, if we would know the phenomena of vision, we must not rest satisfied with a simple inspection of the organ of sight.

Let us then consider the eye more closely with its accompanying machinery. The light of a candle which we see, enters the pupil of the eye, and passes through the various humors of its globe; it strikes against the retina—a thin delicate membrane at the back of the eye—and there the candle is reflected just as a face is re-

flected in a looking-glass. Now, embedded in his retina, are the pulpy ends of the optical nerves; and these nerves carry forward the impression of sight to the brain. This is confirmed by the fact that if these optical nerves are injured, vision at once becomes impaired, if not extinct. We trace vision into the eye, through the eye, and then along the optical nerves. These nerves end in a part of the brain which is called the seat of sensation, and into that particular part of it which bears the name of the optic ganglion; and that this optic ganglion receives the impression of the object which enters the eye-ball, is made evident from the fact that this ganglion receive any injury, however perfect every other part of the visual apparatus may be, the eye becomes quite dim.

I have now traced vision through the lengthened series of means which are designed for carrying it into execution. The eye receives the figure of the object, the retina reflects it, the optic nerve carries it onwards, it enters the brain, and at last it fixes itself in the optic ganglion. But then, can this optic ganglion produce the phenomena of sight? Why, it is only matter: be it composed of what it may, it is opaque matter, and there dwells in it no more favorable properties for seeing, than you can find in either the skin of your hand, or your ear, or your foot. How, then, after all, can we explain vision? It is an unfathomable mystery. The naturalist knows nothing about it: to the philosopher it is an equal enigma; nor can the anatomist disclose the hidden secret.

From these observations you will perhaps be led to this conclusion—That vision, though in its ultimate causation a direct exercise of creative power, is yet, so far as the mechanical apparatus of sight is concerned, more influenced by the optic ganglion and the optic nerves, than by the eye itself. Let us, then, consider these two parts of the animal frame as the seat of vision. In what I have hitherto said respecting the theory of vision, I have had before me only the higher orders of animal existence; and I have alluded to the eye as found in what we may consider its most perfect shape. But we must not suppose that the eye is always so. In the insect tribes, in the worms and grubs, we shall discover a great variety of configuration, attended with a higher and lower degree of sight. In fact, vision is like an ascending series, beginning at so low a point that it is actually impossible to say where is its first existence. In some of the smallest animalcules, there is a certain degree of sensibility to the rays of light,—some choosing the light, and expanding to its influence, and others shrinking from it, as from an injurious agent. But in these microscopic creatures, it is impossible, on account of their minuteness, to detect the presence of the optic ganglion, or of the optic nerve. When, however, we come to creatures of a larger bulk, both these may be detected. Supposing, then, that the optic ganglion is the source of light, and the optic nerve has the power of being affected by the light, what would be the consequences if this optic nerve ended in the outer coatings of the skin—that skin being pellucid, and therefore offering no resistance to the light? In such a case, we should expect that the little creature would experience a dim sense of light and darkness, and nothing more. From the visual apparatus being so rudimentary, we could not expect clear vision; but we might imagine that there would be a capability to distinguish the day from the night. Again, if instead of the optic nerve being merely like a little point inside the skin, it came through it, enlarging itself into a little globe, like the head of a pin, but smaller, we have then a somewhat greater degree of perfection in the visual apparatus; and we might then expect a somewhat nearer approach to sight. And this is the case in the

common slug. It not only knows light from darkness, but has some idea of substance; for from experiments that were made with the slug, it was repeatedly observed to avoid a small object presented to it—thus affording evidence of its possessing this sense, at least to such an extent as would enable it to find out its way, and to avoid what was injurious to its life. Next, suppose that instead of there being one pair of optic nerves, they branched out into many separate parts, each part, as before, ending in a distinct globe, then there being so many more points for receiving the light, there would exist a proportionate extension in the degree of vision. In the leech, the optic nerve ends in ten such distinct points; in the caterpillar there are eight; in the centipede there are twenty-eight; and as there is a variety in the number of these rudimentary organs of sight, so also is there no less variety in the perfection of the organs itself. But still thus far we have met with nothing which can fairly bear the name of an eye; they appear to be little more than spots—in some like black grains of sand, in some red, and in some white. In others, these granules are of a somewhat larger size; and some experimentalists have imagined that they have detected some appearance of the germ of an eye, as in the slug and the leech. But it is unnecessary to dwell longer upon these creatures, which sink so low in the order of creation, and respecting which nothing can be affirmed with any degree of certainty, although numerous experiments have been made. I did not, however, think it well to pass them over, because they help to fix the ideas upon our minds of the theory of vision, leading us to trace them up to the optic ganglion, from thence to the optic nerve; making us to understand how a degree of sight could be imparted, when the visual organ was in its most imperfect and rudimentary state.

With respect to the insect tribes, it is to be observed that the interior cavities of their head are chiefly filled with the optic ganglion, from which the optic nerves proceed. Now, in some insects, there is a pair of optic nerves; in others, four pair; in others, six; and in others, eight;—each one ending in a complete visual apparatus. And hence it follows, that in the species of insects now under consideration, some have two, some eight, some twelve, some sixteen eyes, which are variously distributed about the head. Take the garden spider as a type of this class; it has eight eyes on its forehead, which are planted in three tubicles, four on the central one, and two on each side of the lateral ones, and that the spider has very distinct vision will be evident to any one who has watched its movements. When a fly or a gnat is caught in the meshes of its web, how swiftly it comes down from its concealment, and pounces upon its prey. If the entangled captive is strong, and is striving to burst away, how dexterously the spider fastens an additional knot round the struggling limb, and binds it with elastic glue. The spider knows at once whether it is a wing or a foot that most requires the bond; and instantaneously the web is woven and fixed. And then look at the spider when the capture is complete—how it removes its prey, repairs the broken web, and when all is fitly finished, goes back to its concealment.

But again there is another kind of eye prevailing among a very large department of the insect tribes—what is called the compound eye; and the best way of conceiving the idea of these compound eyes, is to suppose that instead of the eyes being separated and distributed over the forehead of the insect, they are united together in two clusters, in which case we have eight or ten eyes united together on each side of the head, each having its own separate nerve, as being a distinct cause of sight. But, in fact, instead of there being only eight or ten, they vary from fifty to twenty-five thousand; and

The Count.

BERTRAM.—What man is this?
 CULIO. I know not, but
 He hath a goodly presence, and hath learned
 All courtly exercise, and talketh much
 Of guns, and swords, and foughten fields.
 * * * "I will be seen.—*Old Play.*"

FRANZ HEINRICH AUGUST SKAMPOWSKI, ex-Count of Diebedorf, ex-lord of two castles in Poland, ex-owner of extensive domains on the Vistula; he had lost his title, his castles, and his land through taking a hero's part in the last Polish insurrection. He expected, however, a speedy reversal of the decree which had banished him from the land of his fathers, and had reason to believe, also, that his estates would be restored to him, could he persuade himself to swear allegiance to the Russian government. Before the insurrection, he had fortunately invested twenty thousand pounds in the English funds, and on this resource he now lived, quietly and unassumingly, mourning less o'er his own misfortunes than o'er the unhappy lot of his native land. Such was the account which he gave of himself, and such was the account which excited the liveliest interest amongst all the marriageable young ladies in our town.

He came suddenly, like a comet, and created as much sensation. His appearance answered the description of an orthodox novel hero. "His dark hair fell in luxuriant curls from a high forehead slightly tinged with melancholy." He wore a pointed beard and a superb moustache. His teeth were unsurpassed; his smile was irresistible. He dressed exquisitely: no man ever saw him but in dress-coat, light waistcoat, kids, (generally lemon,) and jewelry of the most costly description. His linen was of the finest quality possible, and he possessed the Eleusinian secret of keeping his wrist-bands ever white and spotless. No one knew aught of him save what he told, but having apparently plenty of cash, and, without question, a most gentlemanly address, he soon became intimate with a number of decidedly genteel families. The young ladies unanimously declared that he was a "perfect love of a man, the most handsome, the most noble-looking in the town." The young gentlemen, however, stigmatized him as an adventurer."

This was mere envy—mere uncharitableness, of course.

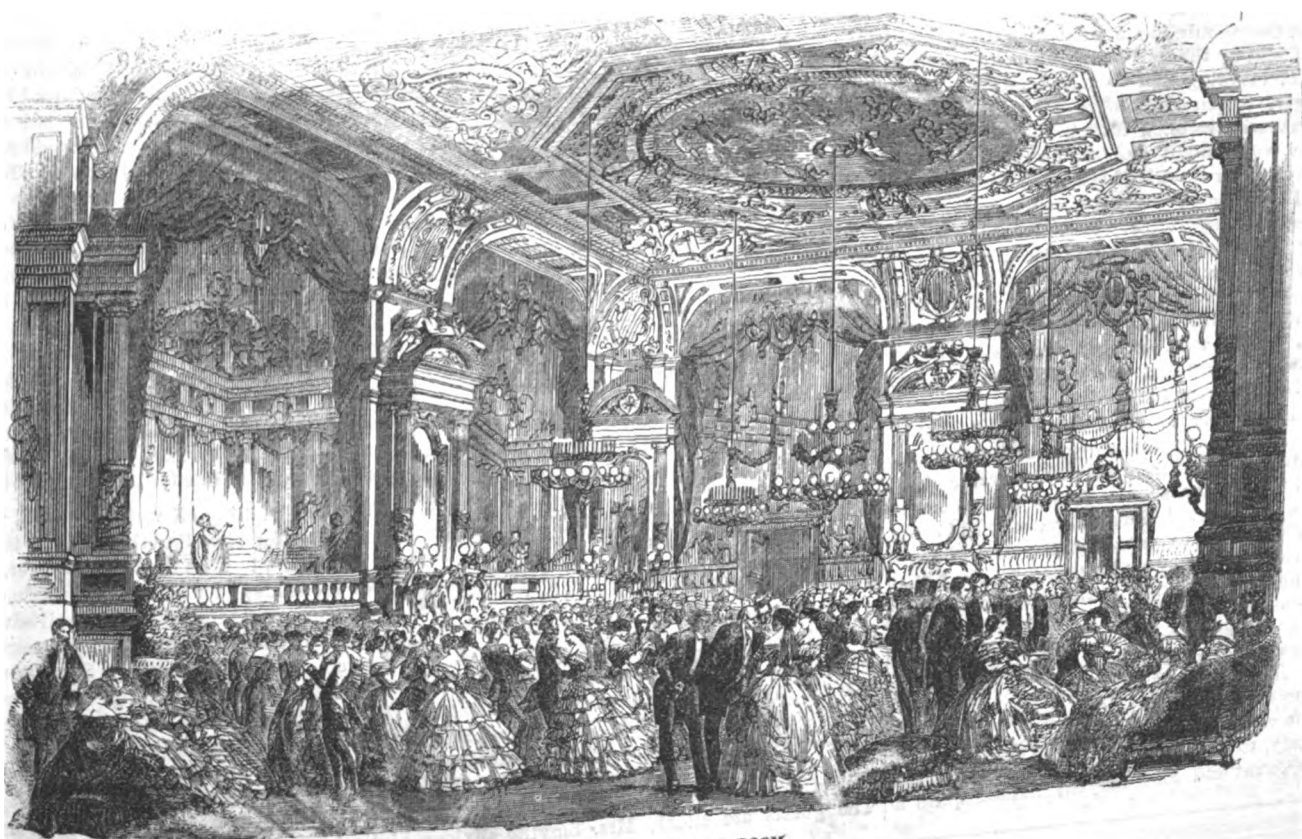
It was hard to say how the Count spent his time. It was known, however, that he passed a great proportion of it standing at his window in a thoughtful posture, and curling his moustache, or twisting his beard abstractedly. It was known that he smoked a vast number of cigars, and it was suspected that he drank an alarming quantity of brandy. Some said his chief pursuit was writing poetry; others, that it was the maturing of a plan for the restoration of Poland. But any one could see that he was unhappy—at least, any young lady could; and, being unhappy, he naturally excited the sympathy of tender souls. "How sweet would it be," wrote the poetical Arabella Smythe, "to smoothe that noble brow, to lighten that heroic bosom, to change that sad smile into a smile of gladness! How delightful a task! How noble a mission!"

About this time, some appalling cases of suffering occurred amongst the Polish refugees in London. Numbers of patriots had been reduced to the necessity of grinding organs for a precarious subsistence; and some had even been dragged to Bow street on absurd charges of swindling, preferred (of course) by the ruthless agents of Russian malignity. Skampowski felt a deep sympathy with his poor countrymen, and contributed largely to the relief of their necessities. He told so many affecting tales of their sufferings, and painted their unhappy lot in so lively colors, that our young ladies were seized with a mania for alleviating Polish misery. They subscribed a considerable sum, and placing it in a blue silk purse, worked by Miss Smythe, presented it to the Count, requesting him to apply it to the benefit of his brave countrymen who had so manfully struggled against the oppressor. He received it with tears in his eyes, and became so much affected, that he wept aloud before the whole committee of ladies. For some time he could not speak, and when he could his utterance was choked by sobs. "De ladies, deir generosity would bury for ever at de bottom of his countrymen's hearts. His countrymen had hungair, de ladies gave dem of to eat; his countrymen had tirst, de ladies gave dem of drink; his

countrymen had poverty, de ladies gave dem de money. De pounds he would forward to his friend Count Schwindelvöke, but de leetle purse he would put into his bosom, and when Poland did make her other effort to be free, he would find himself stretched on de field, vid de leetle purse colored in de best blood of his heart."

He forwarded the money, but kept "de leetle purse." Some people said he kept "the pounds" too, but that was a slander, for a few days afterwards he read a letter from Count Schwindelvöke, who not only gave a formal receipt for the money, but also described, in the most affecting terms, the gratitude of his brave countrymen; how forty-eight of them had sworn, as one Pole, to die for the ladies of Pinkotowns, at a moment's notice, should it ever become necessary; how Pinkotowns was printed on each of their forty-eight hearts; and how their ninety-six eyes were constantly overflowing with tears of gratitude; which ought to carry (and indeed will carry) conviction to every dispassionate mind.

The Count, as we called him, continued to increase in popularity; but when he observed that he was in daily expectation of being recalled, and that he would like to take a little American wife with him to Poland, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. A real count, oh, how nice! how romantic! How delightful to be a countess, and live in an old castle surrounded by trees and a moat, and to have serfs, and wild boars, and wolves, and forest, and bears, all of your own; and to accompany the Count hunting in the woods and fishing in the rivers and shooting in the mountains. Ravishing! Miss Smythe learned "Masappa" by heart; Miss Titly read "Thaddeus of Warsaw" to pieces; Miss Smythe knew all about the Jagellonidae and the Wyandot kings (whoever they were); Miss Titley knew all about the patriots, and used to give a thrilling account of one with a particularly hard name, whose body the Russians haggled with their swords "until his heroic soul left its tenement." Miss Smythe took lessons in German, which the Count spoke like a native; Miss Titley took lessons on the guitar, which the Count played like a trounba-



THE BALL AND CONCERT ROOM.

dour. Each of the young ladies built the prettiest and most romantic castles in the world.

The Smythes frequently invited the Count to supper. He was not by any means proud or distant—he always accepted the invitations. He praised everything: of such trifle he had never heard, of such oyster patés he had never dreamed. He discovered at once that Mr. Smythe's portrait was Mr. Smythe, and had an intuitive perception that the cappy and frilly picture was meant for Mrs. Smythe. Then he was so conversational, so well-informed, had seen so much of life, had travelled in so many lands, and described everything in such delightful broken English. The Smythes unanimously declared that the Count was the most agreeable guest in the world.

But if the Smythes had the Count at supper, the Titleys monopolized him entirely on Sundays. Yes, every Sunday did the heroic Skampowski condescend to escort Miss Titley to church, condescend to take dinner with the family, tea with the family, and supper with the family; to smoke cigars with Titley junior, and drink brandy and water with Titley senior; to talk sentiment with Miss Titley, and domestics with Mrs. Titley; and, in general, to conduct himself as affably as though it was the Titleys who were honoring the Count Skampowski instead of the Count Skampowski who was honoring the Titleys. Like the Smythes, the Titleys said, "the Count was the most agreeable guest in the world."

The Count's esteem appeared to be equally divided between the two families. If, on the one hand, he praised warmly the patés at the Smythes', on the other hand, he expressed boundless satisfaction with the soup at the Titleys'. If he was ravished with the trifle manufactured by Miss Smythe's own hands, he extolled to the skies the blancmange made under Miss Titley's own eye. If he sometimes chatted familiarly with young Smythe, and called him "Tom" and "*mon cher*," he frequently went out with young Titley, and allowed him to pay for the brandy. No one could have said that he inclined to either more than the other; that he loved the Smythes more or the Titleys less.

The Smythes at length resolved to settle the question whether Arabella was to be "countess." They decided on giving a grand party, so that the Count might see what they could do, and on taking the earliest subsequent opportunity of bringing him to a declaration. Accordingly, preparations were made "on the most extensive scale." Miss Smythe kept her hair in paper night and day, and practised Somebody's Air in C, with brilliant variations, till all the neighbors were reduced to the confines of desperation. Mrs. Smythe held hourly consultation with the cook, and sent hourly messages to the confectioner. The cook promised to do all that art could do; the confectioner promised to do more. The piano was tuned, waiters were engaged, plate was hired, and, in short, nothing was omitted that could assist in giving the party *clat*.

At length the eventful day arrived. Like newspaper balls, "the party was a brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion, a coruscation of wit and beauty, such as it has seldom been our lot to witness." The Titleys, who had been specially invited, in order that they might recognize the futility of endeavoring to rival the Smythes, were the only guests who failed to be in ecstasies of admiration. They tried to secure the Count, but in vain; Miss Smythe manoeuvred so skilfully that she monopolized him all the evening. Miss Titley made sarcastic observations on this point; but, unfortunately, found no one capable of appreciating them. Nay, one old lady, to whom she observed ironically that "the Count and Miss Smythe formed quite a

handsome pair," assented so enthusiastically, and expressed so unbounded admiration, that Miss Titley's very ringlets began to bristle with indignation. Miss Smythe had it all her own way, and hysterics stared Miss Titley in the face.

The Count took Miss Smythe in to supper. He paid exclusive attention to her, and treated the Titleys with indifference, if not with pointed neglect. He was evidently entrapped. He turned over the music of the air in C with brilliant variations for Miss Smythe. He sang a German love song, (a howling sort of composition,) accompanied on the piano by Miss Smythe. He joined Miss Smythe in an Italian duett. He sang the *verrais* and the *non mancherai* with an expression that betrayed his feelings unequivocally. Miss Smythe sang the *verrais* and *non mancherai* with a mingled grace and modesty which enchanted all hearers—except Miss Titley. At Miss Smythe's entreaty, he recited passages of his national poetry, which sounded like the action of a small water-wheel. Every one was delighted. Every one knew rather less of Polish than of Sanscrit; but any one could feel they were very beautiful, or why should the Count stamp so on the hearth-rug?—why should he roll his eyes so fiercely?—why should he now melt into tears, now rise into ecstasy? It was a great triumph for Miss Smythe, a deep humiliation for Miss Titley.

But the great display of the evening was to come—the display which was to strike the Titleys dumb with despair, and all the other guests dumb with admiration. It was a grand Italian duett, descriptive of something excessively romantic and sublime. The Count suspended his guitar by a blue riband; and Miss Smythe began a low, dying wail, with a dismal rolling of the piano in something minor—a rolling expressive of despair, of misery, of unutterable woe. It ceased; and the Count, beginning with a deep growl, rose slowly to an incredible height—in fact, seemed going out of sight altogether—and kept there so long that no one thought he would ever come down again. It was a wild, mournful strain, which sounded like the cry of a tortured spirit, chilling the hearer's blood and filling his soul with an undefined horror. However, he stopped at last, when every one had resigned all hope of his doing so; and then Miss Smythe sang a line or two cheerfully; then the Count a line or two cheerfully, and so on, till, eventually, both joined in a kind of exulting finale, in which there was a vast number of *felice mi*, with a severe wrenching on the guitar, and some astonishing slight-of-hand work on the piano; then a sudden pause, and a grand crash for the conclusion. All applauded enthusiastically, and all looked as if they understood Italian rather better than their mother tongue. "Beautiful!" "Exquisite!" "Sublime!" buzzed through the room, and filled Mrs. Smythe's maternal heart with unbounded pride and delight.

The applause is still ringing in the ears of Mrs. Smythe, triumph is still lighting up the eyes of Miss Smythe, and contempt is still turning up the nose of Miss Titley, when Mr. Smythe enters the room, accompanied by a mysterious stranger. Mr. Smythe looks confused, mysterious stranger looks wary. Mysterious stranger casts a scrutinizing glance around, rests his eyes on Count Skampowski, and forthwith advances towards him, calling in at the same time two other mysterious strangers who are waiting at the door. A wild vision of Russian emissaries sent to despatch the hero flits through the brain of Miss Smythe. Yes, it must be so: the midnight hour, the suddenness, the mystery, are all in character. Stranger, however, produces no blood-stained dagger, no murderous fire-arms. Can it be a courier to announce that the Count is recalled, and that relays of horses are engaged as far as Warsaw? The guests are silent, Mrs. Smythe anxious,

Miss Smythe palpitating. As for the Count, every hair of his heroic moustache stands on end. The stranger's apparition exercised on him, for the moment, as powerful an effect as that of Alonzo the Brave first exercised on the fair Imogene. Recovering, however, he asks, with his accustomed suavity—

"Bon jour, monsieur. Vat did mopsieur wish?"

Monsieur, it appears, wishes for Count Skampowski; and, by way of obtaining his wish, lays a firm grasp on the hero's collar, and briefly informs him that he is a "prisoner."

"Monsieur vill loose incessantly," exclaims the Count angrily.

But monsieur will not loose at all, and bids the other two monsieurs "come on."

"Loose, chien! canaille!" shouts the Count furiously, and wrenching himself by a violent effort from the stranger's grasp.

The three monsieurs close with the Count. A brief struggle ensues, and at its close, Franz Heinrich August Skampowski, the poet, the patriot, the hero of a hundred fights, lies ignobly stretched on the hearth-rug, his wrists securely manacled, and his lips uttering oaths in French with fierceness and volubility quite incredible. The mysterious strangers bear him resistless away, leaving Mr. Smythe to give the explanations, which are now clamorously sought.

It appeared Count Skampowski was a Frenchman, formerly named André Lenoir. In early youth he was distinguished by a spirit of adventure, and by a rare union of genius and energy. But along with these qualities, which usually lead to greatness, nature had endowed him with a failing which, in a great measure, neutralized their effect. The failing in question was a too slightly defined notion of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*—a distinction which is, of course, purely arbitrary, but in favor of which society is at present strongly prejudiced. He embraced with ardor the doctrines of the revolution: *liberté, fraternité*, and, above all, *égalité*. Influenced by an exaggerated notion of *égalité*—and perhaps also by democratic enthusiasm—he one night entered a jeweller's shop, and appropriated a number of valuables, forgetting just at the time to mention the circumstance to the jeweller, who, in fact, happened to be in bed. This mistake brought him in contact with a certain M. le President; and, although he assured M. le President that he had applied the jewels to the use of the nation, yet, at M. le President's instance, he made a compulsory visit to Toulon. Disliking Toulon, he hastily crossed the frontier. After visiting several European countries, he at length came to London, where his strange idiosyncrasy developed itself more strongly than ever, and involved him in bitter disputes with the metropolitan police. To free himself from their persecutions, he went into the country, and thus, for a time, baffled their malignity; but eventually, however, he was traced, and was now borne away, a victim to the prejudices of artificially constituted society. Such a misfortune is it to be born too late for the age.

Oh, what a falling off was this! Oh, what a humiliation for Miss Smythe! what a triumph for Miss Titley! Miss Smythe, however, never cared about him; for she says herself that "she always suspected him, and repelled all advances; and that it was only Tom who encouraged him to come." Miss Titley says, "Some people are obliged to snatch at anything that offers; but that she, thank Heaven, is not under the necessity of engaging herself to an unknown adventurer, and so rendering herself an object of ridicule and contempt to every well-regulated mind." But, of course, Miss Titley does not intend any reflections on Miss Smythe.

The Bible in Sardinia.

MANY who heard the word "Sardinia" a few years ago, before the late war had interested us in the concerns of our allies, thought merely, perhaps, of the large Island so named in the Mediterranean Sea, about which little was in general known, except that it was 160 miles long and 60 broad, (nearly the size of Palestine,) and that its inhabitants were altogether backward in civilization.

But this island is only a portion of the kingdom of Sardinia, which includes likewise that large part of northern Italy named Piedmont, and the maritime provinces of Nice and Genoa, as well as Savoy on the other side of the Alps. These dominions collectively comprise a population of four millions and a half. Turin, the capital of Piedmont, is finely situated on the left bank of the river Po, "the pride of Italy," which takes its rise in three springs of crystal clearness, half way up the heights of Monte Viso; and from its lonely birth-place dashes down for more than 5000 feet in its first course of 21 miles, winds till it reaches the walls of Turin, and thence flows easterly, to water Piedmont and Lombardy, and expands itself in swampy, reedy shallows, as it nears its outlet in the Adriatic, after a course of about 340 miles.

"Whenever the king of Sardinia ascends the hill of the Superga, to visit the vaults where, for a hundred years, the relics of his fathers have been laid, while standing on the dome of its lofty Basilica, 1500 feet above the walls of Turin, he can at a single glance survey three-fourths of his continental dominion."

He could not from this point, however, see his Duchy of Savoy, which is hidden from him by the wall of the Alps; nor his fair city of Genoa, seated at the head of its Gulf, with its white marble palaces scattered up the sides of the Apennines; nor Nice, with its hills clothed with orange and lemon groves, and its meadows of exquisite flowers, bordering the blue Mediterranean. Still the most central and the wealthiest part of his territories would lie stretched at his feet in a vast circle, shut in on three sides, north, west, and south, by unbroken mountain chains; on the fourth, or eastern side, his eye would lose itself in the vastness of the plain which forms the valley of the Po, and stretches out towards Lombardy.

This central division of the kingdom of Sardinia is most rich and fertile in crops of wheat, maize, and even rice, watered by streams from the Alpine glaciers; vineyards mantle the sides of the hills, chesnut and walnut trees shade the valleys, towering loftily as English oaks. In Piedmont, the husbandman has no room for mere timber; the long lines of foliage that cross the plain are composed of mulberry trees, every leaf of which, to the silkworm tender, is worth its weight in silver; while from each branch of every tree the vine hangs in festoons, and the golden grain, nothing hindered, ripens under all.

The whole territory of Sardinia is thus divided into four parts by nature. The island; the inland plain, circled by its crescent of mountains; the maritime states of Nice and Genoa, skirting the feet of the Apennines; and the mountain district of Savoy, including in its eastern corner the wild valley of Chamouni, and the crowned monarch of European mountains, Mont Blanc—

"On his throne of rocks,
In his robe of clouds,
With his diadem of snow."

Identified with the Piedmontese nation, and perhaps a truer cause of the perpetuity of that royal house—built up for their sakes—are the children of the Vaudois valleys. They are the true nucleus of this long-lived kingdom of Sar-

dinia, hidden as they are in her very heart. "The Israel of the Alps," they have dwelt in "the wilderness, in a place prepared of God," during all the centuries in which Papal superstition has prevailed upon the earth. Cradled in persecution, and nursed amid martyrdom for 500 years, this people, a mere remnant of their former selves, still dwell around Monte Viso, (the mountain unlike every other, which keeps the gate of their three valleys,) basing on the Bible, as they have always done, their antagonism towards Rome.

The long train of their sufferings was not opened by the house of Savoy—though she has never recognized their true value, as the priceless pearl in her crown. The German Emperor, Otto IV., repairing to Rome for consecration by the Pope in 1229, resolved to punish Maurice, Count of Savoy—who had taken part against him with a rival of his—by enfeebling him in his own states: he therefore first instigated the destruction of the Vaudois by force of arms. And when, at a later date, the house of Savoy entered on the path of cruelty towards its noblest sons, this was often the result of the influence of foreign wives, counselled by the vindictive court of Rome. Alas! there is now no town in Piedmont which at some period has not been witness to scenes of burning and torture! Men and women have been slowly sliced to pieces, and their souls dismissed to heaven with all unutterable outrage. Thousands have miserably perished in deep dungeons, where none heard their cry but the avenger of blood. Fiends in human shape, from time to time, swept, as they believed, the heretics from the valleys with the besom of entire destruction: and yet still the lamp of the Alps went not out. The beautiful symbol of the Waldensian church, "the burning lamp surrounded with the seven stars," signified the lamp of God's Word, and those seven churches scattered over their hills which were called "the Vaudois candles." Every stone of these edifices may be said to have been cemented with the blood of martyrs. The bitter sufferings of this protesting people have from age to age called forth the sympathy and aid of England, and of English Christians; and how did they rejoice, when, on the 17th of February, 1848, for the first time in a thousand years, the trumpet of liberty sounded amid the Vaudois valleys!

The most marvellous event in that wonderful year 1848, to those who were studying the history of the church of God, was the appearance of the edict of Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, declaring the long persecuted Vaudois free subjects of Piedmont, and the "Church in the Valleys" a Free Church. These Valleys of Luzerna, San-Martino, and La Perosa, are together about twenty-two miles in their greatest length, and eighteen miles in their greatest breadth. At some periods of their history, the people have spread over a tract of ground considerably more extensive; but till the 17th of February, 1848, these loyal subjects, truly the most moral community on the continent of Europe, had been long shut up to their own special territory. Beyond it they dared not possess a footbreadth of land, and if obliged by their distress to sell their paternal fields to strangers, they could not buy them back. The Vaudois student was shut out from the colleges of his country; he could not practice as a member of the learned professions; every avenue to distinction and wealth was closed against him. He could marry only with one of his own people. Beyond his own narrow bounds he could not build a sanctuary; he could not bury his dead. His children were often taken away from him and trained in the idolatrous rites of Romanism, and there was no remedy.

But in 1848 all these disabilities came to an end. The king, Charles Albert, had, apparently of his own free will, engaged in a liberal course of policy, and given a constitution to the Piedmontese in general. In 1844 he had visited the Vaudois in their valleys—receiving a most affectionate welcome—and had dismissed his guard, saying, "I need no guard among the Vaudois." The edict in their favor followed; and they were true mourners at the abdication and death of him to whom they owed so vast a change, and the commencement of a new era.

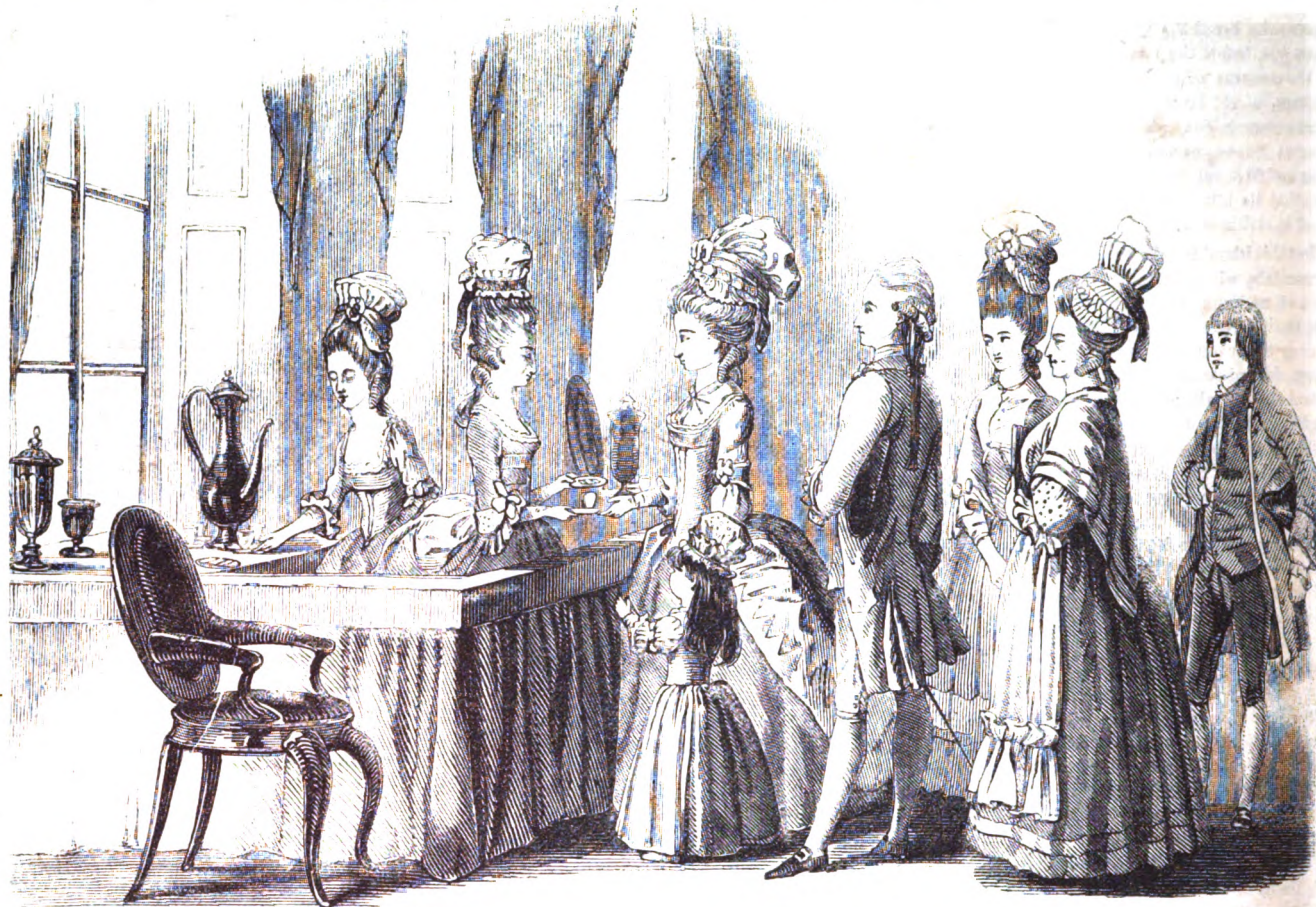
The Lord had set free his ancient church in his own time, and he raised up instruments to prepare it for its freedom. General Beckwith, who has been one of the resident benefactors of the Vaudois for more than a quarter of a century, had erected and endowed a hundred schools within their territory, and had circulated thousands of copies of the Gospels among them, published by the British and Foreign Bible Society. The previous apostolic visits of Felix Neff had refreshed and revived their spiritual estate, while he taught them, at the same time, to make the most of their fruitful, though limited, possessions. A Bible Society established among themselves, and aided by £200 from the Committee had made considerable distributions of the Scriptures in French and Italian. The Protestant population of the valleys, at the time of their emancipation, was 20,000 persons.

In 1849, a year after this event, Lieutenant Graydon left Lausanne for Turin, to which place he had just forwarded 3265 copies of the New Testament in French and Piedmontese, and 1842 copies in Italian. The precious cases were in the Custom-house, and at the moment they were examined, one of the officials cried out, "They are prohibited;" but another replied, "Perhaps they are for the Protestants, who are now free;" and their liberation was sanctioned without further question. "While this difficulty was being solved," says the good lieutenant, "I had quite enough to do in appealing to Him who could, if he pleased, find free entrance for his own word."

Two or three days afterwards, the following advertisement appeared in a Turin newspaper: "The undersigned, an Englishman, and agent in Switzerland for the Bible Society in London, has the honor to inform the members of the Protestant Church in Turin, and in the kingdom of Piedmont, that, having heard of their civil and religious though late acquired freedom, he has arrived in this metropolis with a number of copies of the New Testament, in French and Italian—that book, the Word of God, in which salvation is offered to every individual, and in which His love to all mankind is set forth in so clear and delightful a manner as to come within the comprehension even of a child. The copies in question have been printed and bound with great care in London: they are of a portable size, and at the same time very easy to be read. The binding is beautiful, with gilt edges, and the price of a copy is fixed at one franc (10d.) being considerably lower than the actual price."

In the two hours following the appearance of this advertisement, seventeen copies were sold; on the following days, 135, 186, 142, 103, 73, 94, 56, 35 copies, were most gladly purchased by from six to seven hundred persons, among whom were some priests and monks.

"Such a scene as my little room presented," says Lieutenant G., "my pen could not describe. It was continually full during the first four days; and I remained selling from nine in the morning till the same hour in the evening. The priests were evidently disconcerted on perceiving the numerous purchasers. I had fixed my prices the same as in Switzerland, though I had very heavy duties and carriage expenses to



DISTRIBUTING CAKE AND CAUDLE TO THE NOBILITY AT THE BIRTH OF A PRINCE.—(From a curious print, 1780.)

pay. I thought it best to sacrifice these copies as a 'forlorn hope,' to create a wide-spread desire for more; and many, very many are the letters I receive from various places, to secure copies.

"Having got the start of the pulpit orators by five days, and having addressed myself merely to the Reformed Church of the kingdom, no public opposition was evinced till the Sunday, when the preacher in the church of St. Jaques, when the king and his court were present, launched out into a most bitter condemnation of the work, and warned all his hearers against it. The very next day two or three individuals of the court called for copies, and others of the congregation continued to do so. The king left the next day for the army. A University scholar had my advertisement written out, and posted it himself at the entrance of the building. It was soon surrounded by a crowd, and in half an hour afterwards was torn down, but not a word was said to the student.

"A very large number of the purchasers were ignorant of the meaning of the words 'PAROLA DI DIO,' (Word of God,) and appeared to purchase merely from curiosity. Not many of the Reformed Church at Turin purchased; yet before to-morrow night I shall have sold 1000 copies. What an abundant source of joy to the Lord's people must be the tidings of this sale of the Scriptures in such a benighted corner as Piedmont! It is no ordinary delight to me to have been employed in it. Even the priests who bought, only inquired for Diodati's version, and said not a word about notes and commentaries. Several Jews purchased, and wished much to have the Old Testament; but having no choice, they purchased the New. There are from 5000 to 6000 Jews resident in Turin. I shall leave a depot in the hands of Monsieur Malan, a Vandois of Latour, who promises to send two colporteurs at once

through the Vaudois valleys; and I believe a large sale will be the result. My sale in Turin, it is declared, would have been much larger, but for the fact that so few individuals in Piedmont knew how to read in the language of their daily life! The crisis of time at which it took place was remarkable—March, 1849. The Bible agent left Turin shortly afterwards, when the whole city was in an intense state of suspense. Hostilities were about to commence against Austria, whose cruel manner of dealing with the population is witnessed against as atrocious."

Lieutenant Graydon shortly afterwards arrived at Genoa, the centre and seaport of the Sardinian kingdom, where once dwelt the Free Republican lords and masters of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, with their vast navy and their world-wide commerce. When rushes were spread on English floors instead of carpets, and but few of England's barons could sign their names, the merchant princes of Italy numbered all the sovereigns of Europe as their debtors. They called themselves the Free Republic, yet their freedom was the freedom of the few. The great body of the people were slaves. The few held millions in subjection, and they jealously guarded their rights for generations. But on the narrow basis of selfishness, no broad, durable power could be founded; and as the progress of the Republics of Venice and Genoa was rapid, and their story splendid, so was their decline sudden. The sovereign families became extinct from age, and feeble with luxury; no infusion of vigor from the lower orders repaired their energy; and the power of the popes, which had risen by the decay of Rome, was thus preserved through the weakness and divisions of Italy.—*The Book and its Missions.*

Instruct your children so that their good actions may make your name immortal.

Ceremony of Distributing Cake and Caudle to the Nobility.—England, 1780.

GEORGE III., of England, who will ever have a prominent place in the minds of the American nation from his being King of Great Britain at the time of our Revolutionary struggle, was quite distinguished at one time for having "the handsomest family in England." George IV. was the eldest son, and then followed a number of royal children, in all ten or eleven. Benj. West, the painter, gives many reminiscences of the family circle, and as far as we are acquainted, they are the only pictures of a truthful nature, that ever were pleasant, connected with George III.—for as a monarch he was a tyrant, and as a man, coarse to the last degree—ending his eventful history, an insane old man, and of a type the most disgusting that can be conceived. As might be supposed, the birth of a prince or princess was not a remarkable thing to the British nation under George's reign, but those "expected events" served to amuse the social circle of the aristocracy, (otherwise exceedingly dull,) and the occasion gave rise to many customs, now obsolete, none of which was more curious than the distribution of cakes and caudle to the children of the aristocracy, at the birth of a Prince Royal, the scene of which is preserved to us in our copy of a curious print published in 1780. No doubt those scions of nobility, stuffed to repletion at their own tables, gorged the precious viands with religious solicitude, and any ache and pain they occasioned was properly put to so much suffering in the glorious cause of the crown, so much loyalty to the "most august" family, at the head of the nation—*Dei Gracia*. The print reminds us of our great-grandmothers' specimens of those high head-dresses, long waists and flowing skirts, still to be seen upon the walls of some of our old families, grim resemblances of colonial times, of people who acknowledged George III. as king, then successfully rebelled, and thus established our national independence.

these are joined together in a way not much unlike the flower of the daisy. To look at the daisy, it seems but a single flower; but if we divide it in two, we soon discover that it is made up of a vast number of little flowers, each one of which is a distinct and perfect flower, fixing itself in the receptacle. And so with the compound eyes, they are distinct and yet united. In the bee and wasp you will have observed a large black—or in the dragon-fly a dark brown—hemispherical body, situated in front around the antennae. On the other side of the head is a mass of these eyes; they are packed together as the cells of a honey-comb, which in point of shape they closely resemble, being a six-sided cone, while the surface of these cones is flattened into very minute lenses. The ant has fifty of these lenses, that is, twenty-five eyes on each side of its head; the fly, eight thousand in all; the dragon-fly, twelve thousand; the butterfly, seventeen thousand; and in the mordella (a species of beetle) upwards of twenty-five thousand have been counted. Fortunately, from the great attention which has been given to this department of natural history, we may assign a reason for this. The eye of the insect is immovable, the head being in many instances fixed into the trunk of the body: the consequence is, that the insect can only see in one direction—straightforward, and with a peculiar limited range. It is, then, to compensate the little creature for this defect, that a peculiar organization has been provided. By the vast multiplication in the number of their eyes, their defects are compensated—a separate eye being provided, as it were, for every point to be viewed, by which means, although the orb of the eye is stationary, it can look in every direction, and catch every object, and has as ample field of vision as other animals; for it is quite certain, from observation of the movement of insects, that their vision is by no means deficient. Take, for instance, the bee: in the construction of its cells, what can be more exquisite? The distance of its flight is often great, and yet it knows how to find its way home. See it also among flowers, it always seems to have an object, and the very business of the bee is a clear indication of the perfectness of its range of sight. I have before alluded to the spider, and spoken of the exactness of its sense of vision. The same may be said of the ant and beetle kind, which are so frequently crossing our path in our summer walks. I will only add, that this perfection of sight in the various insect tribes, is just what we should have looked for if we had only seen the large quantity of optic ganglion deposited in the cavities of their heads. This has led naturalists to the conclusion that almost all the actions of insects are guided by sensations received through their eyes. Whether, therefore, we consider the optic ganglion, the optic nerve, or the compound eye itself, we perceive a series of contrivances no less remarkable for their complete adaptation to the wants of the insects, than they are admirable for the wonderful structure of their shape. All here is well done. The insect is abundantly compensated for the want of motion in its visual organ; the defect is amply supplied; and a degree of vision is secured which equals if not exceeds, the sight of many other creatures.

In the higher order of creation, where the eye assumes that general character with which we are familiar, it will be found that the degree of sight depends very much upon the size of the organ, and upon its lustre. In the mole, where the eye is small, the creature has but imperfect sight; and if ever it gets out of its burrow, it is lost and there is no great difficulty in taking it alive. The eye of the weasel is not large, but shines very bright; and unless you come upon it suddenly, (when it is in pursuit of its prey,) so rapid are its movements,

from the keenness of its sight, that you must be an expert marksman ever to hit it with your shot. Again, the eye of the cow and the sheep, though large are without much lustre, and their sight is inferior to the dog and cat, in which creatures great brilliancy often exists. And if we go into a menagerie, the eyes of some of the creatures, as the lion, the tiger, and the hyena, seem almost to flash fire, which is an indication not only of ferocity in tearing their prey, but also of their power to see it. The camel, the elephant, and the giraffe, have by no means bright eyes, and their habits do not require that intensity of sight which is necessary to guide the beasts of prey in making their spring. In fact, throughout the whole of nature we shall detect no waste. The vision of each creature is adapted to its mode of subsistence. The eyes of some birds seem altogether adapted for a vast range of sight. I may mention the vulture as an instance. When a caravan is crossing a desert, however expansive may be the plain of land, if a camel drops, there is soon seen, first on the horizon, then on high in the zenith, a number of minute objects, moving in spiral circles, and in visible magnitude at every revolution. These are vultures, which from a height viewless to the human eye, must have observed the fallen creature; and in less than half-an-hour, they are ready to pounce upon it for their prey.

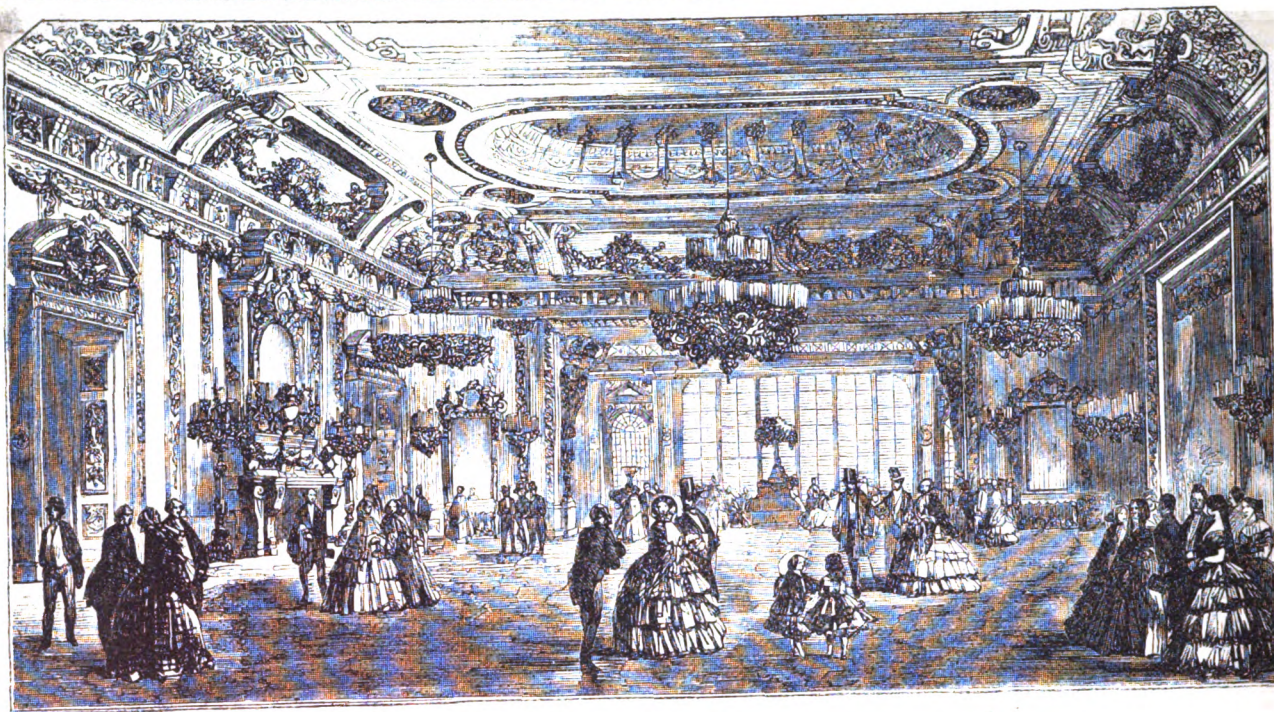
Wilson, the American ornithologist, gives the following description of the white-headed eagle: "Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the feathered tribes that pursue their avocations below. High over all hovers one whose actions instantly arrest all his attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in the air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half-open wing on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow, from heaven descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of his wings reaching the ear, as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment, the eager looks of the eagle are all ardor; and, levelling his neck for the flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are signals for the eagle, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost skill to mount above the other, displaying in their rencontres the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching its opponent, when, with a sudden scream—probably of despair and honest execration—the latter drops his fish. The eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches the fish in its grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away." From this graphic description, we may form some general idea of the piercing vision of the eagle, and its kindred species. The Bengal sparrow is also a bird endowed with great quickness of sight; for when it is tamed, if a ring be dropped down from a height, it will fly down with amazing celerity, catch the ring, and bring it to its master. This feat has been performed down a deep well, and the thrown ring seized before it reached the water.

The most remarkable of English birds is the long-tailed tit. It is calculated by those who have examined its eyes, on strictly optical principles, that its vision, at a very short distance, is nearly two thousand times greater than the ordinary human eye. The consequence is, that the eggs of the aphid, and other insects, which

are deposited in the bark and buds of trees, to us invisible, would to this bird be as large as a shot or pepper-corn; and an insect to us a quarter of an inch in size would appear to it as large as a common mouse. If it were not for the microscopic power so largely bestowed upon so many orders of the feathered tribe, our trees would soon be leafless, and our fields become barren and desolate. In fact, all the swarm of insects, and the countless hosts of grubs, would devour the kindly fruits of the earth.

There is yet another kind of vision, which, as it forms an important part in the economy of nature, ought not to be passed over without some remark. I mean nocturnal vision, or the capacity of seeing in the twilight, or nearly in the dark. The gnat, the owl, and the woodcock, are all of them most active at night; and if disturbed by day, and obliged to fly when the sun is shining, they seem lost, and keep near the ground, or by the side of a hedge. In the dark twilight, the bat and night-jar move with great swiftness, and do great havoc among the moths and flies; and the owl is at this time no less active upon its wings, as it brings a mouse every twelve or fifteen minutes to its young. We must notice, also, that beasts of prey are possessed of nocturnal vision. Now, to enable these creatures to see in the dark, they have a very peculiar organization provided. The pupil of their eyes can contract itself to almost nothing, passing away or vanishing to an invisible point, from which contractile power they can admit into their eyeballs just as much or just as little light as they require.

Some creatures see both on land and water; some by day and night; and some are fitted for all these various kinds of vision. It is, however, generally remarked, that when there is a great enlargement of visual power in one particular, this can only be obtained by a corresponding loss in another; and that very excellence is just as incompatible in the eye as in any other part of the animal frame. Now, I cannot pretend to affirm whether there may be, or whether there may not be, any exceptions to this rule among the irrational works of creation, but certainly it applies with perfect truth to mankind. The human eye, if compared singly with the eyes of many other creatures in nature, may be found to be inferior to them in some particular. It has not the same exactness in telescopic power as the eye of the eagle; nor the same minuteness in the microscopic power as the tit; it has not the same facility of looking downward as the ruminating quadrupeds; nor the same degree of nocturnal vision as the owl; it has not the quick-sightedness of the cormorant; nor the same power of seeing in the water as the fish. In each of these particulars it must be regarded as an inferior organ. But then, although the human eye does not possess the very highest degree of power in all these departments, yet, it does possess—what the eye of no other animal possesses—a quantity or an amalgamation of them all. What is wanting to a man in precision of sight, is made up in diversity and extensiveness of range. We have quantity against quality; and when all the numerous facilities—all the various properties of the human eye, are taken into account, and considered in the aggregate, instead of complaining of the inferiority of our sight, we shall regard this sense as existing in a higher state of perfection in man than can be found elsewhere in the universe. One important property of the human eye, is its ability to distinguish color, in a higher degree than is possessed by any other variety of vision. The painter gives the idea of bulk, of distance, of expression; and that in so close a resemblance to nature, that one effort of nature may make us laugh; another, depress our minds almost to tears; one may actually make us feel warm; and another bring over us the sensation of cold.



THE SALOON OF LOUIS XIV.

The eye is the greatest vehicle of our pleasures; all our enjoyments in life are brought to us through its medium. By it we recognize beauty in shape, symmetry in form, elegance in motion, and taste in dress. Every varied expression in passion—whether love, anger, indifference, satiety, or disgust—can be plainly read by the interested parties. So also may we trace the virtues which are of heavenly growth—reverence, veneration, submission, devotion, filial affection, piety, and charity. It were difficult to describe all the changes we see; but there is a change sufficient to portray all the varied emotions of the mind. It is this sense which enables us to carry on the various occupations of life: and is the most prolific means of supplying man's wants. It is just in proportion to its importance that it is defended and kept safe from injury. The eye is sunk deep into a bony socket, the projections of which help to preserve it from external injury. It is also defended by the thick skin of the eyelids, which cover it as with a case. Besides this, it is imbedded in a fat, soft, yielding, and slippery substance, which from its very nature enables the eye to recede and slip away from a blow, if perchance one should fall on it. It is still further protected by the eyelid, which not only acts as a defence from injury, but also answers the purpose of a sponge,—wiping the eye when dust or insects fly into it, and thus keeping it clean and bright. In the performance of this part of its office, it is assisted by the lachrymal glands, from which, when the eye is in a healthy state, three or four ounces of tears—that is, from six to eight table spoonfuls—are discharged in the course of the day and night. We are not aware of this briny fluid, excepting when a flow of tears is produced by pain, or any violent mental emotion, or by getting anything into the eye. But under ordinary circumstances the same operation is going on in the eye constantly; the fluid, however, being drawn off as fast as it is formed; for there is a little duct at the corner of the eye, down which the tear drops into the nose, where it is evaporated by the air we inhale.

But the wonders of the eye are without limit: I know not where to stop. Besides the eyelid acting as a sponge to keep the orb moist and clean, there are also little glands at the bottom of the eyelashes, generating a sort of ointment, (said to be like the white of an egg,) which

mixes with the tears, and with them is constantly passing over the eyes. Perhaps, however, the most important office of all that the eyelids perform, is that of preserving the eye from too much light; they close, by an involuntary movement, if the rays of the sun fall too suddenly upon the face. In some of the orders of creation, this appendage is not supplied. The fish has no eyelids: but then the element in which it lives, renders such a covering unnecessary, as the water softens the rays of light. Even here, however, it may be observed that where a fish burrows in the mud—as is the case with the eel—there is a filmy skin provided which cases the eyeball, and prevents any injury from happening to the organ. Insects, too, have no eyelids; but then their visual orbs are horny externally, bearing the appearance of polished metal and cut glass; and they brush their eyes, and so keep them clear and bright, with their feet or antennæ. The birds—some of them, at least—have a third eyelid, called the nictating membrane, which is drawn across the eye like a shade: and it is by the aid of this that the naturalists imagine the eagle can look unshrinkingly at the sun in all his meridian splendor. Such, then, are some of the wonderful contrivances in nature—some of the modes by which the eye is defended, and kept in a state of healthy action.

I have thus endeavored to give a few gleanings from the wide book of nature, out of the page of vision. Imperfect as the sketch may have been, I trust I have said enough to impress the minds of all with a deep sense of the power, the wisdom and the goodness of God. Well, indeed, has it been remarked by some of the profoundest philosophers of old, that vision was a cure for Atheism. So very plainly does the eye set forth and reflect the attributes of Deity. Let us, then, endeavor not to abuse but to improve this valuable faculty of vision; remembering always how much wisdom the Divine Author of our existence has employed in its development. Let us exercise it profitably, making our eyes the willing instruments of our advancement in useful knowledge, in refined civilization, and in natural and revealed theology.

Passion has its foundation in nature; virtue is acquired by the improvement of our reason.

Some men live as if they were poor all their lives, to be wealthy when they die.

The Fete Saloons of Baden.

THE "Palace of Conversation," the name given to the edifice in which the visitors to Baden assemble *pour passer le tems*, has somewhat recently undergone a vast transformation. The former building, erected under the "administration" of M. Benezat, *sen.*, a Parisian gentleman of considerable wealth, who had become the presiding genius of Baden, having been found too contracted in size for the yearly increasing number of visitors, M. Benezat, *jun.*, who succeeded, on the death of his father, in 1848, to his distinguished post, signalled his accession to the direction by rebuilding a portion of the "palace" on a scale of magnificence that cast all the splendors of its predecessor, great though they were, into the shade. Four new saloons were added, respectively called the "Pompadour Saloon," the "Flower Saloon," the "Saloon of Louis XIV.," and the "Ball and Concert Room;" engravings from the two last are here introduced. They are taken from an interesting and well-illustrated work, entitled "*L'Eté a Bade*," by M. Guinot, of Paris, and published by M. Bourdin.

The "Saloon of Louis XIV.," the name given to it from the style of its architecture and decorations, has an arched ceiling and a cupola ornamented with sculptures and allegorical paintings. On the panels of wainscot are arabesques ingeniously interlaced on a groundwork of gold. The "Ball and Concert Room" is in the style of the *renaissance*: the ceiling is designed in compartments that inclose, in an open-work "balustrade," a sky in which hover an aerial orchestra of winged figures, cupids, and genii; in the corners are allegorical figures distinguished by their attributes. The four saloons were erected from the designs and under the superintendence of M. Séchan, assisted by MM. Dieterle and Haumont: the whole of the works, from the floors to the ceilings, were executed in Paris.

In the parish church-yard at Luss, on Loch Lomond, is to be seen the following inscription:

"Could he disclose who rests below,
The things beyond the grave that lie,
We more should learn than now we know,
But know no better how to die."

A wise man stands firm in all extremities, and bears the lot of his humanity with a divine temper.

The Herring Fishery.

Few people are aware of the vast revenue derived from the herring fishery in nearly all parts of the civilized world, or of the *modus operandi* of catching and curing the fish. We will take a spot near home by way of illustration, and from one our readers can judge of all. In the town of Edgartown, Dukes County, Massachusetts, (on the island of Martha's Vineyard,) there is a small creek connecting the broad Atlantic with a small fresh-water pond. The stream is so narrow that it may be almost leapt across, and it is only a few hundred yards in length. In the spring of the year the herring run up the creek to the fresh-water pond to spawn. The "running season" continues only two or three weeks, and the fish "run" only at night. Along each bank of the creek men are stationed with large scoop-nets, with long handles, and they dip them out and throw them into great wooden troughs, whence they are taken and cured—as shown in our engraving—by being hung up singly, on small rods, in the smoke house. As many as two hundred barrels of fish have been thus scooped up by hand in a single night. They are then salted, packed in boxes or barrels, and ready for market. Our second illustration shows a sort of market for the sale of these when they are fresh. This practice obtains more in Great Britain and France than in this country. A most thrilling description of another kind of herring fishery—where they are hauled up from the open sea by huge drag-nets—will be found in that exquisite book of lowly life, by Charles Reade, entitled, "Christie Johnston, (the Fishermans.)" A herring creek is very valuable property. The little creek at Edgartown, above referred to, is owned by a great many proprietors, being divided up into "sixty-fourths," and the "stock" being sought after with greater eagerness than that of any bank, whenever, by any chance, there is a share to be disposed of. There is a peculiarity about this creek that is worth mentioning. It is separated from the south beach of the island by a low, narrow ridge of sand, and during severe storms, when the waves of the ocean dash over the beach into the creek itself, the most lively fears have been entertained that a property which brings in an income of many thousand dollars per annum would be destroyed by breaking down the sandy barrier, as the fish would not run up to the pond through salt water. But though the creek has been in this condition from "the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," it is as far from destruction as ever, and will probably



WASHING AND SKEWERING THE HERRING.

continue its golden yield for all time to come. It is worth spending a night at a herring-creek to witness the catching and curing of these silvery specimens of the finny tribe. Herring visits our shores only in the spawning season, and then they come in most enormous "shoals." After their annual visitation they leave for parts unknown. Mackerel feed upon herring, and commit great devastation in the ranks of their weaker neighbors of the deep.

ANECDOTE OF A TURKISH SOLDIER.—Perceiving a Russian colonel lying dead upon the ground, he plucked off his glove and appropriated a valuable diamond ring which was upon his finger. Knowing, however, that it would be impossible very long to keep secret the possession of so valuable a prize, he showed his ubashi, or captain, his treasure, and requested permission to keep it. The ubashi told the man that he was quite right to bring the prize to him, and that henceforward it should be transferred to the finger of the said ubashi. The soldier, not satisfied with this arrangement, referred the matter to the bimbashi, or major, who said that both he and the ubashi were highly culpable in daring to retain the ring from their superior officer, and that he would therefore relieve them of the subject of dispute. From the bimbashi,

the soldier went to the kaim kama, or lieutenant colonel, who at once followed the example of his inferiors, and took possession of the ring. The soldier still persevered, however, and went to the mee ali, (colonel,) who determined that he was the rightful possessor of the ring by virtue of his rank, and dismissed the rival claimants from his presence in the most summary manner.

SEVEN FOOLS.—The angry man—who sets his own house on fire that he may burn his neighbor's. The envious man—who cannot enjoy life because others do. The robber—who for the consideration of a few dollars gives the world liberty to hang him. The hypochondriac—whose highest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable. The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet, and then eats of it. The miser—who starves himself to death in order that his heir may feast. The slanderer—who tells tales for the sake of giving his enemies an opportunity of proving him a liar.

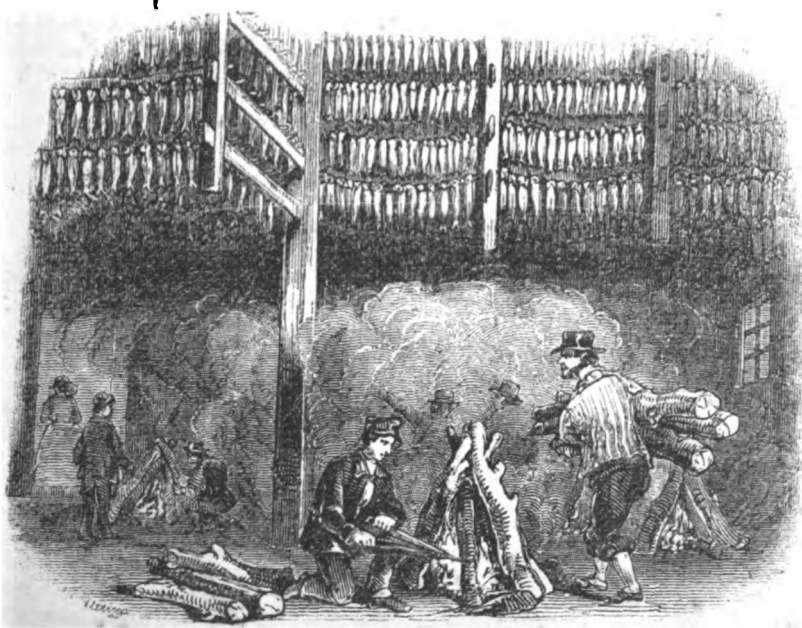
WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF EACH OTHER.—Of Sidney Smith, Rogers the poet, recently deceased, once observed:

"Whenever the conversation is getting dull, he throws in some touch which makes it rebound and rise again as light as ever. There is this difference between Luttrell and Smith: after Luttrell, you remember what good things he said—after Smith, you remember how much you laughed."

Sidney Smith's opinion of Rogers, is well exemplified in the favorite saying:

"When Rogers produces a couplet he goes to bed, and the knocker is tied, and straw is laid down, and the caudle is made, and the answer to inquiries is, that Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected."

JUDON MITTAL, of Boone County, Ky., in his recent charge to the Grand Jury, let himself off in relation to the practice of carrying concealed weapons, in the following manner: "Now, I think I am safe in saying, that one man in twenty has a six-shooter in his breeches pocket, or a bowie-knife in his breast, and if you ain't careful, you will come in contact with some of these young gentry, these traveling arsenals, as I call them. They make it a point to learn enough of law to throw you in the wrog; you will then see them brace themselves back against a wall, and when they think themselves safe in the eyes of the law, they blaze away. I want you to git right after these fellows."

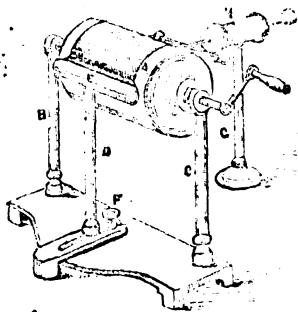


THE SMOKE HOUSE.

SCIENTIFIC.

Electrical Machine.

EXPLANATION OF THE MACHINE.—A is a glass cylinder; on each end is fastened a wooden cap. One of the caps has an axis, which fits into a hole near the top of the upright piece of wood B; the other cap has also an axis, which passes



through a similar hole in the upright C, and is made square at the end to fit the handle. B C are two upright pieces of baked wood to support the cylinder. In the upright C a small piece of the wood is cut away from the hole where the axis passes through, that the cylinder may be taken out and replaced as required; the piece of wood may be replaced and fastened by a pin running through the upright. D is an upright piece of wood, at the top of which the cushion E is attached, and is fastened to the bottom board by a sliding piece; F a screw to regulate the pressure of the cushion upon the cylinder; G a glass rod to support the prime conductor H.

The prime conductor may be made of wood neatly covered with tin foil; it is of a cylindrical form, rounded at the ends; it is fixed at the top of the glass support G, at right angles to the glass cylinder; the side of it nearest the cylinder is furnished with a row of pointed wires, to collect the electrical fluid from the cylinder. At the top of the conductor are one or two holes, that pointed wires, or wires terminated with balls, &c., may be inserted therein, which are necessary in performing experiments.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A MACHINE.—The centre of the cylinder, of the cushion, and of the conductor, should be of the same height. Fix the caps on the cylinder thus: Roughen with a file the glass on each end of the cylinder; bore a small hole through the axis of that cap which does not bear the handle, then stop up the inner end of the hole with putty; grease the outside of this cap well, put it in an upright position, and half fill it with melted cement. Warm well the end of the cylinder, put it into the prepared cap, and let it remain till the cement is hard, then clear out the hole through the centre by a hot wire; it will be necessary that this hole should be at all times left open, otherwise the expansion of the air by heat might break the cylinder. The supports of the cylinder should be made of wood which has been baked in an oven five or six hours; they should be at least sixteen inches in height. The cushion may be made by laying five or six folds of flannel over the wooden back, and covered with wash leather; on the under part of the cushion sew a black silk flap, which must extend over the cylinder nearly as far as the points of the conductor.

A common glass bottle may be substituted in place of the glass cylinder, the neck of the bottle answering the purpose of an axis; a piece of wood must be fitted very tight into the neck, and made square to receive the handle; the hollow at the other end of the bottle must be filled with melted cement or bottle wax, and an axis must be put in and held in an upright position until the cement is hard.

* **Electrical Cement.**—Melt one pound of resin over a slow fire, add as much plaster of Paris as will sufficiently thicken it, and then add about a spoonful of linseed oil, stirring it well during the mixture.

The Crust of the Earth.

(Continued from page 319.)

On the coast of Northumberland, within a space of half a mile in length, twenty upright trees were discovered by Mr. Trevelyan, and similar ones were found in the same coal-field at some distance as if they had been the continuation of a submerged forest like that of the Isle of Portland.

In the Newcastle coal-field a stratum of sandstone occurs nearly five hundred feet below the surface, on which numerous trees have been found standing erect from two to eight feet in circumference, with their roots struck into thin layers of coal.

"In a colliery near Wolverhampton," says Hugh Miller, the bottom coal rises to view, and where the surface has been cleared of the alluvial covering, it presents the appearance of a moor on which a full-grown fir wood had been cut down a few months before, and only left the stumps behind. Stump rises beside stump, to the number of seventy-three in all: the thickly clinging roots strike out on every side into what seems once to have been vegetable mould, but now exists as an indurated brownish colored shale. Many trunks, sorely flattened, lie recumbent on the coal; several are full thirty feet in length, while some of the larger stumps measure rather more than two feet in diameter. There lie, thick around, *Stigmaries*, *Lepidodendra*, *Calamites*, and fragments of *Ulodendra*; and yet with all the assistance which these lent, the seam of coal formed by this ancient forest does not exceed five inches. Not a few of the stumps in this area are evidently water-worn. The prostrate forest had been submerged and molluscs lived, and fishes swam over it. This upper forest is underlaid by a second, and even a third: we find three full-grown forests closely packed up in a depth of not more than twelve feet."

M. Alexandre Brongniart describes a coal-pit at Treuille, near St. Etienne, in the neighborhood of Lyons, which contains enormous stems of *Calamites* and other trees in erect positions. These and similar effects are considered as proofs that the coal was produced by the submergence of a forest which grew on the spot. This particular mine is very favorable for observations, being in the open air, and presenting a natural succession of the strata of clay, slate, and coal, with four layers of compact iron-ore, in flattened nodules, accompanied and even penetrated by vegetable remains.

The upper ten feet of the quarry consists of micaceous sandstone, which is in some instances stratified, and in others has a slaty structure. In this bed are enormous vertical stems traversing all the strata, and appearing like a forest of plants resembling the bamboo or large *Equiseta* petrified on the spot on which they grew. The stems are of two kinds, one long and thin, from one to four inches in diameter, and nine or ten feet high, consisting of jointed and striated cylinders with a thin coaly bark. The other and less common species consist of hollow cylindrical stems spreading out from the base like a root.

The character of the waters, according as they may have been fluviatile and lacustrine or marine, from which the several strata forming the crust of the earth were deposited, is betrayed by the nature of the organic remains which these strata severally contain. Thus, if we find shells analogous in their character to existing fresh-water shells, it may be inferred that the deposits were fluviatile and lacustrine, or at all events were fresh-water deposits.

If, on the other hand, none but marine shells be found in any stratum, it may be inferred that such stratum was submerged by the ocean from which the deposits were made.

In cases where the organic remains are of a mixed character, containing shells and other

fossils, some analogous to existing marine and other species, it may be inferred that such deposits were made at the embouchures of rivers.

By such inductions it has been ascertained that extensive tracts of the surface of the globe, which are now dry land and raised to elevations considerably above the level of the sea, must, at various former epochs, have been submerged in the waters of the ocean. A great part of France, including the country around Paris, Normandy, Artois, Picardy, Franche-Comté, Burgundy, the Cevennes, Dauphiny, and Provence, present examples of this.

Sound.

SOUND has been defined as the vibration of the particles of air, occasioned by some sudden agitation of a certain mass of the atmosphere, violently compressed or expanded; or by the communication of the vibration of the minute part of a hard and elastic body. The ear is the organ which, in the order of nature, is adapted to receive sound, which is hence conveyed to the brain, and by an incomprehensible adaptation of the means to the end, we have that peculiar sensation called hearing. That vibration, or motion, of the atmosphere, which is perceptible by the ear, and which consists of a succession of actions producing a continuous sensation, is called sound; and the qualities and means by which sound travels, or is modified, is called the science of acoustics. Philosophers, however, distinguish between sound and noise; the latter, they say, consists of those actions of the atmosphere which are confined to a single shock, or a set of actions circumscribed within such limits as not to produce a continued sensation. Sounds are divided into simple and complex, harmonious and dissonant; thus the ear may be enchanted by the most delicious music, or distracted by the most horrible noises.

The human voice, which in every age has accomplished such wonders of enchantment and of terror, is an instance of those vibratory actions of the atmosphere which we call sound, and which is capable of a great variety of modulations. By the sound alone, without any reference to the language which, at the same time, may or may not be employed, the most intense feelings of pity, love, anger, surprise, wonder, or terror, may be expressed; and sounds thus expressed may awaken kindred feelings in others, although never a word may be uttered. Sound, it would therefore seem, is the primitive and, in fact, the only language; and hence those words which, by the sound, convey most distinctly their meaning, are called significant or expressive words. Music, which is said to be the language of heaven and angels, and which, from time immemorial, has been employed to soothe the mind in its turmoil, to fill it with ecstatic delight, or incite to deeds of noble valor or desperate revenge, is simply so many vibrations of air, whether it be the blast of the trumpet, the bewitching strains of the violin, or the swell and thunder of the organ.

But the atmosphere is essential to the production of sound. Not only is air a necessary of life, it is also the vehicle of language; without it, the human voice would be unknown. We might try to utter words, but it would be the language of dumb show. The lips might move, but they would give forth no sound. Ideas might spring up in the mind; they might multiply and fructify, and revel in magnificent luxuriance, ministering to our individual enjoyment; but their sweetest use in conversation would be denied us, were it not for those vibrations of the atmosphere which the motion of the tongue, and the compression of the lips, produce. And not only without the atmosphere would the privilege and blessing of speech be denied us, even supposing that life in its absence were possible, but the world itself would cease to exist.

robed with light and beauty, and would sink into eternal winter and everlasting night.

That the atmosphere is the high-road upon which sound travels, can at any time be proved by a simple experiment. Take a musical snuff-box, previously wound up, and place it upon some cotton wool, under a receiver. While the vessel remains full of air, you will hear the sound of the music; but pump out the air, and as it empties the sound will grow fainter, as if receding to a distance; and if you produce a vacuum, it will become quite inaudible. But admit the air again; and as it enters, the music will again break upon the ear, at first faintly, and will gradually rise to its wonted vigor as the vessel becomes filled with the elastic element.

The condition of the atmosphere, by which we mean its variable elasticity, has a considerable influence upon sound, both as to its tone and transit; and it must have also been observed by every one, that during the night sounds appear much louder than during the day. This latter peculiarity has been variously ascribed. Humboldt accounted for this singular phenomenon by the hypothesis, "that the vibrations of sound are materially retarded by partial undulations in the atmosphere, arising from the sun's heat; so that the waves of sound are divided and re-divided whenever the density of the medium, through which they are propelled, is sufficiently altered to form an acoustic mirage." This celebrated traveller and philosopher observed, that the noise of the great cataracts of the river Orinoco, in South America, was three times greater in the night than in the day. And those who have visited, or lived in the neighborhood of the sea shore, cannot fail to have observed how much more distinct and terrible the dash of the waves on the beach is heard after the sun has retired, and the shades of the evening drawn in.

The velocity of sound, or the rate at which it travels, is always proportioned to the density of the air; and that, again, is influenced by pressure and heat. Its hygrometric or moist condition has also an influence. Thus, sound travels with greater rapidity in warm than in cold climates, which fact was demonstrated by Condamine, a French astronomer, who found that on the sultry plains of Cayenne—of recent Napoleonic political-transport notoriety—its velocity was 1175 feet per second; but only 1120 on the frozen heights of Quito. Dr. Mole, whose experiments, it is said, were performed with the greatest accuracy in Holland, in the year 1823, found that sound was transmitted by a clear atmosphere, uninfluenced by retarding or accelerating winds, at about the rate of 1116 feet per second. Some exceedingly interesting and valuable experiments were made by Mr. Goldingham at Madras, from which the curious fact was remarked, that the velocity of sound increases towards the middle of the year, and decreases towards the latter end; being at its maximum in July, and its minimum in December. He also determined to what extent the heat, the weight, and the moisture of the atmosphere affected the rate of transit. He states, that for each degree of the thermometer, 1.2 feet per second is to be allowed in the velocity of one-tenth of an inch of the barometer, 9.2 feet, and for each degree of the hygrometer 1.4 feet. And also, that ten feet per second is the difference between a calm and a moderate breeze, and twenty-one and a quarter feet is the difference when the wind is in the direction of, or opposed to, the motion of sound. It may also be here remarked, that the difference in the density of common or atmospheric air, and hydrogen gas—the former being about thirteen times heavier than the latter—would represent the difference of the rate of the velocity of sound through these mediums, or conductors, the

velocity being one in hydrogen, that is, thirteen times that of atmospheric air, and *vice versa*.

The various phenomena of sound is both curious and instructive. Though travelling with immense velocity, its rate is not equal to that of light, a fact which every one has verified in observing the report of a gun, the flash of which is seen some seconds before the sound reaches the ear. The distance from which sounds have been heard is almost incredible. On the authority of S. Averanni, Dr. Deham informs us, that at the siege of Messina the report of the guns was heard at Augusta and Syracuse, almost one hundred Italian miles; and that, in the naval engagement between the English and the Dutch, which took place in 1672, the report of their guns was heard upwards of two hundred miles. Humboldt records the report of volcanoes, in South America, as being heard at the distance of three hundred miles; and Dr. Thompson, on the authority of a credible witness, attests a similar fact, that the explosions which took place from the volcano, in St. Vincent's, were heard distinctly at Demerara, which is more than three hundred miles. And it has been observed that the explosion of a powder mill caused the windows to shake for nearly twenty miles round.

We have already explained, that sound is occasioned by the vibration of the atmosphere. These vibrations, if they could be seen, resemble, and in fact, are so many undulating waves, caused by certain and powerful explosions, so that to whatever point or distance the sound reaches, it is carried there by the motion of the atmosphere; and it may also be remarked that the undulating waves reach to distances far beyond where the sound is perceptible. So intensely acute is the electric property of the air, that it is impossible to say to what distance it may be affected if the explosive force be sufficiently powerful. And this fact will appear more marvellous when we bear in mind that the reason why we hear a sound is because the tympanum or drum of the ear is set in vibration by the motion of the particles of air which beat against it; the impression being conveyed to the brain by certain nerves, placed there, of course, by the Great Architect, for the very purpose. But the ear will not receive the impression of sound; in other words, sound cannot be said to be produced except by a succession of vibrations—at least thirty in a minute. Sound, therefore, is the result of a series of vibrations, following each other in rapid succession, the particles of air rubbing violently against each other. The motion of the atmosphere produces no noise if the velocity of all its particles be equal. Wind, though travelling at the rate of thirty miles an hour, would be so unobtrusive if it is unseen, if it came in contact with no other object, for in this case all the particles of air are in motion, and move at the same rate.

All sounds, whether high or low, are transmitted with the same velocity, although not to the same distance. Every musical performance is a demonstration of this fact; if it were not so, harmony would be impossible. Hence it has been said vibrations keep equal time, or there would be no such things as sustained notes; if it were not so, every sound would be a sliding chromatic descent, and like the voices of some animals—therefore, intolerable. But all sounds, however unmusical in themselves, if repeated *regularly* and with *equality*, will produce a musical note.

The difference between the musical sounds, higher and lower, is simply the difference between the number of vibrations performed at the same time, the higher sound having the greatest number; and it is a somewhat striking fact, that a person of tolerable musical education and good ear, can distinguish between two sounds, having no other difference than that

one is the result of 400 vibrations in a second, and the other of 405.

But the atmosphere, and gases of less density, are not the only conductors of sound; water, and bodies of the solid form, will transmit it with much greater velocity. Cork, however, and all soft cellular bodies, are the least capable of transmitting sound. This arises from the fact that sound does not pass with facility from one medium to another—every alternation of substance acting as an impediment to its progress. Though the velocity of sound in water is much greater than in air, yet, a sound made *in air*, is not easily heard under water, although the distance be only very small. The fact just noted will explain the philosophy of putting saw-dust between the ceiling of one room and the flooring of another. In passing, it must go through several different bodies, and not liking that, so to speak, it is diverted and deadened in its progress.

Summer.

New would I lay me 'neath some willow tree,
Or gnarled oak, hard by the flushing stream,
And see the blue sky through the foliage gleam,
Mottling the mossy sward; where dandelion gay,
Sunshine and shadow with each other play,
Giving a twilight tone to all things round;
The mind, too, pre-disposing in each sound
To hear the voice of Oriad or of Fay.
The vernal oak groans, I start, and thro' the trees
See in yon old oak stump, a Satyr sit;
Above, I hear a rustling of the breeze,
And see a Dryad 'mong the branches fit;
In the deep pool I hear a sudden plash,
And see a Naiad through the hazels dash.

A good Woman Described by a good Book.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

She is like the merchant's ship; she bringeth her food from afar.

She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens.

She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her own hands she planteth a vineyard.

She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night.

She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands holdeth the distaff.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed in scarlet.

She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.

Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

Strength and honor are her clothing and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.

Facetia.

Duane's convalescence every patient is sure to be doing well.

The man who took passage on the wings of the morning returned on the shades of night. He is doing well.

There is an old maid out west so tough and wrinkled that they use her forehead as a nutmeg-grater.

Red paint, which is a great improvement on the looks of old houses, is but an injury to the cheeks of ladies.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he; "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

A friend of ours, on being told that, if he wanted good health, he must "forego cigars," answered that he "would rather go four cigars, than forego one."

"Jo, how many scruples is there in a drachm?" "Don't know, sir." "Well, remember, there's eight." "Eight; pooh! dad takes his dram without no scruples."

A young lady, after dancing all night and several hours longer, will generally find, on consulting the looking-glass, that the evening's amusement will not bear the morning's reflection.

Mr. Ruggins, at the breakfast table: "Mary Ann, bring me a egg." Finished daughter: "An egg, if you please, father. Speak correctly." Ruggins: "A negg, is it, my dear—a negg eh? Well, Mary Ann, instead of one you may bring me two neggs."

Two travellers having been robbed in a wood and tied to trees at some distance from each other, one of them in despair, exclaimed, "O, I'm undone!" "Are you?" said the other. "then I wish you'd come and undo me."



RATHER SUSPICIOUS.

[SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY.—"Will you be so obliging, Mr. Tongs, as to cut off a long piece of hair where it will not be missed."]

"You have considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes, rather," was the reply; "about half the year the water is up to the second story windows."

A dyspeptic old hypochondriac makes the following piteous inquiry: "We have great cabbages, great gooseberries, great cities, and great balloons, great crinoline petticoats, great bulls, pigs, and calves; but tell me, where are our great men?"

It is just as well that Fortune is blind; for if she could only see some of the ugly, stupid, worthless persons, on whom she showers her most precious gifts, the sight would so annoy her that she would immediately scratch her eyes out.

A jailor had received strict orders not to keep any prisoners in solitary confinement. Once, when he had but two in charge, one escaped, and he was obliged, in consequence, to kick the other out of doors, to comply with the regulations.



A VERY OLD SOLDIER.

"Spare a copper for a poor old soldier, my noble captain! sure it's yer honor's face I recollect in Mexico!"



A DOMESTIC BROIL.

INDIGNANT WIFE TO TIMID HUSBAND, WHO LIKES HIS OTHERS STEWED.—"I'll stew ye. A party kittle of fah indeed, when the Doctor ordered me to brile 'em to strengthen my weak nerves."